Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

The Naval Parade.

The coming naval parade in New York harbor on Oct. 12 will not be as imposing an affair, so far as naval vessels are concerned, as the centennial parade of three years ago. Then, as now, Acting Rear Admiral Walker had command, but he had on that occasion the Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, Yorktown, Kearsarge and the Jamestown. Notwithstanding the fact that a dozen new steel vessels have been added to our national fleet since 1889, yet all Admiral Walker can muster in October will be the Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia with two torpedo boats, the Vesuvius and the diminutive Cushing. Our other vessels are widely scattered where they are absolutely needed, and there are twelve vessels slowly approaching completion. The Carnegie strikes have had considerable to do with the backwardness of the armor plating of the new cruisers, and it is doubtful if such vessels as the Maine, New York or Puritan will be ready for the grand celebration. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Lucky Reub.

These are the days when heroes sit in sulkies, whip in hand, instead of prancing on mailed chargers, lance at rest. That the hero of the horse trot may find a fair damsel to adore and inspire him is shown by an episode of the Cornish fair. A group of Brownfield dames and damsels were watching eagerly the hotly contested race in which a Brownfield horse driven by Reuben Linscott, the well known one armed trainer, was a competitor. In the last and winning heat of seven, as the pride of the plains swept under the wire a length ahead of his rival, the Brownfield women broke into a shrill cry of delight, and one very enthusiastic and very pretty girl, turning to another, exclaimed, "I wish I had Reub Linscott here this minute; I'd kiss him till he couldn't see!"—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

He Found Out.

George Mills, the sixteen-year-old son of Robert Mills, a coppersmith at Bridgeford's stove works, wondered what a dynamite cartridge was Thursday afternoon at Eleventh and Monroe streets, and now wonders where six of his fingers are. It seems that he found it lying in the N. N. and M. V. yards and began picking it with a pin. It exploded and tore off six fingers, three off each hand. His forehead was also gashed considerably.—Louisville Commercial.

Weakness

may be inherited, or it may result from neglect and carelessness. Thin, weak, "run down" persons need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and the most nourishing food known to science. It is palatable and more effective than plain oil. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

Antifermentine

—PRESERVES—

Cider, Milk, Butter, Catsup, Pickles, Etc.,

And does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

ANTIFERMENTINE

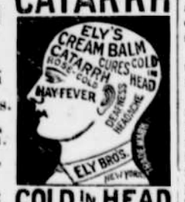
Is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is *guaranteed* to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,

Portland, Or.

ELY'S **CREAM BALM** **CATARRH**

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.



IT WILL CURE. COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

YOUR SAFETY ✠

Lies in purchasing reputable brands of Belting and Hose. If you want the best and full value for money, ask your dealer for MONARCH and RED STRIP Belting and Maltese Cross, Ridgewood and Wallabout Hose. You can rely on these brands. *Every length guaranteed.*

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,

Established 1855. Portland, Or.

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

TROUBLED BY ROGUE SPIRITS.

They Come From the Bad Place and Play Pranks With Palmirie.

Henry Palmirie of Chicago deserves the thanks of a benighted world. He has been exploring the mysteries of the spirit land by a system peculiarly his own and has explained his discoveries with a nonchalance and perspicuity that stamp him as no ordinary pioneer of extramundane spheres. Mr. Palmirie says he is no spiritualist, yet he talks with spirits. His scheme of communication is by means of a movable board or dial, with the alphabet promiscuously arranged in a circle around it. With the ends of his fingers resting lightly on the board, it is moved by the spirit back and forth from one letter to another until the answer to his question is spelled out. For convenience the words "yes" and "no," as they are more frequently used than any other, have a place outside the circle.

"Now, I want you to understand," he said to a Chicago Tribune reporter, "that these spirits all came to me entirely unsolicited. I am not a spiritualist and don't attach the same importance to spiritualism as the believers therein do. But it is intensely interesting to me, and I consider the results of my experiments remarkable.

"About one year ago I began these seances with the assistance of my wife. But she soon became so nervous that it was impossible for her to do anything or even remain in the room where the seances were held. Then I began it alone. My apparatus was extremely crude and poorly adapted to the purpose, but I achieved results right along. One night I placed my hands on the board and immediately received a response. I said: 'Yes. Who is it?' The name of an uncle who died in New York some years ago was spelled out. I wanted him to tell me something of the mode of existence where he was, but the conditions evidently were against us then, and I couldn't get much satisfaction from him. I asked him to tell me whether there were any other inhabited worlds besides the one in which we live. He said there were two others, Jupiter and—but the name of the second I could not catch. The people in them resembled us, and their spirits mingled with ours.

"The next night another spirit came, and it said to me, 'Your wife is going to fall ill and die.' Well, that made me mad, you know, and we got into a row at once. I told that spirit never to come fooling around me again; that I did not care to talk with it. But, as I learned later, my injunctions were not obeyed. A few nights after that I got a communicaiton from what purported to be the spirit of my sister, who, I knew, unless death had overtaken her suddenly, was alive and well in New York. It said to me, 'I am fatally ill at the hospital.' The next day I wrote to her and learned in reply that she had

PALMIRIE'S SPIRIT DIAL.

not been sick at all. It was that wicked spirit again. It gave the name of Jules Jordan and said its home was in hades, a place described as being cold and dark. It also said the only enjoyment the inhabitants there had was in tormenting the living and leading them astray. The next night the spirit of a man who roomed with me in Paris several years ago came and told me that if my sister was sick in the hospital it could find out and let me know. I asked how long it would take. The reply was, 'Ten minutes.' At the expiration of 10 minutes I went to the board again. The spirit was there and said, 'Yes; I located your sister in the hospital, and she is sick unto death.'

"Well, all this, you see, was a lie and came from that rogue Jordan. If anybody ever knew such a chap, I should like to have that person's address, because he must have been a bad egg. Then I have had many interesting as well as pleasant communications. I talk either mentally or orally, it makes no difference which. One satisfactory seance was with my stepfather, who was nearly 80 years old when he died. He is in purgatory, a place divided into seven states, one for each of the senses, but he hopes soon to get out of there into heaven. He told me my mother was in heaven and wanted to come to me, but only by special permit can the dwellers there get a chance to visit the earth. As this purgatory corresponds with that of the Catholic belief, I asked the old gentleman whether one religion was looked upon there as being better than another. He answered 'No.' Then I asked him to give me a description of the various spirit lands. He replied:

"'I can't answer that question.'

"'Why?'

"'There is a guard here watching over me.'

"It seems, therefore, that guards or drivers manage all the spirits that correspond with me. I asked another spirit regarding the mode of life, the punishments and general appearance of things over there, and it replied, 'If the world should find out all you want to know, the increase in suicides would be immense.'"

It seems that Mr. Palmirie enters into these nightly frolics with much pleasure, for he says:

"I am alone in my room. My family has retired. Everybody is asleep. The whole house is quiet. Consequently I need fear no possible fraud or trickery excepting from such rogues as Jules Jordan. I light my pipe, take out my spirit board and place my hands on it. In a minute or two the board moves. I ask, 'Who is it?'

"Then the name is given; also the age and time of death. I have obtained the following results: There are three spheres—heaven, purgatory, or place for repentance, and hades, in which there are no fires, but instead cold and darkness. The spirits in purgatory and hades can communicate with me, but not so those in heaven, although, by special permit the latter may make an exception occasionally. A cousin of mine told me he could travel thousands of miles in a minute. He went from Jerusalem to New York in a few seconds."

When Painters Mixed Their Own Colors.

In the olden days artists were obliged to make their own paints and mix their own colors. This perhaps is one of the reasons why some of the paintings of the Middle Ages are so brilliant today, because the materials used were purer, although quite crude. Of the artists of Greece and Rome we know very little, except what is told of them in history or tradition, for we have but few examples of their works.—Harper's Young People.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

"Vera!" he gasped.

"No words, man! Over, I say!" And as she gathered strength to force him down he clutched a bush. "Your false, lying tongue shall deceive no more! Down!"

"Stop!" rang out a voice, and to Ivan's aid came a strong arm, dragging him back to the green turf, where he lay exhausted and speechless.

The dense clouds hung heavier. A tremendous flood of fire swept down. A deafening crash instantly followed and a hewn bolt of thunder fell at our feet. The ragged clouds parted. The light swung over the scene.

"Olef!"

And I leaped into the arms of my boy lover!

"Your worthless life is spared you this time!" cried Vera to Ivan. But he spoke not. The sun broke forth from the edge of a ragged cloud, shining over the upturned face of the defenseless man.

We looked. Vera had been talking to the dead!

The forked light had left the seared mark of a double cross upon his brow!

"Cesca dear, can you not speak?" cried Olef.

"Yes, that is all that I can do. You find me here, the withered bush that you have made me—a heart without a green leaf upon its twigs; a dead tree, upon which you hung your cruel letter, your message of adieu, your declaration to become the husband of another!"

"Cesca!" was all the protest that he could make.

"Cesca!" cried Vera. "It was my wickedness! It was I who wrote my own death letter. I went to Stockholm, and from one of Olef's letters that he had sent to you, forwarded back to Sweden to me by Ivan Trolsky, I forged Olef's hand; and that Ivan might recognize it I marked the letter with the "double cross," as understood between us. It was I who sent the cable dispatch and the last letter to Ivan, signed 'Olef.' I released him from his bondage with Ivan's false friends, and the old housekeeper told us where you were today. I saved your securities. They are here," she concluded, handing me a packet.

The sun beamed brighter. The freshened trees and grasses held up their green heads with pride as they drank from nature's cup. The daisies never looked more beautiful. I saw the fond, dead hopes of the past spring into new life. The birds sang again their sweet carols as my boy lover's hand crept into mine and our fond lips met.

"You have not forgotten!" I cried.

"Nej, min lilla kara Cesca, I have never forgotten! Af allt mitt hjerta Jag alskar dig!"

"And I, too," I repeated, translating his fond words, "'With all my heart I love you!'"

THE END.

Bismarck's Wife and the Kaiser.

It is said that Princess Bismarck is in a great measure responsible for the open attitude of hostility recently assumed by the ex-chancellor toward the emperor. At the prince's official farewell reception just before his retirement from public life there were present several members of the cabinet, the whole staff of the foreign office, and a large number of dignitaries of state.

Bismarck was unusually silent and apparently in a mood of grief rather than resentment. The princess, on the other hand, was almost beside herself with rage. She exclaimed in a loud voice: "It was I who advised my husband to bear no longer with the emperor's petty interference in matters which he does not understand. But to accept my husband's resignation was an act of infamy which the knave shall repent to me. He shall recall my husband on his knees. To dare to treat Germany's greatest man like that! Woe upon him!"

There was a moment of awful silence, and then followed a stampede led by the ministers, who rushed out of the palace as if a pestilence were upon them, and in an incredibly short time the Bismarck family found themselves alone in the brilliantly lighted saloons.—Chicago Post.

A Woman Swimmer at Atlantic City.

The old life guards along the coast point with pride to the daily achievements of Mrs. James Nichele, a society woman of Tioga, a suburb of Philadelphia. Mrs. Nichele is a tall, willowy brunette, and she swims out into the ocean where few men dare follow. She does it slowly and with such a true regard for the scientific rules that the life guards feel no uneasiness. She swims through the surf with graceful and powerful strokes, and when smoother water is reached the overhand stroke is used. Fatigue is never apparent, and Mrs. Nichele explains this by her method of swimming.

After skimming along the surface of the blue water by the overhand stroke for awhile she changes to the sweep stroke. Before this motion has had an opportunity to tire her she changes to another and so on, each method bringing into play the muscles in a different way. After awhile the fair athlete turns on her back and floats long enough to give all her muscles a rest. This is the secret, and few men know how to do the act successfully.—Exchange.

Just the Man He Wanted.

A burglar who was doing a neat job on a large safe was horrified on looking up to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire when the gentleman said:

"Go ahead. I am interested in that job."

"Why?" asked the astonished burglar.

"Because I have forgotten the combination, and no living person knew it but myself. If you can get that safe open, I'll make it worth your while."—Texas Siftings.

An Insinuation.

Professor Garner, the monkey man, was a guest at Douglas Sladen's "at home," and among the people there assembled was a celebrated London publisher. A gentleman asked the publisher if he had been introduced to Professor Garner, who had caused the monkeys to talk.

"Oh," said the publisher, "I have known Professor Garner for many years."

"Really?" replied the other. "Did he teach you to talk?"—Detroit Free Press.

Too Much So.

Landleigh—That snow storm you have painted is wonderfully realistic!

Daubleigh—It must be. A tramp got into my studio one day, caught sight of the picture and unconsciously put on my fur overcoat before he went out.—Tit-Bits.

A MODERN NOVEL.

Which Shows In the Present Style the Courtship of Homer Fort.

Homer Fort sat in the parlor nervously toying with an ivory paper knife. She had not yet come down. He was in evening dress, and as he leaned forward and caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror he was surprised to see that he was pale. But he felt it to be the supreme moment of his life—the one on which his whole future hung—for had he not decided to ask Beatrix that evening to be his wife? He heard the rustle of silken skirts and drew a quick, involuntary breath. But it was Mrs. Hildehart, the mother of Beatrix, who entered. She was a widow and lived alone with her daughter.

"Ah, Mr. Fort," said the lady, extending her hand graciously, "you are quite deserted here, are you not?"

"No, not that, Mrs. Hildehart," answered Homer. "I found the place deserted and colonized it and base my claim on priority of settlement. But I encourage immigration," he added quickly.

The lady smiled as she sank into a chair and looked at the young man.

"Your daughter," continued Homer; "she is well?"

"Quite so and much interested in her charitable work. We have had a very hard winter, and, alas, there are many poor. By the way, Mr. Fort, there is a matter on which I wish to speak to you."

"Indeed?" said the young man as he felt the color again flying from his face. The lady sat up on the edge of her chair, adjusted a pair of gold rimmed eyeglasses and looked at him narrowly.

"Yes, a matter of great importance. I have had it in mind some time, and although it is an awkward and painful subject it cannot be avoided longer."

Homer faltered an inarticulate reply and swallowed a lump in his throat.

"You have now, Mr. Fort, been visiting my daughter Beatrix for almost a year. Your calls become more frequent, and they grow longer. You do not deny this, I fancy, Mr. Fort?"

Poor Homer shook his head and clung to the arms of his chair. He could feel his heart throbbing in his bosom like some great piece of machinery.

"I apprehended that you would not. Beatrix does not. Mr. Fort, as you know, I have been to considerable expense during the past year in visiting the World's fair and repairing my carriage house. This, added to the notorious stringency of the times, has seriously reduced my purse. Now, Mr. Fort, you must know that in sitting up here so often and so late with Beatrix you have burned out a great deal of wood during the winter. I do not ask you, Mr. Fort, to furnish this wood; but, my dear young sir, I must insist on your sawing it in the future. You will of course comply with my wishes in the matter."

She swept out of the room. Homer Fort hid his face in his hands.

How long he sat thus he could not guess, but he was aroused by a soft touch on his head. He started up, and with a little cry Beatrix shrank back.

"I thought you were asleep, Mr. Fort," she said, blushes jostling one another on her face. As she stood there in the mellow light she seemed more beautiful than ever, and she was known to be the most beautiful girl in Binghamton.

With a strong effort Homer spoke.

"Do you kow all?" he asked.

"All," she replied, and her eyes sought the floor.

"What can I say? Tell me."

She tapped the toe of her boot impatiently on the soft carpet, but did not raise her eyes.

"Say nothing," she replied, with intense earnestness. "Say nothing, but saw wood!"

She turned and walked to the sofa, and from under it drew a large red bucksaw, with a glittering blade and great, jagged, savage teeth. She held it up toward the young man.

"Saw wood," she repeated.

He sank back in his chair and looked at her as in a dream.

"See," she cried, speaking rapidly and controlling herself with an effort as she reached behind a little bronze Barye on the mantel and took up a bacon rind daintily between her thumb and finger—"see, it will grease the blade! I smuggled it from the breakfast table this morning in my bonbon box." She rubbed the rind up and down the blade with nervous haste. "Saw wood," she said again. "You know you were center rush at college a year ago, and the rind will help, oh, so much!"

Homer Fort, though young, was a man of resolution. He rose and drew himself up to his full six feet.

"I am ready," he said slowly, scarcely parting his lips. The words came from the very depths of his soul.

He followed her through the kitchen and into the woodshed. There he found a pile of shellbark hickory wood and a sawhorse. Beatrix held the lamp. Then for two hours the saw rasped and tore and ripped till the cool air of the wood shed was foggy with sawdust. Sometimes he would stop for a moment, and the girl would apply the bacon rind to the hot and quivering blade. It would hiss and sputter, but in a moment the saw would be leaping like a living thing through a hickory knot. At last it paused for lack of food.

He stood by the young girl, with his face flushed.

"Beatrix," he said softly, but his voice did not falter. "My Beatrix, with you by my side I could saw wood—forever!"

She looked up into his face, trust and happiness deeper than words could tell shining from her eyes.

As they went into the house he saw a future as in a vision stretching away before him, but through all the years he could see no parting from the woman by his side. The hoarse growl of a cat followed them from the wood shed.

"Tom has found the bacon rind," whispered the girl.—New York Tribune.

Not Unreasonable.

"Excuse me, but were you at Mrs. Highblower's reception just now?"

"Yes."

"Well, may I walk with you as far as the corner under my umbrella?"—Life.

Papers in Foreign Languages.

An article in a recent number of The National Journalist states that 1,116 newspapers are printed in foreign languages in this country. The Germans head the list with 807, and next come the Scandinavians with 118, followed by the French, who have 50; there are 39 in Spanish, 27 in Bohemian, 18 in Polish, 10 in Dutch, 23 in Hebrew and 5 in Welsh; two each in Finnish, Icelandic, Irish, Swiss, Portuguese, Slavonic, Chinese, Lithuanian, Russian and Armenian; one each in Hungarian, Greek, Cherokee and Creek. No better illustration than this polyglot array could be given of the varied elements which help to make up this nation. It also argues a high average standard of intelligence in our foreign population.

Whittier's Companion.

When John G. Whittier's office in this city was surrounded by a mob fifty years ago nearly every one on the premises felt constrained to depart. The gentle Quaker found himself alone with an office boy who would not desert him. Whittier at last made his way through the surging crowd down Chestnut street to Fifth. His gentle mien and quiet way of receiving threats gained him the mob's respect, and the courageous little fellow who clung to his employer through it all was also admired. The pair finally took refuge in a friendly house. Whittier never forgot that boy, and for years he wrote him constantly in this city. When death came to the boy, since grown to manhood, his daughter sent Whittier a letter announcing the fact and received a touching letter of sympathy. Recently a babe was born to her, and he will be christened John Greenleaf Whittier.—Philadelphia Record.

Hot Water for the Public.

The "hot water fountains" which the municipal council of Paris determined last year to establish are in operation on the Boulevard St. Germain, on the south side of the Seine. The fountain is an elegant circular column provided with a button, which, being pressed, after placing a sou in the slot, causes about eight quarts of water to be almost instantaneously heated by gas to 65 degs. Reaumur, and passed through a tap into the recipient's pail or can. When this operation is completed an inner weight rises and the gas is automatically turned off. The small householders and shopkeepers of the neighborhood are stated to be availing themselves eagerly of this privilege, which is eventually to be extended to every quarter of the city and suburbs.—Paris Letter.

The apple parer was given to the public in 1803. At the present day one eastern firm makes over 27,000 a year.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Usually involves seasickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, mariners, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weaky travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious is it for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are everywhere popular as a cure for throat diseases and coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. *Sold only in boxes.*

It's a fool that holds out against God and a coward that gives in to the devil.

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.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present to their easy-going doctor, separate diseases, for which he prescribes, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have promptly cured the disease.

Mrs. HARRY TAPPAN, of *Reynolds, Jefferson Co., Neb.*, writes: "For two years I was a sufferer. A part of this time had to be carried from my bed. Was racked with pain, had hysteria, was very nervous, no appetite and completely discouraged. A few bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' effected a perfect cure." Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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No one knows better than this well-known financier the full value of a curative. He is not easily imposed upon once, and never twice. This is his testimony after twenty years' use of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS:

"506 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890.

"For the last twenty years I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me.

"My family are never without them.

RUSSELL SAGE."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS improve the digestion.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Why is it that to-day in America we step from our institutions of learning to be denied an honest opportunity of earning a living? Is it possible we have no field for our intelligent efforts? Must we go down to our graves ending an unsuccessful life? Are our parents and instructors to blame? We must unite in our determination not to fall the victims of foreign pirates and American traitors. A small book, dedicated to the boys and girls of America, entitled "Of What is Uncle Sam Thinking?" pictures faithfully what we are contending with. You will never regret ordering a copy through your stationer or sending 25 cents for same by return mail to the author and publisher, CORLIES MERRITT, fourth floor of Sherlock block, Third and Oak streets, Portland, Or.

Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Standard system of the world. Highest awards at World's Fair, Chicago, for perfect-fitting garments. **Learn** to cut and make your own garments **At Home.** You can **Make and Save Money.** We teach Cutting, Finishing and Dressmaking complete. A CHILD CAN LEARN

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AT HOME BY MAIL. Our school is open day and evening. Every lady should know it. *Dressmakers are imperfect without our systems.* No FITTING; no alterations; no trying on. **Perfect-Fitting Patterns** cut to measure 50c. Send 2c stamp and we will send How to Take Measurements, etc. If you want perfect-fitting garments, send to us for Patterns and learn our system. Special rates for block patterns by the dozen to Dressmakers. We are general Western agents. Local agents wanted.

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The best on the market. We are Northwestern Agents.

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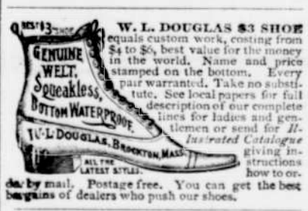

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