



# ONE CUBIC INCH OF Royal Baking Powder

Will produce One Hundred cubic inches of leavening gas, and will raise one third more baking powder than the same quantity of any other baking powder, and will make them lighter, sweeter, purer and more wholesome.—See U. S. Gov't Report on Baking Powders, p. 13.

The disagreeable operation of forcing liquids into the head and the use of exciting snuffs are being superseded by Ely's Cream Balm, a cure for catarrh and colds in the head.

I have been a great sufferer from catarrh for ten years; could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm, and any using it freely; it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it.—R. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists, or by mail.

66 Warren street, New York.

**DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED**

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed. Forever, since cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Ely's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

**THE GRAMA for breakfast.**

Use Enameline Store Polish: no dust, no smell.

## "August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va.



A BETTER MAN.

"Confound you! What do you mean by trying to run that wheelbarrow over my toes?"

"Keep 'em out of the way, that's all."

"Well, I am Fitz-Antoni Tubbs, the celebrated young author whose portrait appears in the current issue of the great *World's Fair Magazine*."

"Well, I am C. Clover Leaf, and my blood is better than yours because I have used Dr. Grant's Syrup of Wild Grape, the great blood purifier, prepared by the O. W. R. Manufacturing Co., at Portland, Oregon, and my portrait appears daily in their *Medical Advertiser*, so put your toes in your pocket and stir up your blood by using Syrup of Wild Grape."

Dr. Fitz-Antoni Tubbs for the nearest drug store.



## WHAT MAKES HIM LOOK SO HAPPY? HE SMOKES MASTIFF.

More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff tobacco than you can get out of any other plug cut in the world. Try a package and be convinced.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

**Tut's Tiny Pills**

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, the one who suffers from work of mind or body or exposure to malarial regions, will find Tut's Tiny Pills the most restorative ever offered the invalid.

N. P. N. U. No. 469—S. F. M. U. No. 585

**Japanese Politeness.**

The politeness of the Japanese has long been proverbial. Whoever comes in contact with them anywhere speaks of their gentle manners, and in their own country this trait is much more marked than when one meets them as isolated individuals away from home. An American traveler in Japan tells a story bearing upon this point.

This American was from Ohio; he was captain of a gunboat, and though a brave and efficient officer, he was somewhat noted for his sense of his own importance.

He had put in at a Japanese port, and with his officers had been most politely received by the Japanese authorities. As the Americans proceeded with their escort through the town the young captain was very much pleased to see that every one whom they met bowed profoundly; but what was the soft, three syllabled word that they uttered with this graceful salute?

The captain did not understand the Japanese language or Japanese urbanity. He did not know that it was the custom of the people whenever they passed a stranger to salute him with an inclination of the head. Nor did he know that the Japanese "How do you do?" or "How are you?" is contained in one word, "Ohayo," the pronunciation being, as nearly as possible, O-yo.

Presently one of these polite Japanese townspeople happened to speak louder than the others, and our captain received, as he thought, a sudden illumination. With a flush of gratification he turned to one of his officers and whispered: "How in the world did they happen to know that I came from Ohio?"

**Antiquity of Shoemaking.**

The first sole protector or rudimentary shoe was the sandal, which consisted of a sole of some kind of skin or of wood, held in place by straps and thongs. In all countries, ancient and modern, which have laid any claims to even the rudest kind of civilization, some kind of a covering or protector for the feet has been recognized as a part and parcel of the wearing apparel. The thong fastened sandals of the Greeks and Egyptians were the shoes of Holy Writ. In Egypt the materials used by the shoemaker were strips of the papyrus, and the paper reed of the Nile. Woven strips of papyrus made a light and durable foot covering.

As seen by paintings on the walls of Thebes, shoemaking formed a distinct branch of trade in the time of the reign of Thothmes III, about 1,490 years before Christ, or about the time of the flight of the Israelites. Foot coverings of the Romans were both the highly ornamented sandal and the boot reaching to or above the knee.—St. Louis Republic.

**Butler's Wages in England.**

A butler seldom gets more than \$30 a month, and a cook must be a good one to get \$15. A laundress gets \$10 to \$12.50, and a very good one \$15 a month. A footman may get \$12.50, but the price runs from \$8 upward, and housemaids can be had in shoals at \$5 to \$10 a month, and excellent servants are easy. Kitchen maids at first get but little, sometimes \$3 or \$4 a month, but they rise gradually until they become cooks. Coachmen get about the same as butlers and grooms, and help the same as footmen.

The head gardener will get about \$350 to \$500 a year and a house, and under gardeners about \$3 to \$5 a week and a certain amount of vegetables and fruit in season. The household servants all ways receive washing expenses. These vary according to the grade of the servant. A butler will get \$4.50 a month and a lower servant only \$1.50, a housekeeper \$3 and a lower maid as little as \$1.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Murder Will Out.**

During a thunder storm a large oak tree in the Masonic graveyard of Salem, Va., was struck by lightning and rent from top to bottom. While looking at the ruin the next morning Matthew Turner, who has charge of the cemetery, spied an object which had fallen from the cloven trunk. Picking it up and cutting away the mass of moss, fungus and earth with which it was crusted over, he found that it was a large, old fashioned teapot of solid silver. Opening it, he discovered that it contained the skull of an infant a few days old, and further investigation showed the teapot to bear an inscription: "From D. T. to R. L., 1823."—Chicago Herald.

**Worse Up There.**

There were seventy-three passengers packed into a rapid transit Woodward avenue car. A little woman, who had for ten or fifteen minutes submitted to a pressure of 3,000 pounds to the square inch, finally appealed to the conductor with:

"Conductor, is there not a second story to this car?"

"Yes'm," he replied, "but there are seventy-four passengers up there!"—Detroit Free Press.

**The Season.**

"I wonder," said a department clerk to Willie Washington, "why so many of the inscriptions on the tombstones are in Latin?"

"Perhaps," said Willie after some thought, "it's because Latin is a dead language, you know."—Washington Post.

**The Kind of Jokes He Liked.**

Contributor—What kind of jokes do you prefer?

Editor—Leap year jokes.

Contributor—Why?

Editor—Because it takes them four years to get around again.—Kerston.

### A GENTLEMAN OF HIS WORD.

Twenty Years Not Too Long for One Man to Remember a Promise.

"What makes some men the soul of honor?" asked the story teller. "Every one of us has had some experience in life to prove to us that there are men of unimpeachable honor. I think the most honorable gentleman whom I ever met was a man of absolutely infernal luck. I first saw him in a frontier town. He had been a cowboy, but he had got caught in a terrible winter back on the plains, and at the time I first saw him he was only a wreck of a man, with legs misshapen and weak, and eyes that were nearly blind. He seemed to be just clinging to life in that little Colorado town, doing what little he could in barns or going slow errands, until fate should be kind enough to take him away from his misery.

"He stopped me in the street one night. 'Will you lend me ten dollars?' he said roughly. 'I am in a bad way and I need it.'

"Now ten dollars was a good deal of money to me at that minute, for in my western experience I had my ups and downs, and at that time I was having my 'downs.'

"'Wouldn't a dollar do you?' I asked, for the fellow looked so bad that I wanted to do something for him, but I knew that I should never see my money again.

"'No,' he said doggedly, 'it won't. I want to go to Denver. I am about crazy with pain and I want to get there and see if I can't find some relief. I haven't a cent in the world.' (There were a good many men in that little town who were in the same predicament.)

"'But I can't spare ten dollars,' I answered. 'I need it.'

"'You don't need it so much as I do,' he said fiercely. 'Lend it to me. I'll pay it back to you. Give me your name and address. I'll find you—if I live.'

"'Well, I gave him the ten dollars. I told him that he need not worry about paying it back. I expected to get out of my troubles some day and then I should not feel the need of it.

"'No,' he said. 'I won't touch it on any other condition. I want to pay it back with interest—13 per cent a year.' (Money was worth something out there.)

"So I wrote out my name for him, giving him as my permanent address the home of my family in the east. The next day he went to Denver. Shortly afterward I climbed into a saddle and rode away to 'punch cows.' I punched them with varying success all over the Colorado grazing fields for nine years. Having had enough of cattle raising by that time and my ideas of great fortunes having been considerably modified, I sold out my cattle and came back.

"Of course, after the first few months following my loan of ten dollars to the cripple, he never came into my thoughts, though there were times when that ten dollars would have been a good friend, but I completely forgot about it. I had been east for three years, had married and was the proud father of the two handsomest children in New York, when a letter was forwarded to me from my father's home in Massachusetts. It was from the cripple. In it was a postoffice order for my ten dollars and interest on it for twelve years, at 13 per cent a month. There was no word in the letter except thanks for my kindness and the assurance that he was now 'doing pretty well for him.'

"I call that man a gentleman and I told him so when I wrote him, and I also told him something in the letter which I hoped would please him—that on that day I had made the first bank deposit for my baby son, and that the amount was \$24.40, his loan and the interest, and that though the interest for the boy would not be anything like 12 per cent, the deposit ought to bring him good luck. That's all there is to this story."—New York Tribune.

**A Strange Reunion.**

A strange reunion took place at the Dunning Insane asylum Thursday afternoon, an error on the part of a criminal court bailiff leading to the meeting of husband and wife, who thought each other dead.

George and Lena Hillman lived happily at Oak Park. One night, not so long ago, George did not come home at his usual hour, and his wife started to look for him. He returned home and went out on a hunt for her. While she was wandering around the police picked her up, and after a short stay at the Detention hospital she was sent to Dunning, her identity being unrevealed. Almost the same performance was gone through with the husband. He was sent to the poorhouse, but an intelligent bailiff got him mixed with an insane patient named Larson and he was sent to the asylum.

The chief physician, who knew Hillman, soon straightened the case out when "Larson" was placed on the books. He learned the unfortunate man's story, and Wednesday located the wife in one of the cottages occupied by women. The matter was reported by Superintendent Sawyer to the county commissioners, and Thursday, in the presence of Commissioners Spofford, Ballard and Stauber, the reunion took place. Hillman will stay at the poorhouse until his wife is well enough to leave the asylum.—Chicago Tribune.

**An Editorial Episode.**

"Here's a question," said the information editor, "that I can't answer. The man wants to know 'how long girls should be courted.'"

"Just the same as short girls," returned the ordinary editor.

And the staff humorist stole the joke and sold it to the editor-in-chief for \$1.—New York Herald.

**Her Punishment.**

A little girl whose parents live on Cass avenue was whipped by her mother the other day for some trifling offense. When her father came home in the evening she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, papa," she sobbed, "mamma whipped me today and my feelings are all black and blue."—Detroit Free Press.

**Robert Browning was not only a poet but a true gentleman. To him a man was "a man" whether he was served by many people or the servant of others.**

**A very complete scheme of refuse disposal works, including destructor, cremators, etc., has been devised for Edinburgh, Scotland.**

On a farm at Palmyra, Me., is a tree utterly devoid of bark. Its trunk is smooth and of a light buff color, and the tree flourishes finely.

The greatest fishway in the world is in course of construction on the Potomac at the Great falls. When it is completed it will carry fish over a vertical fall of seventy-two feet.

**Mineral Poison Kills Cattle.**

In Fayette county, Ind., a peculiar mineral poison exudes from the ground and contaminates the grass, upon which a herd of cattle fed. This caused great losses to stockmen, who at first thought the poison had been administered by vicious people.

A Good Place for Them.

"Have the judges of the supreme court any lockers, or do they wear their robes through the streets?"

"Oh, no. They keep them folded up in the bureau of justice."—New York Sun.

**Why One Man Prefers to Be "Held Up" Rather Than Go Armed.**

"I used to carry a revolver," said the man who gets home late at night. "One evening a man tried to 'hold me up,' and when I drew my pistol and asked him what I could do for him and he turned and ran like a deer I congratulated myself on being so wise as to carry a weapon for self defense. But I found that my experience with the highwayman was the very worst thing which could have happened to me. When ever a man appeared suddenly in a dark street late at night I fancied he was a footpad and could hardly restrain myself from reaching for my revolver. Then two things came into my life which made me determine that I would rather run the danger of being robbed than of killing a man.

"I was telling a friend one evening how when I was started in this way my impulse was to shoot. He had a story for me then. It was about a marshal out in Utah when United States officers were considered the mortal enemy of the Mormon church. This man had been forced to do a great deal of dangerous and disagreeable work, and he felt that he carried his life in his hands. He was walking down an unfrequented street one night, as usual on his guard. He had just passed a tree when his quick ear caught a sound behind him. Wheeling like a flash, he saw a man stepping out from behind a tree. Something was in the man's hand, the marshal could not see what. With one movement of his arm he drew his revolver and fired, killing the man in the shadows instantly. The man proved to be a harmless old cripple.

"Now the possibility of my committing a terrible mistake like this worried me into a condition of extreme nervousness. And yet because I was so nervous I could not bring myself to give up my revolver.

"One night when I was going home—I live in the outskirts of Brooklyn—I had just reached the corner of my grounds when a man suddenly came bounding over the fence and landed directly in front of me. I drew my revolver and I am sure that I should have shot him if I had not heard my own brother's voice cry out sharply. 'For God's sake, Will, what are you doing?'

"One of my babies was ill, and he had been running across our grounds for a doctor. I have never carried a pistol since that night, and I have never since been afraid of highwaymen."—New York Tribune.

**The Height of the Clouds.**

The highest clouds, cirrus and cirro-stratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 to 23,000 feet above the surface of the earth; the lower clouds being seldom lower than 3,000 or higher than 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits frequently extend upward to a height of 16,000. The tops of the Alps are often completely hidden by clouds of the third class, while those of the other classes are frequently seen shooting up from one cloud, the vertical dimensions of which was over 3,700 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

### DOES NOT CARRY A REVOLVER.

**THE MANY ACTS OF GERMAN'S GREATEST SCIENTIST.**

It is Warmly Endorsed by a Leading Editorial in a Leading American Journal.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Professor Rudolph Virchow was seriously ill several months ago. An admirer of his, the owner of a certain proprietary medicine, took occasion to present him with some bottles of his discovery. Virchow recovered, and was certain that he had received much benefit from the remedy. He accordingly addressed a letter to his benefactor, acknowledging the matter and expressing his gratitude. The letter, coming as it did from the most distinguished teacher of pathologic science in Europe, was published and widely read. The North German Medical Association, like similar bodies in America, have its thanks to the editor. They endeavored to call the professor to account for disregarding the code. Virchow regarded the instincts of a gentleman, and the honor that leads a man to render justice, as paramount to the peck-measure ethics of a concealed gang of half-English medical men. He answered the letter in the most courteous and unassuming manner, and withdrew from the association. He chose to stand on manliness, and could afford to do so. It was an issue between ethics and a man, and a manhood was asserted.

At about the same time the editor of this journal wrote another gentleman in Western New York regarding the merits of a remedy known as Warner's Safe Cure. The circumstances in the case were as follows: We had frequently been asked by patients if we knew anything about this remedy, and were obliged to answer in the negative. We then began to make inquiries about the remedy, and were surprised at the reports we heard regarding it. We then recommended it in several cases that had resisted all other treatment, and the results were surprising. The albumen rapidly disappeared from the urine and patients felt greatly improved in health. Feeling satisfied that the compound was a valuable one, and that it could do no possible harm to any one we continued to recommend it, and were surprised at the good results obtained.

After several months' fair trial we did not hesitate to endorse the remedy, believing as we did that it would prove a boon to suffering humanity. We have no reason to regret our action in this particular. We recommend a remedy that has benefited thousands of persons; we have seen its good effects on our own patients after all other medicines have failed, and we are not afraid to say to the public and the profession just what we know of it.

Medical journals of all schools of medicine are filled with advertisements and editorial puff of proprietary medicines, many of which are worthless. The editors know nothing of their composition or preparation, but have an eye to the money they get for their advertisements. There has been no protest against these things. How, therefore, a certificate based on experience, such as ours, and without compensation, should have greater trumped, is a problem beyond our capacity. Why one should be fish and another flesh we are not sagacious enough to determine. We leave it for those who care more for the rotten corpse of the old code than for common fairness and common sense.

Those who are eager to find fault will do so. They are heartily welcome to their task. To be sure blows can be given as well as taken, except that some escape because of their contemptible insignificance. We have no ammunition to waste on such. This, however, we will say: No man of common human sensibility, who has the red blood of a mammal, and not the pale, snaky fluid of the lower races, will have the heart to judge our actions severely or to say that we have done wrong in what we have always claimed to be our right—to use any remedy that will benefit our patients, without reference to the source from which it comes.

The above article from the pen of Dr. R. A. Gunn, editor of the *Medical Tribune*, strongly corroborates the statements already made by the doctor in the public prints regarding the unusual merits of the greatest modern medicine. This preparation, after twelve years of unqualified success, has finally received the commendation and endorsement of the leading members of the medical profession, both in this country and in Europe. Dr. Gunn in his recently published interview, gave his unanswerable reasons for endorsing this great remedy, and it goes without saying that the most distinguished teacher of pathology in the world to-day would be the last to recommend a proprietary article without having the utmost faith in its curative power.

Mr. Puffer—Doesn't it make you rather sad to think of the close of summer? Miss Jingle, Oh, I don't mind much. I'm thinking now of the close of winter.

**BOLD ASSERTIONS.**

**RIGHT OR WRONG.**

Which will you have? It does seem as if some folks prefer to have the last condition of the liver rather than the first. They perpetually dose themselves with purgatives totally without virtue as an alternative of liver trouble. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the successful candidate for the people's choice, and yet popular and well known as it is, there are unfortunately who keep on trying the drastic remedies of former days. It is to the intelligent portion of the public that the well-known and long-tried properties of the Bitters appeal. Reason should be guided by experience in the matter of medication. "The best guide to our feet is the lamp of experience," said a great patriot of the early revolutionary period, and the maximation of truth and of truth. For over a third of a century the Bitters daily has met with the indorsement of people suffering from liver complaint, malaria, constipation, rheumatism, debility and troubles accompanied by dyspepsia. Lately it has declared itself and been thoroughly approved as a remedy for "la grippe."

A man will ease his conscience over the way he earns a dollar by resolving to spend it the right way.

**EVE'S DAUGHTERS.**

Marion Harlan, on pages 108 and 445 of her popular work, "Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," says:

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an Allcock's Plaster is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight.

"For pain in the back wear an Allcock's Plaster constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

Between floods and cyclones the Kansas man hardly knows whether to go into the cellar or climb a tree.

**RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.**

We positively cure rupture, piles and all renal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all Private Diseases. Address for pamphlets, Dr. Parfield & Lowsy, 538 Market street, San Francisco.

A man who accumulated a fortune made himself round-shouldered by hard work. He was bent on getting there.

For an irritated throat, cough or cold "Brown's Bronchial Trochae" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. Sold only in boxes.

Sulphur and bicycles with pneumatic tires seem to indicate that the feat of riding on air is now a realized ideal.

**Doesn't "look" as she ought**—the weak, nervous and ailing woman. As long as she suffers from the aches, pains, and derangements peculiar to her sex, she can't expect to be there's only herself to blame. With Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she's a different woman. And it's a change that can be seen as well as felt. The system is invigorated, the blood enriched, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled.

With the "Favorite Prescription," all the proper functions are restored to healthy action. Periodical pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, all "female complaints" are cured by it. It's the only medicine for woman's weaknesses and ailments that's guaranteed to do what is claimed for it. If it doesn't give satisfaction, in every case for which it's recommended, the money is returned.

Can something else be offered by the dealer, though it may pay him better, be "just as good"?

**FOR LADIES ONLY!**

**DOCTOR SIMS' TANNY BLOSSOM SUPPOSITORIES**

A GUARANTEED SAFE REMEDY.

Also Positive Cure for Leucorrhoea, Indisposition, Etc. \$1 per package, six packages \$5.00. Securely packed and mailed free on receipt of price. Write for circular, 247 A. Santa Monica, P. O. Box 223, San Francisco, Cal.

**YOUNG MEN!**

The Specific No. 1.

Cures without fail, all cases of Gonorrhoea and Syphilis, no matter of how long standing. Prevents relapse. Guaranteed permanent remedy. Cures when everything else fails. Manufactured by Dr. A. Schenck's Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Price, \$2.00. On, San Jose, Cal.

**St. Jacobs Oil**

The Great Oil REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES

BRUISES & STRAINS

BURNS & SCALDS

STIFFNESS

Stiff Neck, Soreness

SORE THROAT

WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS

THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Baltimore, Md.

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT**

In the World!

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

Pier's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

Sold by druggists.

Dr. R. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

**Prune Trees Cheap.**

Italian, Petite and Silver; wholesale or retail; 2 to 10 foot high. Price according to size. Agent a commission given purchaser. Write for prices to THOS. J. DAVIS, Manager Portland, Or. Nursery, South Mt. Tabor, Or. No agents out.

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Italian, Petite and Silver; wholesale or retail; 2 to 10 foot high. Price according to size. Agent a commission given purchaser. Write for prices to THOS. J. DAVIS, Manager Portland, Or. Nursery, South Mt. Tabor, Or. No agents out.

**Simonds Crescent Ground Cross Cuts,**

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