

"SOMETIME."

Sometime, on some future day,
You or I must pass away;
Sometime though it breaks a heart,
You and I must surely part.
But, my darling, we'll not dwell
On a future none can tell
When or how it is to be,
When death calls us to me.
Let us live for what is now,
Quest on nothing when or how?
Let that sometime shroud be,
Life or Death's great mystery.
Let us cheer up love's sweet past,
Heart to heart, bound strong and fast,
Heeding not the clouds that lie
In the distant by and by.
—Mrs. M. Dean, in *Inter Ocean*.

NOT FIT TO EAT.

Farmer Tolly Found His "Pesky
Turkeys" All "A Ailin'."

"Ding dong! ding dong!" in a clear,
lusty tone, pealed the bell of the court
crier of Gobbetown, and "Hear, O
hear, all ye good people!" called the
crier at the top of his voice, as he
marched up and down the principal
streets of the city.

It really seemed as if the crier and
the bell were trying a sort of match to
see who could make the most noise,
with so much zest did each go about
his appointed duty. "I would have been
a very strange sort of people that could
not hear such a prolonged and remark-
able din, and evidently the citizens of
Gobbetown were not of that sort, for
they came running from every direction,
and very soon a goodly number had
collected in a crowd about the crier,
and were eagerly beseeching him to
tell them his message.

Now every intelligent citizen of Gobbetown was quite convinced in his
heart of hearts that he knew exactly
what the crier was going to say. Had
not the same event taken place, and
been proclaimed, in the same manner,
at the same time, every year within the
memory of the oldest inhabitant, ever
since the wise Sage Longquill an-
nounced his wonderful discovery? Pray
tell how any reasonable being could
expect the inevitable to change, par-
ticularly when he had repeatedly
heard the Emperor and all his Minis-
ters assert the impossibility of such a
thing. Nevertheless all were very
anxious to hear his proclamation, and
excitedly followed him to the great
public square in front of the Emperor's
palace, where he promised to keep
them no longer in suspense.

The empire of Gobbetown was in the
power of a mighty ogre, who left it
very much under the control of its le-
gitimate ruler the greater part of the
year; but at a particular season, which
he called Thanksgiving, and his
servants invaded it, and carried away
all the brave young knights, thereby
rendering the inhabitants quite de-
fenceless, should they be attacked by
their enemies, the Goblins, or their
small but very numerous foe, the
Cacklers.

However, this was rather a visionary
danger, since the empire was sur-
rounded by an immense wall five times
as high as their tallest citizen, and
made of narrow panels, of a material
they could not penetrate with their
hardest instruments. These panels
were placed just far enough apart to
permit them a glimpse of the outside
world, but not far enough to allow the
slightest possibility of escape. The
one gate opened only at the magic
touch of the ogre.

And now a word of explanat'on con-
cerning Sage Longquill and the dis-
covery to which allusion has been
made. The Sage was justly consid-
ered the very wisest of all the citizens
in Gobbetown, and there were many
reasons why the palm should be yield-
ed to him. Foremost among them was
the fact that he was born in the fall,
a circumstance which occurred so sel-
dom in this land that it was quite
equivalent to being a seventh daughter
of a seventh daughter in other
countries, and was sufficient in itself
to command the good faith of the peo-
ple.

Being born in September, and the
visit of the ogre occurring two months
later, he was then declared by that
authority quite too young to be of use,
and so was left behind. The sad scene
which he then witnessed was impressed
deeply upon his mind, and he im-
mediately began studying every thing
about him, hoping thus to discover
some way of escape for himself and
his countrymen from this terrible foe.
At the next invasion, he had the accumu-
lated store of his fourteen months
labor stored safely in his brain, and he
evidently made the best possible use of
it, for he again escaped, while all the
other knights were torn from their af-
fectionate families, to suffer, as they
had good reasons to suppose, an
ignominious death, with scarcely a
moment left them in which to speak
their parting words.

Longquill's heart was very sad when
he saw the sorrow about him, and he
retired to a secluded nook, determined
to devote his whole life to the release
of his race from his enemy. The peo-
ple considered his escape as little less
than a miracle, and henceforth regarded
him with much reverence. Their faith
in him increased, and some of the
boldest declared confidentially to their
bosom friends, that the world would
hear from young Longquill yet. When
the time of the next annual visit was
near, Longquill, through the influence
of a friendly minister, was granted an
audience with the Emperor.

With throbbing heart he knelt before
him, and begged his Majesty's per-
mission to state that he had discovered
that fourteen days before the ogre's
visit he sent them very generous pre-
sents of food. The Emperor nodded.
He remembered, now Longquill spoke
of it, that he had noticed the same
thing himself. By measuring the food
and carefully computing the time by
methods of their own, they could ex-
actly determine the fatal day. Long-
quill called the Emperor's attention to
this fact, and added that it would allow
the people to prepare themselves for
the ordeal, and possibly it might some-
times enable them to discover more
concerning the ogre's method of proce-
dure. The Emperor, who was a clever
headed, upright ruler, was not slow to
see the advantage that might be gained
from Longquill's discovery, and, an-

nouncing it at once to his Ministers,
proclaimed that, upon the first day
of the fourteen the Ministers should
assemble at the public square, and there
discuss the problem of how best to van-
quish their common foe, and that every
intelligent citizen, no matter what his
position in life, should present himself
at the same place, listen attentively to
the discussion of the Ministers, and
when they had finished, submit any
plan which occurred to them; provided,
should it fail, that they would volun-
tarily go with the ogre on the dreadful
day. The object of the last clause was
to keep those from speaking who had
not perfected a plan in which they had
full confidence. This proclamation the
Emperor had announced annually
by the county crier on the morning of
the first day of the fourteen, and it was
this the people were so expectantly
waiting to hear at the time this story
opens.

Soon the crier climbed to the top of
a mountain which ornamented the cen-
ter of the square, and from there
shouted out his message which was
with the exception of the date, exactly
what it had always been. When he
finished reading, the citizens gathered
in little knots upon the street corners
and long and earnestly discussed the
dreary prospect before them; finally
dispersing to prepare themselves for the
afternoon at the square. At the ap-
pointed hour every Gobbetownian was
in his place. An excited, sorrowful,
hopeless multitude, they listened at-
tentively to the wise dissertations of
the ministers, but their hearts grew
little lighter.

The discussion was very able, but
quite too long to record. Some of the
most impressive veins were as follows:
Minister Crowwell was very sure
that if he knew the ogre's language
and could gain his attention, with the
aid of his rhetoric and his eloquence,
he could readily demonstrate to the
monster how disgraceful was his con-
duct, and persuade him to leave them
forever in peace. This sounded very
fine and plausible, but as Crowwell
did not know the ogre's language, and
there was a physical impossibility of
his ever acquiring it, his remarks were
of little practical value.

Minister Sharpspur thought if the
knights would make a sudden simulta-
neous attack upon the fiend, that they
might compel him to surrender. The
knights received this proposition with
unbounded applause, and were for
immediately organizing a company,
that they might begin drilling at once,
but the others began to dissuade them.
Was not the ogre encased in armor
against which their sharpest weapons
were futile, and was not his face, the
only exposed part of his body, three
times their own height above them,
quite out of their reach? Then, too,
they must not only subdue him but
conquer his servant. They at length
saw the hopelessness of the case, but
they declared bravely that they would
try, and whatever fate was in store for
them, die fighting for their liberty and
their country.

Minister Longplume was of the op-
inion that the monster must be suscep-
tible to the influence of beauty—when
he said this, all the mothers and sisters
and sweethearts present put their heads
to one side, straightened themselves
with a little conscious flutter, and
looked modestly down—and if several
of the handsome knights, arrayed in
their gayest uniforms would wait upon
him—at this point the mothers and
sisters and sweethearts exclaimed in an
indignant chorus: "Hear the vain fool,
they must not only subdue him but
conquer his servant. They at length
saw the hopelessness of the case, but
they declared bravely that they would
try, and whatever fate was in store for
them, die fighting for their liberty and
their country."

Then came the citizens' turn to
speak, and an expectant hush fell upon
the assembly. Suddenly from the
densest part of the crowd, stepped a
tall, spare figure, slightly bowed with
age. It was Sage Longquill. Cheer
upon cheer burst forth, until the whole
place rang with huzzas.

Hope rose within every heart. "He
has not lived in seclusion all these years
for nothing," said one. "He has been
fasting!" exclaimed another, in awe
struck whisper. "He has something to
say, or he would not peril his life so
rashly," thought they all, wisely.
Nor were they wrong. When all was
silent he thus addressed the crowd:
"Dear Friends, As you know I have
given my life to the study of means to
forward your cause and rescue you
from a pitiless enemy. I have now
perfected a means of escape, and hav-
ing thoroughly tested it myself, can as-
sure you of its value. Can you go
without food seven days?" A dismal
groan rose from the crowd.

"We should die, then, surely," said
an indignant Redcomb. Sage Long-
quill looked at him reproachfully.
"You have forgotten poor Sharpbill,
who was just able to gasp out his story,
when, wounded to death, we found
him lying in this very square. You
have forgotten how he escaped the clutch
of the ogre, and took refuge in a tree,
by means of which he afterward
reached the top of our wall, and fell
from there to the spot upon which he
breathed his last. My friends, would
you die the death of Sharpbill?"

Redcomb was silenced, and Long-
quill continued: "Fasting thus is im-
possible for any of you. I have done
it repeatedly. The ogre this morning
sent us the usual present of food. Let
us not touch or taste it. A faint cheer
arose, which gradually grew louder
and louder, as the knights realized
what a fine thing it would be to live
another year. Who knew what glori-
ous deeds they might achieve in that
time.

So it was agreed that none should
touch the food the ogre sent, and that
all should live upon three grains of
food a day. Seven days from that
time they began their fast and kept it
faithfully. Soon the best of friends
hardly recognized each other, so
change had come. The quick step be-
came slow, the bright eyes dull, and
death seemed very near to many; but
over that was better than to perish at
the hands of the ogre. When the fatal
day arrived, he came as usual, bring-
ing his servant with him.

Great was his consternation and dis-
may when he beheld the citizens totter-
ing feebly about, or lying prostrate,
gasping for breath, the food he had
sent lying scattered about, untouched.
With great strides they stalked over

the little empire, giving vent to their
wrath in voices of thunder, but laying
hands on none of the citizens. After
a time they left the empire, closing the
great gate after them. Sage Long-
quill's plan had succeeded. The
knights were safe for that thank-
sgiving.

"It beats all!" said Farmer Tolly,
as he came in from his tour of inspec-
tion in the turkey-yard. "What kin
be the matter with them pesky turkeys?
They hain't eat a bit for a week, and
they're droopin' and ailin', some of
'em nigh about to die. Not one fit
for the thanksgiving markets—the
country critters."

"Well I declare! if it don't beat the
Dutch! I really believe some one's
pizen'd 'em!" exclaimed his sympathiz-
ing wife.—*M. Thayer Rouse, in Toledo Blade*.

COLORS DISCARDED.

A Rolling of the English War Office
Which Will Save Many Lives.

Perhaps I may as well state here a
fact, which I think is not generally
known outside of military circles. On
our landing in Egypt for the Soudan
expedition all colors of regiments were
left on board the fleet, so that British
soldiers, for the first time in history
went into action unaccompanied by
"Old Glory," whose silken folds had
been wont for centuries to flap among
the bayonets and sabers of its defenders
—in some cases jaunty and gay in the
bravery of new material and billion-
wrought device, in others simply a
grim, war-battered old emblem, but in
either case dear as life's pulse to each
other and every one in the regiment to
which each color resolutely belonged.
It may be recalled that at the battle
of Malvaud, in Afghanistan, in which
a certain infantry regiment was an-
nihilated, but could have escaped were it
not that the enemy devoted all his ener-
gies to the capture of the colors, the
men stood by them in defense, and so
were completely annihilated—wiped off
the army list, as it were. Of course,
the colors were lost. This decided the
War Office, and the order was issued
that henceforth British soldiers must
fight without colors.

It is, perhaps, not generally known
that in the British service the colors
(two to each regiment) were always
carried by commissioned officers—
generally the juniors as to service.
These colors were escorted by a color
guard consisting of the first or color-
sergeants of each company, who were
also the pay sergeants. Now, in ac-
tion, in case the color-bearers were
shot down, there was always great
consternation on the part of other officers
to seize and bear them aloft, thus offer-
ing themselves as needless targets for
enterprising sharpshooters. This sort
of thing might be repeated till all the
officers were placed *hors du combat*,
when of course, the real backbone of
the regiment (the non-commissioned
staff) would be expected to take com-
mand; but if the color-bearers were
swamped off it would be quite likely that
the color-guard shared their fate, when
the regiment would quickly become
like a ship without either a rudder or a
pilot. Reasoning thus the magnates
of the War Office decided that the
carrying of colors entailed a needless
mortality among the most efficient
members of a regiment, therefore the
practice must cease, as the army could
fight well enough without them. The
strangest part of it all is, the rank and
file now cheerfully coincide with the
views of their superiors.—*Cor. Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

FILLING OF SILOS.

Experiments Proving the Fallacy of a
Commonly Accepted Theory.
Two or three years ago Prof. Miles,
of the Massachusetts State College and
Experiment Station, was lecturing and
writing on this subject, and recom-
mending the slow filling of the silos to
allow much fermentation and conse-
quently a high heat, so as to kill the
bacteria, which, as he claimed, caused
the fermentation. He proposed to
favor their rapid development and
consequent high heat, which he claimed
would be diffused through the entire
mass, and when it reached a certain
stage it would kill all the bacteria and
thus prevent further deterioration.
That is, he would make these germs
of ferment their own destroyers. This
theory was new to most farmers, and
many enthusiastic siloists as an
established fact, and by many it
was adopted in their practice on a large
scale. But the recent experiments by
Prof. Goessmann seem to indicate the
fallacy of such theory. Prof. Goessmann
filled two small silos of similar
capacity with like corn, excepting that
one of them was filled as rapidly as
possible, trodden solid and at once
weighed, while the other silo was filled
slowly, only trodden sufficiently to level
it and not covered until it had reached
a high heat. The result was that the
silo which was filled rapidly, covered
and weighed at once, did not attain
near so high a heat as the one filled
slowly, and the contents of the one
rapidly filled was found to be in much
better state of preservation, of better
color and better relished by the stock,
and chemical analysis indicated it to
be of a higher nutritive value than the
other. It was also found that it was
impossible to maintain a uniform high
heat through the entire mass. It is
evident that the cold walls absorbed
much heat from the silos. The best
enrichment ever seen came from a rapidly
filled silo.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A Concord school philosopher
makes it as plain as the noonday sun
when he says that there are many;
there is one; and their unity by the
oneness of the many enables us to
grasp the manyness of the one in the
threepifness of its totality.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Baked Squash: Remove the seeds
and soft parts, leaving on the rind;
season with salt and a little pepper and
baste occasionally with butter. If one
is roasting beef, put it in the pan with
the meat; but it can be baked without
meat, if more convenient.—*The House-
hold*.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The American Sunday-school Union
offers a premium of one thousand dol-
lars for the best book on the Christian
obligations of property and labor.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Rev. P. S. Moxom, of the First
Baptist Church, Boston, has adopted
the gown in the pulpit. It is said the
gown was worn by Dr. Stillman and
some other Baptist clergymen of his
time.—*Boston Journal*.

President Seelye, of Amherst Col-
lege, in a paper in the *Forum* asks why
we should teach the life of Julius Caesar
in our schools and not that of Jesus
Christ.

There is no real merit simply in
sitting in a rocking chair and reading
the Bible. Some people do nothing
with their religion except biliously to
enjoy their misery with it.—*Christian Union*.

Three years ago the Congrega-
tionalists had no German church in any
Western city of influence. To-day they
have churches in St. Louis, Chicago and
Springfield, Mo., and promising mis-
sions in Kansas City and Omaha.—*Chi-
cago Times*.

The people of Santa Fe, N. M., are
going to establish a monument to the
memory of Helen Hunt Jackson. It
will be the Ramona school for Indian
girls—named after Mrs. Jackson's no-
vel "Ramona."

The tendency of religion is to pur-
ify and refine the ties of all human hap-
piness. And chastity is estimated to
improve man and woman in all the re-
lations of life. It tempers the passions,
sweetens existence, and improves the
heart.—*Chicago Standard*.

The Boston Record advises fresh-
men in college to keep a diary through-
out the course. It is a fact that for the
diary for the first year would be, as a
rule, interesting, if written candidly.
An account of a freshman's feelings
when held under a pump or smoked out
would be harrowing enough to turn a
small boy's hair gray.

The number of those who pass the
entrance examinations of Yale College
and do not enter is increasing. The
reason given is that pupils present
themselves for examination without in-
tention of entering, simply for the
honor; but it is rather hard for the pa-
tient professors, who this year examined
4,800 papers, averaging at least five
sheets to each paper.

The rise and progress of the Free
churches in Scotland is so nothing re-
markable. In 1843 there were 500 Free
churches, in 1885 there were 1,100, a
gain of 600; in 1843 there were 435
United Presbyterian churches, in 1885
there were 550, a gain of 115; in 1843
there were 180 Baptist, Wesleyan, etc.,
churches, in 1885 there were 80, a gain
of 50; making a total of churches in
1885 of 1,915, against 1,085 in 1843.

Rev. Joseph Scott's waggonish
propensities are well known. He preached
at Trinity Church Sunday, and didn't
get to the pulpit until the people had
finished singing the opening doxology
and resumed their seats. He went
through the other preliminary exercises
without any reference to his delay, but
as he came forward to begin his sermon
he remarked: "I am very seldom late
at church; my horse gave out this morn-
ing, and I had to walk. You will find
my text in Psalms, xxxii, 9: 'Be ye not
as the horse or as the mule, who have no
understanding.'"—*Springfield (Mass.)
Republican*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Good thoughts are no better than
good dreams unless they are executed.
One of the finest qualities is that
nice sense of delicacy which renders it
impossible for one to be an intruder on
another.

A harsh voice, a coarse laugh—
trifles like these have suddenly spoiled
many a favorable first impression. The
cultivation of the heart must be real,
not feigned.—*N. Y. Post*.

As they who for every slight in-
firmity take physic to repair their
health do rather impair it, so do they
who for every trifle are ready to vindicate
their character do rather weaken it.—*Baptist Weekly*.

What he bought.—
A country merchant bought H. E. E.
What did he purchase, if you please?
That's easy. He bought a cheese.—
San Francisco Alta.

"John," said an anxious wife,
"they tell me you are running your
business into the ground. How is it?"
"Maria, I am." "John, do you think
it pays?" "No, Maria, the lightning-
rod business isn't what it used to be."
—*Tut-Bits*.

Fond Mother (to bachelor uncle)—
Why, John, don't let the baby play with
that gold toothpick. He'll swallow it.
Bachelor Uncle—Oh, that won't do any
harm. I have a string tied to it, so I
can't lose it.—*Life*.

A lady having spoken sharply to
Dr. Parry, apologized by saying: "It
is the privilege of women to talk non-
sense." "No, madam, it is not their
privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks
would walk if they could, but nature
suffers them only to waddle."—*N. Y. Herald*.

What is the matter with Susie
Wales?" asked Mrs. Snaggs of her hus-
band. "She is suffering from ophthal-
mia, I believe," replied Mr. Snaggs.
"There, I thought James was wrong.
He said she had something the matter
with her eyes."—*Tut Bits*.

Here is a list of books to take to
the mountains or sea-side," remarked
Mr. Snooper, looking up from his paper.
"and they have actually omitted the
most important of them all." "What
book have they omitted?" asked Mr.
Snooper. "The pocket-book."—*Pitts-
burgh Telegraph*.

"I want some dye stuffs," said the
old lady, as she entered the drug store.
"All right, ma'am," said the new boy
promptly, "we can give you arsenic
strychnine, chloroform, iodoform, and
if you want something right sudden-
ly for family use, I can put you up with a
pill of some new Hannibal whisky with a
corn-meal floatin' in it." But the
old lady of mad and wouldn't be appeased
that is—she got madder and madder.
—*Uncle*.

ACTION OF THE HEART.

In restful sleep the heart slows up and
its beats number ten less every minute
than in the waking state, and in the
usual time allotted to sleep, eight hours,
four thousand eight hundred less than the
number given in the same period of wake-
fulness. This means rest to that wonder-
ful organ, a rest that restores its powers
and enables it to discharge its functions in
a more beautiful and vigorous manner.
The cases of heart disease which have
been cured by the use of Compound Oxy-
gen, as administered by Drs. Starkey and
Palmer, are a very interesting study. They
in the heart, and the sensation of a beginning
gradually was relieved and the action of
the heart became regular and comfortable.
After the action of the heart be kept up to all
the working capacity he was fullness the time
of rest of the heart when it will wear itself
out, and the palpitation and flutter which
cause so much trouble may therefore, with
good reason be feared. A treatise on
Compound Oxygen, giving the mode of ac-
tion and results of this remarkable cura-
tive agent, will be sent free. Address Drs.
STARKEY & PALMER, 1529 Arch St., Phila-
delphia, Pa.

One of their patients Rev. L. H. Morey,
Seneca Falls, N. Y., says, in a letter dated
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good in throat and heart troubles; and
the heart, and the sensation of a beginning
gradually was relieved and the action of
the heart became regular and comfortable.
After the action of the heart be kept up to all
the working capacity he was fullness the time
of rest of the heart when it will wear itself
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615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

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lished value of coins with holes punched
in them as follows: Double eagles, fifteen
dollars; silver dollars, seventy-five cents;
half dollars, thirty-five cents; quarter dol-
lars, eighteen cents; dimes, five cents.

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 diges-
tion 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 pre-
vent 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 restor-
ing 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 invigorating
effects of this standard tonic, which possesses
alternative properties that greatly enhance its
beneficial influence, and give a permanence to
its effects which they would not otherwise
possess.

M. de Lesseps has given \$400,000 for gov-
ernment land along the Suez canal, to be
used in the work of widening the waterway.

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