FURNITURE!

TOMPKINS & WILLIAMS

Have filled their store from cellar to garret with all of the latest styles of goods for spring trade.

We Cannot be Undersold! Our trade shows it, and Our Costomers will tell you so!

We get our Mattresses from the East,
Our Parlor Suits from Chicago,
Our Chamber Suits from Grand Rapids
This will enable us to give you all the latest styles, best goods and

LOWEST PRICES!

250 styles of chairs,
25 styles of chamber suits,
40 styles of lounges,
20 styles of parlor suits,
25 styles of center tables,
20 styles of beds.

Spring Mattresses, Side Boards, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Dish Closets, Milk Safes, Clothes Bars, Commodes, Bureaus and headquarters for Curtain Poles.

And w[illegible]y any House in Detroit to Undersell Us!

NOTE PRICES:

Nice Chamber Suit for	$18 00
Fine Lounge for	5 00
Center Tables for	3 00
Extension Tables, per foot	65
A Good Bed for	2 75
Plush Parlor Suit for	45 00
Curtain Poles for	50
Pillow Sham Holders for	75

Space will not permit us to give all of our prices. If you will come and see us you will find our stock is complete in everything and our prices way down.

All Goods delivered free by team or by rail a distance of 25 miles.

Tompkins & Williams
PONTIAC, MICH.

WHITEHEAD AND MITCHELL

Do not claim to lead the crowd, but can always be found near the head along with the rest of the boys, and will as we always guarantee the quality to be as represented on no sale. Thanking our patrons for their continued favors in the past four years, we start the fifth year of trade with brighter prospects than ever for a good year's trade before us. Our

DRUG STOCK

is complete and full in every department. Prescriptions at all hours, day or night, and family recipes carefully compounded from the best of Drugs and purity guaranteed in every case. A full stock of Patent Medicines always on hand.

GROCERIES!

We keep all kinds and with prices right we ask you to call and see us.
OUR 50 cent SUN DRIED TEA is the best in the market
OUR 40 cent SUN DRIED TEA, is extra good
OUR 20 cent TEA DUST, takes the cake
TRY OUR 50 cent New Orleans Molasses
TRY OUR 40 cent Cooking Molasses
Cod Fish, Mackerel, White Fish and Trout, and all good goods kept by Grocers both in the staple and Fancy lines.

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Any article in the above lines called for not in stock will be cheerfully supplied at the lowest possible price.

GARDEN SEEDS.

We have accepted the agency for the sale of Hiram Sibley's seeds, both in package and bulk and ask your inspection of the same.

Furniture.

Good Carpet Lounge	$5 00
Best Corded Woven Wire Bed Springs	3 00
Kitchen Chairs per set	3 00
Parlor Cane Seat Chairs, per set	5 00
Solid Comfort Bed Spring	2 50
Mattresses from $3 00 to	5 00
Cradles	1 50
Clothes Bars	1 50

Bedsteads from $3 00 up

Glass, Paints, Oils, Putty, Varnishes, etc

A full stock of Fahnstocks S. P. White Lead on hand. Boydell Bros. ready mixed paint in sizes from one quart to 40 gallon packages.

Are You Going To Paint That Buggy?

Then buy a package of that buggy paint already to use which, with one coat gives a blacker finish than all the paint you can buy and then have to varnish it to get a shiny finish, and all with only one coat.

NOTARY BUSINESS.

All kinds of Conveyancing, Contracts, Deeds, etc. drawn up at the homes of our patrons if desired, or promptly attended to by calling at our office. And lastly our

Credit Check System

is still running very satisfactory to all our patrons and is in fact a discount for cash of 5 per cent on all purchases except Sugar and many of our customers have used it in the past eight or more of these checks.

WE THANK YOU ALL

for past favors and promise for the coming years prompt attention and close application to the wants of our trade and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. Your Respectfully

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

ESTHER TALBOT.

A Lancashire Story.

From the Youth's Companion.

"She is as bonnie a Lancashire lassie as ever the sun shone on!"

"Yes, she is very bonnie."

"So merry and witty, too! Why, she has almost a genius for relating an anecdote. My daughters are fairly in love with her. They call her a 'Lancashire Rose,' and would like to have her at the Rectory as much as possible."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of another parishioner, much to Mr. Newton's relief. He was an uncle of the "Lancashire Rose," and for reasons he could not give, was unable to join in Mrs. Lawson's—the clergyman's wife—praise of his niece.

Mr. Lawson had but lately been appointed to Brenton church, and so was not very intimately acquainted with his interesting parishioner. He had come to Brenton, a busy, populous town in Lancashire, from a quiet, sleepy country parish in Cheshire.

Amongst the most refined and well-to-do of his new parishioners was the Talbot family. They lived in the widest, most respectable street in the township, and rented one of the large family pews, which they filled every Sabbath.

Mrs. Talbot was a gentle, indulgent, self-sacrificing woman, wholly devoted to her husband, children and home. But she was not strong, and often had days of distress, when she was unable to leave her room. One bright warm afternoon in May, about two weeks before the great Lancashire holiday, Whitsuntide or Whit-week, as it is more commonly called, Mrs. Talbot was busy ironing, when a sudden faintness, followed by a severe headache, obliged her to give up her work.

Esther was in the sitting-room, finishing a bonnet she had been making for herself, and which was almost a marvel of simplicity and good taste. The shape of the bonnet was a la mode, but the style of trimming was original though not singular, and many a fashionable lady would willingly have given for it as many sovereigns as it had cost shillings.

"My dear, I have a severe headache. I am going upstairs to lie down. Will you finish the ironing for me? And keep the children quiet when they come home from school."

Esther did not lift her head, or look at her mother, who stood waiting for a reply. It seemed a long time before any response came, and the mother stood there, with a pained, anxious expression on her face. Then Esther threw down the bonnet abruptly, saying,—

"I suppose I must, if you say so, but you know I hate ironing! I never can have half an hour for myself!"

Her mother did not remind her that she had been sewing at least two hours, but pale and grieved, she went slowly up stairs.

When the children came from school, the ironing was finished, and the bonnet also, the latter laid carefully away not to be worn until the eventful Whit-Monday.

Several times Esther's better nature prompted her to take her mother a cup of tea, but she put away the thought, saying to herself,—

"She will be down to tea when father comes home."

She busied herself getting the children their supper, and treating them to many a sharp word, of which they took but little heed, only saying to each other, when Esther left the room, "Oh, she's in one of her tantrums again!"

When they had finished their tea, Maggie, a sweet, thoughtful little maiden, next in age to Esther, went softly upstairs, and gently opening the door to her mother's room, looked in, and seeing her laying on the bed, apparently asleep, went quietly away again.

But her mother saw her, as she noiselessly closed the door, and a pleased look came into her face, while she murmured, "My blessed little Maggie! If Esther were as loving and thoughtful, what a comfort she would be!"

It was the Saturday night before Whit-Sunday, and hundreds of tired mothers in Lancashire had gone to rest, glad that the time so long looked forward to by the children, and for which they had been preparing, was so near at hand. Esther Talbot, too, had been unusually busy, helping her mother get the younger children's clothes in readiness.

She had noticed, with some uneasiness, that her mother seemed wearied and looked pale, and coughed a good deal, and she began to fear lest something might occur to keep her at home on the eventful Whit-Monday.

The day came at last, and such a lovely Whit-Monday morning had not been known for years. Soon after seven o'clock the streets were alive with brightfaced, happy-looking children, dressed in their new frocks and hats. Here and there were knots of proud, happy mothers, watching their children go up the street, and then they waited in groups in the principal street to see them come in procession with the other members of the various schools.

Very early on this never-to-be-forgotten morning Mr. Talbot went to Esther, who was still in a sound, healthy sleep, and said, "My dear, your mother is very ill. You must wash and dress the children, and get them ready for the procession. I will call, on my way to the office, and leave a message for Dr. Roberts."

Then he hurried downstairs. Esther sprang from her bed, and drew aside the window curtain. When she saw what a lovely morning it was, she allowed a perfect storm of anger and disappointment to rage within her. There was not the slightest feeling of sympathy for the indulgent mother, who had never allowed her to miss any innocent pleasure upon which she had set her heart, and who, even then, was thinking not of her own suffering, but of the great disappointment it would be for Esther to stay at home.

The children were at breakfast. Esther was too angry and disappointed to eat. She took a basin of gruel up stairs to her mother, set the little tray down by the bedside, and without looking or speaking, turned to leave the room. Mrs. Talbot was hurt beyond any power of words to express. Her heart was pierced as no sword could have pierced it. Never before had she realized so bitterly how "Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

But she said gently, "My poor child, you cannot know how sorry I am to be ill to-day"—

"There's no use in being sorry now," interrupted the unfeeling girl, hurrying out of the room, and shutting the door with a snap.

When the children were quite ready, they went to kiss their mother, and found her dressed and ready to go downstairs. She smiled, and kissed them passionately, telling them to be good, and keep with their teacher when they were coming home.

As she stooped to kiss Maggie, a violent pain seized her, and she turned quickly away, grasping firmly at the dressing-table for support. The child, alarmed at the sight of her mother's white face, clasped her arms about her, crying,—

"O mamma! mamma! you are ill! Let me stay with you! Let me call Esther!"

But the paroxysm had passed, and with an eager, nervous embrace, Mrs. Talbot dismissed the affectionate child, telling her she was "better now." Esther was clearing away the breakfast things when Mrs. Talbot entered the room. She started with surprise. Looking up, her eyes met those of her mother, and she will never forget the pained and wounded expression she saw on the pale, pinched face. Her heart, however, was not then softened, and when her mother said, in a low voice,—

"Esther, you may go. If you are quick in dressing, you will be ready to join the procession as it is passing the house," she at once left her work, and hurried to her room.

The eager girl now resolutely put away from her the thought that her mother was really ill, and needed her love and care. With feverish haste she made her toilette, putting on the pretty suit that had cost her many hours of labor. About her neck she arranged a delicate white lace ruffle, in which she fastened a handsome gold brooch, a gift from her father on her last birthday; then she took out the lovely little bonnet she had so longed to wear, but would not put on till to-day lest some other girl should get one trimmed as near like it as possible. Now the pretty gloves were on, and she was quite ready.

She could hear the strains of music from the brass band that always accompanied their "School" on Whit-Monday; so, putting her purse and lace-bordered handkerchief hastily in her pocket, and taking one last look into the mirror, she ran lightly down stairs, through the hall, and out at the front door just in time to take her appointed place between the rector's daughters.

She was fully conscious, however, of the looks of admiration with which she was regarded as she stepped across the broad flagged sidewalk.

Mrs. Talbot had walked into the parlor and was standing behind the lace curtains watching the scholars go by. She saw how lovely Esther looked, but, for the first time, felt no joy in her child's beauty. Her heart had been too sorely wounded by her wilfull and heartless conduct.

As the scholars moved on, she saw her other treasures among the younger children. They were looking at the house as they passed, and when they caught sight of their mother, who had drawn the curtains aside and was looking eagerly and lovingly towards them, they waved their hands and shouted in great glee.

The mother watched them move away with a strange, half-sad, wholly passionate desire to hold them to her heart once more, then, turning from the window, she burst into an agony of tears.

Two hours later Mr. Talbot came home. He lifted the heavy brass knocker and let it fall gently for fear of disturbing his sick wife. Imagine his surprise when she herself opened the door! Somehow he seemed to understand why she was alone, and spared her the pain of telling him what had occurred. But he inwardly resolved that Esther should be made to feel his displeasure at her heartless conduct.

Soon after the doctor called, and at once ordered his patient to bed. Then he told Mr. Talbot a nurse must be sent for immediately. Before he left he gave some important directions and said he would return in an hour. "She has had some shock or grief, and I am afraid it will aggravate what would otherwise have been a serious matter." Then he hurried away, to attend to his other patients, leaving Mr. Talbot sorely distressed.

All the schools belonging to the diocese of Manchester met, as usual, in Albert Square, then, after singing the National Anthem, joined in one long, grand procession, and passed along the principal streets of Manchester. The windows of every hotel and warehouse and office along the route were filled with spectators, and many of the street corners had some sort of platform, on which men and women were standing.

Very few persons can see the pretty sight without being moved. Hundreds of people reckon it among their annual treats. Many of the parish schools had their own brass band, a few of them had a drum and fife band composed of scholars who attend the school. They all practice the same hymns and tunes, so, when one is struck up, it is played and sung all along the line; and the music and singing by the children; the large, handsome silk banners, whose long cords with silk tassels are carried by little girls dressed in white; the smaller banners; the wreaths and bouquets of flowers; the clergymen in their robes; the church wardens carrying their staff of office, and last, but not least, the boys and girls from the industrial schools, all form a sight which once seen is never forgotton.

There were many fair and pretty faces; many "bonnie girls," as the Lancashire people say, in that long line of Sunday scholars; but none fairer or bonnier than Esther Talbot. Almost every time she raised her eyes she encountered some glance of admiration, and, as that was what she coveted, all thought of her mother was banished from her mind.

When the procession was over, most of the elder scholars formed parties and went to finish the day, with their teachers or parents, or at some favorite resort, while the younger ones returned to their own churches, to feast on buns and milk.

Esther had resolved to go directly home and not join any party. She thought if she gave the rest of the day to her mother, she could easily atone for having left her in the morning. But her friends urged her so persistently to join them, and the warm, bright sunshine seemed to promise such a delightful day in the country, that at length she yielded, thinking that for that day she would enjoy herself to the utmost, and afterwards would try to be "a better girl to her mother."

At any rate, all remorseful thoughts and good resolutions were entirely gone when, an hour later, she walked the old-fashioned country lanes. The blue air; the glad song of the birds; the tangled beauty of the hedgerows; the sweet simple wild flowers; the white, fleecy, fantastically-shaped clouds that floated slowly along the "blue etherial sky;" and the companionship of her happy young friends, who had made her the belle and queen of their little circle,—all caused her to forget everything but the enjoyment which this day of days had so long promised.

It was about nine o'clock when the friend who had been her most constant companion all day left Esther at her father's door. She would not allow him to knock for her, but bade him a hurried good-night. Now that the pleasure and excitement of the day were over, a strange trembling and foreboding seized her. Every word and look of her mother's flashed through her mind. There seemed to be a hush about the house, and she stood a few seconds half-afraid to lift the knocker.

Maggie answered her low, timid knock. The child's face was swollen and tear-stained, and Esther turned sick with apprehension as she followed her to the sitting room. She paused just inside the door, taking in every detail of the scene before her. On each side of the broad, comfortable sofa lay one of the children, still in their holliday clothes. She saw they had cried themselves to sleep. Maggie had sat down in a low chair, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mr. Newton, her uncle, was at the table, his head buried in his hands; his wife sat in Mrs. Talbot's rocking-chair, the little four-year-old Rosie asleep in her lap. She looked up at Esther, who stood with wide-opened eyes and blanched cheeks, not daring to ask the meaning of what she saw, and there was no pity in her look nor in the low, bitter tone in which she said,—

"You ungrateful, heartless girl! How could you go away this morning when you knew your mother was suffering?"

"Hush, hush, wife!" said uncle Newton, in a hoarse whisper. "Don't reproach her now. Her punishment will be great enough. She has a whole lifetime to repent of it."

Then Esther knew that her mother was dead!

Far on in the night, when all the others had briefly forgotten their sorrow in sleep, Esther knelt by the bed on which her mother lay so white and still. She did not sob nor cry, but her heart was ready to burst with its terrible weight of remorse and grief.

"If I could only live this day over again! If I could only hear you say you forgave me! O mother! mother!"

Mr. Talbot had entered the room, and in the dim light would scarcely have seen Esther had he not heard those words. Laying his hand upon her head, in a voice tremulous with grief, he said, "Your mother did forgive you, Esther; and left you her dying blessing. She desired to live until you came home, that she might see you once more, but you were long in coming, dear. There! there! My poor child, you must not give way like this! I did not mean to reproach you."

From that day Esther has been a changed girl. She did love her mother, but it was a sad thing that only her mother's death could make her realize it. And now every Whit-Monday is consecrated to her memory. With the children, the mother's grave is visited and fragrant flowers laid upon it; but flowers on the grave cast no fragrance backward over the years that are gone. And with bowed head, in her heart she cries, "O mother! mother! would I had brought to you, while you lived, all that my heart now offers you of love and gratitude!"

And yet, at that grave there always comes a feeling of rest and peace to her repentant, sorrowing heart. And she goes forth once more to her home-duties, earnestly striving to be all she should be to the loved ones now dependent upon her.

Who May Bear Arms.

From the Dubuque Herald.

The United States Supreme Court has rendered an elaborate opinion on an interesting question of constitutional law never before passed by that tribunal. It is on that amendment to the constitution which declares "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State the right of a people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The law of Illinois prohibits any military organization except the State militia, to parade in public without license. The captain of a German society that had paraded with arms was tried and sentenced for a violation of this law. The prisoner raised and carried to the United States Supreme Court the objection that the statute under which he had been convicted was contrary to several provisions of the federal constitution, and notably that which guarantees to the people the right to keep and bear arms. The court sustains the law. It says: "Military organizations and military drill and parade under arms are subjects especially under the control of the government of every country. They cannot be claimed as a right independent of law. Under our political system they are subject to the regulation and control of the State and Federal governments acting in due regard to their respective prerogatives and powers. The constitution and laws of the United States will be searched in vain for any support to the view that these rights are privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States independent of some specific legislation on the subject."

Edmunds While Speaking.

A Washington correspondent describes Senator Edmunds while speaking as follows: "He rises slowly, and you are surprised to see how tall he is. Six feet and more, he has a large frame, and his shoulders have that bend known as the student's stoop. He is a physical giant—or he might be if he put himself under the training of John L. Sullivan. He wears dark clothes, and his long frock coat is unbuttoned as he talks. He speaks in articulate tones, in a strong voice with a slight nasal twang. He goes on steadily and easily. He never halts for a word, and though his speech is not written, it will read as smoothly in to-morrow's Record as though it had been polished for weeks. He does not deal much in metaphor, does not grow excited, and he expects evidently that he will have more weight from what he says than how he says it. He gestures somewhat, and his motions are short, sharp, and occasionally violent. Now and then he puts one hand in his pocket and brings the other arm down with the finger extended in enforcing a point. Now he churns the air with both hands, and now he holds his iron spectacles down in front of him, and delivers his words with no gestures whatever. Though his speech is purely argumentative, it holds the attention to the end, and you can see that his brother Senators feel that it is one of the great efforts of the session."

Early Rising Made Easy.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

A Parisian millionaire, M. Lang, has recently had made for him a wonderful bed, which is certainly one of the most luxurious pieces of furniture we have yet heard of. If only it could become universal, what a boon it would be to early risers! The description makes one envy the possessor. The bed itself is a model of comfort, and the following devices have been adopted to render rising from it as little unpleasent as possidle. When it is time to get up a chime of bells ring. The occupant continues to sleep. Suddenly a candle is lit by a clever mechanical arrangement. The sleeper rubs his eyes, and an invisible hand proceeds to divest him of his nightcap. By means of electricty a spirit lamp with coffee-roasting apparatus affixed next begins to burn. The water soon boils, and the smell of coffee fills the room with a delicious fragrance. Luxuriously reveling in a crowd of agreeable sensations, the occupant, now just beginning to awake, is soothed by sounds proceeding from a costly musical box. At length the bells ring out another merry peal, and at the foot of the bed a card with "Levezvous" ("get up") inscribed on it appears. If this invitation is without effect, a powerful mechanism lifts the occupant up bodily from his bed and deposits him on the floor.

This is the Season

When a good medicine is a necessity. The impure state of the blood, the deranged digestion, and the weak condition of the body, all call for the purifying, regulating, and strengthening influences so happily and effectively combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, cures headache and dyspepsia, and expels every taint of scrofula from the blood.

"I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla as an experiment, as I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor. I had tried several different kinds of medicine without receiving any benefit. But as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles, and I never was so well." Mrs. Jessie F. Dolbeare, Pascoag, R. I.

"Having been afflicted with a complication of disorders, the result of impure blood, I took Hood's sarsaparilla, and the result was perfectly satisfactory." Mrs. J. Barton, New Haven, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Hope for the Hopeless.

Dr. J. M. Lazo, a well known physician of Detroit, has recently invented machinery for treating consumption. It manufactures its own oxygen and works in such a way that the medicated air is carried to every portion of the lungs, thus accomplishing what many have sought to do, but have heretofore failed of. The fact is apparent that if healing medicines are applied directly to affected parts, the result can not help but be beneficial. The Dr. has heretofore been modest about putting his name before the public, but we consider that as he has the means in his power to vastly benefit afflicted humanity it is his duty to do so. Anyone wishing to correspond with him with regard to it can do so by addressing the Michigan Pneumo-Medical Institute, 277 Jefferson ave., Detroit, Mich.

The university of southern California has received bequests of land and money to the value of $400,090.

We lie to God in prayer if we do not rely upon him after prayer.

A positive guarantee is given by the manufacturer of Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic that a 50 cent bottle of this remedy contains more curative properties than any dollar preparation. It promptly cures all stomach, kidney and liver troubles.

Over 300 veterans are sheltered at the soldiers' home.

It is estimated that 50,000 of the inhabitants of Glascow go to bed intoxicated every Saturday night.

A luxuriant head of hair adds to beauty and comeliness. Use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Remember! Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure fever and ague. It never fails.

The Great Eastern is to be moored at Gibralter as a coal hulk.

From the Mildest Ailment of the stomach to the deadliest epidemic fever, California Vinegar Bitters is conquering maladies which have defied the faculty. Dyspepsia, gout, rheumatism, urinary complaints, billousness, nervous disabilities, and all disorders not organic, are obliterated by this matchless vegetable tonic and alterative.

It is illegal in Paris for a newsdealer to lend out a newspaper to any one for reading purposes.

"We commenced selling Athlophoros about a year ago. We have had the best success with it of any rheumatic medicine we ever handled," writes druggist O. W. Halstead, of Mason, Michigan, and his experience is a common one.

Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.

Tennyson's "May Queen."

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

Picture frames made of paper pulp are the best in the market.

It Should be Generally Known

that the multitude of diseases of a scrofulous nature generally proceed from a torpid condition of the liver. The blood becomes impure because the liver does not act properly and work off the poison from the system, and the certain results are blotches, pimples, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers, or kindred affections, or settling upon the lungs and poisoning the delicate tissues, until ulceration, breaking down, and consumption is established. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, by acting upon the liver and purifying the blood, cure all these affections.

Thorough advertising, accompanied with honesty of purpose, is one of the surest stepping stones to success.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Pennsylvania has a larger number of post-offices than any other state.

We think we can cure a bad case of Back ache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

FOR THE LIVER FOR THE KIDNEYS
TAKE HOPS & MALT BITTERS.

It will cure any case of Liver and Kidney troubles when properly taken. It is a perfect renovator and invigorator. It cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Liver, Kidney and Urinary diseases, ... restoring the blood, ... enriching, ... Mind and Body ... Serious Illness of a Dangerous Character ... Diseases ...

THOUSANDS OF CASES of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved and in a short time perfectly cured by the use of Hops & Malt Bitters.

Do not get Hops and Malt Bitters confounded with other preparations of a similar name. Take Nothing but Hops & Malt Bitters if you want a cure.

HOPS & MALT BITTERS CO., DETROIT, MICH.

Many Years

ATHLOPHOROS ...

Remarked by B. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich.: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatism."

Always building up—paper makers.

The Three Outlets of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Paper was made of straw in Germany as early as 1756.

Burdock Blood Bitters taken after eating will relieve any feeling of weight or over fullness of the stomach. Sold everywhere.

Sulphite wood pulp is being used in Europe for making parchment paper.

Mrs. M. Schaenberger, Beaver Dam, Wis., writes: "We have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in our family for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Rheumatism. It cures every time."

The Mohammedans have ninety-nine names for God, but among them all they have not "Our Father."

W. H. Worthington, editor of the "Patrons of Husbandry," published at Columbus, Miss., writes under date of Feb. 25, 1882: "Your great remedy, Allen's Lung Balsam, I have used in my family for fifteen years for coughs and colds, and know it to be the best." 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

Nearly twenty million dollars were expended in Chicago last year erecting new buildings.

Making paper out of common prairie grass is being done at Quincy, Mo., a plant having been erected there for that purpose.

Have used Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure in my family as a general cough medicine. One of my children was quickly relieved of a severe attack of croup by it. I cheerfully recommend it. H. L. Covell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Mamam," said a shivering tramp, "will you give a poor fellow a chance to get warm." "Certainly," replied the woman kindly; "you can carry in that ton of coal, but don't burn yourself."

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Five dollars saved yearly in boots and shoes by using Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; cost only 25c.

SCRATCHES.—J. H. Shaffer, Madison, Wis., says: "I cured a horse of the worst case of scratches that I ever saw, with Veterinary Carbolisalve. 25 and 50c. at Druggists.

OH! MY BACK
Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.
QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY
THE BEST TONIC
Strengthens the Muscles, Steadies the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Miss Nellie Roper, Vandalia, Mich., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general debility ..."
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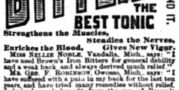

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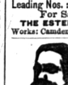
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