Something Very Soothing.

There is something very soothing in the use of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of Neuralgia. It soothes the pain, while it strengthens and restores the weak nerves to a natural condition. It is prompt and sure.

Curiosities of Lakes.

If lakes have no overflow to the sea the water always becomes salty, particularly if there is small rainfall and much evaporation. The Caspian sea is properly a salt lake. So is the Dead sea. There are several lakes of considerable size in Canada which have no visible inlets, being fed entirely from subterranean sources.—Chicago Chronicle.

True Greatness In Medicine

Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

DRIFT WOOD.

Bullets of stone were used as late as 1514.

Breeches among the Greeks were a sign of slavery.

The topaz was the second stone in the breast of the Hebrew high priests.

Chicona, from which quinine is made, was called "Jesuits' bark" by the Spaniards.

If all the tunnels of the world were placed end to end they would reach a distance of 514 miles. They number about 1,142.

The largest gold coin in existence is worth about $315. It is the ingot or "loof" of Annam, and its value is written on the coin with India ink.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at

Your Grocer's

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

There have been 27 cases of insanity in the Bavarian royal family during the last 100 years.

It is curious fact that there are no direct descendants of Napoleon, Wellington, Washington or Walter Scott.

Each of the 32 cities in Massachusetts has one or more public libraries and only 18 of the 321 towns are so supplied.

Henry Norman says it is calculated that Kipling made $75,000 by the serial book rights of his latest volume of stories, "The Day's Work."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has conferred the Order of Vasa on August Peterson, of Washington, in recognition of his services in founding colonies of his countrymen in America.

Mrs. Oliphant has written 74 novels and six biographies; Miss Braddon has produced 55 novels; Miss Yonge, 53; "Ouida," 35; William Black, 30; Sir Walter Besant, 27; and Rider Haggard, 16.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED—QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N.Y.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

LINCOLN S BIRTHDAY.

Great Lincoln died a martyr, with a bullet in his brain;
The good he wrought for Freedom's cause wiped out a damning stain;
Mighty hosts in armed rebellion had yielded on the field,
After four years' valiant fighting for the blot upon their shield.

The manacles of slavery were forever cast away,
And four million former chattels were reJoicing on that day;
The cruel war was over; there was happiness at hand,
When a dastard shot a pistol that resounded through the land.

Four hundred thousand loyal lives were sacrificed in strife,
To give the starry banner a triumphant lease of life;

The soldier boys were coming home, glad that the fray was o'er,
And loud paens to the victors, Spring's fragrant zephyrs bore;

When the ruler of this nation, the grandest man of all,
Was called from his high station to repose beneath a pall;
The gloom that then spread o'er the land caused grief most hard to bear,
And in the loss each family were conscious of a share.

His monument may crumble, as they tell us it has done,
But his name is on the tongues of men who know the fame he won;
And as his virtues come to light their luster floods the earth,
To teach our youths to honor him on the day he had his birth.

So February twelfth will mark a date each future year,
That calendars will bear in red to show whom we revere;
For the name of Lincoln calls to mind a man of humble birth,
Whose fame is now exalted in the highest globe on earth.

—John McComb.

A KNIGHT OF ST. VALENTINE.

It was to be a valentine party. That was what the girls decided after talking it all over half a dozen times, viewing all the schemes suggested from every possible light and rejecting all except the one Mabel Hurvine had made, that it should be a valentine party. Margaret had said she was dying for a sleighride, not just a poky old ride in a cutter big enough for two, but a good old-fashioned big straw ride, with lots of buffalo robes and all the girls and all the fellows in the crowd. But the sleighride was outvoted by those who feared the chill winds would make their noses red and blow their hair about until they would not appear to advantage in the eyes of those for whose benefit the hair was curled and the noses discreetly touched up at times.

Hinda could see nothing but a musicale. Some of the boys could play guitars and mandolins and the piano, she insisted, and everybody thought he could sing and that would make it nice. She even volunteered to arrange the program of mandolin music and get copies of the "rag time" coon melodies to help out those whose knowledge of the fascinating jingles was confined to enthusiastic bursts in the chorus. But the musicale idea had few friends. It was too much trouble and the girls who could not play mandolins or pose prettily with guitars hung from their shoulders on pale blue ribbons could not see where they would come in except in the chorus, and they each wanted to star, so the musicale was not a go.

Marjie thought it would be lovely to just meet at somebody's house and not have any old set program, but let things take their own course and sing and dance and talk and perhaps eat after awhile. But somebody suggested this might get poky in a short time, and when Mabel Hurvine came to the rescue with the valentine party suggestion it was pounced upon with delight and she was voted a wonder at concocting schemes to help distressed maidens out of difficulties.

"But what do you do at a valentine party?" asked Aileen. "I never went to one since the days when we used to have a valentine box in school and the boys used to send the teacher horrible caricatures and some of the boys used to send some of the girls pretty little cards——"

"Oh, well, never mind telling us about your childhood days," said Kathryn. "We want to hear about this party we are going to have. Mabel is sponsor for it and she will have to tell about it."

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," said Miss Hurvine, who was small and dark and whose eyes twinkled behind pince nez glasses. "All you have to do is to invite a crowd of fellows and girls who know each other pretty well."

"That is easy for a starter," said Marjie, "for, positively, I don't think any crowd of girls knows as many boys as we do."

"Speak for yourself, please," said Aileen with a toss of her head, but before the controversy progressed further Mabel went on with her explanation of the plan of entrapping unwary young men on St. Valentine's evening.

"Well, you get the crowd together at somebody's house and then you have a small brother or somebody, a sister if you're about half out of brothers, dressed for a cupid."

"I hope he will be more thoroughly dressed than the conventional cupid," suggested Kathryn, "or the party is likely to break up right there."

"Don't be a goose," said Mabel sternly. "He wears a cute white dress and gauze wings——"

"And carries a mandolin strapped over his shoulder," suggested Hinda.

"Not for a minute," said Mabel decidedly. "I do wish you girls wouldn't be silly or I'll never get through with this. He has a cute little wagon filled with pieces of white paper cut in heart shapes and to each one is attached a pencil."

"So we can write home for money," cut in Marjie.

Miss Hurvine silenced her with a look of disdain and went on:

"He goes around the room with the wagon and each one takes one of the little hearts and pencils, and then they are called upon to write a verse or a valentine to someone in the party. When they all get through the cupid goes around again——"

"And collects the garbage," said Kathryn, who had remained a silent listener up to this point.

"Let her tell it," said Aileen, "it's a good story. She's all right. Let her tell it."

"I won't tell you girls another thing and I won't have anything to do with the party if you don't behave yourselves, now," said Mabel. "Well, the verses are all piled up on a table and somebody reads them out to the crowd, and everyone has a chance to guess who wrote each one and to whom it was written. Of course if the verses sort of describe some peculiarity of the person addressed it would help some."

"Oh, that would be lovely," said Aileen; "I can see my finish when they get at my peculiarities. If anybody writes anything mean about me I won't play."

And so it was decided that it should be a Valentine party and that everybody should come and that the boys should not know anything about the scheme until they had reached the house, lest they might come "loaded" with verses culled from handy volumes of quotations.

Mabel Hurvine's home was ablaze with lights on the night of St. Valentine's day. The parlor was hung with smilax and ferns, and from the chandelier dangled a mighty heart pierced by a cruel arrow. Everything was ready for the Valentine party, and half the guests had arrived. Marjie was gayly singing "I Don't Care if You Never Come Back," while a solemn young man played rag time on the piano. Half a dozen other girls were sweetly telling fibs to as many young men who hung over their chairs or sat beside them and seemed to be drinking it all in. The little cupid, proud of his importance, and immensely concerned over the success of his gauze wings, was waiting in an inner room for his part in the game, when Lottie Meredith tripped gayly up the steps and kissed Mabel Hurvine, who met her in the hall.

"Wait a minute before you go in," whispered Mabel. "Tom is here."

All the dancing light died out of Lottie Meredith's eyes in an instant. Her cheeks turned deathly white a moment, and then flushed red as peonies.

"Tom?" she gasped. "Tom? You don't mean Tom Prince?"

Mabel shook her head solemnly in affirmation and took both Lottie's hands in hers.

"Yes, he came about twenty minutes ago. I was as much thunderstruck as you."

"But, Mabel," whispered Lottie, dragging Miss Hurvine into a bedroom, where they could not be overheard, "where did he come from? What on earth is he doing here? Oh, tell me what to do, dear. I can't face him before all this crowd."

"I don't know anything about it, Lottie," said Mabel slowly, "except he said he got to town to-day, and one of the boys told him there was a party here and all the old crowd would be here to-night, and he said he made bold enough to come up. Of course I told him I was glad to see him. What else could I do?"

From the parlor came the gay tinkle of the piano and a full, deep voice was singing "O Promise Me." The chatter of many tongues and light laughter floated on the air with the singer's voice and came to the two solemn girls huddled there in the bedroom.

"That's him singing," whispered Lottie. "I'd know his voice anywhere and that was his song always, you know."

For a few minutes they stood there silently listening to the jollity in the parlors. Their hearts beat so loudly that they heard the quickened pulsations as they stood in the darkness with clasped hands. Then Miss Hurvine said:

"I must go back, dear. They will miss me. Stay here until you are feeling better, and then go right out as if you did not know he was here." And then she slipped out and joined the merry crowd in the parlor.

Five minutes later Lottie Meredith walked out of the room with her head erect and a forced smile upon her lips. Carelessly she strolled into the room where the piano was sounding and let her eyes rest for only an instant upon the figure of Tom Prince, tall and handsome as ever, leaning over Kathryn, who was trying an accompaniment to a song under his direction. He looked up and their eyes met. Lottie tried to return his gaze coldly, as if she had never before looked upon him, but she felt her strength of will leaving her, she felt the hot blood mount to her cheek, her breath came quickly for an instant and she looked away to where Will Barnes was telling fairy tales to Margaret. Prince had not changed countenance when he looked upon Lottie. It was not the gaze of a stranger nor was there a smile of recognition in it. To an observer it would seem almost like the curious look of a man who thought he recognized a face and was striving to recall it to memory.

"Now, all you people quit singing and talking and we'll see what cupid has brought us," said Mabel Hurvine briskly.

Tom Prince stooped over Kathryn at the piano and said, loud enough for Lottie Meredith to hear:

"I trust he will bring me something more acceptable than the Dead sea fruit with which in the past he has flaunted me."

Kathryn looked up and smiled brightly. The words fell meaningless upon her ears, but Lottie heard and knew.

The door of the parlor was thrown open and cupid walked in with his freight of white hearts and tiny pencils and with gay badinage the plan of writing the valentines was explained by Mabel. A silence followed for a few minutes, brows were knitted in deep thought and the merry revelers strove to make rhymes and invent clever lines to carry on the entertainment. There were sly looks and side remarks from those who wished to let the objects of their devotion know that they inspired the muse. There was laughing protest from the girls that some of the boys were "pecking" to see what was being written. And at last Miss Hurvine said time was up, cupid made his rounds again and the white papers fluttered into the little wagon, each bearing its tender or humorous message. Quickly they were heaped upon the table and the boys and girls settled into their seats, when Barnes was called upon to read them.

"Here's one that ought to get at least second money," said Barnes, picking up a heart at random and reading:

My valentine, with storm and shine,
Is like a changeful April morning;
'Tis strange, but still I never will
Be found her frown or sunshine scorning.

"Are they all as bad as that?" queried Marjie fro mher perch on the arm of a big easy chair, where she sat leaning against Margaret.

"Wait till I read some more," said Barnes. "That one was just picked up at random."

"But who is it for?" asked Aileen.

"You can have it if you want it," said Kathryn, "I don't see anyone breaking any records trying to beat you to it."

Barnes had selected another heart from the pile before him and his face sobered a trifle as he glanced through the verse before reading it. Then he said:

"Hold on. This one is all right. I guess it's on the square, too."

O foolish heart that quakes with fear
And strives to burst with agony
For sundered ties, oh! ecstasy!
Be brave, be patient; she is near.

Throb not so dolefully and slow,
O heart of mine, so long bowed down,
No longer may you wear the crown
Of thorns for days of long ago.

At last thy penitence is o'er;
At last thy heritage is won.
O heart! thy sorrowing is done
And joy is thine forevermore.

For a moment there was silence when Barnes had concluded the verse. The smiles had faded from the lips of everyone in the room and glances of surprise were turned from one to another. Tom Prince stood with his arm resting upon the piano and his head in his hand, looking steadfastly at Lottie Meredith. And she knew. She did not dare look across the room at the steady blue eyes which she knew were fixed upon her. She would not trust herself to return that gaze, for her heart was beating madly, although her face was pale.

"Well, we'll all have to give that one up," said Marjie. "Anyone who had that written at her ought to be picking out the bridesmaids."

The laugh relieved the strained situation and Barnes caught up a jocular verse and rattled it off glibly. There was some light comment from somebody and Lottie slipped out into the hallway. She was not missed and no one noticed when Tom Prince stepped leisurely to the door of the parlor and followed. He found her there, with wide, frightened eyes which would dare to look at him now that they were alone.

"Lottie," he said simply.

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, her eyes filling with tears, "did you mean it? Did you really mean it?"

"Will you try me once more, dear, and see?" he asked.

And as she slipped into his arms with a happy little sigh the piano sounded once more from the parlor, the laughter and the chatter of voices arose and floated by them unheeded on the night air.

"WILL YOU TRY ME ONCE MORE, DEAR?"

LINCOLN MADE A CONVERT.

Droll Story of His First Campaign in "Sanguinary" Kansas.

"I have a story on Abraham Lincoln which has never been printed," said United States Judge C. G. Foster. "In the winter of 1859-60 Lincoln visited Kansas, making speeches at Troy and Atchison. At Atchison he put up at the old Massasoit House, which every old-time politician will remember. Gen. Stringfellow, John A. Martin, Tom Murphy and I called upon Mr. Lincoln at the hotel. In the course of the conversation Lincoln turned to Stringfellow, who was a pro-slavery advocate, and said:

"'Gen. Stringfellow, you pro-slavery fellows gave as one reason why slavery should not be prohibited in Kansas that only the negro could break up the tough prairie sod. Now, I've broken hundreds of acres of prairie sod in my time and the only question which remains to be decided is whether I am a white man or a nigger.' Gen. Stringfellow admitted the force of the argument and congratulated Mr. Lincoln upon his pointed, logical way of putting things."—Syracuse Standard.

Lincoln and Children.

Abraham Lincoln was very kind to children. He was never too tired to stop and say a kind word to any small being who ever appealed to him. Once when he was President, a shabby, barefooted little boy got into the White House and crept up to the door of the room where sat the great man. Busy as he was he heard the soft steps, and looking up, asked the boy his name. The boy answered: "My name is Folks." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, humorously, "that's wrong. Don't you see that you are only one, and folks means more than one. Tell your father that I say your name should be Folk. Good-bye, sir," giving him a hearty handshake.

His Sentiment and Autograph.

Abraham Lincoln once received a letter asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied:

Dear Madam: When you ask from a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself, always inclose a stamp. There's your sentiment, and here's my autograph.
A. LINCOLN.

Relic of Abraham Lincoln.

Dr. Bozell of Clifford, Ind., is the owner of an old maul, made from the knot of a beech tree which grew on Anderson's creek, in Spencer County, Indiana, with which Abraham Lincoln split the rails that fenced in the old Lincoln home near the present site of Lincoln City.

BEECHER ON ADVERTISING DOCTORS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

* * * "I am glad that the doctor cured him; I am glad that the doctor put it into the paper that he could cure him. And if any doctor is certain he can cure such diseases and don't put it into the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor come to town with his wealth of science and experience and gone away leaving him uncured! What a pity it would have been if he had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificates of the doctor and gave him the go-by as a quack! What are newspapers for, if not to circulate information? What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured? If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperious. A really able man, whatever be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising."

The above extract from an article by the Rev. Mr. Beecher embodies a sound view of the subject of advertising. Suppose Dr. Darrin, at 265 Morrison street, this city, had come to the city and not advertised, who would know of his presence? Who would know of the following almost miraculous cure he performed in 1872, had not Mr. Dibble put it in the paper?

Mr. Editor: In 1872 my daughter was taken with the membraneous croup, and upon her recovery was left totally deaf. I called on two eminent physicians, who said they could do nothing for her. As a last resort, I took her to Dr. Darrin, who cured her; and she has never been troubled with deafness since. I consider it one of the greatest cures of electrical treatment on record, and with great satisfaction give this testimonial. I reside in Berkeley, Alameda county, Cal., and will take great pleasure in answering any inquiries concerning this most remarkable cure. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM S. DIBBLE.

Good and Sufficient.

Teacher—Have you any good excuse for your lateness this morning, Johnny?

Johnny (emphatically)—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what was it?

Johnny (beaming)—First buckwheat cakes this year, ma'am.—N. Y. World.

An inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,250,000 pounds, or 64,844 tons.

The largest woman in the South, Mrs. Mary Magique, colored, died recently at Little Rock, Ark. Her age was thirty, and she weighed 560 pounds.

The Philadelphia society girl has begun to turn her attention to cricket.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Elmira Female College needed $100,000 to give it a fresh lease of life, and the money has been raised.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It has been estimated that a single plant of the Russian thistle six feet in diameter produces 2,000,000 seeds.

Loaded Down.

The air is loaded down with pains and aches, and some systems take them in like a sponge. St. Jacobs Oil rubbed in will take the pain away and leave a cure.

The young leaves and roots of ferns supply a considerable portion of food in the mountain districts of Japan.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and uncomfortable. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It rests and comforts; makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and is a certain cure for Chilblains, Sweating, damp or frosted feet. We have over thirty thousand testimonials. Try it *today*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The eldest unmarried daughter of Captain Sigsbee, Miss Mary Ellen Sigsbee, is doing good work as an illustrator of magazines.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Hamburg, Germany, chemist has succeeded with the aid of oxide of aluminum in creating a heat of up to 30,000 degrees.

THEY ALL WANT

THE '99 AGENCY FOR

Rambler and IDEAL BICYCLES

$40, $30, $25, $22.50, $20.

If you want a paying agency write at once before all territory is taken.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.,
PORTLAND, OR.
SPOKANE. TACOMA. SEATTLE.

MACHINERY

For Mills, Mines, Shops and Farms; Steel Logging and Hoisting Engines; Hoe Chisel Tooth Saws, Albany Grease, etc.

TATUM & BOWEN

27 to 35 First Street Portland, Or.
34-36 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

ONE FOR A DOSE. Cure Sick Headache and Dyspepsia, Remove Pimples and Purify the Blood, Aid Digestion and Prevent Biliousness. Do Not Gripe or Sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. DR. BOSANKO CO., Philada., Penna. Sold by Druggists.

There is a man in Newton, Kan., N. Murray by name, who has married the same woman four times. Each marriage, except the last, was followed by a divorce, then by reconciliation, then by remarriage, then by a row. The fourt marriage seems to have been the charm, for the couple have lived together several years as happily as a pair of doves.

Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from $115,000,000 to $150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

The Dutchess d'Uzes is, among other things, a sculptor of considerable talent.

No household is complete without a bottle of the famous Jesse Moore Whiskey. It is a pure and wholesome stimulant recommended by all physicians. Don't neglect this necessity.

A Walkden, England, mechanic has succeeded in breaking his legs 24 times in the last 52 years. The Manchester doctors look on him as a maevl.

Strikes In.

The chill of frost strikes in and carries with it aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil will follow close behind and drive them out of the system. It will search and cure.

By the electric hemostat of Lawson Tait bleeding is arrested without the use of a litagure.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

One of the richest women in the Klondike is Miss Mulrooney, a young woman from Pennsylavnia.

If you want the best wind mill, pumps, tanks, plows, wagons, bells of all sizes boilers, engines, or general machinery, see or write JOHN POOLE, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

Bavaria has 28 pencil factories, employing 10,000 people and producing 4,000,000 black and 300,000 colored pencils per week.

AIDED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

MRS. W E PAXTON, Youngtown, North Dakota, writes about her struggle to regain health after the birth of her little girl:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It is with pleasure that I add my testimony to your list, hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of your valuable medicine.

"After the birth of my little girl, three years ago, my health was very poor. I had leucorrhœa badly, and a terrible bearing-down pain which gradually grew worse, until I could do no work. Also had headache nearly all the time, and dizzy feelings. Menstruations were very profuse, appearing every two weeks.

"I took medicine from a good doctor, but it seemed to do no good. I was becoming alarmed over my condition, when I read your advertisement in a paper. I sent at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after taking two-thirds of the bottle I felt so much better that I send for two more. After using three bottles I felt as strong and well as any one.

"I think it is the best medicine for female weakness ever advertised, and recommend it to every lady I meet suffering from this trouble."

Maternity is a wonderful experience and many women approach it wholly unprepared. Childbirth under right conditions need not terrify women.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham is freely offered to all expectant mothers, and her advice is beyond question the most valuable to be obtained. If Mrs. Paxton had written to Mrs. Pinkham before confinement she would have been saved much suffering. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Human beings have six muscles to each eye, that they may move it on either side.

When coming to San Francisco go to Brooklyn Hotel, 206-212 Bush street, American or European plan. Room and board $1.00 to $1.50 per day; rooms 50 cents to $1.00 per day; single meals 25 cents. Free coach. Chas. Montgomery.

ASK everybody you know to save their tin tags for you

The Tin Tags taken from Horseshoe, "J. T.," Cross Bow, Good Luck—and Drummond Natural Leaf—will pay for any one or all of this list of desirable and useful things—and you have your good chewing tobacco besides.

Every man, woman and child in America can find something on this list that they would like to have and *can* have—FREE!

Write your name and address plainly and send every tag you can get to us—mentioning the number of the present you want. Any assortment of the different kinds of tags mentioned above will be accepted as follows:

	TAGS
1 Match Box, quaint design, imported from Japan	25
2 Knife, one blade, good steel	25
3 Scissors, 4½-inch, good steel	25
4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	25
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	50
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	50
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best qual.	60
8 Sugar Shell, triple plate, best quality	60
9 Stamp Box, sterling silver	70
10 Knife, "Keen Kutter," two blades	70
11 Butcher Knife, "Keen Kutter," very handsome	75
12 Shears, "Keen Kutter," 8-inch, nickel	75
13 Nut Set, Cracker and 6 Picks, silver	80
14 Nail File, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	100
15 Tooth Brush, sterling silver, amethyst set, 6-inch	100
16 Paper Cutter, sterling silver, amethyst set, 7-inch	100
17 Rose Bull, "Association," best qual.	100
18 Watch, stem wind and set, guaranteed good time keeper	200
19 Alarm Clock, nickel, warranted	200
20 Carvers, buckhorn handle, good steel	200
21 Six Rogers' Teaspoons, best qual.	225
22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles	250
23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, Thermometer, Barometer	500
24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 30 or No. 40	500
25 Tool Set, nest playthings, but real tools	650
26 Toilet Set, decorated porcelain, very handsome	800
27 Watch, solid silver, full jeweled	1000
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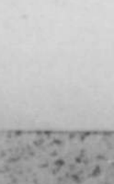

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