BRITISH GREAT GUNS.

WHAT ONE MAY SEE AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL, ENGLAND.

A Hundred Acres of Magazines and Foundries - The Gun Factory—An Eighty-One-Ton Infant — Famous Old Cannon.

[Frank Yeigh in Detroit Free Press.]

In some way or other the secretary of war overlooked me when in London, but it was only necessary to drop him a line at his headquarters in Pall Mall to receive a prompt reply in the shape of a formal document notifying me that the war department had ordered the Woolwich arsenal authorities to admit me to that establishment. The ride down the river in a penny boat—passing under London bridge, over the tunnel and by Billingsgate, Greenwich and Blackwell—took about an hour. Reaching the massive iron gate of the arsenal, a committee of reception, composed of five as handsome policemen as ever snored against a lamp post, had thoughtfully been provided, one of whom led me into an office, where I was invited to sign my autograph—a simple request that I always accede to.

Once inside the hundred acres of magazines and foundries surround the visitor in bewildering profusion. Here and there odd little trains of cars drawn by odd little engines went winding among the shops on narrow guage tracks. To the right of the main roadway was the cap factory, the shining explosives pouring in streams from the swiftly-working machines like wheat from a fanning mill. Adjoining stood the bullet department where thousands of leaden pills of all shapes and sizes were being fashioned, scores of boys manipulating the molds. In succession came the laboratory for making cartridges and projectiles, the gun carriage and wagon departments, each occupying immense long buildings. Workmen in large squads were everywhere, in fact, about 10,000 are employed in the works.

The center of attraction is the gun factory, established nearly 200 years ago by a German. What monarchs of mechanism were being fashioned by the hand of man!—enormous tritons, destined for a death-dealing service. From the glowing cauldron of fire—a hissing shrine—the swarthy workmen, with distended sinews and powerful muscles, carried the ill-shapen wrought iron masses, simmering with a heat as condensed as that from which it came, and laid them on an iron bed. The building trembles as the mighty trip-hammer—the largest in the world—descends and solidifies and shapens the cooling metal. At last a solid piece of iron of the requisite length and thickness is complete and is then removed to another foundry on powerful trucks where, resting in a semi-circular bed, large borers slowly but surely chisel out the center, while the exterior is rounded and smoothed by immense knives. Finally it is placed among its comrades in the yard where literally thousands of others—field pieces and mortars, howitzers and smooth-bores, eighteen-pounders and eighty-one-tonners—lay strewn around—a vast armament giving one a startling idea of the horrors of "grim-visaged war."

The eighty-one ton infant, stretching to a length of twenty-seven feet, lay peacefully at the entrance to the gun foundry, as docile and harmless in his mental grandeur as a stranded whale. But let that gaping, ominous mouth once speak; let it but utter a single hissing syllable, and death and destruction are the result. A trial of the great gun was made at Dover. Four men rammed down a gigantic charge of 450 pounds of powder. At a given signal a dense volume of smoke, preceded by a blinding flash, startled the assembled crowd. A few moments after and the projectile, weighing 1,700 pounds, struck and ploughed up the water at a calculated distance of four miles. The recoil of the gun carriage was no less than seven feet. The doors and windows of the surrounding houses rattled, others shook to their foundation; the large panes of glass in the light-house were blown out—and the grim old monster subsided.

I wandered for an hour or more among the warlike derelicts, huddled together by the hundreds in out-of-the-way corners, among pyramids of cannon-balls, chain shot rockets and shrapnels. Some had seen service—old veterans, rusty, smoke-begrimmed and crippled. In a solitary corner lay a group of Florentine guns of 1750; near by was a long, slender cannon cast in 1677, while beyond it were seen several pieces of ordnance from India and the Crimea.

Famous and war-tried cannon are treated with great respect. The White Tower in London is surrounded with a curious collection of old cannon, some of very heavy caliber and highly decorated. One was cast at Malta in 1773, with exquisite reliefs on the barrel, and two brass guns taken by Gen. Wolfe at Quebec are among the number.

Mounted high on the parapet of old Edinboro's castle—the king's bastion—and overlooking the wonderful panorama of city and country and sea, lies Mons Megs, the famous piece of ordnance which is said to have been forged at Mons in Belgium in 1476. James IV employed it at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489. It burst when firing a salute in honor of the duke of York in 1682; was removed to the Tower of London in 1754, and was restored to Scotland through the intervention of Scott in 1829.

Windsor castle possesses a few old-timers as well, the most prominent being the protruding head of a cannon surmounting the flights of stairs leading to the summit of the Round Tower and commanding a full sweep down to the doorway.

The Little Chance.

[New York Tribune.]

How small a chance stands between success and defeat is illustrated in the statement of a gentleman who stood by Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue hotel during the now famous ministers' meeting. "Just as the last speaker before Dr. Burchard made his peroration, the assembly, tired of hearing from their own number, began to call for Mr Blaine. He had cleared his throat, stepped down a couple of steps on the stairway and was just about to open his mouth for utterance, when some gentleman spoke up, 'Just a moment, brethren; let us hear a single word from the oldest pastor of the city, Dr. Burchard, and then from Mr. Blaine.' Courtesy could not do less than submit. While Dr. Burchard was speaking Mr. Blaine was evidently meditating on what he himself should say, and I should judge did not hear distinctly the famous and infamous alliteration. It was uttered in an indistinct way, so that those right alongside the speaker did not catch its import, but only those directly in front of him."

Eighty in a Line.

[Chicago Herald.]

After the battle of Gettysburg, one of the Union burial parties buried eighty Federal soldiers in one trench. They were all from a New York regiment, and all had seemingly been killed by one volley. They were almost in line, taking up but little more room than live men. All of them were shot above the hips, and not one of them apparently lived ten minutes after being hit.

A LIBERAL RAILROAD.

We can recommend most highly the liberality of the Northern Pacific Railroad for their action in making a sweeping reduction in their passenger rates in Montana, Washington and Idaho. This company have placed themselves on record, as the first railroad whose interests are identical with those of the Pacific Northwest that has voluntarily reduced its rates to a uniform basis.

The management, consider that, in the interests of the people along the line, and in view of the increased earnings and local travel, they can consistently reduce their local rates to a uniform basis of 5 cents per mile. These rates are applicable upon the main line and all its branches throughout Montana, Washington and Idaho, and go into effect January 1st. This reduction is equal to 30 per cent. lower rates in Montana and Idaho, and 20 per cent. in Washington.

The traveling public contingent to the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad have every reason to feel well disposed towards such a liberal management.

BURDETTE

Pays a Tribute to the Memory of His Meek Mannered School Teacher.

Bennie Gibbs is one of the daring, venturesome boys in my memory of school days. His pa was a school director, and consequently Bennie defied the teachers in the Gibbon school to an extent that made him heroic in our eyes. It was always understood that Bennie was to test every new teacher to see how much "sass" he would take before he broke out and left the reservation. One time old Mr. Grayson was sick and a substitute took the school for a few weeks. The substitute was a mild looking man, of middle age, somewhat bald, with a thin neck, sandy complexion, meek voice and padlock whiskers. Not a boy of us was afraid of such a looking man as that; still, Bennie Gibbs, as usual, took the field for a reconnoisance the first morning. First he dropped a book on the floor. Then he dropped his slate. Then he pushed the big dictionary off the table. Then he whispered. Then he left his seat without permission. Then he slammed the door like an earthquake when he went into the recitation room. Then he whistled once. Then he mewed softly, like a cat. Then he whined like a dog. Then he said "Ma'am?" very loudly and pertly when the new teacher spoke to him very mildly, and we all laughed ourselves tired. Then Bennie coughed like an old man. Then it was time for recess and the new teacher looked at his watch and told us to put away our books and then he tiptoed meekly down the aisle to Bennie Gibbs' seat. He took Bennie by both shoulders and churned him up and

And churned him up and down.

down for a while and then he shook him until Bennie's hair began to fly out, and then he bent over the shrinking lad and wore out an ebony ruler on him. Then he said, in a meek, timid way, "The school may have recess," and touched the bell for us to go out. We walked out like boys walking to their own executions. That night Mr. Gibbs went to see the new teacher about it, and that meek man beat him with a chair leg until he had to be put to bed. You never saw such a man. He wasn't afraid of anybody. One day he put the president of the board of education out of the school room because he criticised the way the new man taught long division. This teacher, whose name was Moses H. Meeker, went into the Union army soon after the war broke out, and when one of our old boys, George Slocum, a Missouri boy, who had gone into the Confederate army and was serving under Price, heard that Meeker was in Grierson's cavalry, he deserted and came north and shot off three fingers of his right hand to avoid the draft. He said as soon as he heard that old Meeker had enlisted he knew the south had no chance. Meeker is a preacher now. He has been preaching in the same church for eighteen years, and never had but one row with the choir. That was the first Sunday he preached, and they do say that now, if he ordered that choir to sing the long meter doxology to "Amsterdam" or "Silver Street," they'd do it, if it burst the organ. — Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Why He Followed.

He was going home to his wife and family. It was growing dark. He had a lonely road from the car and he was making as fast headway as he could, when he suddenly gathered a dim suspicion that a man was following him purposely. The faster he went, the faster the man went and they came to a graveyard.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll find out if he is after me," and he started through the cemetery. The man followed him. Vague visions of revolvers behind him, sensations of sandbags and loaded clubs and things grew upon him. He dodged around a grave and his pursuer dodged after him. He made a detour of a mausoleum. Still the forbidding shadow was after him, around and around. At last he turned and faced the fellow.

"What in thunder do you want? What are you following me for?"

"Say, do you always go home like this? I'm going up to ——'s house to do a job of carpentering, and a man at the car told me if I'd follow you I'd find the place. Are you going home at all?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

He May Get It All.

"So you want my daughter?" queried a Chicago capitalist, as the young man finished his address and stood with folded arms.

"I do."

"Ethel is used to luxury, you know?"

"Yes, sir, and she shall have all that heart can wish."

"But you are a poor young man, just getting a start in Dakota."

"Am I? I guess not. Our county has issued bonds to the amount of $250,000 for internal improvements. I am county treasurer and let all contracts."

"Take her, William, and remember that integrity is the keynote to success."—Wall Street Daily News.

Mother Wanted to See Him.

Young husband (to wife)—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young wife—I know. That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.—Texas Siftings.

The Lime Kiln Club.

"Am Pardon Johnson in de hall this eavenin'," asked the president, as he turned his gaze toward the stove, behind which Pardon is sure to be seated if the thermometer marks less than eighty degrees above.

"Yes, sah."

"Den please step dis way until I spoke a few words wid you. Pardon, I understand dat you am studyin' to be a doctah."

"Yes, sah."

"Dat's good news, an' Ize personally glad on't. Dey am sartin things about de doctah bizness which you should allus keep in view. In de fust place, look dignified an' act wise. Many a man who doan' know 'nuff to come in when it rains has kept de fact from de public by lookin' as if he knew all dat had happened in dis world eber since de fust sun rose an' sot."

"Yes, sah."

"If you am called in a case an' you find you doan know wheder de pusson has got smallpox or de measles, doan gin yerself away too quickly. Gin de case a few days to develop, an' it will turn out to be one or the odder. After it turns out you want to remark dat you war' suah of it fum de fust."

"I understands."

"Neber gin up a case. De doctah who admits dat he can't do a pashient any good loses prestige; de doctah who hangs by till de patient goes under ground kin say dat nobody could hev saved him."

"I was intendin' to say dat, sah."

"Keep your prescriptions an awful secret, Pardon. If you should tell a sick man dat you had given him a Dover's powder or some Peruvian bark he would neber get well. Your only safety am in deceivin' your pashients. If de medicine works all right dey will git well and praise your skill; if it works de odder way de undertaker an' sexton will hide he fack under ground."

"Dat's what I'm calkerlatin' on."

"An', lastly, Pardon, enter into partnership wid some druggist as soon as you make your start. People who am foolish 'nuff to fall sick mus' expect to pay well fur deir medicines. De hundred per cent. profit which de druggist calkerlates on kin jist as well be made a hundred an' forty, an' de extra goes to you. An' some more lastly, doan' hev nuffin' to do wid patent medicines. If a pashient of yours has a bruise doan' permit him to buy his salve or liniment off de shelf. You kin git $2 for writin' him out a prescripshun fur de werry same thing."

"I learned dat de werry first week, sah."

"Exactly. Ize glad to see you hev tumbled to all de little rackets, an' on behalf of dis club I bid you good speed."—Detroit Free Press.

A Nice, Quiet Trip.

"The queerest wedding trip I ever heard of," said the station master at the west side depot, "took place one day last week. The couple were from a little corn and hog station down on the Burlington, and they came up on one of the morning trains. They went into the waiting room up stairs and remained there the whole day. At noon they brought out a bit of lunch and ate it together. Only once or twice did the groom venture beyond the station walls, and the cries of the hackmen quickly frightened him back. The bride had a great curiosity to go over closer to the river, so she could see the shipping, but the groom was afraid to leave the station for fear of getting lost. Notwithstanding the seeming monotony of the day they were as happy as clams all day long sitting a-hold of each other's hands. When evening came they took the night train for home, where they were doubtless received as a hero and heroine after their adventures while taking in the wonders of Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Faultless but Soulless.

A correspondent asks Bill Nye what he thinks of his composition, specimens of which he sends him, and the humorist answers: "In the first place, your style of composition is like the present style of dress among men. It is absolutely correct, and, therefore, it is absolutely like that of nine men out of every ten we meet. Your style of writing has a mustache on it, wears a three-button cutaway of some Scotch mixture, carries a cane and wears a straight, stand-up collar and scarf. It is so correct and so exactly in conformity with the prevailing style of composition, and your thoughts are expressed so thoroughly like other people's methods of dressing up their sentences and sand papering the soul out of what they say, that I honestly think you would succeed better by trying to subsist upon the quick sales and small profits which the drug trade insures."

Pigs' Feet are "Crubeens" in Ireland.

Mrs. Whitkins determined to get a green girl, just from the ship, and bring her up by hand, so that she would do things exactly to suit her. This is one of her experiences of the first day.

She took Bridget to the window and, pointing out the butcher's shop opposite, said: "Now, Bridget, go over there and see if the butcher has got pigs' feet."

Bridget stayed a long time and then came back with this information: "Shure, ma'am, I cuddent see the shape av his fate; he kept behind the counter all the time."—Exchange.

Their Special Use.

"Yes, Bobby," said the minister, who was dining with the family, "everything in this world has its use, although we may not know what it is. Now, there is the fly, for instance. You wouldn't think that flies were good for anything, yet——"

"Oh, yes, I would," interrupted Bobby. "I know what flies are good for."

"What, Bobby?"

"Pa says that they are the only thing what keeps him awake when you are preaching."—Texas Siftings.

Preferred Coffee Beans to Cloves.

"I must always keep plenty of coffee in the house," said Clara on the eve of her marriage to her mother. "I know Charley is very fond of it, for when he takes me to the theatre and goes out between the acts I smell it on his breath."—New York Sun.

A KENTUCKY OPINION.

Mr. A. P. Baker writes from Friendship, Ky.: "I was so low down when I commenced, I was not able to use it regularly. I believe it would have cured me if I could have had a fair chance. It has done me good. The neighbors notice the improvement; some of them say I 'look so much better,' and others say, 'I never expected you to look as well as you do.' I have been sick so long. *It has cured my wife. She is fifty odd years old, and her general health is better than it has been since she was grown.* If she could see everybody that is afflicted she would recommend your Home Treatment. *She thinks it will cure all diseases.*"

Letters from patients in nearly every State and Territory appear in the January Health and Life, which, with the brochure of nearly 200 pages, can be had free, by any applicant for it, by mail or in person, from Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Mathews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

The production of gold in the world during the year 1885 was $101,480,000, and silver nearly $125,000,000. The United States ranks first as a precious metal producing country.

A VALUABLE MEDICAL TREATISE.

The edition for 1887 of the sterling Medical Annual, known as Hostetter's Almanac, is now ready, and may be obtained, free of cost, of druggists and general country dealer in all parts of the United States, Mexico, and indeed in every civilized portion of the Western Hemisphere. This Almanac has been issued regularly at the commencement of every year for over one-fifth of a century. It combines, with the soundest practical advice for the preservation and restoration of health, a large amount of interesting and amusing light reading, and the calendar, astronomical calculations, chronological items, &c., are prepared with great care, and will be found entirely accurate. The issue of Hostetter's Almanac for 1887 will probably be the largest edition of a medical work ever published in any country. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood.

A steamship collision off the Queensland coast resulted in the drowning of forty-two persons.

THE POOR LITTLE ONES.

We often see children with red eruptions on face and hands, rough, scaly skin, and often sores on the head. These things indicate a depraved condition of the blood. In the growing period, children have need of pure blood by which to build up strong and healthy bodies. If Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is given, the blood is purged of its bad elements, and the child's development will be healthy, and as it should be. Scrofulous affections, rickets, fever sores, hip-joint disease or other grave maladies and suffering are sure to result from neglect and lack of proper attention to such cases.

Gustaf Alfred Lundstrom committed suicide in Providence, R. I., after confessing that he was a murderer.

A REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

For ladies and children whose tastes cannot be offended with impunity, HAMBURG FIGS form a remedy for constipation, indigestion, piles and liver complaints which is as pleasant to take as it is effective in use. 25 cents. At all druggists. J. J. Mack & Co., proprietors, S. F.

Hurrah Democrats! Hurrah Republicans! now is your time to get a trial bottle of Irish May Flower at all druggists for 75 cts.

A CASE NOT BEYOND HELP.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdal, Kewanee, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one-half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst, and had no idea she could recover."

Solve the puzzle and win the prize. Address "Family Talk," 624 Montgomery street, S. F., for particulars.

A Sore Throat, Cough, or Cold, if suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, often times incurable. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief.

Ladies delight, Irish May Flower, 75 cents.

William Cooley fatally shot William Phippen and his son Henry in Stewart county Tenn.

Mild, soothing, and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

William Morrison was killed in a fight with officers in Lyons county, Ky.

Ladies delight, Irish May Flower, 75 cents.

Go to Towne & Moore when in Portland for best Photographic and Crayon work.

The standard medicine, Irish May Flower.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Irish May Flower, "King of all" 75c.

"Seal of North Carolina" Plug Cut is the boss Smoking Tobacco. It is kept by every first-class dealer in town.

Fifty years standing; Irish May Flower.

Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing Itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

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

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

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, 1886.

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.

RUPTURE PERMANENTLY CURED.

We will pay your fare from any part of United States to Portland and hotel expenses while here if we do not produce indisputable evidence from well-known bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants and farmers as to our reliability in the cure of reducable rupture or hernia, without knife, needle or sharp instrument. You are secure against accident from the first day until cured, and the cure guaranteed permanent or money refunded. You can work every day, no matter what your occupation, without danger or inconvenience. Consultations free. Office hours from 10 to 4 daily. Correspondents will enclose stamp for reply and address Drs. Forden & Luther, rooms 8 and 9, First National bank, Portland, Oregon.

The Wholesale Druggists of San Francisco will supply the trade with Irish May Flower.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY, PURITY, NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives. It **Enriches** and **Purifies** the **Blood**, **Stimulates** the **Appetite**, **Strengthens** the **Muscles** and **Nerves**—in fact, thoroughly **Invigorates**.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*

MRS. M. A. PRESTON, Forrest Grove, Oregon, says: "I suffered for years with Weakness. Brown's Iron Bitters has made me well. I would not be without it."

MRS. CHAS. A. SUMNER, 1366 Ninth Ave. East Oakland, Cal., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for Headache and Weakness with much benefit. Before using the second bottle I felt better and stronger. I recommend it as a most valuable tonic."

MRS. MARY DRANEL, 54 Oak St., San Francisco, Cal., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for Nervous Headache and it cured me."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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FAIL TO SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry of all kinds, Gold Pins, Chains, Lockets, etc., Rolled Gold Pins, Chains, Lockets, etc., Silverware, Eye-glasses. Send Cash with order and we will send you full value for your money.

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Both Sexes Consult Confidentially

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Will cure (with care) the worst cases in five to seven days. Each box contains a practical treatise on special diseases, with full instruction for self-cure. (100 pages) **Price, $3.**

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

ICE Machine, 100 lbs. daily. Price $100. All kinds of ice machinery. I. E. DAY, 1301 Vallejo street, San Francisco.

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German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and overworked 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. The treatment of many thousands of such cases, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute has afforded a large experience in adapting remedies for their cure, and

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is the result of this vast experience. For **internal congestion, inflammation and ulceration, it is a Specific.** It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, exhaustion, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle.

PRICE $1.00, OR SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

SIZE OF PELLETS. LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, and Bilious Attacks, promptly cured by **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** 25 cents a vial, by Druggists.

This BELT or Regulator is made expressly for the cure of derangements of the reproductive organs. The continuous current of ELECTRICITY permeates through the parts most diseased and restores them to healthy action. We do not confound this with kindred humbugs advertised to cure all ills from head to toe. It is for the one specific purpose.

For circulars giving full information, address Chicago Electric Belt Co., 251 Wabash Street, Chicago, Ill.

N. P. N. U. No. 159—S. F. N. U. No. 3

HAMBURG 25¢ AT DRUGGISTS

FIGS

J. J. MACK & CO. Propr's SAN FRANCISCO.

EVERY one has heard of Hamburg Figs, and some persons have acquired if they grow in Hamburg. They do not, but are simply a crystallized fruit cathartic, which is unsurpassed for the cure of Constipation, Piles, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Sick-headache. 25 cents. At druggists.