CURIOUS AUTOGRAPHS.

HOW MANY NOTED CHARACTERS SIGN THEIR NAMES.

An Intensely Interesting Collection of Signatures for the Student of the Relations Between Chirography and Character.

The following interesting bundle of autographs is from the collection of Mr. Edward W. Bok, of Brooklyn.

Jay Gould

JAY GOULD.

The signature of Jay Gould is little and blind and crooked.

W. K. Vanderbilt

W. H. VANDERBILT.

This is the most valuable autograph in the lot. It is worth $150,000,000. W. H. writes a hand like a school girl.

Laura D. Bridgman

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Laura D. Bridgman, blind, deaf and dumb, has a remarkable signature. She writes a peculiar upright printing hand, not inelegant in appearance.

John Taylor

JOHN TAYLOR.

A letter with the lithographed head, "President's Office, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, Utah," is signed in a farmer-like hand, "John Taylor."

Brigham Young

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Here is Brigham Young's, written in a character that is bold and sweeping, like one of Brigham's Mormon edicts.

Oscar Wilde

OSCAR WILDE.

Here is one that looks both cranky and conceited. He seems to spell his name "Wild." To go with this æsthetic signature is the following gem: "To disagree with three-fourths of the British public on all points is one of the first elements of sanity."

Charles Guiteau

CHARLES GUITEAU.

The handsomest signature in the column here presented is that of Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield, dated "United States Jail, Washington, D. C., May, 1882." It is graceful, even and strong, a strange contradiction to the supposed indications of chirography.

Jefferson Davis

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The feeblest signature of all, apparently. It looks as if it had started to grow upright, but had been sat down upon at a very early stage of existence.

O. Bismarck

BISMARCK.

The reader will probably be surprised to learn that the above name is that of Bismarck. It is written in German, which is the reason of its apparent illegibleness. Whatever it may look in English, in German it is a strong, plain signature.

Geo. Francis Train

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

In some ink marks that look like a giraffe struck by lightning we make out the following: "Good for one hundred dollars at the next centennial. George Francis Train.

John Humphrey Noyes

JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES.

For his age the leader of the Oneida community writes a firm, strong hand, characteristic of the individual he is.

Sitting Bull

SITTING BULL.

This gentle red man's fist is more used to grasp the scalping knife than the pen.

J. K. Emmet

J. K. EMMET.

"Dot vas me," he writes. But who would know it from his signature?

George, the Count Joannes

COUNT JOANNES.

A long letter, all ink, underlining, quotation marks, and swell and blow and humbug, is signed by this preposterous individual, the late George the Count Joannes, "of the New York supreme court."

Anthony Comstock

ANTHONY COMSTOCK.

The truely good man who is so much concerned about public morality, quotes a scripture verse in a small and shrinking back hand as follows: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

P. T. Barnum

P. T. BARNUM.

Russian Paralyzed Him.

He had studied every lexicon from ancient Mede to Mexican,
Knew Assyrian, Sanscrit, Greek;
Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth and Vandal
And the old Etruscan features and physique.

He could write a song or sermon in Old Celt or Ancient German,
And sing Italian songs and roundelays,
Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the herbivorous Neb'chadnezzer,
And all the kings and queens of olden days.

He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus and the monarchs of Epirus.
And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds;
He could lend an added splendor to the ancient witch of Endor,
And describe the early monarchs of the Swedes.

But when he turned to Russian, he reeled with the concussion
Of a word that paralyzed and stung,
For Ivan-Adamowski-Shauki-Ranoff-Peter-Squ-shkie
Completely tied and tangled up his tongue.
—S. W. Foss in Tid Bits.

Coincidence.

The angler to the brooklet hies,
Puts on his hook the tempting bait
Of wriggling worms or gaudy flies,
And for the troutlet lies in wait.

Next day, when by his friends besought
The nature of his luck to state,
He tells what heavy fish he caught,
And, as before, he lies in weight.
—Boston Courier.

French for Seven Buttons.

"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said Mrs. Snaggs to a clerk at a Fifth avenue store.

"These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked, when the gloves were produced.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk. "We have had them in stock only two days."

"I didn't think they were, because the fashion paper says that black kids have tan stitches and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa."

The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons and Mrs. Snaggs bought the gloves.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A Little Off the Track.

Petroleum is the topic of the office, drawing room and workshop, and a great part of our people think only of oil, talk oil and dream oil. Miss Jennie Smith, the railroad evangelist, who has been laboring here, when leaving the other day, approached at the train Capt. V——, a well-known operator, who was standing on the platform, took him by the hand, as is her custom, and asked:

"Brother, how are you? Are you on the rock or sand?"

The captain absent-mindedly but excitedly replied: "We are two bits in the sand and gushing like blazes."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"In the Spring, Tra-la."

Customer to Florist—Do the flowers that bloom in the——

Florist (sternly)—Sir?

Customer—I said, do the flowers that bloom——

Florist (sotto voce)—John, is Towser loose and the sand bag in the cash drawer where I can reach it?

John (in a whisper)—Yes, sir; an' Towser ain't eat nothin' since yesterday.

Florist—Well, sir. What did you say?

Customer—I wanted to know if flowers that bloom in the early part of the year will bloom again later?—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Paper Without a Motto.

One or two persons have suggested that this paper would get along better if it had a motto. They may be right. "Free and Unshackled," "Our Aim—the People's Welfare," and "Truth is Mighty and Occasionally Prevails," are all good, second hand mottoes, somewhat worn along the edges but still in pretty fair condition. We have also thought of several others, including "Keep Off the Grass." "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and "Free Thought, Free Speech and Free Lunch," but have so far refrained from adopting any of them.—Estelline (D. T.) Bell.

Settling the Vase Question.

The editor of an art journal says the pronunciation of vase depends upon its price. One costing twenty-five cents he would call v-a-s-e; one costing $25 he would call v-a-h-z-e, while the Morgan peachblow should be called v-a-w-z-e.—Norristown Herald.

Brevities.

There are 400 known ways in which a horse can be unsound, and yet when you buy one you will find a way not yet catalogued.—Albany Journal.

The telescope of the great Lick observatory draws the moon so close that you can read the advertisements on the board fences.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Sozhronia—No, the electric light does not spoil the complexion. The objection is that it shows up complexions that have been spoiled.—Boston Courier.

At the Bric-a-brac Dealer's—"Oh, what a delicious little vase. It is very old, isn't it?" "No, madam, it was made recently." "Ah, what a pity! It is so beautiful."—Paris paper.

"Dyspepsia," said Carlyle, "kills poetic ambition." The world owes dyspepsia a heavy debt. It is a pity that Tennyson's stomach is not a trifle weaker.—Arkansaw Traveler.

She—You seem blue; have you lost a friend? He—No; I have just gained one. I asked Miss Clara if she would be my wife and she said: "No, but I'll be your friend."

"Hey—oh, Unc' Duke! Gittin' out 'g'in, ir yer? Yo' lookin' mighty slimmish. How yo' fee in', anyway?" "Wal, Gabe, I feel 'bout like ez if I was plum dead an' buhry realized my sit'wation."—Life.

Another of Raphael's pictures has been found in a western town. The frequency of occurrences of this sort gives rise to the belief that Raphael was not a painter but the proprietor of a chromo factory.—Philadelphia Press.

Customer (in restaurant)—See here, Mr. Proprietor, this steak is so tough I can scarcely cut it. Proprietor—We will make that all right, sir. Here, waiter, just bring this gentleman another knife.—Harper's Bazar.

The New York Tribune believes the Panama canal will be completed in the indefinite future, because M. de Lesseps is "moving heaven and earth" to accomplish that end. M. de Lesseps would get on faster if he would move less heaven and more earth.—San Francisco Wasp.

The doctor is hastily called to the bedside of a sick man. "Alas!" he murmurs, as he takes the hand of the patient, "there is nothing to be done. His hand is already green." "But, doctor," returned the wife, "my husband is a painter, and that is the reason his hands are stained." "Oh, well," replied the doctor, "that does make a difference, to be sure. He really has some chance if he were not a painter he would be dead in five minutes."—French Fun.

THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

Retold by JAMES PAYN.

In a letter which Miss Martineau once showed me, from a relative of hers long dead, addressed to her great-niece from Southsea, near Portsmouth, and dated Aug. 9, 1782, there occurred this singular passage:

"The day is calm and pleasant, and as I sit at the open window, the great vessel in the offing, betwixt me and the Fair Island (the Isle of Wight used to be so called) seems to sway not a hand breath, nor to flutter a single pennant." Then, in a trembling hand, but still the same, was added: "A dreadful thing has happened. When I had written that beginning of my letter, Dorothy, I looked again southward; the sea was waveless as before, and the Fair Island sparkled in the sun, but betwixt us and it I saw no trace of the great three-decker. I thought my brain had gone wrong, and rang the bell for Agnes; but when she too could see nothing of her, a terrible apprehension took hold of me; and when the alarm guns from the fort began to thunder I knew the vessel had gone down. I hear near 1,000 men were aboard of her."

This was the famous wreck of the Royal George, immortalized by the verse of Cowper. She was a ship of 100 guns, carrying brass twenty-four pounders on her main deck, brass thirty-two pounders on her middle deck, and iron thirty-two pounders on her lower deck. Her lanterns were so large that the men used to enter them to clean them. She had six months' provisions on board, and many tons of shot. The blue flag of the "brave Kempenfelt" was flying at her mizzen, and in two days she was to leave Spithead to join the fleet in the Mediterranean.

So sudden and unexpected a catastrophe was never before heard of in nautical annals; but the cause of it is common enough. It arose from the obstinacy and fool-hardiness of the lieutenant of the watch. These caused the death of some 800 human beings. It is not necessary to mention his name; indeed, the sailor from whose personal narrative I compile the story, and who had probably just joined the ship, did not know his name, though, of course, it could be discovered easily enough. "He was, if I remember right," he says, "the third lieutenant, a good-sized man between 30 and 40." Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he was drowned with the rest.

The accident arose through the heeling over of the ship. It was necessary to lay her on her side to get at the water cock, situated in that part of the hold called the well, in order to replace it by a new one. The operation was begun at 8 o'clock in the morning. The ship at that time was "full of Jews, women, and people selling all sorts of things," as was usual on the eve of a long voyage. The last lighter, with rum on board, had just come alongside, and was lashed to the larboard side of the vessel, and the men were piped to clear her, and stow the rum in the hold. Though the water was almost level with the port holes through which the larboard guns were run out, no danger seems at first to have been apprehended. The sea dashed in with every wave, and disturbed the mice in the lower deck, and the men amused themselves with hunting them in the water. "There was a rare game going on, are the words of the narrator.

By 9 o'clock the weight of the rum barrels and of the sea water brought the larboard port-holes still lower, and the carpenter applied to the third lieutenant to give orders to "right ship, as she could not bear it." But the lieutenant gave him a very short answer. The captain—Capt. Waghorn—was on board, and also the admiral; but admirals and captains are not consulted in such matters. The lives of those at sea, as of those on land, are mainly in the hands of subordinates. In a very short time the carpenter repeated his warning, and the lieutenant answered: "Sir, if you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command." In a minute or two afterward, it is true, the foolhardy officer ordered the drummer to be called to beat to right ship, but it was then too late. There was no time to beat his drum, or even time to get it. "Let us try," said our sailor to the lieutenant of his gun, "to house our guns out without waiting for the drum, as it will help to right the ship." They pushed the gun, but it ran back on them, and they could not start it. Then I cried: "Ned, the ship is sinking, jump out at the port hole!" He did so, but I believe he was drowned, for I never saw him again. I followed him. I saw the port holes as full of heads as they could cram, all trying to get out.

What a picture! Imagine all those poor fellows struggling to escape through a space not large enough for one—each of them, up an incline as steep as the peaked roof of a house, and with a hungry sea rushing in behind them! Above all things of the poor women! Our sailor, holding on to the best bower anchor, which hung above the port, seized hold of one, and drags her out, but at that moment the draught of air from between decks, caused by the sinking of the ship, blows him off his feet. Then the huge mass goes down, and draws him down with it. He forgets to swim, but cannot, "though I plunged as hard as I could with both hands and feet—but when the ship touched bottom the water bolted up a good deal, and I felt that I could swim, and began to rise." So, even if a vessel with a hundred guns goes down and takes you or me with her, there is some use, you see, in having learned to swim. When he comes to the surface he hears—what a sound at such a moment!—the cannons ashore firing their signals of distress; but he can see nothing. His face is covered with tar, a barrel of tar having been stowed in as the ship went down, and its contents spread over the water. He strikes it away from his eyes as well as he can, and looks about him.

The fore, main and mizzentops of the huge ship were all above water, and he climbs up into comparative safety. In the shrouds of the mizzentop he finds the admiral's boy, and sees the woman he has just pulled out of the port hole rolling by. He seizes her once more, and hangs her head over one of the ratlines of the mizzen shrouds, like clothes to dry, which is the best he can do for her, but a surf comes and knocks her backward, and "away she went, rolling over and over." Strangely enough, the poor creature is saved after all by the boat of a frigate lying at Spithead whose captain has just put off to the rescue. "I must look to those who are in more danger than you, my lad," he sings out to our sailor, as he goes by.

"Ay, ay, sir," is the reply. "I am safely moored enough."

The captain of the Royal George, though, strange to say, he could not swim, was picked up alive. But out of nearly a thousand men which was the ship's complement, although some were on leave, and sixty marines had gone ashore that very morning, only a very few were saved; government allowed five pounds to them for the loss of their things. "I saw the list, and there were but seventy-five."

For several days afterward bodies would suddenly come up to the surface at the spot where the ship had sank, "forty and fifty at a time." The watermen made a good thing of it; they would take from the men their buckles, money and watches; then, making fast a rope to their heels, would tow them to land."

The poet who sings of the calamity tells us "no tempest gave the shock," and, indeed, there was scarcely any breeze at all. The ship was anchored, and had not even a stitch of canvas on her to keep her steady.

Sixty years afterward the interest of this terrible event had by no means died away, and I well remember, as a boy, going on board the ship that was stationed above the scene of the calamity, to see the divers who were still employed upon the wreck. The aspiration of the poet,

Weigh the vessel up,
Once cleared of her foes,

was never realized; but almost everything was taken out of her, and more fancy articles—paper knives, work boxes, etc.—affirmed to have been made from her timbers, were sold. I am afraid, that the Royal George, big as she was, could ever have furnished. At our seaside places of resort you may purchase them even now at the seventy-odd-fashioned articles, with this tomb-like inscription on them: "This desk" (or letter weight or paper weight) "was made out of the wood of the Royal George, sunk off Spithead 1782, with 800 of her crew."

LATE FASHIONS.

Pretty and Stylish Dresses That the Ladies Are Now Wearing.

The fronts of many ball dresses are of brocade, embroidered satin, or net, or tulle, or net wrought with jet. The backs are draped very full with tulle or velvet.

A handsome dinner dress has the vest and plain skirt of dark green velvet, the polonaise of rich green *failler*, buttons down upon the vest, and is draped high in front, falling in long full folds at the back.

In Paris the old-time gown made with a demi-train, which is looped up *en pouf* for street wear and worn long in the house, is revived. It is made of cloth or velveteen.

A ball dress of *reseda* tulle with chenille tufts of the same color is worn over skirts of net of the exact shade of the tulle. The neck and sleeves of the low-cut bodice are finished with a falling of tulle. Apple blossoms and leaves of the most exquisite workmanship form the trimming of this beautiful and airy toilette.

Black, white, yellow in all shades, pink and blue are the favorite colors for evening dresses.

In Paris, for full dress, scarfs of gold and tinsel-worked net, ruchings of net with loops and ends of satin ribbon, and folds of tulle forming braces into which brilliant butterflies are placed at intervals, are more fashionable than flowers.

Vests covered with gold embroidery are used with cloth dresses.

A dark brown cashmere dress has the skirt made with white pleats edged with brown velvet. The bodice is partly covered by a cape of brown brocaded velvet trimmed with chenille fringe and broad embroidery of gold and brown beads.

A ruby cashmere toilet has a pleated skirt. The overskirt is pointed in front and draped full in the back and is trimmed with cream lace. The blouse waist has a ruby velvet collar trimmed with the cream lace and fastened by a bronze buckle.

A reception toilette is of black Sicilienne; the bodice and tablier are of brocaded silk trimmed with rich lace and bead embroidery.

Foulard covered with lace is much worn for evening dresses in Europe.

A dinner dress of citron-colored velvet is trimmed with narrow bands of marten fur about the bodice and the front breadth. The high collar is lined with poppy red silk, and the flounce on the bottom of the skirt has the plaits turned back from the upper edge showing a similar lining.

An evening dress is made of scarlet silk, covered with jet-embroidered net. The low-cut bodice seems made entirely of jet. The sleeves are formed of three festoons of black beads.

A dark green cloth dress has the skirt made with kilt plaitings and panels alternating. The panels are trimmed with gold braid in leaf design. The heavy corded Jersey bodice has a long spray of leaves on the left side just below the waist line. The edge of the bodice is concealed by the overskirt, which is draped very short in front, and full and long in the back.

A MONSTER VESSEL.

Design of a Steamship Which is to Cross the Atlantic in Eighty Hours.

And now comes Prof. R. H. Thurston with a paper suggesting that a ship can be built that will cross the Atlantic Ocean in a little less than three and a half days, the average speed of the new ship being forty-seven miles per hour.

The leviathan suggested by Prof. Thurston as the ship to cross in eighty hours, he makes 800 feet long, 80 feet beam, of 25 feet draught and 38,000 tons burden. To make the speed of the Oregon, such a vessel, under a rule of naval architecture, would require 35,000 horse power, as against 12,000 in the smaller steamer. The law is that to double that speed, or raise it to 40 knots, eight times the power needed for 20 knots would be required; but inasmuch as the law of resistance becomes much more favorable at these higher rates of speed, Prof. Thurston fixes the limit of the probable power required at 250,000 horse power.

The weight of the steam machinery for the new ship he estimates at 7,500 tons, or the total tonnage of the Oregon, and the consumption of coal at 175 tons an hour, 3,200 tons a day, or 10,500 for the voyage. The weight of fuel and machinery would therefore be 18,000 tons. Allow 12,000 tons, or, according to the present construction, about one-third of the total displacement, for the weight of the hull, and 8,000 tons would be left for passengers, crew and cargo.—*Goodall's Sun.*

—"Some men have so much genius that they can't do any thing but sit down in the shade and think about it," says a philosopher.

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.

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.

Tariff reformers are now spoken of as revenue cutters.

NO TROUBLE TO SWALLOW

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach and cleanse the system and bowels. 2 cts. a vial.

WHEN getting your boot or shoe straightened use Lyon's Heel Stiffeners they save money, give comfort and keep them straight.

ABANDONED!

A Picture of the Desert that Finds Its Application in Many Homes.

One of the most vivid pictures produced in recent years was that drawn for a London illustrated journal representing General Gordon seated in a sandy waste of Africa clutching his country's flag and his bible in one hand and a trusty weapon in the other, while round about him, closely environing him on every side, perched a flock of lean and hungry vultures. Traced in the sand at his feet was the name "Khartoum," and under the masterly artistic conception, which events subsequently tragically verified, was the single word—"Abandoned!" The picture derived much of its force from the fact that the face of the solitary man, on which despair and hopelessness were written, was that of a hero whom all the world honored. In every town and city throughout this broad land are heroes who have become martyrs to medical science just as was Gordon a martyr to military art. They have been "abandoned" by their physicians and given up to death in the tenderest language that their genial practitioner can command. For years the sufferers have taken medicines of all kinds that did not cure. They have continued to grow worse, until Death was knocking at the door of the house. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, No 15 9 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penn., no longer need to recommend their Compound Oxygen treatment for the cure of *lung and other chronic diseases.* It is already prescribed by hundreds of reputable and progressive physicians of the old and new schools. It has entered many thousand homes in the neat and convenient form of the Home Treatment. In *Health and Life*, a quarterly published by them, they record in each number cases of patients who have been abandoned by other physicians. The number for October, 1885, had thirty such reports. This paper and a valuable pamphlet showing its manifold virtues in healing the sick by the natural and rational process of building up the shattered body will be sent free by mail or handed to those applying in person at their office.

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

There are at the present time 125 steamers plying regularly between the United States and European ports. Their aggregate annual expense is $100,000,000, and they employ 18,750 men. Their total coal bill is $1,000,000 per month; they carry 500,000 passengers annually, and are paid $22,000,000 per year in passenger fares, exclusive of freight-rates income.

THE ONLY WAY TO CONQUER DYSPEPSIA.

It is perfectly preposterous to introduce pepsin and other artificial solvents into the stomach, in the expectation that they will assist digestion by acting on the food itself. They will not. Nor is it possible thus to overcome dyspepsia. The only way to conquer that disorder, and prevent numerous diseases and disabilities which it assuredly provokes, is to renew the activity of gastric action by strengthening the stomach. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates the most inveterate forms of indigestion by restoring vitality to the alimentary organs, and those which are tributary to them. The liver, the bowels, the kidneys and the nerves, no less than the stomach, experience the invigorative effects of that standard tonic, which possesses alterative properties that greatly enhance its beneficial influence, and give a permanence to its effects which they would not otherwise possess.

Elever hundred coopers are out on a strike at Cincinnati.

"THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN,"

says the illustrious Pope. If he had included women in the list, he would have been nearer the truth, if not so poetical. Dr. R. V. Pierce has made them both a life study, especially woman, and the peculiar derangements to which her delicate system is liable. Many women in the land who are acquainted with Dr. Pierce only through his "Favorite Prescription," bless him with all their hearts, for he has brought them the panacea for all those chronic ailments peculiar to their sex; such as leucorrhœa, prolapsus and other displacements, ulceration, 'internal fever' bloating, tendency to internal cancer, and other ailments. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

The signal service man is a sort of storm scenter.

GET RID OF THAT BAD TASTE.

When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it was all caused by what you ate the night before. Of course every body does that and everybody "swears off" from again eating such food. The trouble is that your liver is clogged, your kidneys are overworked and your bowels are not doing their duty. Take from three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS and note the sudden and wonderful change in your system.

After all the best ticket for a man to run on is a railroad ticket.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES"

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Eczema, Psoriasis, Scrofula and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the CAUSE.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Sharp, Sudden, Sciatic, Neuralgic, Rheumatic and Nervous Pains instantly relieved by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!"

65 Cents pays for a Year's subscription to the Weekly **American Rural Home**, Rochester, N. Y., **without** premium—"the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World," 8 pages, 48 columns, 16 years old. For **One Dollar** you have **one** choice from over 150 different Cloth Bound **Dollar Volumes**, 300 to 900 pp., and paper one year, post-paid. Book postage, 15c. Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Danelson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys' Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; People's History of United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides). Any ONE book and paper, one year, all postpaid, for $1.15 only. Paper alone, 65c. Satisfaction guaranteed on books and Weekly, or money refunded. Reference: Hon. C. R. PARSONS, Mayor Rochester. Sample papers, 3c. RURAL HOME CO., LTD., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Without Premium, 65c. a year!

J. C. Hill, a prominent citizen of Edgewood, Penn., shot his daughter whom he mistook for a burglar.

BLOWING UP HELL GATE

has been a laborious and costly work, but the end justifies the effort. Obstruction in any important channel means disaster. Obstructions in the organs of the human body bring inevitable disease. They must be cleared away, or physical wreck will follow. Keep the liver in order, and the pure blood courses through the body, conveying health, strength and life; let it become disordered and the channels are clogged with impurities, which result in disease and death. No other medicine equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for acting upon the liver and purifying the blood.

Thomas Moonlight has been appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory.

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—*"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give immediate relief.

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

THE SETH THOMAS WATCH

Best Watch in America for the Price.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

Their Seeds are popular because they are good.

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