## THE LAST LAUGH.

**Consternation of the Congregation. The Wisdom of the Innocents.**

Adjoining an out-of-the-way, but favorite summer resort, is a little Chapel in which religious services are held occasionally, as clergymen can be obtained, during the pleasure season.

A visiting divine consented to preach one sabbath last summer, and, notice being given, quite a congregation of hotel guests and resident neighbors assembled. In opening the services the preacher suggested that, as the chapel was provided with no musical instrument, perhaps some one present would start a hymn, in which the congregation could join. A brief pause ensued, and then the congregation was convulsed at hearing an old lady strike up, in a cracked voice,

"Believing we rejoice
To see the cuss removed."

As no one joined in, the old lady did not proceed far with the hymn, and an awkward contretemps seemed imminent. The clergyman was quick-witted, however, and turned the ludicrous incident to good account. He quietly arose and announced as his text the words, "Believing we rejoice," from which he preached an excellent sermon, one that under the peculiar circumstances, made a deep impression.

The old lady will probably never know why she caused such a sensation. She lived in the neighborhood, and being accustomed to the pronunciation "cuss" for "curse," sang it that way.

Homespun people often run counter to some of the common customs, or time-worn prejudices of society, and are laughed at. Sometimes they are right, and society is wrong.

When new and valuable ideas are evolved in the progress of the world's thought, those who first believe in them are often subjected to ridicule. But it is those who believe who have occasion to rejoice.

Mr. A. Way is a prominent farmer at Navasino, N. Y., who was prostrated with kidney disease, and reached a point where "the doctor said he had done all he could." Feb. 23d, 1883, he writes, "As a last resort I began the use of Warner's safe cure, and to-day I am hale, hearty and happy." October 13th, 1887, he again writes, "If it had not been for your wonderful discovery of Warner's safe cure, I should have been in my grave to-day. I am, to all appearances as free from any trouble of the kidneys as any man living. The doctor who doctored me and said I must die, has since died with Bright's disease!"

The honest old farmer was doubtless derided and laughed at by the medical men, and many of his friends, when he announced his determination to try Warner's safe cure, a proprietary medicine; but he is alive and well to-day, while the physician who laughed at him is dead.

The wise old farmer has the last laugh!

## OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The editor of the Knoxville *Republican* advertises for the photograph of a dollar.

—A healthy-looking tramp at Bangor asked a woman if she would give him a dinner. She told him it wasn't her dinner hour, but she could give him a substantial lunch. "I don't want a lunch, I want a dinner," replied the high-toned beggar, and he walked off.

—The wild-eyed, long-haired, sombrero-topped men so numerous in Omaha nowadays are not cowboys nor army scouts nor Indian-slayers—unless the lowly red-man purchases their wares. They are patent-medicine fakers from the Indianless East.—*Omaha Chronicle.*

—A little Burlington girl who dislikes arithmetic was asked to give the sum of nine cows and seven cows. "Fifteen," she replied. When informed that this was wrong, she petulantly exclaimed: "It doesn't make any difference if we only get the milk."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Mrs. Elisha Merritt, of Gainesville, Ga., who is now over eighty years old, has an iron pot which has been in the possession of the family for many generations. It was brought from Holland long before the revolutionary war, and had been in the family for several generations before that. Family tradition makes its age at least three hundred years.

## LATE SHIPWRECKS OFF CAPE HORN.

Extract of letter from David James (late master) of the bark Colorado of Glasgow—"Having lost our ship on Staten island, on the 5th of July last, and having saved neither effects nor provisions, we were then compelled to travel over the island for ten days, subsisting on nothing but shellfish and sea weed. On the 19th of July we came across another shipwrecked party of seventeen, the surviving part of the crew of the British ship Dunskeig of Glasgow, fourteen having perished through exposure. Now, the ship was lost on the 23rd of June, and a lot of the cargo, consisting of Epps' Cocoa was washed ashore out of the wreck. There was nothing saved except the cocoa, and we, numbering twenty-five men, were kept alive on it up to the 20th of August, when we were rescued by the steamer Mercurio of Buenos Ayres, and landed there on the 13th of September.

"To much praise cannot be given to this cocoa for the preserved state that it was in, after being in the bottom of the sea, in the wreck of the Dunskeig, for a fortnight, and then washed ashore, and lying on the beach and rocks of Staten island for about six weeks, subject to the exposure of the severest weather on the face of the globe.

"The island is situated in a region of perpetual ice, snow and storms, and after all this test it was as fresh and dry as if in the works.

"As we had a good stock of it there we used it in a liquid state for drink, and also made it in a thick state, like porridge, and we also baked it on the fire, which made splendid bread, and kept us alive and warm on this barren island."

## CARL DUNDER'S PLAINT.

**Detroit's Teutonic Philosopher Sighs For the Old German Customs.**

"Sergeant," said Carl Dunder as he tip-toed into the station-house yesterday, "I pelief I like to go pack to Shermany again."

"What's the matter now?"

"Vhell, every thing vhas too fast und too strange oafer here for some old man's like me. Dot Yankee vhas a queer feller—awful queer. Some man's come into my place eafery day und yell out:

"'Hi! dere! Two peers! Set 'em oop, queek! Ta! ta! Good-pye, Dunder!'

"Und he throws down der money, gulps down dot peer, und vhas off before I can say Shack Robinson. It doan' be like dot in Shermany. I goes mit a place at a shlow walk, und I goes in py der door und shpeaks with eafery body. I ask him aboudt his wife und shildren, his horse und cow und pig, his health und his garden, und by und by I sat down und say to dot barkeeper:

"'Hans, may pe you haf some peer?'

"'Yes, Herr Dunder.'

"'May pe it vhas goot peer?'

"'Yes, he vhas.'

"'Vhell I try a glass.'

"He goes py der cellar und prings him oop, und I take a seat und play some sheckers, und I drink a leedle und wait, und drink some more und wait, und by und by it vhas twelve o'clock und I goes home to dinner."

"That's too slow, Mr. Dunder."

"Dot's der vhay all you Yankees say. How long you pelief I vhas getting married, Sergeant?"

"Oh, perhaps three weeks, and that's giving you seven days over the rest of us."

"Tree weeks! Vhy, it vhas ten y'ars, und dot vhas too soon! If I wait one more y'ar I doan' marry Mrs. Dunder at all! It vhas like dis: It takes von y'ar to be introduced to dot girl. It takes von y'ar more before you like to call her py her first name. May pe, after fife y'ar I take her hand und say dot I like to be married, but it vhas fife y'ar more pefore she consents und vhas all ready."

"Too slow for me."

"Und you vhas in sooch a hurry dot you dean' lif oudt half your days. Dot prings me down to peesness. Shake has run avhay some more."

"No!"

"He goes last night. We haf some fuss again. Shake vhas too much like a Yankee, und I talk und talk to him und it vhas no goot. Do you know Shake feels so pig dot he doan' like to haf my clothes cut oafer for him any more!"

"Is that possible!"

"Dot vhas possible. In der oldt country wooden shoes vhas all right for me. In dis country Shake likes some fine gaiters, und he shines 'em oop mit placking. Some oldt hat vhas goot enough for me, but Shake he must go oudt und puy von for tree dollar. I haf some pants mit only two holes in 'em, but Shake won't put 'em on. Vhen I vhas a poy I doan' haf ten cents a month. Shake comes to me almost eafery day und says he likes half a dollar or seex shillings. In der oldt country I play sheckers or pitch horseshoes. My Shake learns how to play poker und pilliards und lots of odder games, und it makes your hair shtand oop to hear him talk of base-pall and cricket. He calls me old moss-pack, und sooch, und yesterday I make up my mind to put a shtop to him."

"Took him down cellar, eh?"

"Dot's vhas I like to do. I get dot strap nnd tell him to come along, but he says I vhas too fresh, und he vhas gone pefore I get him, sergeant."

"Well?"

"May pe I vhas wrong. May pe it vhas deeferent in dis country. May pe lot poy of to-day vhas not like der oldt poys. I doan' sheep any all night und der oldt womans she vhas crying all der time for Shake, and so, if you see him, you may tell him to come back. Tell him dot we try again. If he doan' say I vhas too fresh, und if he doan' tell me to put oop my dukes, und if he doan' keep talking aboudt carom shots, hot grounders, Shackpots und so on I try to make it all right und get along. Shust tell him dot, sergeant, und you may shently hint to him dot if he doan' do petter you pelief he vhill pe hung for murder. Good-pye, sergeant—may pe I vhas too oldt for dis country."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Bit of Vandalism.

I sat alongside of a lady in a street car the other day on my way down town. She was elegant as to attire and intelligent as to visage. She was reading, or rather looking over, one of the leading magazines, and ever and anon, when it became necessary to move forward a page, she used her index finger—her hand was incased in a glove—for a paper-cutter. Shades of Tom Dibdin! what a mess she made of it. Ripped, torn, ragged and jagged, by the time we were half way down town that poor magazine was a sight to behold. True, you're right, it was her magiazine, but my feelings happened to belong to me.—*Book Maker.*

—"This five-dollar gold piece you gave me this mornin' is counterfeit," said a vagabond to James T. Brady, the late witty lawyer. "I didn't give you a gold piece; I gave you a quarter, my good fellow." "You meant to give me a quarter, but you gave me this by mistake." "Oh! well, then you may keep it for your honesty!" said the caustic wit.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Behind the Scenes.—

Her appetite is delicate:
She can not eat to-day;
But see her in the pantry
Whenher beau has gone away.
—*Boston Courier.*

—Change is Rest.—Beggar's Wife—"August, why are you taking off your wooden leg?"—Beggar—"Darling, I am only going to strap it on the other foot; one gets tired of hopping about all day long on the same leg."—*Humoristische Blatter.*

—Some people claim that a fellow doesn't get any rest by going on an excursion, as he generally works hard a week before to get ready and then puts in the hardest day of all when he goes—but this is not so; an excursion usually makes him sick abed for a week after he gets back and that is the time he gets his rest.—*Dakota Bell.*

## MARGARET COLEMAN.

**How This Brave Irishwoman Saved Secretary Seward's Life.**

Among Mr. Sumner's servants the one whom he most highly valued was an elderly Irish woman, Margaret Coleman. She was his housekeeper for the last two years, and now becomes a historic character.

Prior to entering Mr. Sumner's service Margaret was of the household of William H. Seward. When, on the 14th of April, 1865, the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, an attempt was made on the life of Mr. Seward, she was one of those in charge of his room, he then being confined to his bed from the effects of a fall from his carriage. Payne, the would-be assassin, was met by Mr. Frederick Seward at the head of the stairs. After wounding him severely and leaving him seemingly dead, Payne passed over his body to reach the room of his father. The noise had notified Margaret, who was in her own room on the story above, of Payne's approach, and his object. As Payne entered the sick room, Robinson, the male nurse, then there, confronted him. Payne struck Robinson to the ground with his knife, and then sprang at the Secretary. Mr. Seward was in a half-sitting posture, leaning his back against a sick-chair placed in the bed for his support. Realizing Payne's object, he pulled the bed clothing over his head for his protection. Payne struck him a number of times. One blow was so well aimed that it passed through the bed clothes, through his cheek into his neck on the right side, and another on the left side cut his neck.

Meantime all this was passing quicker than it can be told. Margaret had sprung upon him from behind, and Robinson had gathered himself up sufficiently to confront the assassin. Major A. H. Seward, Miss Fannie Seward and some of the servants of the household were now entering the room, and Payne fought his way out from among them. Margaret was struck in the face, apparently by Payne's clenched fist, so that her face was painful and discolored for some time, and she was hurled against the door-jamb with such force as to break her collar-bone. Major Seward was slightly cut in several places. But none of the women except Margaret was in any injured. Payne, after cutting his way out, mounted his horse and escaped. Meantime Mr. Seward had apparently disappeared, and for a moment it was thought that the assassin had thrown him out of the window. He had, however, rolled himself in his bed clothing, and fallen between the bed and the wall, but was so suspended by the clothing that he had not reached the floor. Margaret pulled him up, unrolled him, now nearly smothered in the blankets and the blood, and assisted in doing what was necessary before she found out how much she herself was injured. She recovered, however, sufficiently to continue to act as head nurse to Secretary Seward, to Mr. Frederick Seward and Mrs. Seward, who never recovered from the shock of that night, and who died in Margaret's arms, and, finally, as nurse to Miss Fannie Seward. She saw her pass away within the year.

When Mr. Fish succeeded Mr. Seward as Secretary of State, he took certain of the Seward servants, who agreed to stay with him until Mrs. Fish brought her own establishment to Washington. So Margaret remained with the new Secretary of State for six months, and then went to Mr. Sumner, with whom she remained until his death. The arrangement was particularly agreeable to the ladies whom Mr. Sumner received, as most of them had been accustomed to her friendly ministrations when visiting at the Seward and Fish houses.—*Cosmopolitan.*

### A Sample of Turkish Justice.

You have often read wondrous and lying tales of justice administered with unerring judgment in Turkey. Here is a true story of Turkish justice: A drover complained to a cross-legged magnate at Rodosto that he had been robbed of two oxen. Three Turkish gendarmes were sent to recover the property, and soon discovered two peasants going off with two oxen. One of the men was shot dead. The other escaped, and the policemen hastily buried their man and came back in triumph with two oxen. But the man said those oxen had not been stolen from him, and it was plain that the peasant had been shot for driving his own cattle. The situation was uncomfortable but Turkish diplomacy fixed things. Another man was found to swear he had been robbed of the two oxen, and they were turned over to him, which relieved the gendarmes from guilt. They did not go unpunished, however, for they had buried the dead peasant without first washing the body, which in Turkey is a crime except in case of a soldier killed in battle. For that negligence they were imprisoned.—*Levant Herald.*

—Cholly—"Did you hear about that bank smashup yesterday, Gawge? Cashier ran away with the funds." Gawge—"Common occurrence; I don't pay any attention to such reports any more." "I tell you, if a man has got any surplus cash nowadays it stands him in hand to put it where he knows it will stay. By the way, can you let me have a ten this morning?" "Really, dear boy, you offer me such excellent advice about putting money where I know it will stay that I am almost sorry I have no surplus funds."—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Friend (to patent medicine manufacturer)—"How is your great 'cure-all' remedy taking, old man?" Manufacturer—"Immensely. I've made enough out of it in the last three months to warrant a trip to Europe." Friend—"Going for pleasure, I suppose." Manufacturer—"No. I'm going for my health."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

—A Hartford (Conn.) man sent his boy into the country equipped with a woodchuck trap and other appliances for enjoying his vacation, and told him to have a good time and be sure to go to church on Sundays. The first letter he received from the boy said: "Dear papa, I've caught a woodchuck. It was a skunk. I did not go to church. Yours affectionately."

## PRACTICAL CAUTIONS.

**An Ounce of Prevention From the Insurance Companies.**

Every year millions of dollars' worth of the material resources of the country are swept away by fire. This loss is an absolute one. It can not be replaced nor repaired. The individual owner does not feel this if adequately insured, but, nevertheless, with every fire the country at large is poorer by the amount of the loss.

It is alarming to note that in spite of our continually improving facilities for fighting fire, and the increasing numbers of fire-proof buildings, the gross losses throughout the country grow steadily greater year by year. Below is an accurate tabulated statement of the country's yearly loss by fire, which is not pleasant reading:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1878 | $ 64,315,000 | 1883 | $100,149,000 |
| 1879 | 77,708,000 | 1884 | 110,000,000 |
| 1880 | 74,643,000 | 1885 | 102,848,000 |
| 1881 | 81,283,000 | 1886 | 104,924,000 |
| 1882 | 84,500,000 | | |

Our national resources are so immense that the country has not yet seriously felt this drain, but it is evident that the time must come when it will feel it. This is especially true if we take into consideration the amount of money spent annually in fighting fire. New York's fire department alone costs more than $1,000,000 annually; its insurance patrol more than $100,000.

The principal insurance companies, actuated by such considerations, have adopted a plan which is so simple and promises to be so effective, that it deserves to have public attention called to it.

They have printed and propose to distribute gratuitously through every building in the city, a set of "Fire Cautions." Their idea is that if these are posted in conspicuous places in office buildings, factories, tenement houses and the like, the practical cautions they embody will not be apt to be forgotten. Certainly, if they are remembered and always carefully observed, accidental fires would be few and far between.

The cautions are given below. It can be seen that they are sensible, practical and intelligible:

Don't allow stoves or heaters on your premises which are not securely set on stone, cemented brick or metal, and be sure that all woodwork near the stoves or pipes is carefully protected with metal.

Don't allow any loose-jointed gas brackets on your premises which could be swung against woodwork, or any gas brackets without wire screens or globes, if hay, straw, light materials or window curtains are near them.

Don't allow any electric lights or wires on your premises which are not properly protected.

Don't allow steam-pipes to be in contact with wood or inflammable material.

Don't allow any kerosene oil lamps to be filled after dark. Filling lamps near a fire is dangerous.

Don't forget to keep the lamps filled, and wicks in good order. When the oil is low it generates gas, which is liable to explode.

Don't allow benzine, gasoline, naptha or explosives in your place. Your insurance policy prohibits it.

Don't allow ashes to be put in a wooden box or barrel in your building. Always have an iron ash can.

Don't allow any oily waste or rags to be thrown on the floor, but only in a metal can, with cover, and have them taken out of the building every night; they are self-igniting.

Don't allow any greasy or oily rags or papers to be mixed up with clean clippings, or a large amount of clippings to remain in your place (even if clean and in bales) than is absolutely unavoidable.

Don't allow saw-dust to be used on floors or in spittoons. It causes many fires, ignited by cigar stumps or cigarettes.

Don't allow saw-dust to be used for catching oil drippings from machines or elevator gearing. Sand is safe.

Don't allow matches to be kept loose, or in paper boxes, but only in metal or earthen safes. Those lighting only on the box are safest.

Don't allow smoking on your premises where any combustible goods or materials are used.

Don't fail to have your fire-buckets filled, and test hose and fire appliances from time to time.

Don't allow your stairs or hallways to be blocked up or used for "storage," or rubbish, hay, straw, etc., to accumulate or remain on your premises.

Don't fail to have all elevators or hoistways provided with good trap-doors or hatches, and have these shut at night.

Don't forget to close your iron shutters at night.

Don't forget that neglect and carelessness are the cause of more fires than all other things, and enforce rules to guard against them.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Just now a comparatively new fad has broken out among fashionables. It is installing as prime favorite, among the other antiques, the old-fashioned brass warming pan, which is now hung in the hall or library near the fireplace. They really do give a cheerful look with their brass covers, which are kept polished with dazzling brightness. They bring large prices when offered for sale. So any one who has one tucked away in some garret better bring it forth, for they possess a prize, as they are something not likely to be reproduced.—*St. Louis Republican.*

### A Reasonable Offer.

Sleeping Car Porter (dusting off a passenger:)—Am yo' a resident of New Yo'k, sar?"

Passenger—Yes, I'm one of the officials at Castle Garden.

Sleeping Car Porter (anxiously)—Am dat so? Well, if I gives yo' good dustin' off an' blacks yo' boots an' gives yo' a dollar, sah, wud that be enough? Ise a poo' man, boss; deed I is.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The sacred Burmese white elephant is to be removed from Mandalay to Rangoon to convince the natives that the royal house has disappeared forever. So long as the elephant remained at Mandalay many of the Burmans firmly believed that Thebaw or his family would eventually enjoy their own again.

A. P. Foss saw a live chicken floating and struggling in the canal at Suncook, N. H., and pulled it out. Attached to its leg was a pickerel weighing over two pounds, which had grabbed the chicken's leg in such a way that it could not let go.

### READ THE DEATH ROLL

Which the bills of mortality of any large city may be fitly designated, and you will find that renal and vesical maladies, that is to say, those that affect the kidneys or bladder, have a remarkable prominence—we had almost said preponderence. Bright's disease and diabetes in the chronic stage are rarely cured, and gravel, catarrh of the bladder and enuresis, slay many. Yet at the outset, when the trouble merely amounts to inactivity of the organs involved, the danger may be nullified by that pleasant renal tonic and diuretic Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which imparts the requisite amount of tone to the organs, without over-exciting them, and the use of which is convenient, and involves no elaborate preparation. Dyspepsia, a usual concomitant of renal complaints, and debility which they invariably produce, are remedied by it. So also are constipation, malarial, rheumatic and nervous ailments.

The color of the jelly is spoiled by being boiled too long.

### OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seam-tresses, housekeepers and over worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our *positive guarantee.* See wrapper around bottle. **Price $1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.00.**

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for ten cents in stamps.

Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Put very little lard in your bread if you wish it to be white.

### CHRONIC COUGHS AND COLDS.

All diseases of the Throat and Lungs can be cured by the use of **Scott's Emulsion**, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

### THE "OLD RELIABLE."

Wallowa Chieftain, Joseph, Or., Oct. 17, '87.

We have used in this office for the past eighteen months one of your Old Reliable 10x15 job presses. For strength, motion, ease of running and for general good work we have never seen a press superior to it. Can cheerfully recommend it to the trade.

Yours truly,
F. M. MCCULLY.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve ounces.

### THE PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE SENATE.

For expediting legislative business, Edmund L. Pitts, the President of the New York State Senate, stands almost without a peer. Such a place as he holds is a most trying one and requires great powers of endurance. One of Mr. Pitts' ablest supporters will be seen in his letter given below:

STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1884.

I have used Allcock's Porous Plasters in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended.

EDMUND L. PITTS.

### WHITMAN COLLEGE.

College and Scientific Courses, Normal Course, College Preparatory Course, Business Course, Conservatory of Music, Modern Languages, Arts, Boarding Department. **Spring Term begins March 7, 1888.** Has two good buildings. Twelve Teachers. Library and apparatus. For Catalogue or admission, address: A. J. ANDERSON, President, Walla Walla, W.T.

### CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

Jay Gould's income is $1,000 an hour.

No trouble to swallow Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh a pound.

**For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders,** use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Cameline improves and preserves the complexion.

BABY'S SKIN & SCALP CLEANSED PURIFIED AND BEAUTIFIED BY CUTICURA.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP

I WAS CURED OF CATARRH BY CREAM BALM.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Greenwich Street, New York.


## HIS PHOTO.

The venerable benefactor of mankind, intent upon his good works, is known as we see him here. His familiar face and form have become a trade mark, and the good he has done is illustrated in the following marvelous instance: Jan. 17, 1883, George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody st., desires to recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, and desires especially to say that Orrin Robinson, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house *in the summer of* 1881 walking upon crutches, his left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home well without them, and he has been well since St. Jacobs Oil cured him." In July, 1887, inquiry was made of the Messrs. Osgood to ascertain the condition of the little cripple, which brought the following response: "Lowell, Mass., July 6, 1887.—The poor cripple on crutches, Orrin Robinson, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor. Dr. George C. Osgood, M. D." No other remedy can make the same showing.

UNITARIAN religious literature sent free on application to Miss E. F. Davison, P. O. Drawer 520, Portland; Washington correspondents adm. Miss M. DeVoe, Seattle

Wakelee's Squirrel and Gopher Exterminator Try it, and prove the best is the cheapest. Wakelee & Co., San Francisco.

HALL'S PULMONARY BALSAM.

A superior remedy for **Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.**

Sold by all Druggists for 50 Cents.

F. E. BEACH, PRES. R. P. EARHART, SECY.

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THE NORTHWEST FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE Co.

CAPITAL $500,000

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