The Careful Housewife uses no other.

Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

HE CUTS OUT THE APPENDIX.

Therefore Dr. Murphy Has Achieved International Fame as a Surgeon.

Chicago is pluming herself on carrying off the honors at the international medical congress which met recently at Rome, Dr. J. B. Murphy, one of the most eminent of her surgeons, having been appointed honorary president for America of that distinguished body of savants, to the exclusion of New York and other big American cities there represented. It is a superlative honor, and Chicago is justifiably proud that it should have been conferred upon one of her citizens.

DR. J. B. MURPHY.

Dr. Murphy is recognized as one of the foremost surgeons in the United States, and nowadays that means one of the foremost in the world. He was the first to perform the operation of removing the vermiform appendix, which surgeons claim will result in saving the lives of 60 per cent or more of persons afflicted with appendicitis, whereas the disease was formerly considered almost necessarily fatal.

The intestinal anastomosis button, by which the mortality in intestinal operations has been reduced to about 2 per cent, was invented by Dr. Murphy. This button is used to join the ends of an intestine that has been severed. No stitching is needed, and it can be adjusted within a minute. The button, once in place, presses the intestinal ends together until permanent union has been formed. It then detaches itself and passes naturally away.

Dr. Murphy is exceptionally skillful as an operative surgeon. In a lecture before some eminent surgeons he made the claim that an operation with the use of the anastomosis button could be performed in seven minutes. Several of his auditors were doubtful of the accuracy of the statement and took Dr. Murphy to a hospital, where an operation of the kind referred to was to be performed. To their great surprise, he completed the work in a trifle more than five minutes.

Another discovery for which the medical world is Dr. Murphy's debtor is that human beings may become infected with the cattle disease known as "lumpy jaw." The doctor found that the disease germs were transmitted to the bone through defective teeth, and that it is always fatal. The disease is called actinomycosis hominis.

Dr. Murphy is professor of surgery in the Chicago College of Physicians and Surgeons and was for six years lecturer on surgery at Rush Medical college, his alma mater. He is president of the Cook County hospital staff and has spent several years in the hospitals of Berlin, Heidelberg, Munich and Vienna. He is a native of Wisconsin and only about 36 years of age.

An Ingenious Lord.

The late Lord Essex, of England, was quite a mechanician, and some years ago, when the croquet fever was at its height, he made thousands of pounds from a mallet which he invented. A light open hearse constructed by him was used at his funeral, and his coffin was of open trellis work, after a sketch which he drew.

At an agricultural fair held at Northampton, Mass., lately a baby show was made a feature, and the infant industry drew five times more of a crowd and about ten times more money than the agricultural exhibit.

A hansom cab "warranted to last a lifetime" broke down in Manchester, England, after a month's use. The purchaser sued for breach of contract and was awarded thirty pounds.

A New York oyster house keeper has discovered in a Little Neck clam a pearl, for which he has already been offered a good price.

Growing too Fast

means that children do not get proper nourishment from food. They are therefore thin, narrow-chested and weak.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, supplies material for growth. It makes sound bones, solid flesh and healthy, robust children. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

GUARANTEED.

The MONARCH and RED STRIP are superior brands of BELTING, which, together with Malt se Cross, Ridgewood and Wallabout brands of Steam and Water HOSE, are fully guaranteed by the manufacturer. Your dealer keeps them; if not, write us.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,

Established 1855. Portland, Or.

HISTORIC TREMONT HOUSE.

Boston's Old Hostelry to Be Replaced by a New and Magnificent Hotel.

Old Bostonians who remember will tell you proudly that the Tremont House was the pioneer first class hotel of America. It was built in 1830 by a company of Boston capitalists and was considered magnificent in its day. It is in the typical

PROPOSED NEW TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

architecture of its time—solid, grim and almost forbidding, built of dark gray granite, with a porch of massive pillars that was once thought to be very imposing. It is a marvel that any one ever considered it a handsome structure. Nobody ever calls it so now, but the Bostonian who loves the antiquities of his town will dwell with fond insistence on its historic associations, political and otherwise.

The site of the old hotel, on the block at the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets, adjoining the Old Granary burying ground, is now a very valuable piece of property, and the present owners think it should be put to more profitable uses. So the ancient hostelry will be torn down, and in its stead will be erected a big 11 story structure of stone, brick and steel that will challenge comparison with all the famous modern hotels of New York and Chicago.

The three lower stories of the new building will be of conglomerate sandstone, the Tremont street facade being broken by an arched entrance, with a keystone 30 feet above the ground. From the top of the third story the building will be of buff pressed brick, with stone and terra cotta trimmings. Above the eighth story is to be a broad promenade surrounding a superstructure three stories in height of smaller area than the floors below. This superstructure is to be laid out in suits or flats, designed for luxurious homes, that will have no connection with the hotel proper except through private entrances.

The top of this superstructure will be 175 feet above the street line and will be devoted to a handsome roof garden, paved with concrete and lighted by electricity, with convenient nooks and recesses for shade and protection from the rain. A magnificent view of the city and its suburbs will be obtainable from this point of vantage, which will give a clear sweep from the Newtons on the west around in both directions to the entrance of the harbor on the east. The estimated cost of the structure will be $2,500,000.

Newspaper Men Like New York.

New York is just now filled with newspaper correspondents from most of the cities in the country. They come from all states in the Union to watch the national politicians. They have been accustomed to the sights in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco. They were dazzled, though, by the preparations in New York for the Columbian festivities. The triumphal arches on Fifth avenue, the miles of bunting used to decorate the city hall, the subtreasury, the great banking buildings, the fine mansions on Fifth avenue, and the hotels, and the great stands for the people erected all along the route impressed them with the possibilities of this town. They gathered at the Lotus club the other night and unanimously voted that when New York got up on its hind legs and yawped over a great event it was the most triumphant cry and the most successful of any city in the nation.—New York Sun.

An Indian's Last Hunt.

Postmaster Peacock tells us that a son of Indian Billy Jewell, better known as Billy Key West, a young man twenty-one years old, met his death in a singular manner while hunting last week in the Indian hunting grounds in Dade county. Billy, who was a good hunter, went out and shot a large buck. Thinking him dead, he stooped down on coming up to him to cut his throat. The buck in his last agonies made for him and drove his horns into the abdomen of the Indian, ripping it open. After three days, Billy not returning, a party was made up, and, attracted by the buzzards, both hunter and hunted were found dead together—the Indian still impaled on the horns of the buck.—Key West (Fla.) Equator.

Gay Creole Plaids.

If you have any friends in New Orleans ask them to send you a few yards of the gay bandanna plaids in French ginghams, which we do not find in our northern shops. They are in rich creole colors, combining soft reds and yellows which seem to blend one into the other, and they make the prettiest kind of blouse waists. The only decoration they require is gold studs or buttons down the front and gold links in the cuffs. The utility of these plaids does not end here, for they likewise serve as perfectly charming covers for lounging pillows, with gathered frills of the same all around their edges.—Providence Journal.

THE CLAMBAKE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Ho, for the sea, the moss green grove,
Where the rocks in a glowing pile,
With rockweed make a fragrant bed,
For clams to rest awhile.

With bluefish from the briny deep,
With sweet corn from the field:
And sweet potatoes from the south,
Their fragrant breath will yield.

The ambrosial feasts of the fabled gods
Are as naught compared with thee.
Thou delicious, fragrant, delightful thing,
Thou clambake by the sea!

—Etta [illegible] in Providence Journal.

THAT MIRROR.

It was altogether queer, and Jingleberry to this day does not entirely understand it. He had examined his heart as carefully as he knew how, and had arrived at the entirely reasonable conclusion that he was in love. He had every symptom of that malady. When Miss Marian Chapman was within range of his vision there was room for no one else there. He suffered from that peculiar optical condition which enabled him to see but one thing at a time when she was present, and she was that one thing, which was probably the reason why in his mind's eye she was the only woman in the world, for Marian was ever present before Jingleberry's mental optic.

He had also examined as thoroughly as he could in hypothesis the heart of this "only woman," and he had—or thought he had, which amounts to the same thing—reason to believe that she reciprocated his affection. She certainly seemed glad always when he was about. She called him by his first name, and sometimes quarreled with him as she quarreled with no one else, and if that wasn't a sign of love in woman, then Jingleberry had studied the sex all his years—and they were thirty-two—for nothing. In short Marian behaved so like a sister to him that Jingleberry, knowing how dreams and women go by contraries, was absolutely sure that a sister was just the reverse from that relationship which in her heart of hearts she was willing to assume toward him, and he was happy in consequence.

Believing this, it was not at all strange that he should make up his mind to propose marriage to her, though, like many other men, he was somewhat chicken hearted in coming to the point. Four times had he called upon Marian for the sole purpose of asking her to become his wife, and four times had he led up to the point and then talked about something else. What quality it is in man that makes a coward of him in the presence of one he considers his dearest friend is not within the province of this narrative to determine, but Jingleberry had it in its most virulent form. He had often got so far along in his proposal as, "Marian—er—will you—will you"—and there he had as often stopped, contenting himself with such commonplace conclusions as "go to the matinee with me tomorrow?" or "ask your father for me if he thinks the stock market is likely to strengthen soon?" and other amazing substitutes for the words he so ardently desired yet feared to utter.

But this afternoon—the one upon which the extraordinary events about to be narrated took place—Jingleberry had called, resolved not to be balked in his determination to learn his fate. He had come to propose, and propose he would, ruat cœlum. His confidence in a successful termination to his suit had been re-enforced that very morning by the receipt of a note from Miss Chapman asking him to dine with her parents and herself that evening, and to accompany them after dinner to the opera. Surely that meant a great deal, and Jingleberry conceived that the time was ripe for a blushing "yes" to his long deferred question. So he was here in the Chapman parlor waiting for the young lady to come down and become the recipient of the "interesting interrogatory," as it is called in some sections of Massachusetts.

"I'll ask her the first thing," said Jingleberry, buttoning up his Prince Albert, as though to impart a possibly needed stiffening to his backbone. "She will say yes, and then I shall enjoy the dinner and the opera so much the more. Ahem! I wonder if I am pale—I feel sort of—um— There's a mirror. That will tell." Jingleberry walked to the mirror—an oval, gilt framed mirror, such as was very much the vogue fifty years ago, for which reason alone, no doubt, it was now admitted to the gold and white parlor of the house of Chapman.

"Blessed things, these mirrors," said Jingleberry, gazing at the reflection of his face. "So reassuring. I'm not at all pale. Quite the contrary. I'm red as a sunset. Good omen that! The sun is setting on my bachelor days—and my scarf is crooked. Ah!"

The ejaculation was one of pleasure, for pictured in the mirror Jingleberry saw the form of Marian entering the room through the portieres.

"How do you do, Marian? Been admiring myself in the glass," he said, turning to greet her. "I—er"——

Here he stopped, as well he might, for he addressed no one. Miss Chapman was nowhere to be seen.

"Dear me!" said Jingleberry, rubbing his eyes in astonishment. "How extraordinary! I thought sure I saw her—why, I did see her—that is, I saw her reflection in the gla— Ha! ha! She caught me gazing at myself there and has hidden."

He walked to the door and pulled the portiere aside and looked into the hall. There was no one there. He searched every corner of the hall and of the dining room at its end, and then returned to the parlor, but it was still empty. And then occurred the most strangely unaccountable event in his life.

As he looked around the parlor he for the second time found himself before the mirror, but the reflection therein, though it was of himself, was of himself, with his back turned to his real self, as he stood gazing amazedly into the glass; and besides this, although Jingleberry was alone in the real parlor, the reflection of the dainty room showed that there he was not so, for seated in her accustomed graceful attitude in the reflected armchair was nothing less than the counterfeit presentment of Marian Chapman herself.

It was a wonder Jingleberry's eyes did not fall out of his head, he stared so. What a situation it was, to be sure, to stand there and see in the glass a scene which, as far as he could observe, had no basis in reality; and interesting it was for Jingleberry to watch himself going through the form of chatting pleasantly there in the mirror's depths with the woman he loved! It almost made him jealous, though, the reflected Jingleberry was so entirely independent of the real Jingleberry. The jealousy soon gave way to consternation, for, to the wondering suitor, the independent reflection was beginning to do that for which he himself had come. In other words, there was a proposal going on in the glass, and Jingleberry enjoyed the novel sensation of seeing how he himself would look when passing through a similar ordeal.

Altogether, however, it was not as pleasing as most novelties are, for there were distinct signs in the face of the mirrored Marian that the mirrored Jingleberry's words were distasteful to her, and that the proposition he was making was not one she could entertain under any circumstance. She kept shaking her head, and the more she shook it the more the glazed Jingleberry seemed to implore her to be his. Finally Jingleberry saw his quicksilver counterpart fall upon his knees before Marian of the glass and hold out his arms and hands toward her in an attitude of prayerful despair, whereupon the girl sprang to her feet, stamped her left foot furiously upon the floor and pointed the unwelcome lover to the door.

Jingleberry was fairly staggered. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a freak of nature? Surely it must be prophetic. Fate was kind enough to warn him in advance, no doubt; otherwise it was a trick. And why should she stoop to play so paltry a trick as that upon him? Surely fate would not be so petty. No, it was a warning. The mirror had been so affected by some supernatural agency that it divined and reflected that which was to be, instead of contenting itself to what Jingleberry called "simultaneity." It led instead of following or acting coincidently with the reality, and it was the part of wisdom, he thought, for him to yield to its suggestion and retreat, and as he thought this he heard a soft, sweet voice behind him.

"I hope you haven't got tired of waiting, Tom," it said, and, turning, Jingleberry saw the unquestionably real Marian standing in the doorway.

"No," he answered shortly. "I—I have had a pleasant—very entertaining ten minutes; but I must hurry along, Marian," he added. "I only came to tell you that I have a frightful headache, and—er—I can't very well manage to come to dinner or go to the opera with you tonight."

"Why, Tom," pouted Marian, "I am awfully disappointed. I had counted on you, and now my whole evening will be spoiled. Don't you think you can rest a little while, and then come?"

"Well, I—I want to, Marian," said Jingleberry, "but to tell the truth I—I really am afraid I am going to be ill. I've had such a strange experience this afternoon. I"——

"Tell me what it was," suggested Marian sympathetically, and Jingleberry did tell her what it was. He told her the whole story from beginning to end—what he had come for, how he had happened to look in the mirror and what he saw there, and Marian listened attentively to every word he said. She laughed once or twice, and when he had done she reminded him that mirrors had a habit of reversing everything, and somehow or other Jingleberry's headache went, and—and—well, everything went.—John Kendrick Bangs in Chicago Post.

An Appropriate Hymn.

A good old time member of the Methodist church, whose keen appreciation of humor is only one of many pleasing characteristics, relates with rare gusto the following story: For a meeting of the congregation a certain subject was announced for discussion. The members were invited and expected to participate in the debate or consultation. When the hour for adjournment was almost reached a male client of the creed arose. He was notoriously long winded. When delivering an address or opinion he treated the possibility of eternity with contempt. In this case the audience could not escape. He held it there some time over an hour, and finally sat down to the great relief of the people.

The pastor glanced at the programme for the evening. Unfortunately for him, perhaps, the preacher had designated on the written slip only the number of the hymn to be sung. Consequently he announced, "We will sing hymn number three." And number three turned out to be no less a triumphal selection than the grand old "Hallelujah, 'Tis Done." Perhaps never before in the history of that congregation was the moving melody sung with more meaning and enthusiasm.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Why the People Smiled.

There is an honest and jolly butcher who does business in Eighth avenue not far from the Central park entrance. He is a large and heavy man, his wife is almost as heavy, and his grown daughter weighs nearly 200 pounds. It is customary for this weighty family to take a ride in the butcher's delivery wagon every Sunday afternoon, and the trio, dressed in Sunday finery, present a very imposing appearance. The women are particularly fond of bright colors. One or two Sundays ago this party arrived on Riverside drive and attracted much attention. The complacent butcher and his female companions seemed to more than fill the stout wagon, and doubtless they were wholly unconscious of the reason for the merriment caused by their appearance. On each side of the wagon was painted in bold, black letters, "Dressed Beef."—New York Times.

English Girls Carry Canes.

English girls are imitating the sterner half of mankind in the use of canes. Not a manufacturer that I have interviewed has been able to explain the half length cane, except by saying that the trade wanted it. It is alleged to be ornamental and makes no apology for its appearance. Carved ivory has a walk over in this field. I noticed a cane head made of the fat face of a baby, with a ruff around its neck. A broad brimmed wooden hat fitted closely on the ivory head makes the the little rascals as natural as life. Another head showed the laughing face of a little fishermaid. A folded kerchief bound down her hair and tied itself in a knot under her chin. One stray lock was left to the caprice of the wind and blew coastwise across her ivory forehead. Dogs, cows, parrots and donkeys are carved ad libitum. Some of them are so handsome that it almost disguises their real nature.—London Cor. Jewelers' Review.

Plenty of Physicians.

The physicians of the United States now number 118,453. New York leads with 11,171; Pennsylvania has 9,810, and Illinois ranks third with 8,002.

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL,

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

Boarding in New York.

Boarding houses form the home of many single men and women and small families in New York. Rooms can be had in some of the best locations in the city for all the way from $2.50 to $10 and $15 a week. The first named price is the minimum for a hallroom in desirable locations. Thousands of young and middle aged men and women are rooming in one house and taking their meals in another. Table board can be found without going but a few doors or a block away for from $5 to $7 a week. Room and board in a good boarding house, with the music of a piano thrown in, cost from $7 to $10 and $15 a week, in some locations as high as $20 for a single man. But in a majority of the better grade of boarding houses from $8 to $12 is a fair average. I know men with wives who pay only $17 for one room and board for two.

Married men without business of their own, but who earn from $25 to $50 a week—and there is a vast number of this class in New York—live in boarding houses. Hotel living is more expensive than the best boarding house life. A single man cannot live in a second class hotel even for less than $15 a week, and a married man without children will have to pay for one room and board $25 to $100 a week. At such hotels as the Fifth Avenue and Windsor $100, and even more, would have to be paid for similar accommodations. Prices vary according to the size and location of apartments.—Sydney Dean in Belford's Magazine.

The Popularity of the Canoe.

The canoe is growing to be on water what the bicycle is on land. Each is comparatively inexpensive when the cost of a horse or team or that of a yacht is considered. Each also gives the owner an easy means of transportation to spots somewhat off the beaten road of travel, and each moves along with a grace and speed not always found in the larger and more expensive vehicles of transportation. The canoe is not yet in such common use as the bicycle, but it is steadily growing to popular favor as the public discovers that it is by no means the unsafe craft that on first appearance it seems to be. Still it is already in quite common use, especially around the larger cities and at the different summer resorts where there is any amount of navigable water.

It is met in the gloom of the forest lake or along the sandy shore of the fashionable watering places. Daring tourists glide down the banks of European rivers on its polished seats, and one of the most interesting bits of description of foreign travel has recently come from the pen and pencil of two canoeists who journeyed from the Black forest to the Black sea in a canoe.—Boston Advertiser.

When to Wear Gloves.

The glove is to be informally worn on every clear, cool day in the year. The amenities of glove wearing are receiving nowadays more general consideration than heretofore. Nine-tenths of the well to do looking men one encounters on the Gotham pave wear gloves in fall, winter and spring. They are good quality gloves at that. And they should be, for quality shows in this detail of attire more than in any other, even to the unskilled observer. A good pair of gloves gives a finishing touch to the ensemble that it lacks without them. The good glove may be old and worn, but if the kid be fine in quality it will in its deterioration take on a burnishment which only the bona fide article may realize. Indeed, some of the heavy swells revel in the meerschaumlike colored high grades goat skin gloves they had bought months before, whose original color is not discernible.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Anticaterpillar Device.

A device for preventing caterpillars from climbing trees consists of alternate wires of copper, which are wound round the tree trunk at a distance of about half an inch from one another. These wires are in connection with a source of electricity, and when the circuit is completed by the caterpillar bridging the metals with its body it receives a shock which either destroys it or at any rate makes it let go its hold. It may be mentioned that a plan has for a long time been common of protecting shrubs and flowers from the incursion of slugs by placing rings of zinc and copper round the root. The two metals, when touched by the moist body of the slug, develop sufficient electricity to cause the creature to turn back.—Exchange.

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.

Director—We must have a sustained chorus. Maitre de Ballet—You'll have to pay more salary then. The chorus is now starving.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are an effective cough remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

Do not depend too much on popular sympathy. There are more tears in a peeled onion than in a public calamity.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

CURES OTHERS

MRS. J. H. LANSING, of *South Glen's Falls, Saratoga County, N. Y.*, writes: "After my third child was born, I barely gained strength enough in two year's time, so as to be able to crawl about to accomplish the little house work that I had to do, and that only by lying down to rest many times each day; had sick headache very often, many pains and aches all the time. After I had taken one bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' I could see a great change in my strength and less sick headaches. Continued taking the medicine until I had taken seven bottles of the 'Favorite' and one of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I am now able to do housework for myself and husband and two children aged nine and five, I also take dressmaking, and enjoy walking a mile at a time, when I can have the time to do so. And I am sure it is all due to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as I know I was failing fast before I commenced to take it."

MRS. LANSING.

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

WHY NOT YOU?

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue. So the almost innumerable imitations of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are a witness to their genuineness. In proof of their genuineness the eminent Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not injure the system.

Lover—I assure you, Herr Meyer, I cannot live without your daughter. Herr Meyer—Oh, you overestimate my—income.

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.

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

KNOWLEDGE

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.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

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

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS, 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.

N. P. N. U. No. 550—S. F. N. U. No. 627

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

CURED ASTORIA, OR.—I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM and my youngest boy cured entirely of INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM when the best doctor I could get did him no good. Yours in gratitude, MRS. N. V. STEELE. Sold by four Druggist.

Three Years in the War

Impaired my health. I contracted bronchitis, catarrh, rheumatism, indigestion, and other complaints. Last year I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I saw at a glance that it was doing me good and I bought six bottles more and used it regularly. It has relieved me of all the diseases which I contracted in the army. I have no more tired feeling and my health is much improved." S. L. GONSLINE, 228 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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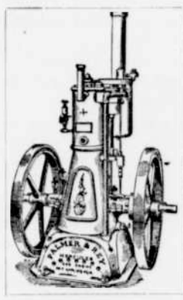

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