FURNITURE!

TOMPKINS AND 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, Mill Safes, Clothes Bars, Commodes, Bureaus and headquarters for Curtain Poles.

And w[illegible]fy 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 sell as low as any one and always guarantee the quality to be as represented or 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 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.

SHE KISSED ME

She kissed me, my beautiful darling,
I drank the delight of her lips;
The universe melted together,
Mortality stood in eclipse.
A spirit of light stood before me,
I heard a far rustle of wings;
The kings of the earth were as beggars,
And the beggars of earth were as kings.

RICHARD REALF.

MUTINY AND MURDER.

Man's Extremity Amid Wind and Wave.

American Rural Home.

We were becalmed in mid-Pacific. The sails swelled no more than if they had been molten sheets in the tropical sunshine. Yet there was something strange about the sea, for it was rough. We had been making good time the day before and I concluded we must have come into a region over which some storm had passed. It was the dry season, too, and I could not account for it. But a man finds a good many things on the high seas that he can't readily account for, however scientific he may pretend to land-lubbers to be.

When a man loves the sea, the deck of a ship is more to him than a palace, and the salt air and the heaving waves, life itself. But there are times when he would give something to have the solid earth to step upon, not in a storm, there he stands to his colors and trusts in Him who can say to the waves: "Peace, be still." But there are uglier things at sea than storms, things that rise up out of a seeming calm. These compared with storms seem to me like the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans—one stormy and fierce, the other tranquil for days together, but with a terrible element brewing in this stillnes.

There was on the deck of my good ship, "Vestigia," an atmosphere more oppressive than the tropic heat with the storm brooding in its heart. Like every sailor, I had faced the thought of shipwreck. But this dreadful, invisible something hanging over me was different, was a horror undreamed of, unendurable. Yet how could I tell that the dread of danger to my wife and baby boy who were with me had not conjured up a phantasy?

I tried vainly to tell myself that there was really nothing; there was something, intangible, shapeless, horrible, palpable at least to those fine perceptions which transcend the senses and often forerun them. I had not an enemy in the world, yes, possibly one, but if so, a man whom I had never seen, though I had cut sharply across his plans and purposes without being responsible. He was the nephew of my mother's uncle, his wife's nephew. He had been brought up with the old gentleman and expected to inherit the greater part of his property. But my uncle had left it all to me. Pierce Armitage trusted too much to the fact that my uncle disliked my father. Armitage was wild and lawless and when the money came to me, I was glad to be out of reach of his vindictiveness. I would have righted him if he had been dealt with unfairly, but he had been repeatedly warned by my uncle. What was this old story, however, to me in mid-Pacific? Yet, for all my endeavors, the shadow grew nearer.

One day as I sat on deck with my wife under an awning, she whispered to me suddenly:

"I don't like that man." I looked up. The first mate was going by. All in an instant my dread took form. This mate, Griggs, had been in the "Vestigia" when I was transferred to command of her. My own mate had been promoted, and Griggs was highly recommended by the ship's owners. but, as the saying is, I had never "cottoned" to him. I had struggled against my prejudice, now I understood it. As I sat there something happened to confirm my dread. My little boy in his play ran across Griggs' path. The mate swerved aside and passed on, and then I saw him cast at the child a look so venomous that it was with great difficulty I restrained from snatching up my boy in my arms.

At last I was awake, and I saw that I should not have had instincts, or that they should have guided me sooner. It was too late. Some of the men had sailed in the "Vestigia" before, others were of Griggs' own choosing. They were a motley crew, Irish, Swedes, Italians chiefly, good sailors, but men I did not trust, scarcely a Yankee among them. Of late they had obeyed me sulkily, and now that my eyes were opened, I recollected how much Griggs had gone among them on some plea, had flattered one, had relieved another from some onerous task, done a favor to a third, and so on. I recalled significent looks and whispers, and I saw that the crew were in the hands of my first mate, and that he meant mischief. I looked at Mary and my boy. To whom could I turn? I glanced at the second mate, but just then I saw Griggs in passing him thrust a bit of paper into his hand, and a few minutes after I saw this second mate as he stood talking to the man at the wheel give the paper a toss from him into the sea. Instead, it fell against the railing of the ship and caught there uncertainly.

I began with my boy a game of ball such as we often played on shipboard, when the unexpected directions of the ball were a great amusement to the child. To-day after taking different directions, I suddenly rolled the ball close to the paper, and told him in a low tone to bring both balls, the paper and the rubber one. He obeyed, laughing, and I read secretly:

"When the watch changes. Have the men armed and ready. Better dispatch Keefe with the captain, he will make trouble. I'll look after the woman and the boy."

I had, then, an hour of life, and he would look after my wife and boy. He! I looked at them. I would fight to the last. With a silent prayer I sent for Keefe in my cabin. In a few moments we stood looking into one another's faces like doomed men.

"Is there nobody among them all we can trust?" I asked.

"Not an infernal rascal," he answered. "But one thing, Captain, we'd better begin."

He was right, for then we should die like men instead of rats. I armed Keefe to the teeth.

"Let them see you leave," I said. "Then come back here and conceal yourself."

I wrote some letters, took a packet from my strong-box, went upon deck again, gave the packet to my wife, and drawing her toward me, kissed her passionately.

"Keep life and courage for our boy's sake, whatever comes," I said, and took my baby in my arms; his soft grasp nerved me like the touch of steel. I looked about me like one who looks his last. Still the same calm and the same unaccountable movement of the water, only that it seemed to have increased. I went below, and on some pretense sent for Griggs. He came, but at the first glance at my face, drew back. Too late. The door was double locked, and my pistol at his temple.

"Mutiny and murder," I said to him. "How long do you deserve to live? What is it for?"

He answered me by a name: "Pierce Armitage." Then, appeal would be useless. "Shoot!" he said defiantly. "I shall be avenged. I've breathed hell into your crew. Heaven itself can't save you."

I shuddered! "Whatever comes, I deny your blasphemy." I said. At a signal Keefe sprang out. Griggs, or Armitage, was ironed, gagged, and laid upon the cabin floor. Then, double locking the cabin door behind us, we went upon the deck. There I called the crew together.

"My men," I said, "what fault have you to find with your captain?" They looked at me, and at one another.

"We have spoken none," answered an Italian in his soft broken English.

"Not to me," I answered, "but worse than that, among yourselves and to my mate. You should have come to me with your grievances. I am here now to remedy them if you will tell me what they are. How is it with you, Gustave Doneldorf?" I asked a stalwart Swede, whom a moment before I had seen on my left hand. he had disappeared, and another boon companion with him. I was startled. But the keys of my cabin were safe in my pocket and I went on talking to the men, hoping to pass the fatal hour and to gain at least some adherents. Some of the men listened to me, but all were evidently in expectation of the leader, who could not come. I saw and heard everything, and noticed that the waves were higher. I talked on, and the men stood more in bewilderment than attention. What was to have been my death hour was beginning to go by, and no blow had been struck. In spite of lowering glances I had begun to hope, when suddenly I saw Gustave Doneldorf and his companion in their places again, and in another moment there sounded rushing footsteps, and Armitage sprang upon deck, pistol in hand rushed up to the sailors, and began in English and snatches of their own tongue to berate them for cowardice.

Why he did not kill me instantly, I can't tell; perhaps he meant to feed me first with horror, being sure of me, for the men responded to him like a trigger to the hands that pulls it. My boy ran to me.

"Shoot the brat first," shouted Armitage. I took aim at him and fired, but my ball went wide its mark. For the ship at the instant rose upon a great wave, and as she plunged downward there was a cry from many throats. I turned. A mountain of water was upon us.

"Reef sail! Down hatches!" I shouted, as at a look from me Keefe snatched my wife and child toward the cabin. In the common danger the mutineers forgot themselves in being sailors, and as if life hung on my words my orders were executed with magic speed. It was none too soon. The cabin door was barely closed when the frightful wave was upon us. We threw ourselves upon the deck, faces downward, and hands grasping at whatever gave any promise of holding firm. All but Griggs, who thrust one arm through a coil of rope about the mast, and stood, pistol in hand, ready for fatal aim at me should there be an instant of stillness. He had resolved that in any case I should not escape him. Our last glance showed this before the ship seemed to rise erect upon her stern, to poise herself in mid-air, and to plunge down unfathomable depths. A raging cataract swept over us, it roared in our ears, drenched and deafened us, beat us against the deck, and almost swept us from the supports to which we clung. The vessel shook like a leaf in the whirlwind, staggered and plunged until I thought she was going straight to the bottom. Then as the deluge rolled off from the deck and we sprang to our feet, I saw an awe-struck look on the faces of the sailors, and following their glances, perceived that Armitage's place was vacant.

Had Heaven interfered in my behalf? How could I dare to say so? All that I can affirm is that at the moment of my extremity a tidal wave on its way across the ocean had swept my first mate into the sea. The sailors, however, had no doubt. To their superstitions Heaven had fought for me, and they respected me accordingly.

"It is a strange story," said the captain as he finished, "but if you want something rational and probable, just get somebody to make it up for you."

"That Presidential Grub."

When Vicksburg fell, President Lincoln wrote to General Grant, "I now wish to make personal acknowledgement that you were right, and I was wrong." This frank avowal was prompted by the fact that the President had doubted the success of Grant's campaign, though he had wisely kept his opinion to himself until then. But an anecdote, told by General J. H. Wilson, in the October Century, brings to light the fact that, magnanimous as was the letter, the capture of Vicksburg brought a new anxiety into Mr. Lincoln's mind.

Mr. T. R. Jones, United States Marshal for Northern Illinois, and a warm friend of General Grant and of President Lincoln, was present at the surrender of Vicksburg. Soon after the marshal's return to Chicago, the President telegraphed him to come to Washington. On his arrival, he was met at the station by the President's carriage, and taken directly to the White House.

Mr. Lincoln, having greeted him cordially, led the way into the library, closed the door and said:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Jones, to know if that man Grant wants to be President."

"No. Mr. President," replied Jones.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," said Jones, "perfectly sure; I have just come from Vicksburg; I have seen General Grant frequently, and talked freely with him, about that and every other question, and I know he has no political aspirations whatever, and certainly none for the Presidency. His only desire is to see you re-elected, and to do what he can under your orders to put down the rebellion, and restore peace to the country."

"Ah, Mr. Jones," said Lincoln, "you have lifted a great weight off my mind, and done me an immense amount of good, for I tell you, my friend, no man knows how deeply that presidential grub gnaws till he has had it himself."

Texas "Toughs."

A gossiper in the New York Tribune says: "Sergeant Devoe, of the Police Department, talking the other day about 'The Davis' case, said to me: There is a great deal of talk about New York "toughs," but they are literally nowhere compared to Texas "toughs." You see we have the "toughs" under control here. They are constantly repressed. Many a man in New York is "cheeky" and "lippy," who is a coward at heart, because he knows if he gets into trouble he has only to yell "Police!" to get out of trouble. But these Texas fellows have no restraint whatever. Why, a few years ago I was on a sailing vessel in the Gulf of Mexico, when a couple of fellows from the East were playing cards with a Texas man and cheated him out of $30. He didn't say a word, but kept right on playing as if he saw nothing, until they grew careless and cheated openly. Then he rose up, pulled a big revolver and shot them both dead."

AN OPIUM EATER'S STORY.

Crawling Over Red Hot Bars of Iron in His Fearful Frenzy—A Scientific Investigation and its Results.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Opium or death!"

This brief sentence was fairly hissed into the ear of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a person who, a few years ago well off is to-day a hopeless wreck.

One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim!

H. C. Wilson of Loveland, O., formerly with March, Harwood & Co., manufacturing chemist of St. Louis, and of the well known firm of H.C. Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of this city, gave our reporter yesterday a bit of thrilling personal experience in this line.

"I have crawled over red hot bars of iron and coals of fire," he said, "in my agony during an opium frenzy. The very thought of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills my bones. I was then eating over 30 grains of opium daily.

"How did you contract the habit!"

"Excessive business cares broke me down and my doctor prescribed opium! That is the way nine-tenths of cases commence. When I determined to stop, however I found *I could not do it*.

"You may be surprised to know," he said, "that two-fifths of the slaves of morphine and opium are physicians. Many of these I met. We studied our cases carefully. We found out what the organs were in which the appetite was developed and sustained; that no victim was free from a demoralized condition of those organs; *that the hope of a cure depended entirely upon the degree of vigor which could be imparted to them.* I have seen patients, while undergoing treatment, compelled to resort to opium again to deaden the horrible pain in those organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wilson, that you have conquered the habit.

"Indeed I have."

"Do you object to telling me

"No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-eating physicians, we became satisfied that the appetite for opium was located in the kidneys and liver. Our next object was to find a specific for restoring these organs to health. The physicians, much against their code, addressed their attention to a certain remedy and became thoroughly convinced on its scientific merits alone that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kidneys and liver. I thereupon began using it and, supplementing it with my own special treatment, finally got fully over the habit. I may say that the most important part of the treatment is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the appetite originates and is sustained, and in them over ninety per cent. of all other human ailments originate.

"For the last seven years this position has been taken by the proprietors of that remedy and finally it is becoming an acknowledged scientific truth among the medical profession; many of them, however, do not openly acknowledge it, and yet, knowing they have no other scientific specific, their code not allowing them to use it, they buy it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles."

"As I said before, the opium and morphine habits can never be cured until the appetite for them is routed out of the kidneys and liver. I have tried everything, —experimented with everything and as the result of my studies and investigation, I can say I *know* nothing can accomplish this result but Warner's safe cure."

"Have others tried your treatment?"

"Yes sir, many; and all who have followed it fully have recovered. Several of them who did not first treat their kidneys and liver for six or eight weeks, as I advised them, completely failed. This form of treatment is always insisted upon for all patients, whether treated by mail or at the Loveland Opium Institute, and supplemented by our special treatment, *it always cures.*"

Mr. Wilson stands very high wherever known. His experience is only another proof of the wonderful and conceded power of Warner's safe cure over all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood, and the diseases caused by derangements of those organs. We may say that it is very flattering to the proprietors of Warner's safe cure that it has received the highest medical endorsement and, after persistent study, it is admitted by scientists that there is nothing in materia medica for the restoration of those great organs that equals it in power. We take pleasure in publishing the above statements coming from so reliable a source as Mr. Wilson and confirming by personal experience what we have time and again published in our columns. We also extend to the proprietors our hearty congratulations on the results wrought.

White House Weddings.

President Cleveland is the first President of the United States married in the White House, and the only president, except Tyler, who was married while holding the high office. The first wife of President Tyler died in the Executive Mansion during the first year of his administration. In less than two years from the date of her death Mr. Tyler stole quietly away to New York, under the pretense of looking after his political fences in the east, but, in truth, went there for his second wife, a Mrs. Gardiner, whom he brought a few days later to the White Hoase, where she reigned as the mistress until the close of her husband's Presidential term. But few of Mr. Tyler's friends knew of his intentions until after the marriage had taken place, so adroitly had he kept the secret, not even intrusting any part of the details to the careful care and custody of his private secretary.

In Mr. Tyler's case there were no gossiping grandfathers, and the bride-elect was carefully enjoined by the prospective groom to neither write nor send word. History portrays the fact that the lady was not endowed with either an ambition or a desire to place herself upon record as the coming wife of the president and future mistress of the White house. In those days the industrious newspaper correspondent was not so great a quantity as at the present time, consequently it was much liss difficult to keep the "awful secret" within the close confines of the relatives and friends of the high contracting parties.

The first wedding to take place at the White house was that of Miss Todd, 1811, to Col. John G. Jackson of Virginia, who, previous to this event, had served in four of the early congresses. After the marriage he was in congress for two sessions. Miss Todd was a relative of the illustrious Dolly Madison, the beautiful wife of President James Madison.

Samuel L. Gouveneur, who was at one time the private secretary of President Monroe, was the second gentleman to be thus honored with a marriage in the President's mansion. The bride upon this occasion was Miss Martha Monroe, a daughter of the President. This was in 1820, the bride being but 17 years of age. The marriage ceremony was performed in the center of the great east parlor, in the presence of a very large gathering of the prominent families of the government, including the members of the foreign legations and their families.

In 1826, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, his son, John Quincy, Jr., was married in the White House to his cousin, Miss Johnson.

During the administration of President Jackson the atmosphere about the White House was prolific of weddings. While "Old Hickory" reigned he individually planned for two smarriages beneath the White House roof. The first of the two wedding while Jackson was president was that of Miss Lewis of Nashville, with Mr. Paquet of Martinique, who was in after years French Minister to the United States. The last of the two weddings was that of Miss Eaton, also of Tennessee, a neice of James K. Polk, who afterward became president.

In January, 1842, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, a daughter of the first wife of President Tyler, was married in the east parlor to William Wallen of Virginia.

The most interesting nuptial ceremony that ever took place in the White House, and within the realization of the many, was that of Miss Nellie, the only daughter of the late President Grant, which event transpired on the 21st of May, 1874, she marrying Algernon Sartoris.

Solicitor of Patents, F. O. McCleary, of Washington, D. C., says the only thing that did him any good, when suffering with a severe cough of several weeks standing, was Red Star Cough Cure, which is purely vegetable and free from opiates and poison.

Atlanta is the third largest snuff market in the world. London comes first, New York next and Atlanta third. Lorillard sold 308,000 pounds of snuff in that city last year, and other snuff makers about 150,000 pounds. One house there sold 66,000 pounds. In Macon, Lorillard sold 175,000 pounds.

All that is good, generous, wise, right,—whatever I deliberately and forever love in others and myself,—who or what could by any possibility have given it to me but one who first had it to give! This is not logic; this is axiom.—*Carlyle.*

An express train on the Central Vermont railway dashed around a curve the other day and rushed headlong into a heard of cattle, blocking the crossing. Five animals were killed, but the train did not leave the rails.

There is nothing will make you a christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see" will speak best to your soul.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Fall of an Historical Relic

The famous Pontiac tree near Detroit, which died about a year ago after several years of decline, and has since stood a leafless skeleton, has been cut down. Thus ends the long career of the historic old sentinel that was a silent witness of the Parent Creek massacre of July 31, 1763. The removal of this trees destroys the most celebrated tree in Michigan and one of the most famous in the Union. The tree was a magnificent whitewood and in its last years figured in a landscape wonderfully altered from the damp ravine down which it look on the dark night of the Pontiac massacre, nearly 123 years ago. Parent's Creek, subsequently called Bloody Run, from the sanguinary event of which the old tree was the only living survivor, has long been but a reminiscence. It has been degraded by modern civilization from an historical stream to a very ordinary sewer, and flows as an open brook only through Elmwood cemetery. The bridge at which the hotterst of the fight occurred had been destroyed, the ravine had been filled up and even Detroit river had moved further away.

Perhaps the next most historical tree in the vicinage of Detroit is the Hamtramck tree which grew by the side of the house of Col. John Francis Hamtramck and the grateful shadow of whose foliage thus fell upon the first American commandant of Detroit. It is a gigantic elm near the water's edge and is the property of William B. Wesson on whose farm it grows.

After the Hamtramck tree come the survivors of the pear tree planted by the French settlers of 1749. These have grown to an immense size with their age and most of them still bear fruit. They seem good for any number of years yet, and if they are left to fall of their own volition into the sere and yellow leaf and are not sacrificed to the march of improvement, they will probably turn into their third century still in the ring but slightly disabled.

R. E. Roberts in his "City of the Straits" recalls the fact that when he came here sixty years ago, "the product of fruit was in excess of the demand for the consumption, and apples of excellent quality sold at ten cents a bushel, until emigration from the East commenced about 1830. Some of the pear trees still remain, bearing fruit, a single tree producing seventy-five or eighty bushels in a season. They have attained immense growth, resembling forest oaks, their trunks three feet from the ground measuring more than eight feet in circumference. They are the only living thing commemorative of the cultivation of the soil in this new world.

W. H. Coyle wrote a poem on these trees in the year 1849—when they were 100 years old. It closed;

"Live on, old trees, in your hale, green age,
Long, long may your shadows last,
With your blossomed boughs and golden fruit,
Loved emblems of the past."

Sparrows are overrunning northern Alabama.

The Yuma Indians dispose of their dead by cremation.

General Moltke is the most taciturn man in Europe.

Over 300,000 people are engaged in lace making in France.

South Africa has 1,562 miles of railroad in working order.

In the Connecticut valley tobacco yields 1,400 pounds to the acre.

Grenoble, France. is the greatest glove making city in the world.

Kansas ladies put side-saddles on cows and ride them for exercise.

Heliotropes and geraniums in California grow as large as lilac trees.

Jerome Napoleon's younger son, Prince Louis is said to be very shrewd.

The Great Eastern brought £26,200 when recently sold at Lloyd's, in London.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks' Boston church, Trinity, has cost $750,000 so far.

New Orleans exports 38 per cent. of all the cotton that leaves this country.

Professor J. G. Wood, the English naturalist, is Boston's greatest social lion.

The Panama canal construction is costing at the rate of thirty millions a year.

A building in Atlanta only six feet wide commands a rent of $100 per month.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is still in Washington working for woman suffrage.

There are more colleges in Ohio than in France and Germany combined.

The Duke of Sutherland is a great inventor and passionately fond of engineering.

The refining of wines by electricity is an experiment that is being tried in Los Angelos.

A salmon was caught in the Benicia (Cal.) straits last week, weighing 48 pounds.

The Boston & Albany railroad has a circulating library of 2,000 volumes free to its employes.

Cannot be washed off. The color produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

As an antidote for malarial disorders, Ayers's Ague Cure has no equal. It never fails.

Stern parents beat carpets with impunity, but they take a stick to their children.

THERE IS SCARCELY A DISEASE, of the human system, acute or chronic, which VINEGAR BITTERS will not retard and lessen, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will cure. In large doses the Bitters is cathartic and tonic, in moderate doses it is a tonic, a gentle purgative, invigorator, and corrector of the blood.

Houses painted white are again coming into fashion, and no other adornment is prettier or more lasting.

An Offensive Breath

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted, if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.

One little Greece spot worries all the European housekeepers.

Especially to Women.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action, it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

Is it any wonder in these days that the blind staggers!

* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Linen dresses trimmed with lace, are sweet.

Athlophoros, which I sell, gives good satisfaction. It cured of inflammatory rheumatism a man who bought a bottle at night and at one o'clock the next day said the soreness and pain had entirely left him. F. S. Keech, druggist, Waupun, Wis.

Barbers near Mono lake, California, whose water is heavy with salts of sodium and borax, use it as a natural shampooing water, to the satisfaction of their customers.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive, if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

The Oft Told Story

of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in the unequalled good name it has made at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful medicine before the public to-day for purifying the blood, giving strength and creating an appetite. Give it a trial.

"I suffered from wakefulness and low spirits and also had eczema on the back of my head and neck, which was very annoying. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received so much benefit that I am very grateful, and I am always glad to speak a good word for Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. J. S. SNYDER, Pottsville, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar

Milburn's Idea of Satan.

In a recent sermon at the Union Methodist church Rev. Dr. Milburn, the chaplain of the House of Representatives, created quite a sensation by the description which he gave of the devil. He said the old pictures of a personage with hoofs and tail, and horns, and pitchfork was simply the wild medieval picture of a barbarous imagination. "Such a devil does not exist to-day," said the Doctor, "and he could not do no harm if he did. The devil of to-day is a polished, traveled, gentlemanly appearing individual. He has been in London, and Paris, and New York, and Washington and San Francisco. He knows all about the sights and is well posted on the gossip and news of the day. He moves in the best of society and is much admired here. He dresses in faultless style. His cold, gray eye looks steadily at you and facinates you, perhaps. He has thin, delicate lips and fine nostrils, that are easily curved in scorn. One great feature of the modern devil is that he never becomes enthusiastic over anything. You may show him the most beautiful sunset or natural views, the most rare and valuable painting or piece of statuary, and with his cold, gray eye he will look steadily at it and make some disparaging remark. You cannot point out a man or a woman that he will not disparage. He is a cynic, a mephistopholes. He enters your drawing rooms and your churches. He causes trouble and dissension everywhere. He disparages the brethern. The Doctor says that this is exactly the same devil that existed in the days of Job. That individual had traveled up and down the earth and had been to and fro in it. He was very distrustful of human nature. He was certain that no one ever had any but selfish motives. Dr. Milburn said the most damage against good is now being done by those who imitate the devil in modern society. He said: "We detest the stolidity and lack of confidence manifested in the savage, and yet many people in the highest walks of life and the most cultivated circles imitate these characteristics."

Bowen's Budget, Fort Plain, N. Y., for March, 1886, says: In the multiplicity of medicines placed upon the market, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the meritorious and the worthless. There are at least two excellent remedies widely used, the efficiency of which are unquestioned. We refer to St. Jacob's Oil and Red Star Cough Cure.

A writer in the Boston Transcript explains to his own satisfaction how the glass eaters chew and swallow glass. He thinks they educate their throats as does the sword swallower, and then introduce a tube which receives the glass and holds it until it can be removed without detection.

LYON'S Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevent boots and shoes from running over, ripping in the seams or wearing unevenly on the heels.

Goat Island at Niagara Falls is said to be worth $1,000,000.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

There are still some Seminole Indians living in the everglade region of Florida.

It is a pleasure and satisfaction to many to learn that Allen's Lung Balsam, that standard family medicine for coughs, croup and all lung diseases, can now be procured at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle at any drug store.

Crude petroleum is a recognized specific for the growth and invigoration of stunted eye-brows.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet *in sealed envelope* with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

Holiness, as well as pardon is to be had from the blood of the cross.—*Berridge.*

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

The key-note of good breeding is "B natural."

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QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women**, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

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

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 develop in **Liver, Kidney** and **Urinary** diseases, carrying away all **poisonous matter** and **restoring** the **Blood** to a **healthy** condition, **enriching** it, **refreshing** and invigorating **Mind** and **Body.** It prevents the growth to **Serious Illness** of a **Dangerous** Class of **Diseases** that begin in **mere trivial** ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as **such.**

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.**

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The Sup't.

of the Louisville and Jeffersonville Ferry Co., Mr. J. G. Dorsey, who lives on Wall St., Jeffersonville, Ind., suffered severely from Neuralgia in the face, and was quickly cured by ATHLOPHOROS. This is the only sure and safe remedy for Neuralgia. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.

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FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KENT'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

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DR. RADWAYS PILLS are a sure cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet.

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