CRATER LAKE.

ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL BODIES OF WATER KNOWN.

A Caldron Six by Seven Miles in Extent, Four Thousand Feet Deep and Six Thousand Feet Above the Sea.

The Portland *Oregonian* gives the following extracts from Mr. O. B. Watson's lecture delivered before the Alpine Club in Portland on the wonders of Crater Lake, situated on the summit of the Cascade range in Oregon:

By soundings made during the geological survey the water in Crater Lake was found to be four thousand feet deep. The surface of the water is 6351 feet above the level of the sea. Wizard Island has an altitude above the surface of the water of 845 feet. Llao rock rises perpendicularly above the water 2000 feet. Heliotrope station is 1965 feet above the water, Shag rock 2115 and Dutton cliff 2129 feet above the water-level of the lake. These are some of the most prominent points. Mount Scott, near at hand, is 9117 feet high.

The lake is oblong in shape and has its direction from northeast to southwest. It is six by seven miles in extent, containing an area of forty-two square miles. This is a little more than the area of a township of land, or about 25,000 acres. You could drop 25,000 city blocks, as you have them here in Portland, side by side into it. Its depth is 4000 feet. All the buildings and other structures of New York and Philadelphia broken up and thrown into it would not fill it to the top of its present banks. And yet it was once a mountain towering 10,000, and possibly 20,000 feet, above its highest point. And all this mass of matter has been scattered and destroyed by fire. The great fires of Chicago, Boston and Moscow combined would have been an insignificant glimmer compared to it. There is no other known volcanic crater, active or extinct, that is not a mere dwarf when compared to this one.

Crater lake has a feature that is peculiar to itself, that is it is completely surrounded by gigantic walls, nowhere less 1000 feet high, and in some places reaching a height of more than 2000 feet, on an altitude above the level of the sea of 8336 feet; three-fourths of the height of Mt. Hood, within 1000 feet of the summit of Mount St. Helena, and 2000 feet higher than the top of Mount Washington.

The ascent is not remarkably steep; in fact, wagons can be driven to the very brink. All at once, and without a moment's warning, we find ourselves emerging from the timber into an amphitheatre like opening.

Towering rocks rise on either hand and point skyward. Around us is spread a scene of desolation. Huge masses of lava, ashes, pumice-stone, and scoria lie scattered about or piled in irregular shapes. No sign of life outside of our own little party is visible; the silence and solitude are almost oppressive. Just beyond rises a half circle of peaks, from two hundred to one thousand feet high, embracing an area of about forty square miles.

A few moments more and we are on the brink of Crater lake, where, standing on a pinnacle of rocks, we gaze with silent wonder into its awful depth.

Just imagine this a boiling caldron, six by seven miles in length, four thousand feet deep, with its liquid fire, shooting its tongue of flames skyward, blackening and charring the walls of its rocky prison from base to summit. The tracks made by the flames are clearly visible, and will remain so for some time to come. The walls are composed of conglomerate masses of rock, all showing more or less the unmistakable evidences of fire.

These walls—or rather this wall, for it encircles the lake completely—varies in height from 1000 to 2000 feet above the water. In places it is almost vertical, and a rock dropped from the highest point finds no obstacle in the way for nearly 1000 feet, and in two bounds strikes the water, more than 2000 feet below. I tried the experiment. Lying flat, my face beyond the brink, I dropped a stone from my hand, and as I watched it sink down, down, down, I was taken with an almost irresistible impulse to follow. The experiment was too unpleasant for repetition.

Toward the west end of the lake is Wizard island, rising 845 feet above the water. Capt. Dutton properly calls this island a cinder-cone. It is a conical-shaped mountain, quite regular and symmetrical in form, having a hopper or excavation in the top, which is usually filled with snow. Its character shows it to have been without doubt the last chimney of the old volcano, which, judging from evidences already remarked, and from the growth of timber on its sides, has slept for ages, and to all appearances will sleep on to the end of time.

My first visit was in 1885, and at that time we only discovered one place where it was possible to reach the water, and there extreme caution was required to avoid an accident. I have, however, recently understood that other safe passes have been discovered, especially on the north side. At the point discovered by us a causeway has been worn through the cliffs by the breaking away of huge masses of rocks, which, dashing upon the rocks below, have worn out this passage as we saw it, leaving in the track rock-dust and ashes, into which one sinks ankle deep as he slowly wends his way downward. This passage is about one hundred feet wide, and in places its walls are from one hundred to four hundred feet high. It is almost straight, and about twelve hundred feet in perpendicular height, the descent varying in its inclination from twenty-five degrees to forty-five degrees.

A Dog Rescues His Mistress.

Mme. Burnot, an elderly Parisian bourgeoise, has good reason to be grateful to her Newfoundland dog Phoebus. She was preparing her soup when she suddenly felt herself seized from behind, and five fingers were planted on her throat. She had been attacked by the son of her concierge, a big, hulking scoundrel, who had deserted from the army after having robbed one of his officers, and was living with his parents in Paris. Just as the would-be murderer, who was on the lookout for plunder, pulled out his pocket-handkerchief for the purpose of gagging his victim, the dog Phoebus sprang at him and made him release his grip of the woman. The scoundrel was frightened by the animal and ran away, but was captured by the police outside the house. He has been sentenced at the assizes to eight years' penal servitude.—*London Telegraph.*

A Wise Youth.

Big Sister—"Bobby, you are wanted to do an errand."

Bobby—"Tell ma I haven't got time to do it now."

Big Sister—"Father says you must do it at once."

Bobby—"Oh, it's for pa, is it. Then I had better find time."—*Epoch.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Cake Ornamentation.

A few years ago cake ornamentation was a very simple affair, but now it has come to be a fine art. The most exquisite designs are seen, but in this article we shall aim to discuss inexpensive styles and those that can be used by the non-professional.

Cut from writing paper (unruled) flowers and leaves. Dip them in white of egg not frothed, and then sprinkle with granulated sugar. It is best to use a sifter. Allow them to dry and then arrange on top of cake. Very pretty.

Ice your cake on top and sides, and when nearly dry stick in blanched almonds with points upwards, large raisins, and lay here and there thin strips of fig. This is called the rustic cake, and is very beautiful.

A cake iced with either white or pink icing and English walnuts placed here and there on the top is a pretty style. Slices of orange also look well.

Try covering the top layer with a thin coat of icing and then sprinkling it with crushed rock candy, pink and white.

A bunch of crystallized grapes looks charming laid on top of a cake. The grapes are to be dipped in frothed white of egg and then dusted with sugar and allowed to dry.

A small bouquet of choice cut flowers can be placed in the center of a cake, the ends being concealed in the open space.

Nothing can be prettier than to have a cake iced top and sides and covered thickly with cocoanut prepared on a revolving grater. It resembles fine curly shavings. No words can convey to you an idea of the delicate beauty of this design.—*Wives and Daughters.*

A Preventive for Moths.

"Have you anything that is sure death to moths?" said an anxious-looking housekeeper of a druggist the other day, says the Chicago *News*.

The druggist smiled, looked as though he would like to say "chestnuts," but answered: "Do you belong to the much-persecuted multitude of Chicago housekeepers. Well, for articles to be packed away in boxes or drawers there are several things I can recommend. Some people prefer one remedy, some another. You will find some families putting their faith and their winter clothes in snuff or tobacco. Others favor red pepper, but for many years I have used camphor, and consider that the best of anything. There is nothing disagreeable about it, and moths don't seek it as a regular diet, in fact will never come where there is a camphor odor."

"Doesn't it evaporate quickly?"

"No. Put in good-sized pieces and there is no danger from that source. A piece as large as your fist in six months or a year will be the size of a hickory nut, and the odor will penetrate every box or drawer where the clothing is packed.

"Cedar chips are also a preventive," he continued. "Sprinkle them in among goods packed away and you will have no moths. But they are not very easily obtained. Sometimes they can be found at a cigar-box factory, but there not enough to make their use very general."

"The best way of all," he added, "is to have a large cedar chest and pack everything in that. But such chests are expensive, and common mortals must content themselves with other methods."

"Can moths be kept out of things that are in everyday use, like carpets, furniture, curtains, etc.?"

"A good housekeeper should never be troubled with moths in a carpet, for if it is swept thoroughly, especially the edges and corners, moths will not make it their abiding place. Newspapers laid under a carpet are said to be an effective aid in driving away these troublesome pests, but hard sweepings are more reliable. If a room is to be shut up for any length of time something should be sprinkled over the floor."

"Portieres and all curtains must have frequent shakings or the moth millers will be sure to lodge in their folds. The great object is to keep them out of a house, for when they once locate and take up a claim, they have the 'squatter's right,' and only force can drive them out."

"But how are the unfortunates who already have them in their houses to get rid of them?"

"For such cases I know of nothing better than some of the moth powders. The other things I have mentioned are preventives against moths, but these powders kill the moths themselves."

"Are they poisonous?"

"No. They are perfectly harmless. The moths do not eat the powder, but are suffocated by it. The powders are made from a tree that grows in Persia, and will kill anything that has a lung. Sprinkle it plentifully around a room where there are moths, shut up the room for a while, and what moth heaven gains, we lose. The powders are good to put under carpets, and if a house is to be closed, should be liberally used in every room. A carbolic acid solution is also very good for anything that can be dampened without injury."

Home-Recipes.

ALWAYS RELIABLE PIE-CRUST.—Weigh five ounces of fresh lard, half a pound of flour, take a pinch of salt, and not quite half a teacupful of very cold water. Put the salt into the flour, rub the lard thoroughly into it and mix it quickly with the cold water into a dough, and roll out. This quantity makes upper and under crust for one large pie.

PARSLEYED POTATOES.—Peel, quarter, and wash as many potatoes as required, boil quickly in salted water until just tender, strain at once, and let them steam for a few seconds over the fire; add a liberal piece of butter and let it melt over the potatoes. Then strew over them some finely chopped parsley, cover, and taking the handle with one hand and holding the lid down with the other, shake the saucepan so that the potatoes turn over a few times, then dish at once. This is an excellent way of preparing old potatoes.

CORN MEAL WAFFLES.—It is during the spring that the waffle-iron is generally brought out from its temporary seclusion. If, however, the iron happens to be a new one, don't count on it to supply you with respectable waffles the first or even the second time. The chances are that only the chickens will profit by these bakings. We do not know of anything except use that will keep a new iron from sticking. It should be first boiled in water with potato parings and hay, and then greased and set in the oven to burn off. Repeat this operation several times, and then experiment some time when you have another dessert to fall back on. Don't spare the grease, but use plenty of butter or sweet drippings, and have it smoking hot. Very nice waffles are made from one cup each of corn meal and flour through which has been sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt, the beaten yolks of three eggs, and one and a quarter cups of milk; then the beaten whites, and lastly a tablespoonful of melted butter. If sour milk or cream is used instead of sweet milk, substitute a half teaspoonful of soda for the baking powder.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Noisy Toucan Bird.

In the window of a bird store up town, says the New York *Telegram*, is exhibited a large bird of such curious appearance that he draws general attention from strangers.

Black as a raven, the bird has a bright yellow breast, with a touch of white over and red beneath the tail; its eyes look like big black beads set in light green buttons the size of a five-cent piece; but the peculiar feature is the bill, which is six inches or more in length, over half as long as the body, about as long as the broad tail, and brightly colored in yellow and green, the hooked tip of red.

The bird is a Toucan, from South America. Said the dealer:

"The bird looks clumsy in the cage, almost ungainly, as though his bill weighed a pound, but when hopping around among the monkeys of his native forest he is distinguished for his grace and dexterity.

"The Toucans never fly far, but they jump like cats through the trees, always in flocks, making as much noise as a sawmill. This poor fellow is silent enough here, you wouldn't suppose he was such a jabberer, now, would you? But a lonely prisoner in a strange land, you can't blame him. Business is business, you know; I can sell the birds and feed the little mouths in the home nest, but I do feel sorry for some of them, they seem to lose their spirits so, and even if they eat and keep well they have the blues all the time; others, though, don't mind, and are as chipper as if they were flying around in the open air where they came from. Good deal like human beings, they are, after all; what will break one man's heart another won't lose a meal over."

"What do you feed this bird?" asked the reporter.

"Fish, soft fruits, eggs—none of 'em go begging with him. At home he'd eat small birds, and snakes, and eggs, and flower bugs; if you look at the bill inside—see here," and the dealer opened the bird's bill till the hole was big enough to take in a boa constrictor, "do you see these saw like edges? Well, he saws off the top of the flowers and picks out the insects with this long, slender tongue of his; once the insects get speared in the little barbs that point outward all over the tongue, and they're done for. You bet he's a hustler if he wants anything to eat. The bill isn't as strong as it looks, though; is sort of spongy, but it has bones in its mouth to help it out. He can get away with about anything he wants, I guess. They feed in flocks, and have one fellow posted as sentinel; his cry of warning if anything goes wrong sounds like the word 'tucano'; that's where the name comes from.

"The toucan is not bad eating, itself, it is said, although its flesh is a little tough. Its brilliant plumage often costs the bird its life. Then they play havoc in their fruit raids. The broods are small, only two eggs being laid. The nest is a hole in a tree.

The Rabbit Pest in California.

In California the mule-hare or jack-rabbit as it is called, has of late years developed into a pest. Vineyards and young orchards are the scenes of its operations during the summer seasons, when all other vegetation has turned to russet. The juicy young shoots of the vine and the tender bark of fruit trees are, at that period, seductive morsels to the jack-rabbit, and, like its English cousin, it gets in most of its work under the cover of darkness. The rapid development of grape-culture throughout the State, especially in the northern and central counties, has made the jack-rabbit an undesirable neighbor. The chief method hitherto employed to control its operations has been to fence it out. The objection to this plan has been the expense, as it necessitates the construction of a close picket fence, whereas an ordinary rail fence will keep out almost every other depredating animal. In the San Joaquin Valley round-ups have been devised for the extermination of the pest, and the experiments made in that direction have been very satisfactory. Last year thousands of jack-rabbits were slaughtered in Tulare Valley at one of these round-ups. Every settler in the district turned out and performed his share in driving the animals into an enormous corral prepared expressly for the purpose. This week the experience was repeated with fair success, the rainy weather interfering somewhat with the operations of the drovers.

If these round-ups were systematically conducted in all of the valleys of the State during the winter season, there would soon be an end of the jack-rabbit pest in California. The animal is migratory in its habits. In the summer it ascends the hills and works on the unprotected orchards and vineyards during the night, retreating under the cover of chaparral and forest during the day. As the rainy seasons set in, the jack-rabbits descend again into the valleys and gather in vast numbers on the great plains, where round-ups, like those adopted at Bakersfield this week and in other parts of the San Joaquin Valley last year, are easy to carry out, if all the settlers will only co-operate.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Loftiest Inhabited Country.

Thibet, most of which is just becoming known to Europeans, is divided by General S. T. Walker, of the Royal Geographical Society, into a southern zone, 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the sea, containing all the towns and villages of the settled population; a middle zone, 12,000 to 14,000 feet high, comprising the pasture lands of the nomad Bodpas, or pure Thibetans; and a northern zone, 14,000 to 17,500 feet above the sea, partly occupied at certain seasons by Turkish and Mongolian nomads, but mostly abandoned to wild animals. The country is about 14,000 miles long by 600 miles wide.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Military Discipline Saved Him.

Military dicipline aims to give the soldier such training that he shall never lose his head, and in an emergency shall do the very thing he ought to do. A soldier in India, the sergeant-major of the regiment, one morning was drilling a dozen recruits, when a tiger charged across the parade ground straight at him. The sergeant immediately dropped on one knee, holding his musket with the bayonet fixed, as if about to receive a charge of cavalry. The tiger, not liking the point of the bayonet, made a spring over it and the sergeant, knocking off his shako, and rushed into the neighboring jungle.

Mismated.

Wife—"I hear that young Mr. Sissy and Miss Gushington are to be married."

Husband—"Is that so?"

Wife—"Yes, but the union will never be a happy one."

Husband—"Why not?"

Wife—"Because he parts his hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."—*Epoch.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

Gas lighting was introduced in New York in 1823-4.

Modern history dates from the age of Charlemagne, about 800.

The invention of the Æolian harp is ascribed to Kirchner, 1620.

Pink teas are more fashionable than green teas, but are less common.

Georgia has a silver-throated mule. It is a case of veterinary tracheotomy.

Venice, first governed by a doge in 698, was dispoiled of its Italian possessions in 1509.

A peasant has just died in Austria-Hungary who was 142 years of age. He left a son aged 115 years and a grandson of 85.

Iceland is called the "land of ducks," from the fact that the only native bird is the eider duck, which abounds in that region.

Miss Mollie Lockhart, of Socorro, New Mexico, has a parrot that sits on its perch and sings "Mollie Darling" all day long.

The latest Arkansas sensation is a boy with two heads and faces, one arm and three legs, upon which it stands tripod-fashion.

The first telegraph line was opened between Baltimore and Washington in 1844. The first photograph had been made forty-two years before.

Simon Marius in Germany, and Galileo in Italy, were the first who made telescopes of a length suitable for astronomical observations.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Hullit, of Landisfield, Mass., have been married seventy-one years. Both were born in 1791. Their marriage was solemnized in 1815.

A big Brahma hen belonging to a Baltimore man has distinguished herself by laying an egg that was about the size of a cherry and weighed only seventy-one grains.

The monkeys are so thick in the State of Tabasco, Mexico, that it is almost impossible to build a telegraph line. They all get on the wire and swing until it breaks.

The pineapple is an American plant, early introduced by Europeans into Asia and Africa. It has been found wild in Mexico, Panama, and in the northern part of South America.

An Albany (N. Y.) lady had a parrot that suddenly became dumb. She took the bird to a doctor, who found a tumor in its throat which had put its linguistic apparatus out of order. The tumor was cut out and polly is now herself again.

A man in Lima, Ohio, recently received from friends in Wattsville, Penn., a letter that it took him nearly all night to read. It was written on foolscap paper, the sheets being pasted together, and was exactly 27 feet and 10 inches long.

A remarkable phonomenon has lately been noticed near Cairo, Ga., on the line of the Savannah, Florida & Western Railway. Frequent swelling of the earth's surface has been observed, and it is reported that at one point, for a distance of twenty yards, the railroad track is occasionally raised a foot or more during a single night.

A Clown's Expensive Fun.

The Russian clown, Turoff, of the Petersburg Ciniselli Circus, trotted a well-trained and knowing-looking hog out into the arena, and caused it to carry and fetch sundry objects in obedience to his orders in the most approved canine style. The audience was delighted, and insisted on an encore, whereon the clown threw a paper rouble note into the arena and ordered the pig to fetch it to him. Piggy trotted up to the note, sniffed at it disdainfully, and finally, notwithstanding the vituperations and objurgations of the clown, deliberately turned its back upon the note and trotted away. On seeing this, the clown shrugged his shoulders, and addressing the pig, exclaimed: "Well, after all, you are not to be blamed! If a man like Wishnegradski (the Minister of Finance) is unable to raise the rouble note, surely one cannot expect a poor ignorant pig, like yourself, to do so!" The Minister of Finance was indignant, and on the following day the clown was summoned into the presence of General Gresser, chief of the city police, and ordered by him to jail for a period of three days. On emerging from prison, the clown waited until one night, when General Gresser, with his family, was present at the performance in one of the boxes. As soon as he saw the chief of police, the clown drove a whole troupe of trained pigs into the arena, and made them squat down all in a row on chairs. Thereupon he explained to the public that, during his imprisonment, he had attempted to pass away the time by learning German, and then, with the object of showing the audience what progress he had made, he turned to the pigs, and addressed them in that language. Commencing with the smallest pig, he exclaimed, as he tenderly patted its snout: "You are only a little pig, but you," he added, to the next one, "are greaser (the German patois for bigger), and you," turning to the third, "are also greaser, while you," turning to the fourth, "are a very big pig." The audience fairly roared with laughter, but General Gresser considered that he had been grossly and publicly insulted, and immediately left the building. The same night the clown was arrested, and when last heard of, poor Turoff was on his way to Siberia, where, at hard labor in the salt-mines, he will have time to reflect on the folly of poking fun at the chief of the Czar's police.—*Agonist.*

A Pair of Geological Puzzles.

The Grecian island of Cephalonia, in the Mediterranean, contains two rather remarkable natural phenomena. The first is a rock which oscillates several inches to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, pressing firmly against a fixed rock one moment and directly afterward opening a space into which the clenched hand may be thrust. The motion is due to some unknown cause, having been found to be quite independent of the sea's action. In the other phenomenon about half a million gallons of water daily flows upon the land by four inlets and is sucked into the earth. The water has been collected in a short canal to drive two mills, but disappears among the rocks, with no visible outlet, after being thus used.

Fate of an Inquisitive Fish.

A while ago an inquisitive fish was examining a thermometer that had been sunk about a half mile under the surface of the Pacific Ocean by the scientific party on the Buccaneer. A weight, which was suddenly sent down the wire while the fish was nosing around the top of the instrument, killed the unfortunate creature, and he was pinioned fast between the weight and the thermometer. From the fish's point of view things would seem to have reached a pretty pass if the resources of civilization are going to reach down a half mile into the ocean, and crush the inhabitants thereof to death by machinery.—*New York Sun.*

Two ragged Italian children, who were arrested in Chicago while gathering cigar stumps on the streets, explained that they sold the discarded weeds to a fellow countryman for fifteen cents a pound, and that they were "made into cigarettes."

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no new-set on to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic constipation, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Hearts may be honest, but they are always on the beat.

Sypher & Co. of New York, the antiquarians, are purchasers, at all times, of Colonial and other relics, such as portraits and letters of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, Presidents, Generals and all celebrities of the period of the Revolution. Also old silver, china, furniture and curious articles generally. Parties desiring to dispose of anything in the above line would do well to correspond with that firm. Their address is 160 Broadway, and they were established in 1831.

It doesn't take a kitten long to win his purrs.

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or of any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

A murderous act—To open the mail.

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"After the failure of three skillful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Cuticura Ointment. I have now used four bottles of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old and has been afflicted since he was six months of age."—MRS. R. SANDERSON, 36 Newhall St., Lowell, Mass.

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CURES

Chicken Cholera and all Diseases of Poultry.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Mix a pill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the throat. Mix some corn-meal dough with the Oil. Give nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured.

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B N U 23

To clear out hot dogs, use ROUGH ON RATS with grease and smear about their haunts, and put a 15c. box of it in a pint of benzine and use as a douche mixture. **BED BUGS** in cracks and crevices where grease cannot be applied. For Water Bugs, Beetles, Roaches, &c. For two or three nights sprinkle ROUGH ON RATS dry powder, in, about and down the sink, drain pipe. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret is in the fact that wherever insects are in the house they must drink during the night. For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, etc., a teaspoonful of the powder, well shaken in a keg of water, and applied with sprinkling pot, spray syringe, or whisk broom. Keep it well stirred up. 15c., 25c. and $1 Boxes.—AGT. sim. See full directions with boxes. **GROUND SQUIRRELS, RABBITS,** Sparrows, Gophers, Chipmunks, cleared out by Rough on Rats. See directions.

ROUGH ON MALARIA Knocks Malaria, Fever and Ague, Chills, higher than a kite. $1.00 at Druggists, or prepaid by Ex. for $1.50. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

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GOLD is worth $20 per lb. Tetlitz's Eye Powder worth $100, but is sold at 25c. a box for

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THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be a most wonderful remedy, ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A POWERFUL TONIC. **As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For "overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses," shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A SOOTHING NERVINE. **As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous irritability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A MOTHER'S CORDIAL. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine,** carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach, and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in conjunction with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause*, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. MRS. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment as fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Retroverted Womb.—MRS. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.*, writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—MRS. F. CORWIN, of *Port Creek, N. Y.*, writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you, and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. MRS. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland