WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

NOW CARRY IN STOCK

PIANOS AND ORGANS

and after over a year of examination of all the best makes we have selected for our handling the celebrated

BOARDMAN & GRAY PIANOS

TRADE MARK

ESTABLISHED---IN---1837.

AND THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

SCHUBERT PIANO.

Its Musical Qualities.

The Schubert has a rich, full volume of tone, exquisitely pure, sympathetic and brilliant, without being harsh.

Materials Used.

The utmost care is given to the selection of the best quality of materials for the Schubert Pianos. Special attention is called to the actions used in the Schubert. In the construction of a piano nothing is of more importance and these are unsurpassed by any in the market. In the cases, only hardwood is used and that of the best quality.

How Made.

Every practical improvement known to modern piano construction has been introduced in the Schubert, and it will be the aim of the company in the future to constantly add to the character of its instruments by pursuing the same progressive policy, and thereby produce a piano thoroughly constructed, attractive in appearance, brilliant in tone, and reasonable in price. The materials used are under the immediate supervision of the President of the company—himself a practical and experienced piano maker—and no detail of construction or workmanship escapes his critical scrutiny.

Reasonable Price.

In the Schubert Piano more is given for the money asked, in construction, style and finish, than any other piano in the market.

We also handle the celebrated

PALACE ORGAN

an instrument which needs only to be seen to be appreciated; an instrument made of the very best materials and no sham; an instrument fully warranted and one that we will fully warrant ourselves. All our Pianos and Organs are warranted for five years by the manufacturers and ourselves. Instruments sold on time. Easy payments. Call and see us before buying.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

TOMPKINS AND WILLIAMS

DO YOU WANT

A Carpet or Carpet Felt, Chinese Straw Matting or Cane and Cocoa Matting. Lace Curtains or Curtain Poles. Oil Cloths in pattern or by the yard. Oil Cloth Binding, Brass, Zinc or Tape.

A Smyrna Rug. Feather Pillows. Any kind of a Mattress. A Mirror. A Chamber Suit. A Parlor Suit. A Rattan Chair or Rocker. A Cane or a wood Chair or a Rocker. A Child's Rocker or a High Chair.

A set of leather dining chairs. An invalid or reclining chair, or any other kind of a chair or rocker. A stool of any kind. A Tete, a sofa, or a lounge or couch. A bureau or a bed. A commode or wash stand.

Any kind of a bed spring. A sideboard. A chiffonier. A hall tree. A book case or book shelves. A wardrobe. A Dining table of any kind. A kitchen or work table.

A parlor table or stand. A music cabinet or stand. An ottoman or slipper case. A hassock or a foot rest. A child's bed, a crib or a cradle, a cot or a folding bed. A clothes rack, clothes reel or a clothes line.

A washtub or a washboard, an ironing board or a moulding board, a clothes basket or clothes pins, a broom or a mopstick, a pail or a sugar bucket, a lap board or a cutting table.

A chopping bowl or a butter mould, a vegetable masher or a rolling pin, a towel rack or a towel roller, or any other article in woodenware, or anything else in household furnishing goods.

COME AND SEE US.

Our Stock is immense and we will give yor better satisfaction in goods and prices than any other house in Michigan.

TOMPKINS & WILLIAMS

Pontiac, Mich.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"Now, what is a lake?
You can't say off make
In question so easy as this a mistake."
And quickly went up every hand.
But ever a youngster could certainly tell,
Although very sure he had studied it well,
Whether lakes were of water or land.

Ajas and alas!
That it should quickly pass
Th Pat, at the foot of the class.
He waited triumphant, demure.
"A lake, thin, is what you'd be askin o' me!
A lake, is it! what in the world would it be
But a hole in the tay kittle, sure?"

—Sidney Dare.

STRIVE QUIETLY.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

O striving soul! strive quietly,
Whate'er thou art or dost;
Sweetest the strain when in the song
Is heard the soul alone.
Truest the work when 'tis the deed,
Not doer, counts for most.

GILT EDGE MIC

TRADE MARK.

Is a confection of rare merit and a thorough remedy for all Malarial troubles. It is indorsed by the highest Medical and Scientific authorities among which is the late Benjamin Silliman, M.D., Dean of the Medical Department of Yale College.

For sale by Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers.

CURE FOR PILES.

Consumption of Piles is a disease from which after trying a score of remedies a pleasant sensation is immediately produced by an application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Piles in all forms, Ia., Salt Rheum and Ringworm can be permanently cured by the use of this great remedy. Price 50 cents. Manufactured by The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century for 1889

THE question has often been asked, "to what does *The Century* owe its great circulation?" *The Christian Union* once answered this by the statement that it has been fairly won, not by advertising schemes, but by the excellence which characterizes its every department. In their announcements for the coming year the publishers state that it has always been their desire to make *The Century* the only dispensable periodical of its class, so that whatever other publication might be desirable in the family, *The Century* could not be neglected by those who wish to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to culture. And the unprecedented circulation of the magazine would seem to be the response of the public to this intention.

With the November number *The Century* begins its thirty-seventh volume. Two great features of the magazine which are to continue throughout the new volume are already well known to the public, the Lincoln history and the papers on "Siberia and the Exile System." The first of these, written by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, President Lincoln's private secretaries, contains the inside history of the dark days of the war, as seen from the White House.

THE SIBERIAN PAPERS,

by George Kennan, are attracting the attention of the civilized world. The Chicago *Tribune* says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now so touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." As is already known, copies of *The Century* containing these articles are sold by the customs officials on the frontier.

DURING 1889

The Century will publish the most important art feature that has yet found place in its pages. It is the result of four years' work of Mr. Timothy Cole, the leading magazine engraver of the world, in the galleries of Europe, engraving from the originals the greatest pictures by the old masters. A series of papers on Ireland, its customs, landscapes, etc., will appear, and there are to be illustrated articles on Bible subjects by especially the subjects of the International Sunday-School Lessons. George W. Cable writes "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana." There will be novelettes and short stories by leading writers, occasional articles on war subjects (supplementary to the famous "War Papers" by General Grant and others, which have been appearing in *The Century*), etc., etc.

The Century costs four dollars a year, and it is published by The Century Co., of New York, who will send a copy of the full prospectus to any one on request.

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

St. Nicholas for 1889.

PEOPLE who have the idea that *St. Nicholas* is only for little children should look over the prospectus of that magazine for 1889, and they will discover that it is for children of all ages, "from five to eighty-five," as some one recently said of it. Indeed, while *St. Nicholas* is designed for girls and boys, it might almost be called a "family magazine," for young and grown-up members of a household will find much to interest them in every number.

The editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, calls the next volume an "all-round good world year," because it is to contain so many illustrated papers about the world in general, such as geographical papers, but stories and sketches and tales of travel and adventure by land and sea—and all illustrated by the best artists. The features will include a serial story, "How We Made the Farthest North," by Gen. A. W. Greely, the well-known commander of the Greely Expedition; a serial about Canada, by Mrs. Catherwood, author of "Lady Rose's Daughter"; a serial story *for The Century* this year; "Indians of the Amazon," by Mrs. Frank R. Stockton; a series of papers about Europe, including a Christmas story of life in Norway, by H. H. Boyesen; articles on Holland by the editor, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge; "The Queen's Navy," by Lieut. Harrison Smith, R. N., with illustrations of many of England's finest war ships; "The Winchester School," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "English Railway Trains," by Wm. H. Rideing, etc., etc. The French papers include "Madame de Lamartine," with his two Ship Canals," and there are several interesting contributions on German, Italian and Russian subjects.

Under "Asia," comes "Boys and Girls in China," by Yan Phou Lee (he is recent graduate of Yale); "Home Life in the East," by Mrs. Holman Hunt, and a number of papers about Japan. Under "Africa" there is a sketch of Henry M. Stanley, by Noah Brooks, and several stories about Egypt. Australia is not forgotten, nor the islands of the sea, and there are even to be stories of under the sea.

Of course the bulk of the contents will relate to American subjects, as usual. Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," contributes a story of New York called "Little Saint Elizabeth;" there will be papers describing how the government offices are conducted, papers about athletics, amateur photography, etc. The full prospectus will be sent to any one who wishes to see it by the publishers, The Century Co., of New York.

The Graphic recently said of *St. Nicholas*, "the family without it is only half-blessed."

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED).

"Thank you, Mrs. Atwood, so much," said Captain Sturgis, as she rose from the piano. "You singing is positively charming. I don't know any one whose voice pleases me so much.

"Captain Sturgis is an adept at compliments," she replied, as she took up some needlework and settled herself quietly as a small table near the window. "It is evident that he long since become a practiced hand at the art of 'the soft answer.'"

"Flatter? I flatter! Upon my honor you do me an injustice. I never did such a thing in my life—not in my first soul. I. People generally consider me quite brusque and rude in my remarks. I assure you that when I say that your singing is perfectly exquisite I mean it—I do indeed, Mrs. Atwood."

"Of course you do," remarked Atwood; "but tell us plu. If we are going to play—not chatter."

The sound of the bell at this moment announced a fresh arrival.

"Who the mischief can that be?" growled Atwood, who was in no hurry and a bit without imagining it to be taxes, water-rates, or a summons.

"Mr. Delaney, sir," said Elizabeth, showing a young man into the room.

"Why, Jack, how late you are to-night, and what a troubled cold you have!" cried Mrs. Atwood, as the new-comer coughed violently upon entering.

"Not late, I hope, as I have set and greeted him with a warmth of manner which contrasted very favorably with her demeanor towards Captain Sturgis.

"John Delaney was a delicate-looking young fellow of about five-and-twenty, but his firm mouth and chin betrayed him to be a man of determined character.

"Hello, Jack!" said Mr. Atwood cheerily, looking up from his game. "Sit down and light your pipe. You don't know Captain Sturgis, do you? This is Mr. Delaney, Sturgis, a pet boy of ours—a young man very of strong political opinions, Delaney, this is Captain Sturgis.

"Of no political opinions whatever," remarked Sturgis, gra lously nodding at Delaney, as the latter took a seat near Mrs. Atwood's table.

"And what news have you, Jack?" she asked. "You have not been near us for nearly a week, and now you drop in just when all respectable people are thinking of going to bed."

"Yes; I thought it was rather cool of me when I rang the bell, but I knew you would not mind, and—"

"And you did! not reckon us among the respectable people!" interposed Mrs. Atwood, laughing. "Say plainly what you mean."

"There, that's not kind of you," he said. "I is not far to put such words into my mouth No I have been to a meeting."

"Oh, those awful meetings. A political one of course."

"Well, never mind—let me explain. As I was passing the door on my way home, I saw that you had not yet gone to bed and it struck me tha I would look in and have a chat for a few minutes."

"Of course, Jack." You know I am only teasing you—you know George and I are always glad to see you."

"I know that," he answered; "and I often think how good you both are to me."

"Nonsense! We both like you, or else we would not trouble our heads about you. Well, tell us how you are mother and Mary." she continued, bending busily over her work.

"Much as usual, thank you" said Delaney—"that is, Mary is—mother worries and fidgets herself a good deal about trifles."

"Ah, the old story—eh?" remarked Mrs. Atwood, smiling. "he does not approve of your taking such a prominent part in all these Socialistic affairs. Neither do I, Jack. Why do you? What possible good do you think come of it?"

"What good?" exclaimed John Delaney excitedly, but in a subdued tone. "Can any one with his senses about him possibly exist in this great city, and keep his eyes shut to the misery of the millions—the enormous wealth of the few—the starvation and wretchedness of the so-called lower orders, and the wicked extravagance and vices of the upper?" to Mrs. Atwood. It makes me nearly mad sometimes to see the real want in the streets, hardly a carriages bearing ladies with their powdered men servants throwing the slush and mud upon those whose only crime is poverty."

"Yes, but, my dear boy," said Mrs. Atwood soothingly, "there always have been poverty and riches. They are not institutions only of to-day, and Providence never could have intended all men to be equal. Some men are brains, another scarcely any. One man is thrifty and industrious, another lazy and a spendthrift. If they were all just the same, and had, so far as worldly possessions are concerned, they would be as far removed from one another as ever. Look at the Queen and her court, year as they are now. Why should we feel envious because the one is next door perhaps to ten times our income, and live in comparative luxury? We cannot and never shall be all the same. It is the merest nonsense. Why, suppose that fellow like you can believe in such rubbish."

"Ah, you talk like every one else—excuse me for saying so. Mrs. Atwood—who never taken the trouble to try to study the matter. What I denounce is that there should be two such extremes in society. I do not speak of the difference between every individual spoke—there is great ladder which comp is wealth and distinction.

"What at it again, Jack" cried Mr. Atwood, as he caught the last of Delaney's remarks. "Why, you are a regular socialist. He will bring us all to the guillotine, sooner or later. Harri ades and the Toco is—eh, Jack? Well, if your social system would only bring me in another four or five hundred a year, I should be the first to vote for a redistribution of all capital. Your play, Sturgis."

"Well, I am afraid I must wish you good night, Jack," said Mrs. Atwood. "It is getting late. Mind you gi e us a call again, very soon." and with a bow to Captain Sturgis, who rose simultaneously to open the door, and a pat on the shoulder f r her husband, she left the room.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and George Atwood began to think that his luck was nearly good enough f r one night. He had won five and a pounds, which, notwithstanding his indebtedness to Sturgis for a much larger sum, he had no hesitation in pocketing.

"Suppose we have a glass of grog and a smoke," he remarked; "I have had a rather long da y, it and am a bit tired."

"By all means," replied Sturgis, helping himself to the whisky. "Do you go to Socialism, Mr. Delaney? I have always been rather curious to see a real Socialist, and should like to hear some of your views on the subject."

"Not to-night, for goodness' sake," said Atwood, laughingly. "Jack is a good boy, but you must not stir him up with a long pole. If you once make him mount his hobby-horse you won't get to bed until daylight."

"Well, come round to my rooms some night. What are you doing to-morrow? The weather will suit me. Smoke a pipe, and so on."

"All right, I will," returned Atwood, "and bring Delaney with me. You shall come and dine with me, Jack, and we will go and look up Captain Sturgis afterward" and George Atwood jingled his winnings in his trousers pocket as he spoke.

Captain Sturgis and John Delaney very soon took their departure. Both the ways lay for some little distance in the same direction.

"A pleasant-mannered man," thought Jack, as his companion, having bailed a passing cab, wished him good night. I wonder what there is about him that makes me dread him so? I felt to-night, when I first saw him, as if I had met my fate. What can it be? Pah—I am not well! This wretched cold has made me fanciful and nervous."

CHAPTER III.

John Delaney, though of Irish parentage, was a Londoner bred and born. With a good deal of aptitude for literary work, he had succeeded in earning sufficient money by reporting for one of the daily papers to maintain himself and contribute something towards the support of his sister and his widowed mother.

Naturally an excitable and imaginative turn of mind, he had in the course of his work many opportunities of studying the dark side of the land and their miseries over the rich and the poor, and by degrees he had become a warm partisan of Socialistic doctrines and a constant attendant at what, in many cases, were neither more nor less than seditious meetings.

Mrs. Delaney, to whom he was in all respe ts a good, kind son, was much dadressed at what she termed "John's mixing his self up with all that rabble."

The morning after his visit to the Atwoods Mrs. Delaney, whilst reading some account from the morning paper of the disrotous conduct of a mob in Piccadilly, let fall some unkind remark. This was instantl, the signal for an outburst from her son.

"They may be rabble, mother, as you say," he remarked hotly, "but who has ma e them s hat they are? And, unless a great social reform soon takes place, what will their children be? The rich drove the poor into rebellion, and they will no longer bear the burdens with which the rich have so long oppressed them."

"I sincerel. trust that you will not get you self into trouble, my dear boy," said his mother, "through mixing those wild revolutionary notions of yours. You must bear in mind that we could n t afford to live in this nice fl e house with my son in prison."

"Yes, I thought it was rather cool of me when I rang the bell, but I knew you would not mind, and—"

"And you did! not reckon us among the respe table people!" interposed Mrs. Atwood, laughing. "Say plainly what you mean."

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"Well, come round to my rooms some night. What are you doing to-morrow? The weather will suit me. Smoke a pipe, and so on."

IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW.

Ere country ways had turned to streets,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass could chance to meet,
And often she'd neglect her task,
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look and she would look,
And both would blush and stay.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! How modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, slightly lass
Would re-arrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which look she ought to wear;
"Why do you blush like that?"
And seldom care to chat.
And make her mother frown and ask:
"Why do you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd meet a week ago
That starting, stupid fellow.

Our girls are wiser now.
"Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! How modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Webster Mistaken.

Little Willie (aged 10)—"Mamma, what is an Elite Social club?"

Mamma—"It is a club composed of the choicest people—those who move in the social circles."

Willie—"Is that what Webster's dictionary says?"

Mamma—"It says that, or the same thing in other words. Why do you ask?"

Willie—"I read in an advertisement in the paper of the Elite Social club a dance, and our colored hostler, who sleeps in the stable, and the black cook are the committee on invitations."

"What a way to spell fish," said Pat, when he saw the name Dyspepsia on a ship. But a more wonderful spell will be exercised over the coughing child of yours that keeps itself and you awake, if you will try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, 25 cents.

Neuralgic paroxysms are often of extreme violence, and brought on by the slightest provocation, such as a draught of cool air. On the first intimation of such an attack rub with Salvation Oil. It can be bought at all druggists for 25 cents.

Black silks, with magnificent borderings in brilliant Russian colors and designs, are made up effectively in the empire and early English style.

Light-colored ceilings and French cashmeres are extremely pretty for evening wear, and are embellished with bands of galloons in preference to lace.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

IT CONQUERS PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, Sciatica, Lumbago, HEADACHE, Toothache, Sprains, BRUISES, Burns and Scalds.

At Druggists and Dealers.

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

Diamond Vera-Cura FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND ALL Stomach Troubles Arising Therefrom.

Your Druggist or Grocer will sell you Vera-Cura for you if not already in his store, or it will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (Stamps $1.00) in postage or money order, in form of a cure.

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

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

Scott's EMULSION OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH and STRENGTH Producer. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is acknowledged by Physicians to be the *Finest* and *Best* preparation for the relief of CONSUMPTION, *SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*

Ask Druggists for Scott & Bowne's Work.

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

Swift's Specific cured me of malignant Blood Poison after I had been treated by certain old so-called Blood Specifics, and had given up hope. It cured the Blood Poison, but relieved the Rheumatism from which I had suffered for years. Swift's Specific is a Blood Purifier, and cures all Blood Diseases, mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in Head, Snuffles and

CATARRH

A pleasant Balm into each nostril. Ease at once. Not a liquid nor a snuff. Sold by Druggists, 50 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROTHERS, Owego, N. Y.

CHAMPION Single Barrel SHOT GUN

Sold upon getting the "Champion"; if your dealer has not got it, we will send the Illustrated Price-List of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Police Goods, &c. SEND FOR LIST. ADDRESS THE CHAMPION ARMS CO., Chicago, Ill.

JONES PAYS the FREIGHT

Jones' Scales, Jones' Stoves, Jones' Tinware, Jones' Farm Implements, Jones' Everything. Nobody has been started the dead march from Saul and continued playing for 10 minutes. Meanwhile additional one stiffens were placed in the rice bowls and the Chinamen boxed low and chanted a dirge.

The music attracted great crowds, and Mott street for a considerable distance was lined with people. Every window in the big clubhouse was open, and heads were thrust from them. When the "Mellican" music had ceased a Chinese band started a funeral dirge which was almost deafening. This was continued, with frequent interruptions to allow the chief mourners time to make their decisions, until 1 o'clock, when the funeral procession s arted. From the undertaking establishment the procession proceeded to Evergreen cemetery, where the interment took place.

Parson—I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say "marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, when you have three families besides your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.—Lowell Courier.

DR. PH. D. PAUL, Specialist for diseases of the EYE a Specialty. If afflicted with Sore Eyes, Cataracts, Blindness, or any granulated lids, call or send for circular. Office, 1 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

SALZER'S EARLIEST BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

Sent Free to Farmers Only. Our Great Seed Potatoes Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Oats Yielded 200 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Barley Yielded 100 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Corn Yielded 200 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Wheat Yielded 100 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Potatoes Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Grass Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Clover Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Rye Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Barley Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Oats Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Corn Yielded 1000 Bushels per Acre. Our Seed Wheat Yielded 1000