CONDEMNED.

Ammonia Baking Powder Must Go.

Bills have been introduced in the New York, Illinois and Minnesota Legislatures compelling the manufacturer of such baking powders to brand on the label in bold type, this powder "Contains ammonia." Physicians and chemists condemn the use of ammonia in baking powders as a crime. Its constant use no matter how small the quantity deranges the stomach, neutralizing the gastric juice and destroying the complexion. It is the small quantities taken every meal that do the mischief.

It is gratifying to know there are pure baking powders to be had on the market and at no greater cost to the consumer than some of these so-called "absolutely pure" ammonia powders.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the standard pure cream of tartar powder for forty years. Free from the taint of either ammonia or alum. None so pure—None so wholesome.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is reported by all authorities as free from Ammonia, Alum, or any other adulterant. In fact, the purity of this ideal powder has never been questioned.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1 per box.
WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Deeds, Not Words.—"Jenkins, does your wife threaten you?" "Bless you, no! She just goes and does it."

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

If you are willing to pay a few cents more for a strictly Pure Tobacco, try Mastiff Cut Plug. It is worth all the difference. Packed in patent canvas pouches.
J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption*. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for **CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.**
Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY
or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $20 per week. Address Stamper Mfg Co., LaCrosse, Wis. Box 481.

The Terrible Camera.

The day cannot be far distant when it will become necessary for the lawmakers of the land to legislate against the camera upon the same lines and upon the same principle that it has already been found necessary to legislate against the carrying of concealed weapons. There is always a theory that the general good sense of the community will regulate these things, and very likely in the long run the good sense of the community—or the indifference of the community, which comes to the same thing, by allowing a thing to slip out of sight altogether—fulfills the function thus optimistically allotted to it; but in the meantime the irritation of the nuisance demands some more speedy and drastic remedy.

It is the opinion of the editor, reached after a careful study of the situation, and a temperate and dispassionate review thereof, that for an amateur to be found going about with an ordinary camera should be made a misdemeanor punishable by confiscation of the instrument and a fine to be regulated according to circumstances. To be found with a detective camera should in an amateur be punished by imprisonment for life; in a professional by instant death. Could these precise but mild laws be passed and rigidly enforced, there would be a very notable change in the comfort and in the moral tone of the community.

It is impossible that there should be any high average of ethical feeling in the land as long as the camera fiend is daily and hourly allowed to trample upon every feeling of individual liberty and freedom; and unless something is done to check this rapidly growing evil, who knows whether civilization will be able even to last out the century?—Boston Courier.

Can't Fool Him and His Compass.

"Give me a room with a southern exposure," said a drummer at the Seventh Avenue hotel. "If you don't this little instrument will tell me," he added, as he laid a round brass case on the counter.

"What's that?" asked Chief Clerk Perdu.

The drummer took off a lid and there was a compass. "I am a great believer," the commercial man continued, "in sunlight, and I have always made it a rule to sleep in a room where the sun shines for a part of the day at least. You know how people are bewildered with the directions in strange towns and new hotels.

Often when I call for a southern room the affable clerks give me one on the north or some other side, as it happens to suit their convenience. I never could be sure about it, and I hit on this little compass. As soon as I go into the room I put it on the table, and I can tell in an instant where I am.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Funnels of Steamers.

Few people have any idea of the size of the funnels on the great ocean steamers. If you ask the first half dozen people you meet for their estimate it is not likely that one of them will name a figure one-half the actual size. Most persons would say that the diameter of the largest steamer funnel is four to six feet and would want to wager that it was not more than eight feet. How far from the actual size such guesses are may be understood when it is stated that the funnel of the Etruria measures a little over eighteen feet in diameter. At even a short distance away this can hardly be believed. It gives an idea of the enormous size of the big steamers. We have grown so accustomed to them nowadays that we accept them as a matter of course.—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Experiments with Dry and Moist Air.

A series of experiments has been made with regard to the familiar fact that not only dry high temperatures are more easily borne than moist, but dry cold causes much less discomfort than moist cold. Dogs, fasting or fed, being observed in an air calorimeter, it appeared that in all cases moist air increased the loss of heat by conduction and radiation.—New York Times.

Honiton, the royal lace, is made upon a pillow. Each sprig is worked separate, then all joined to the clear net ground. Making it employs the women and children of half a dozen counties. There are lace schools in several of them, to which children go at seven years old. Boys learn as well as girls, but seldom practice the art after the age of fifteen.

The sweet and luscious grapes are eaten with great relish by horses, cows and sheep. Deer are fond of grapes, and often do much damage in California vineyards. Hogs fatten upon grapes, rabbits love them and a number of the wild animals, as the elephant and camel, will eat them.

One of the inventions for life saving apparatus is the Irvine pneumatic gun for throwing a line to ships in distress or to persons in a burning house. The air is admitted from a reservoir to the chamber behind the projectile at a pressure of 2,400 pounds on the square inch.

The hottest region on earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days during the months of July and August the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than 100 degs. Fahrenheit, night or day.

BOB CLAYTON'S FISHING TRIP.

He Returns After Four Days of Hard Work with One Fifty Dollar Trout.

"There!" exclaimed Bob Clayton, as he entered the office of a family hotel on West Nineteenth street, where he resides, the other evening. "There's the result of four days of hard fishing," he added, as he produced from his overcoat pocket a diminutive specimen of the trout family, which he held up for general inspection.

Bob had been on a trout fishing excursion into the wilds of Connecticut. Some "infernal crank," he said, had induced him to take the trip under the promise of rare sport to be had in that locality. He was a sorry sight as he stood in the office on his return. His hands and face was scratched, his clothes torn and dirty, and his general appearance seemed to indicate that he had been dragged home behind a freight train.

"Tell us all about it, Bob," all asked in chorus after the laughter occasioned by his appearance had subsided.

"What I principally want," said Bob, "is the scalp of that chowder headed chump that started me on this trip. Well," said he, "just take my advice. When any one talks trout to you brain him on the spot. I've caught the only trout in Connecticut; here it is, and there are no more left.

"You see, I started from here Monday morning. I had previously spent some $20 or more in fishing tackle, and was thoroughly well equipped for a week's sport. That fellow, Arthur Frost, who put me up to this trip, was to have gone along, too, but he had the grip and backed out at the last minute, and so I had to go alone.

"When I arrived I had to walk about twenty miles to a place called Stake's pond, where they said I would find good fishing. It was a tough job getting there, I can tell you, and the worst of it was that when I did get there I found that there hadn't been a trout caught in that pond for more than five years. I then pushed on about three miles further until I came to a brook which looked as if it might contain trout. I then began to fish.

"Well, I fished up and down that creek until dark without so much as a bite. I was too tired to hunt up a place to sleep, so I just camped out all night in an old shed. The next morning I was frozen so stiff I could hardly move.

"I found a farmhouse after an hour's walk, where I got breakfast, and then I was directed to another brook some six miles further on. I arrived at this last fishing ground about noon. Then my troubles really began. With my first cast I lost my balance and plunged head first into about four feet of icy cold water, my pole snapped, and in scrambling back through the bushes I got all scratched up. I didn't give up, though, even then. After splicing my pole I again started in. After about three hours of hard fishing I managed to hook a trout. And here it is," said Bob, holding up the trophy.

"Then," said Bob, "I started for the farmhouse. It was nearly dark when I got there, and I was pretty well played out too. I was going through the gate when my coat got caught on a nail and torn, and then I jammed my finger on the hinge. And while I was swearing at everything in creation in general and that villain Frost in particular a yellow mongrel dog rushed out of the house and bit me on the leg.

"I couldn't eat any supper that night. I just went to bed. I didn't get up next day. I was too sore. The following morning as I was dressing I saw that yellow dog in the yard and went to the fireplace and got a brick. I threw it, but it didn't hit the dog. It smashed through a pane of glass instead and struck the farmer, who happened to pass by at that moment, on the arm. That scrape cost me a five dollar bill.

"Well, I had had all the fishing I wanted, so I put for home and—(with a flourish of the fish)—here I am.

"Colonel," said the unfortunate fisherman, turning to the proprietor, "I want this trout served to me at breakfast in the morning. It cost me just fifty dollars, and I'm going to eat him, bones and all."—New York Herald.

Replaced the Hat.

Even the much despised tramp has often more honor than he's given credit for, as witness the following from New Jersey: "Fourteen years ago a tramp knocked at the door of Daniel Palmer, in South Orange township, Essex county, and asked for a hat. By mistake one of the daughters gave him her father's best silk hat, discovering the mistake just as the tramp started away with it. An exclamation by her sister apprised the tramp of the prize he had received. Little thought was after given to the matter until a few mornings ago, when a clean new hat box was found on the front porch. It contained a new silk hat, and this explanation within on a slip of paper: 'To replace your father's best silk hat, taken by me fourteen years ago.'"—Exchange.

Blocked the Game.

A well known Main street business man of Holyoke received a telegram a few days ago bearing the signature of his brother-in-law, asking him to send him fifty dollars, as he was "strapped" at Chicago. The telegram did not give the Holyoke man's full name, but it named his business and Main street address. After thinking the matter over a few moments he concluded it was a bunco game, and sent a telegram to his brother-in-law in St. Louis asking if he was at home. He soon received an affirmative reply and the invitation, "Come and see me." It was a shrewd game, but it did not work.—Springfield Republican.

It is reported that a thief has been identified at St. Louis by a blind man, whose hearing was so acute that he was able to identify him by his pronunciation of "Good morning." Strange to say, the blind man's assertion was conclusively proved by the accused confessing his culpability.

The Smithsonian institution has received from China a pair of stockings manufactured from human hair. They are worn by fishermen over cotton stockings (being too rough for the naked skin), and under straw shoes as a protection against moisture.

ALUM AND AMMONIA

In Our Bread Shall We Drive Slow Poison From Our Breakfast Table?

A nuisance that troubled England fifty years ago is now rapidly spreading in this country, that is, putting alum in the bread we eat. This question is causing a great deal of discussion at the present moment, as it is revealed that alum is being used as a substitute for cream of tartar in baking powders. A story is told that a very large percentage of the baking powders sold on the market contain either alum or ammonia, and many of them contain both these pernicious drugs. Much timely alarm is felt at the wholesale use of alum in bread, biscuit and pastry. To young children, growing girls, persons of weakly frame, alum bread eaten morning, noon and evening is the most harmful. It is the small quantities taken at every meal that do the mischief. Alum is cheap, costing but 2 or 3 cents a pound, while cream of tartar costs 30 cents, and the high price of cream of tartar has led cheap baking powder to be made of alum. If the reader wants to know something of the corrosive qualities of alum, let him touch a piece to his tongue; then reflect how it acts on the tender, delicate coats of the stomach.

The *Scientific American* published in a recent number a list of alum and ammonia baking powders, which is of great value at this time. Following is a condensed list compiled from official reports. Powders marked with a star seem to have a general sale, as they are mentioned in at least two of the official reports:

*ATLANTIC & PACIFIC.	*ROYAL.
CROWN.	SILVER STAR.
*DAVIS' O. K.	*SNOWDRIFT.
GEM.	STAR.
*KENTON.	STANDARD.

There are, in addition to the foregoing list from the *Scientific American*, a number of such powders sold in the Western that were not found in the Eastern stores.

Following is a list of the most prominent:

ANDREWS' PEARL.....Contains Ammonia (C. E. Andrews & Co., Milwaukee.)
ACME.....Contains Ammonia (Thos. Wood & Co., Philadelphia.)
BON BON.....Contains Alum (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CALUMET.....Contains Alum (Calumet Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
CLIMAX.....Contains Ammonia (Climax Baking Powder Co., Indianapolis.)
FOREST CITY.....Contains Ammonia Alum (Vouwie Bros., Cleveland.)
HOTEL.....Contains Ammonia Alum (J. C. Grant Baking Powder Co., Chicago.)
HERCULES.....Contains Ammonia (Hercules Baking Powder Co., San Francisco.)
ONE SPOON, TAYLOR'S.....Ammonia Alum (Taylor Mfg. Co., St. Louis.)
RISING SUN.....Contains Ammonia (Phœnix Chemical Works, Chicago.)
ROYAL.....Contains Ammonia (Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.)

The Nature of Orchids.

The orchids, conquerors of the light, may well claim pardon for their triumph over their humble companions of the gardens, for their victory is fairly achieved. They astonish us when we first examine them, then charm us. Nature has been liberal with them, and they have everything. Their flowers are full of that curious charm that captivates. Their colors are harmoniously toned, and always bright and elegant. Their odor is sweet and penetrating, but does not cloy. Notwithstanding their thin texture, which gives them a delicate and frail air, they last longer than other ornamental flowers. Nothing, in fact, seems to be wanting to them but a more lively and abundant foliage, and that can be supplied by mingling fern leaves with them.

It was long supposed that these wonderful plants were extremely delicate and capricious. This was a mistake. To their other virtues they join the rare one of simplicity.

Nearly all the orchids cultivated in greenhouses are natives of the inter tropical zone, and it was supposed from this fact that they required considerable heat. But it has gradually been established that a high temperature really hinders their best development. A considerable number of them in their native state grow on high mountains, under exposure to a bracing atmosphere; and they are now cultivated in moderately warmed and freely ventilated greenhouses. They are, therefore, relatively hardy plants, well adapted to the decoration of our rooms.—J. Dybowski in Popular Science Monthly.

"It's Great to Be One Legged."

A little ragamuffin, who had lost one of his legs, hopped around on a crutch one rainy afternoon last week at the corner of Broadway and Park place. His shoe was torn, and it was natural to suppose that the foot inside of it was wet. The boy was determined that there should be no question about this, for he hopped from one puddle to another, and stood in each until the water began to ooze out of the shoe. Several other gamins played around with him. At times they tried to pull him down, but he was very quick and had a way of bringing his crutch down on their shoulders that made them wary about coming within his reach. Suddenly he stopped and said:

"I feel hungry. Guess I want somethin' to eat."

He left his companions playing in the street, hopped up onto the sidewalk and accosted the first man that came along. The man looked at his crippled condition and gave him a dime. The next man fumbled in his pocket and brought out a copper. The third and fourth paid no attention to him. He gave it up then and came back to his companions, tossing the money he had received as though this was no unusual occurrence.

"Goin' to leave you fellows," he said; "goin' to get some beef and beans."

As he hobbled away the other boys looked at him with envy in their eyes.

"Gosh," said one of them, "it's great to be one legged. You don't have to work and you get more money, too."

The others nodded assent.—New York Sun.

What Papa Does This Summer.

Two little girls on a Cass avenue car were discussing their plans for the summer. One said:

"Papa and mamma and Freddie and I are going to have the loveliest little tent on Orchard lake, and we'll have just heaps of fun for weeks and weeks."

"Oh," said the other, with a worldly and superior air, "that's so common. Mamma and her maid and nurse and baby and I are going to Bar Harbor."

"But what's your papa going to do?"

"Why," in a surprised tone, "he's going to stay home and earn money to send us, of course, just as he always does."—Detroit Tribune.

During a heavy rainstorm in Indiana a mud turtle as large as a man's hand fell from the clouds near Crawfordsville. For an hour the reptile lay motionless as if stunned, then it began to crawl away, but was captured and kept as a curiosity.

Lobster a Yard Long.

On Thursday morning Mr. John C. Condon, of Belfast, caught the king of lobsters in the waters of Penobscot bay. The lobster was caught southeast of Moose point, in a line with Brigadier's island. The monster was too large to enter the trap, but as the trap was drawn up he became entangled in the heading and was safely landed in the boat. The lobster was perfect in all his parts. He measured 37 inches from the end of the tail to the end of the longest claw, 20 inches around the body and 17 inches around the large claw. When taken from the water he weighed twenty-three pounds, but after boiling shrank to seventeen.

Mr. Charles E. Sanford, of New York, offered Captain Bramhall five dollars for the lobster, but he would not take it. Saturday Captain Bramhall boiled the lobster in strong pickle to preserve it. The captain expects to realize a handsome sum from the crustacean. Williamson's "History of Belfast" mentions the capture of a lobster at City Point many years ago that weighed twenty-two pounds.—Belfast Journal.

One of the Ways of a Queer Old Town.

Passengers who take the 2 o'clock car on Walnut street every morning enjoy a decidedly novel treat, through the kindness of the driver, a policeman and a baker. The car passes a bakery at a certain hour, and just before it gets opposite the door a policeman standing near whistles shrilly, the grating is raised and a flour dusted arm hands out a hot loaf of bread. This the policeman hands to the driver, whose invariable form of thanks consists of the words, "God bless you, old man." Then the driver ties the lines around the brake, enters the car, and divides the bread with the passengers. There were eight solemn looking passengers in the car on a recent morning, and a man getting aboard at the Baltimore and Ohio depot was visibly astonished when he saw every one of them munching hot bread and talking politics.—Philadelphia Record.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climatic changes, exposure and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

"Strange, but true," mused the victim of untoward events, "that crooked management too often produces straightened circumstances."

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Leans *away* from superstition and blind idolatry of isms and ics—allopathic included. It leans *toward* universal, all-determining law; towards facts, not fancies. It leans towards immutable principles and invulnerable truth, and away from superannuated authority, organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "belated crabs," but being born of darkness and fear—twin sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer withstand the civilizing influence of advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dyin g Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of investigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science (?) extant now—to have survived to this late day! But where was the reform to come from? It is not only passe to attempt reform, it is outright dangerous. It requires a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left their bleaching bones as a warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic;" in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every duck intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploma when your diploma is on file in the court-house under the very eyes of the slanderers. All this is caused by besotted ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histogenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x1 problem, or they are mental sluggards and cannot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In either case their opinions are as valuable as that of Puget Sound oysters.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

Consultations and prescriptions absolutely *free*.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

A red light and a red nose are both signals to slow up.

A continuation of a cough for any length of time causes irritation of the lungs, or some chronic throat disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are an effective cough remedy. Price, 25 cents. *Sold only in boxes.*

The man who wants the earth is satisfied if he secures the dust.

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have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

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HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

TRULY A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

C. Middlebrook, 240 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for the last twenty years. They are truly a household remedy. If one of my children has a cold and wheezes, I put an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER on the chest and one between the shoulder blades. If any of the children have croupy coughs, or coughs of any kind, I place the plaster close up around the throat; the soothing effect is apparent almost always in two hours. If they have a disordered stomach, a plaster placed just below the chest bones makes digestion perfect in half a day. If there is any looseness of the bowels, accompanied by coldness of the skin, two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS applied over the stomach cure in from two to five hours. I notice particularly that these plasters never abrade the skin or cause the slightest irritation. From my own experience I know they never fail for rheumatism, pains in the back or lumbago."

The hotel waiter can always point out the typical guest.

The manufacturers of Star Plug chewing tobacco have built up the largest tobacco business the world has ever seen by giving the consumer the best tobacco and full-weight sixteen-ounce pound plugs, proving conclusively that good tobacco and pound plugs are wanted by most tobacco chewers.

MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine-room when one said: "How was it Tom?" "I was caught up, slapped 'gainst the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained! I was cured in one day." What cured him?

ST. JACOBS OIL

with equal facility and certainty has cured promptly and permanently worse cases. Here is one after suffering half a lifetime.

148 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., Aug. 11, '86.
In 1851 sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1880, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me.
JACOB ETZENSPERGER.
"ALL RIGHT!
ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

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Sold by Druggists.
PRICE $1.00.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.
A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—
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Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
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