Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ON THE ALERT FOR FIRES.

Scene In a New York Engine House When an Alarm Strikes.

It was in the house of Engine company No. 1, in West Twenty-ninth street, near Seventh avenue, the other evening. A group of three firemen were engaged in conversation with their foreman around the little desk above which spreads the network of bells which are thrilled with animation when fire breaks out in the big metropolis. The spirited horses in their stalls just back of the shining engine were restless, and when a reporter entered the steeds were biting at the chains which held them in check as if impatient to haul the ponderous machine through the streets at galloping pace. One little bell was tinkling a merry tune, but the big gong, at whose solemn command a whole brigade of fire fighters makes ready to turn out, was silent.

The "house watch" approached the reporter.

"Busy night?" asked the latter.

"Well, you bet it's been a busy night. During the last few hours we've had nothing but alarms, and the men have been fooled every time too."

"I should like to see an alarm come in now," and the reporter glanced at the finely polished brass poles which ran on both sides of the house to the roof.

"Well, I guess we won't catch any more. We've had enough of sliding for"—

Bang, b-r-r-r-bang, b-r-r-r-bang!

At the first stroke of the gong the engine house seemed to thrill with life. The steeds, which a moment before were restlessly biting their chains, broke from the fastenings and ran under the uplifted harness in front of the engine. Down the shining brass poles slid swiftly fireman after fireman. Conversation, games and even slumber in the upper floors had been rudely checked by that sound that was reverberating through the building.

When the last fireman had reached his post, the gong still continued its "b-r-r-r-bang, b-r-r-r-bang!" while the foreman and house watch noted carefully the strokes and consulted the big alarm book. It was no small signal that was being flashed over the wires into every firehouse in the city.

Finally there was in interval of ten seconds. It told the company, "resting on its arms," that the alarm was in.

"663," said the foreman, but still the men stood at their posts, the driver on the box and the engineer in the rear. The "repeater" was due, and there might be a mistake. Again the complex mechanism moved, and slowly the alarm came in for the second time. It was "663."

"That's the second 'third alarm' we've had tonight," said the house watch as he closed the book on the number which indicated that a big fire was raging near the signal box at Columbus avenue and Ninety-sixth street.

The horses were unhitched and sent back to their stalls, the men returned to the upper floors, the group around the foreman resumed their conversation, and the little bell tinkled on.—New York Press.

All Railways to Be Trolleys.

All railroads will be eventually operated electrically. The first changes from steam will probably be made and have, in fact, already begun, on short suburban roads where the traffic is heavy and the trains are run at frequent intervals, and thus approximate more closely to the ideal conditions of the economical electric railway. These electric spurs will then be gradually extended until in the course of time the entire line will be adapted to the new order of affairs, and a new generation of railroad officers, less wedded to the other methods, will have come into existence. So far as new, light railways are concerned, such as those contemplated in England at the present time, and which are rapidly increasing in the United States, electricity presents advantages which cannot be disputed. It has even been suggested that such agricultural roads might largely increase their income by supplying electric power for farming operations in the districts through which they pass. Some trolley roads do this now.—Scribner's.

Diversions of Spirit Life.

There is a woman in Atchison whose husband died some years ago. She once had a sweetheart, who also died. She is a spiritualist and claims that she married her sweetheart in the spirit, and that her husband's spirit is mad about it. She says her husband's spirit and her sweetheart's spirit are always fighting, and that hardly a day passes that they do not blacken each other's eyes. She says that she often sees the battles in the spirit land, and that one of them frequently gets the other down and pounds him.—Atchison Globe.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

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Is Pure and unsweetened and can be retained by the weakest stomach. A safe, easily digested FOOD for DYSPEPTICS!

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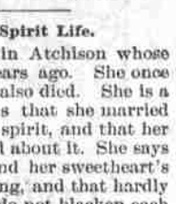
DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.— Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.



CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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

MARRIAGE POETS OF FRANCE.

Active as Crickets, They Make a Good Living by Their Wits.

Among the many curious ways of making a living resorted to in the French capital none is more singular than that of the marriage poets, who celebrate in verse approaching weddings.

Paris is divided into 20 arrondissements or districts, in each of which is a sort of town hall called the mairie, where all civil marriages must take place.

Every Sunday the makers of marriage verses visit each mairie to consult the bulletin boards devoted to the publication of the banns and pick out the names they think most promising.

In making out his list the poet classifies appproaching weddings as "good" or "bad," according to the profession of the bridegroom. Civil engineers, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, etc., are considered good, while notaries, bailiffs and the like are classed as bad.

His list completed, the poet hastens to his lodgings and there pens his acrostics and letters of inclosure, copying out the former in a neat hand upon a sheet of fine paper, with edges of lace like a valentine.

The verses, as may be supposed, do not vary much. All the Maries and all the Jeannes receive identically the same. Here is a literal translation of one intended for Lucie:

Love said one day to Friendship: "My dear,
United and smiling let us walk the earth."
Cheerfully she replied: "Ah! you fill my heart with joy.
It is sad here below, the solitary path;
Ever let us journey hand in hand."

When the letters and rhymes are written, the sedentary part of the task is done, and then begin the poet's trips to the four corners of Paris to deliver the missives—the messengers of hope.

He must go over his route twice, for most of the letters do not call for a reply until the next day or the day after that, according to the poet's judgment of the neighborhood or the emptiness of his pocket. It is very rare that he goes away empty handed. Joy over their approaching marriage generally renders the maidens generous. Almost all give their mite, which varies from 1 to 20 francs and is generally the former.

Though the marriage poet's trade is a fatiguing and uncertain one, there is already brisk competition. Some brides to be receive from 15 to 25 acrostics apiece, and naturally with the number the size of the recompense diminishes. — Chicago Times-Herald.

A Modern Adam.

Up in Bear valley two summers ago I came across a camp where a thin, bearded, bronzed man of about 30 was cutting wood before a small "A" tent. In the tent were many scientific works, including a set of Encyclopædia Britannica. Engaging him in conversation, I found he was a prospector who had come in from the desert to let his burros rest and fatten on the grass. He had come down from Pahrumph valley across the burning desert in the hottest part of the summer.

"I stopped at Vanderbilt," said he "and made several locations, one of which I think will prove valuable, but I got tired and moved on and am now on my way toward southern Arizona."

I asked him how he liked the desert, and he replied that he liked it better than any other place.

"See," said he as he flung open the front of his shirt, "I wear no clothing when on the desert."

His breast was a deep copper color, even to his armpits, and fully bore out his statement. His conversation proclaimed him to be an educated man, and he said his books were a part of his camp outfit and accompanied him wherever he went. He volunteered no other information regarding himself, and his bearing was such as to preclude any questioning, but I have often wondered what could have caused him to choose such a mode of life. Of one thing I am sure—he will follow no other. —Los Angeles Times.

Scientific Living.

'Parent—Why do you advise against my boy Willie using a slate and pencil in school?

Dabster In Science—Because they are covered with deadly microbes, that would undoubtedly kill your boy if he lived long enough.

Parent (much impressed)—Then I suppose I had better get him a paper pad to do his sums on?

Dabster In Science—My dear sir, do you want to commit deliberate murder? There are millions of bacilli in every page of paper made.

Parent (anxiously)—Well, how will he do his sums then? In his mind?

Dabster In Science—Worse yet. It has been found that abstract introspective thought over imaginary problems stimulates the growth of lethal bacteria in the brain cells. If you want your Willie to live, you had better keep him in a room sprayed with antiseptic vapor.—New York Tribune.

A Russian Earthquake Story.

A Russian journal with a name that no one with only one tongue in his head would attempt to pronounce gives a story from Khorassan that we have some difficulty in accepting. A certain carter relates that on leaving the town of Kutschan on Jan. 17 he heard loud subterranean noises. He looked back and saw the air filled with clouds of smoke and dust and says that when they cleared away there was no town left. The consular agent in Kutschan has written to a friend in Askhabad that on the same date he felt a strong shock of earthquake, ran out into the street and beheld the whole place disappear in an immense chasm in the earth. Why he did not disappear, too, we do not understand, and we wonder whether the vodki in that part of the world is as strong as the earthquakes.—London Globe.

Had to Give Both or None.

As one entranced she stood and looked at the fatal spot where the cruel waters had closed over his head.

"He has yielded his life for me," she moaned.

The tempest tossed her hair in wet ringlets over her face. She heeded it not.

"And his was a double life too!"

The extent of his sacrifice had a tragic fascination for her.—Detroit Tribune.

DANCED WITH ANNA.

AN OHIO LEGISLATOR'S EXPERIENCE IN AN IDIOT ASYLUM.

He Is a Congressman Now, but He Will Never Forget the Time When the Teacher Had Cause to Consider Him the Greatest Idiot In the Asylum.

"You have no doubt noted how completely the felon a man looks the moment you charge him with crime and lock him up?" It was a congressman from Ohio who asked the question. Without waiting for a reply, which was bound to be in the affirmative, he went on:

"Many years ago, in Columbus, while I was a member of the legislature, a couple of fellow statesmen, who were on a committee which had to do with the institution, were called by dint of business to pay a visit to the State Asylum For Idiots. It was an evening enterprise, and as I was without any programme I accompanied them. It chanced to be a field day, or rather field evening, at the asylum. The inmates were in a long hall with a hard floor, a cross between a ballroom and a gymnasium.

"At the far end of the hall, on several tiers of seats, much like that luxurious upholstery one finds at a circus, were huddled the more irresponsible. But down in the body of the big room were probably 100 persons of both sexes, ranging from 10 years to 40 and 50 years, and who were equal in a mental way to going through a kind of drill in calisthenics with wooden dumbbells. And they did it very nicely, as I noticed from my place, with my fellow visitors up in front. There was a brass band, too, the instruments being managed by inmates who had a taste for the melodious. I am bound to say that it was a good band, far better than many which might boast more brains. The zany who operated the B flat cornet was a wonder. I was much interested in all I saw, and as many of these weakminded folk were girls, and pretty ones at that, my reflections, as I gazed on the scene, were not without a cast of melancholy. I felt sorry for them; their fates seemed very hard. To be born into an easy world like this one of ours and then not to be granted sufficient wit to take advantage of it was hard.

"Perhaps an hour was taken up in the dumbbell exercises of the boarders and the music of their band. The meeting then lapsed easily into an informal dance, quadrilles being rapidly arranged. Every now and then a waltz or round dance of some sort was pulled off. It all went smoothly enough, too, the 'gentlemen' seeking their partners with the most studied, if not labored, politeness, and the 'ladies' conducting themselves in all respects like belles of the first water.

"My fellow statesmen had been over there before and appeared, like the horse thief in Louisiana, to feel perfectly at home. It was no time at all when I beheld them, each with a partner, take their places in a quadrille. And to their credit be it said, they did yeoman service and danced every bit as well as the idiots. While I was feeling proud of them Mrs. Doren, the wife of Dr. Doren, the superintendent of this home of little light, and who felt somewhat responsible for my entertainment, asked me if I ever danced. I admitted that on one or two occasions, casting caution to the winds, I had in the teeth of the advice of my friends given way to this frivolity.

"'Why didn't you tell me?' cried Mrs. D. 'I'll get you a partner in a moment.' And before I could restrain her she called to a very beautiful girl, seemingly about 20 years old, who was dancing with a still younger girl for a partner.

"'Here, Anna,' said Mrs. D. in a pleasant sort of haste, 'here is Mr. G. and he has no partner. Won't Maggie excuse you and let you dance with him?'

"Anna seemed in nowise loath. She approached with smiling eyes, and the next moment we were a part of the waltz just then raging.

"I was very much pleased with Anna. She was such a dainty, beautiful creature that her mental shortages were made all the more a blow. I paid no heed to the rather informal introduction which Mrs. D. bestowed upon us, rightly concluding that where the wit of a person might be measured by a child of 8 elaborate social observances would only serve to tangle and abash.

"As Anna and I were circling down the situation we conversed. I hammered my observations down so as to keep them within Anna's reach, and we got along up top. After the waltz Anna and I promenaded the hall with the others. I asked about her home and her parents, and proposed such other topics as a child of 5 might safely struggle with. I didn't want to overload Anna's brain.

"Perhaps I was with her half an hour, and it was the most sorrow bitten 30 minutes I ever added to my life. I was younger then, and more capable of the softer sentimentalities. Anna was so beautiful and so unfortunate. Without that luster of the soul, wanting that rich warmth of color which springs from intelligence, what could Anna be? My heart wept for her.

"But it was time to go back to the Nell House. There were divers cares of state waiting for me to plunge into them. I led Anna to a seat, where there was quite a cluster of idiots, and where she, therefore, would not feel so keenly the pang of my absence. Then I shook her poor, inane hand, and after gently patting her on the head told her to be good, and that before long I would see her again. She thanked me nicely, and there was a smile in the corners of her mouth which made her appear almost intelligent.

"'How did you find Anna as a partner?' asked Mrs. D. while we were busy with our coats in the reception room.

"'Excellent,' I said, 'excellent.' Then I launched into eloquent regrets over the twilight fate of one so fair and so afflicted.

"'Why, surely, you didn't take Anna for one of the inmates?' said Mrs. D., and there was horror in the lady's voice and ire within her eye.

"'I certainly did,' I replied, while alarm began to curl at my heart.

"'Why, dear, dear!' said my hostess, 'What a horrible mistake! Anna is our head teacher.'

"I never went back, and I never saw Anna again," concluded the lawmaker. "I hear she is married now, and make no doubt she at times recalls me as the biggest idiot she met at the asylum."—Washington Star.

May Betray Him.

"I think," said the cheerful idiot, "that it will not be long before the fellow who was arrested for the murder of that man Saturday will be convicted."

"Do you think he is going to confess?" asked the landlady.

"Oh, no," said the cheerful idiot. "I base my idea on the fact that the confinement in prison may tell on him."—Indianapolis Journal.

FORECASTERS.

Some people are so influenced by the electric currents of the atmosphere that they can foretell the coming of a thunderstorm with perfect accuracy, and others there are with nerves so sensitive that they are sure of having neuralgia from a low and fretful state of the nervous system. Now, why can't the latter be warned in time and know that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. To use St. Jacob's Oil promptly will ward off an attack, or if attacked, will promptly cure. Such people can do for themselves what others do from weather prophecies. Heed the signals and save the wreck and disaster.

Not Happily Expressed: New office boy—A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago. Editor—What did you say to him? Boy—I told him I was sorry you weren't in.

FIRE! FIRE! THAT DREADFUL CRY

Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring element uninsured. Happily most people who can, insure—everything but health. Nine tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in palpable jeopardy. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint, la grippe, inaction of the kidneys and bladder and malaria are all counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

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 take 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, 75c.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY.

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

FURS IN RUSSIA.

They Are Used For Linings, and Sealskin Is Not a Favorite.

The foreigner visiting Russia finds that he must reconstruct his ideas about furs. If he be an American, his first discovery is that his favorite sealskin is out of the race entirely. No Russian would pay the price which is given for sealskin in return for such a "cold fur," nor would he wear it on the outside for display, while it would be too tender to use as a lining. Sealskin is good only for a short jacket between seasons for walking, and if one sets out on foot in that garb she must return on foot; she would be running a serious risk if she took a carriage or a sledge.

All furs are used for linings—in short, by thus reversing nature's arrangement, one obtains the natural effects and wears the fur next his skin, as the original owner of the pelt did. Squirrel is a "cold," cheap fur, while mink, also reckoned as a "cold" fur, though more expensive, is used by men only, as is the pretty, mottled skin obtained by piecing together sable paws. The cheapest of the downy furs, which are proper for the climate, is the brown goat. Next come the various grades of red fox fur—those abundantly furnished with hair, where the red is pale and small in area, and the gray patches are large and dark, being the best.

The kuni, which was the unit of currency in olden days and was used by royalty, is the next in value, and is costly if dark and with a tough lightweight skin which is an essential item of consideration for the necessary large cloaks. Sables, rich and dark, are worn by any one who can afford them, while the climax of luxury is attained in the black fox fur, soft and delicate as feathers, warm as a July day. The silky curly white Tibetan goat and the thick straight white fur of the psetz make beautiful evening wraps for women, under velvet, and are used by day also, though they are attended by the inconvenience of requiring frequent cleaning.

Cloth or velvet is the proper covering for all furs, and the colors worn for driving are often gay or light. A layer of wadding between the fur and the covering adds warmth and makes the circular mantle called a rotonda set properly. Moscow is the place to see the coats made for "really cold weather," garments made of bearskin and of reindeer skin, impervious to cold, lined with downy Siberian rat or other skins which one does not see in Petersburg shops.—Condensed From "Russian Rambles."

Publicity the Greatest Moral Force.

Here is a "sentiment" which a New York newspaper proprietor sent to be read at a complimentary banquet to one of the correspondents who had been at the war in the east: Whatever the temptation, whatever the influence or pressure, whatever the government itself, whatever the consequences or personal sacrifice, never suppress news. Always tell the truth, always take the humane and moral side, always remember that right feeling is the vital spark of strong writing, and that publicity, publicity, publicity is the greatest moral factor and force in our public life.

Aches

And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Thousands of people tell of perfect cures by

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The One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perject confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investments in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room P., Omaha Building, Chicago.

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S THE CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER.

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Guarantee skirt edges from wearing out. Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & M." on the label no matter what anybody tells you.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps or pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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A Mild Physic. One Pill for a Dose.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS PENNYROYAL DIAMOND BRAND PILLS

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2521 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER (IN KEGS OR BOTTLES) Second to none— No matter where from. TRY IT... PORTLAND, OR.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

"WHER DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF
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