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. Its manufacture is 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 fully warranted and one that is 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 by ourselves. Instruments sold on time. Easy payments. Call and see us before buying.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL

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 you better satisfaction in goods and prices than any other house in Michigan.

TOMPKINS & WILLIAMS

Pontiac, Mich.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But children, all of them, soon pass by!
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But there's one left you, I know, I know;
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the maiden dreams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But there's one left you for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER II (CONTINUED).

About nine o'clock George Atwood led the way round to Captain Sturgis's chambers. They were situated in Tall Mall, and were as spleen is to the average run of bachelor apartments that are to be found in that part of London—four or five rooms on a flight, hung with different colored silks, furnished with rich divans, ebony little tables and a profusion of mantelpiece glittering mirrors, curiously wrought brass lamps, and all sorts of objects of vertu. In fact, the whole place at a glance showed that the owner delighted in the Oriental style of luxury.

It was difficult for any ordinary person, upon entering this sybaritical abode, when feeling the soft Persian mats beneath his feet and beholding the magnificence of the rooms, to believe that within a few yards of him lay the old parts of London where the outcasts of London slightly huddled together, homeless, starving, without hope, without friends, save one—the policeman—who oftentimes, as the daily paper's show, take them up as vagrants and give them a night's shelter in the cells.

John Delaney thought of these things as he surveyed the scene before him.

A Negro, all in Turkish costume showed them into the abode, and then silently disappeared like a spirit to return to inform his master of their arrival.

"Sturgis has been a great deal in the East," said George Atwood; "and, though he ought to make some remark. "He has a wonderful collection of oriental knick-knacks, curious swords, and other things."

Jack made no response. His thoughts were far away, and his spirit was turning as he felt and gazed upon the splendor that gave this man the right to call all this splendor his, while his arms lay dying at his gate.

"Ah, there you are, Atwood" exclaimed Captain Sturgis, as he entered from his bedroom, apparently scarcely dressed in a dark velvet smoking costume. "How do you do, Delaney? Glad to see you! Light up a cigarette, and make yourself at home."

It risks were brought in by the dusky attendant. The business was transacted and George Atwood began to feel perfectly happy.

Captain Sturgis took a contemptible delight in inviting men whom he knew to be in poor circumstances to view his splendid quarters. Pleased his vanity to see the effect that his possessions were so envied, and he derived a cruel satisfaction in watching the poignant agony of a disappointed man, as he gazed at the prodigal evidence of his host's wealth.

"So, so, really are a Socialist, Delaney," he drawled, as he leaned back upon a couch, and eyed his visitor with yvelet of the keenest kind. "Well, I do you propose to do with all the idle and aristocrats?" he continued in the same strain. "I hope you will have a good time, by-the-way, when the town is to be sacked."

"Yes, I am a Socialist, Captain Sturgis," replied poor Jack, and I am not ashamed of owning it. At the same time, I do not think you need be alarmed about the safety of your place, at least, for a long time to come. No doubt, as my friends all say, I am somewhat too advanced in my opinions."

"I do doubt you are," acquiesced Sturgis, with a scarcely concealed sneer. "Five hundred a-year, paid quarterly, would probably go far toward alstering them."

"I hope not," returned Jack warmly; "and I do not know why you should say so, considering that our acquaintance is such a short one."

"That will do, Jack," exclaimed Mr. Atwood; "don't lose your temper. We came here to have a pleasant evening, not to argue about such nonsense as Socialism. That is a nice toy, by-the-way, Sturgis," he added, as if by way of changing the conversation.

"Yes," replied Sturgis, lifting a beautifully inlaid stiletto down from the wall—"just look at this. It was taken from a Sikh by an old uncle of mine. See how delicately the handle is inlaid, and how gold. Look out! he cried, as Atwood began to handle the weapon in somewhat carelessly. "It is as sharp as a razor. I could slice a sheet of tissue paper down with it.

George Atwood felt the edge of the blade upon his thumb nail. It was, indeed, as the captain had remarked, as sharp as a razor.

"Just the sort of thing," continued Sturgis, in a bantering tone "to slice off the heads of the sons of Belial, eh, Mr. Delaney. Don't you know them down Seven Dials?" he exclaimed, swinging the weapon in the air with a whizzing noise as he spoke.

Jack made no reply. He saw that Captain Sturgis wished to irritate him, and he wisely held his tongue.

The evening passed very tediously for him. He was determined to keep his temper, but it cost him many an effort to do so, for he was frequently provoked. In the other hand, he was not sorry to be happy as a boy out for a holiday. There was plenty to smoke and drink, and that alone was quite sufficient to make him perfectly content.

It was in the small hours of the morning ladies they took their leave, and they have left long before but he knew that his companions would have attributed his doing so to bad temper, so he stayed until Atwood proposed to go.

"I will see you down stairs," said the Captain as they were about to depart. He took a candle in his hand to light the way, the lights upon the staircase having been all turned out.

Jack was the last to leave the room and, as he did so, he slammed the door after him.

"Confound it, man," cried Sturgis—"why, you've locked me out. The door has a snap lock, and we don't open without my key."

"Haven't you got it on you?" asked Delaney. "I really am very sorry."

"Sorry" exclaimed the angry Captain. "What on earth am I to do? Everybody is asleep by this time."

"I wonder whether mine would fit?" suggested George Atwood. "Let me try."

Taking a bunch of keys out of his pocket, he put his own in the key into the lock, it fitted exactly, and he opened the door at once.

"By jove," cried Captain Sturgis, "that is what I call luck! I don't know what I sh uld have done, unless I had lain on the door-mat until morning. But I must remember to get that lock taken off. If anybody's key opens it, it is hardly safe."

"You need not be alarmed, Sturgis," said Atwood, laughing. "We have not turned burglars—have we, Jack?"

For some ten minutes, as they walked along together on their homeward journey, neither Atwood nor Delaney exchanged a word.

At last Jack broke the silence, saying—"I hate that man."

"So do I," replied George Atwood, with a vehemence of tone that startled his companion.

CHAPTER IV.

Several months passed by, and Mrs. Atwood's troubles seemed ever on the increase. Matters were daily growing worse instead of better, and clamorous bailiffs, people were continually dunning at the garden gate.

What was to be done? George Atwood seemed utterly callous as to the state of their affairs—he never attempted to write home.

"What is the use?" he remarked to his wife. "My luck is dead out. I can't get a story taken even when I do write one. The publishers are overdone with all sorts of people who write for nothing—barristers and well-to-do idle s who are only too glad to pay for the pleasure of seeing themselves in print. How can a poor beggar like myself earn anything?"

"But pa pie do earn money at it, George," persisted Blanche Atwood; "I know that some of the magazines pay very well."

"You know! That's just like a woman. How on earth do you know I am quite ignorant of the whole thing, and if some thing don't turn up soon I—

"There, don't give way, George dear; keep up a brave heart, darling! You know that there is no trouble which I would not share with you. You are all the world to me, and as long as you are such a strong we may yet hope to have happier days. Let e think if I cannot do something to help us in our pecuniary difficulties. It takes a man's brain to plot, you know, George "she added playfully.

"And there never was a cleverer one than you, Blanche," he answered, with almost the old tender ring in his voice as he spoke. "You always bear up, dear. It is I who am a selfish b ute."

"Hush, George," she cried; "I will not have you call my husband names! Why, we will have been quite well off and happy if he had not been such a silly old toy as to marry a certain penniless girl. There, now—we will say no more about it. You run off to your club, and I will see what I can do."

"All right, old girl—though it pu zles me to think what you can do to help us." he said kindly and kissing her as he spoke.

"And, George, dear," she added, as he was about to leave the room, "would you mind my saying something to you? You wont be angry, will you?"

"Angry! of course not. What is it?"

"I do so dislike that Captain Sturgis coming here so often. He is always dropping in at odd times and sending me parcels of books and flowers."

"He means it well enough," declared George Atwood, though he knitted his brows, and his thoughts were in direct opposition to his speech. "I don't want to be jealous of him, Blanche. In fact, I can't—and that's all about it."

"You—you love him money, George?" she—exclaimed, half in a whisper, half in a shriek. "Now you know the whole secre of it. I hate him tenfold and times more than ever since I imagine He He never—never been—rude to you, Bl nche.

"Rude! oh no nothing of the contrary! It is his extreme politeness which is much objec to. What can he find in there in this little s burban house to amuse him? Why, he is not seek the society of rich men like h mself."

"Hi—perhaps there is an attraction," said Atwo d gloomily. "The more fool he is."

"May I tell Elizabeth to say I am not at home when next he calls?" asked his wife.

"No! I would sooner that you did not," replied Atwood. "Wait till I see him from him, and then we will drop him altogether. I wish I had never known him."

"Hush! hush! do not talk like that, Atwood." "I cannot tell you why, but he seems to me to be our evil genius, and a dread of some terrible misfortune ov r us whenever I hear his footstep in the hall."

Shortly after George left the house Mrs. Atwood was surprised to see Elizabeth that s was also going out; and, having hastily put on her outdoor garments, she started after her servant.

Walking rapidly as far as Aford street, she began to slacken her speed, and looking about for the object of her pursuit. Presently, she pa sed before a silversmith's shop and paused in the window, half ashamed of the fact that old gold, silver and jewelry, for, were there purchas d.

Hesitating, she waited past the shop, then, as Elizabeth suddenly disappeared, courage, she traced her steps and entered it.

A quarter of an hour or so she came out and her a tant face showed that she had succeeded in her object, whatever it may have been. Then she hurriedly made her way home.

Upon her return she was surprised to find Mary Atwood waiting for her.

"Why, Mary dear," she exclaimed, "you are getting quite a stranger to us. Actually never come near us, and as for Jack we never see nothing of him at all."

"It is about Jack that I have come to talk to you, Aunt Atwood. I am so afraid that he is in some trouble."

"In trouble, poor Jack! I am so sorry," replied Mrs. Atwood, sinking down and telling me all about it. We are so fond of Jack."

"It is not through those horrid societies to which he belongs," began Mary, "I am sure of it—you know what extreme views he holds. He is not late every night, and, Mrs. Atwood he looks so ill and worn that I am certain there is something on his mind." "And do you know, she continued, leaning her voice to a mo to a whisper, "the house is haunted."

"The house! I watched the house, Mary! Why, who in the world would watch it?"

"I do, indeed. I will tell you why I think so. Some nights a n I notice a man loitering about the road outside the railing which separates the garden from the grating in the gard n door. I saw him plainly as he stood beneath the shadow of a lamp opposite, for over an hour he remained there, occasionally walking slowly past and looking at our house. After a while he would disappear, and another man joined him. They seemed to exchange a few words and then both would disappeared, leaving the other in his place.

"Oh! can he have done?" exclaimed Mrs. Atwood. "To profess Socialism is no crime—

"No—if he had not contented himself with that," said Mary. "But I fear he has got mixed up with some dreadful men, who have taken advantage of his position of what he is—a Socialist—to some of those Irish Americans perhaps, or—

"Oh, the dynamiters, let us hope," interrupted Mrs. Atwood, smiling. "I don't think Jack would be foolish enough to be a party to that wicked policy.

"I don't know what to think," remarked Mary. "Ever since then I have looked at my nightly visitor, sometimes from my bed-room window, and I have always seen the same man standing about outside. I think Jack was watching for him, was afraid to mention it. It is no fancy of mine—it is true, and I do no know what to do for the best.

"I will sound Jack," said Mrs Atwood after a few moments pause. "I will ask him if he knows anything about the man, and if he knows anything about the house with these dange ous as ociates. It is not fair to his mother or to you that he should be allowed to run into danger with fanatics. What a thousand pities it is that he should have this crazy."

"Yes, I do wish you would give it up," cried Mary, "how happy we might be living together as we do. With what enormous specimen of the cedar any where on the face of the globe as are found imbedded in the deep bank of the Hennisville sa s. Some of the trees have been uncovered measuring six feet in diameter and from four feet through are common.—Dunnsville N. J. Letter.

Women in Mills.

The fact is not generally known that women are already occupying places and doing work in iron mills and in manufactories of iron. The e years ago the men in a Pittsburg bolt manufactory gave so much trouble that they were displaced by women. The venture proved to be a marked success, so that the employers could not be induced to go back to men and so it is. The wire mill, which was established about that time, took up with the idea, and again everything worked satisfactorily. Then a large factory was opened to them, and once more the women proved better workers, more reliable and less troublesome than their male rivals. How far the innovation will go cannot be estimated. Evidently the end is not yet seen. Meanwhile girls as accountants and office helps are winning their way. By and by the boys will have to agitate for equal rights.

Now does the thoughtful man understand the wise provision of nature which orders that he should grow chilly in summer, for the cardinal jacket can be snuffed under cost without bursting the buttons.

Election Reform.

The attention of the people is now being drawn to the different systems of the ballot, which are possible through the laxity of the present laws, and which may be overcome by the passage of a more stringent one regarding the manner of holding elections. Already a number of states have adopted a system which is believed will materially check the abuses that are now prevalent. Massachusetts was probably the first one to lay aside the old law, and the substitute under which the ballot is now printed has been as the "Australian system." It is an admirable law, and was also passed by the New York assembly, but was vetoed by Gov. Hill. The law as discussed by Hon. Louis F. Post, a prominent attorney of New York, in the columns of the Standard, cannot be construed in any way but what it will result in the curtailing of election frauds. The election is held in a room which is partitioned off into "booths" or "stalls," and the voter upon entering the polling place turns to the right and receives from two election officers selected from opposing political parties, a single ballot, or a single set of the ballots. On the back is indorsed a stamp or signature, sufficient to identify it as official. On the ballot are usually printed the names of the candidates and the party to which they belong. The illustration given by Mr. Post is similar to this:

Republican.	For Mayor.	Vote for one.
Democrat.	J. S. Smith.	X
	D. Jones.	
Prohibition.	B. Long.	
Independent.	H. Hall.	
	For Sheriffs.	Vote for three.
Republican.	R. Doyl.	X
	J. Mann.	X
	T. Dunn.	X
Democratic.	S. Adams.	
	Q. Phelps.	
	C. Scott.	
	S. Jolly.	
Prohibition.	G. Todd.	
	W. Frank.	
	F. Swift.	
Independent.	P. Horse.	
	H. Floss.	

The voter in preparing his ballot is only required to place upon it each name he desires to vote a letter "X," as shown above. In case there is more than one man to be elected—as for senator—and the elector wishes to vote for all three he can draw a straight line past the candidates's name instead of making an "X," which would indicate who he was voting for.

The ballot being thus marked the voter goes into one of the booths and prepares his ballot as above indicated. If he is blind, illiterate, or otherwise incapacitated for preparing it he must call one of the officers to assist him, and if a ballot becomes soiled or torn it can be returned to the judges who will issue another—endorsing on the back—every ticket must be either cast or returned to the judges, so as to prevent fraud. By not allowing a ticket to be taken from the polling place would insure a secret ballot, for no man could be voted by a "striker," as is often done now. Under such a law he could cast a ballot in accordance with his sentiments. No one, aside from the duly qualified officers is allowed to talk to him or enter the booth in which he is marking out his ticket. When he has his ballot prepared he folds it in such a manner as to conceal the face and expose the endorsement on the back, he hands it to the inspectors, who identify it as official by the endorsement on the back, place it placed in the ballot-box and passes out at the other side of the booth from which he entered.

The law further provides that the tickets must be furnished by the state. This prevents fraud. No one but an idiot is deceived by false tickets. Under such a law it would be impossible for a bribed voter to vote a false ticket. He can be sure that the ticket he takes in is the ticket he votes as under the present law.

All this would be prevented. Workers at the polls would be dispensed with, and the expense of such a campaign would be reduced to almost nothing.

It is a fact that we have his name appear upon the official ticket, as was provided in the bill vetoed by Gov. Hill, that state nominations were to be certified fifteen days and local nominations ten days, before election; nominations of a political party which at the next preceding election polled a vote of five per cent of the vote vote to be certified by party officers, and independent nominations, if for a state office were to be certified by a thousand voters and if for a local office by a hundred.

Mr. Post asserts an incontrovertible truth in another sentence, when he says, "Already poor men rarely obtain political advancement without assuming obligations to be redeemed by official perfidy, and the obstacles to unalloyed candidacy have become so great as to often prevent and always to discourage independent nominations."

To this system it is objected that by requiring nominations to be made in advance of election it denies a conditional right of voters to select candidates from the whole body of voters. From such eminent authority as Judges Cooley, Dillon, Redfield, Folger, and the highest court of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York, it may safely inferred that a restriction of the right to candidates nominated a short time before election is a reasonable exercise of the right of legislative interference; but the inference is not needed, for the system allows each voter to reject all candidates and write new names upon his ballot.

It is plain, said, that by requiring the blind and illiterate to expose their vote to election officers, secrecy of ballot is as to them violated. Under our present system voting is not secret; these same illiterate and blind voters are required to expose their ballot to the election officer under the Australian system. As to do the same thing now, under our present law, but it would be a secret ballot to them as it is now. Some faults are also found with the ticket herewith presented, many thinking it would be better to have each party ticket on a separate sheet of paper, to avoid, it is said, confusion, and probably aid the judges in counting votes.

The states should adopt this law, with such amendments as may seem necessary, and thereby make a reform for characteristics men to foist themselves upon a community, and make it just as easy for a man—poor in purse, but rich in intellect—to be voted to positions of trust and honor. Workingmen, and business men more generally, should join forces in one attempt to have a law such as is generally regarded as a reform, introduce and pass the law known as the "Australian System."

Dakota's Rank and Rent.

Among our own states and territories Dakota, with its 96,000,000 acres, outranks all other states and territories in area except California, which has 99,827,300 acres, and Texas, which has about of 167,865,000 acres. The total valuation of the territory is estimated at $230,000,000, the assessed valuation of the land alone in 1888 aggregating $161,420,954. The population of Dakota is now greater than the population of any of the following states in 1880: Nebraska, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Florida, Colorado, Oregon and Delaware. Only twelve states out of the thirty-eight can boast of more miles of railroad than Dakota, and the other twenty-six are all those states seats when the railroad mileage of Dakota is called. It stands eleventh in regard to agricultural products, and has had four states to many other important respects. In agriculture Dakota fairly takes the lead. In 1887 the wheat crop was 62,555,400 bushels, exceeding by nearly 30,000,000 bushels the crop of Minnesota, and standing first as a wheat producing state. Only Illinois and Iowa are ahead of Dakota in the production of corn, while it ranks fifth in the production of corn and other farm produce. The agricultural development of Dakota has certainly been marvelous. There has been nothing like it even in the history of the western states. The decade just closing will see a sparsely populated territory converted into what could be a thickly settled state. From 135,000 in 1880 the population has now reached 600,000. From a total crop of less than 3,000,000 bushels in 1880 the annual product has now reached 62,000,000 bushels. The cat crop has increased in less than six years from 2,000,000 bushels to 43,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop from 2,000,000 in 1880 to 25,000,000 last year. It is almost impossible to accompany these figures, and if they were not official and not vouched for by the governor of the territory it would be difficult to believe in their accuracy.—New York Press.

Population of Japan.

The population of Japan at the end of the year, according to the Official Gazette, was 39,000,000, of whom 19,781,864 were males and 19,207,936 females.

"Show us how divine a thing a woman can be made!" Pain and misery put to flight by the relief it brings to neuralgia or toothache. This can be done only in one way. Invest 25 cents in Salvation Oil.

"I speak within bounds, sir," said the prisoner in the dock, when addressing the jury. We have no hesitancy in saying we declare with enthusiasm the great benefits of Dr. Bull's famous Cough Syrup.

Syrian velvet in two tones, like shot silk, is made up with faille and Victoria silk.

The Common Lot.

There is a place no love can reach,
There is a hope no wisdom can teach,
There is a calm no power can break,
There is a sleep no sound can wake.

Sooner or later the time will arrive, that place will wait for your coming, that chain must bind you in hopeless death, that sleep must fall on your senses. But thousands every year go untimely to their fate, and thousands more lengthen out their days in needful timely care. For the failing strength, the weakened organs, the wasting blood, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful restorative and a prolonger of strength and life. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, therefore by fortifying it against disease. Of druggists.

Ten of different shades is still the reigning color for evening dresses.

Famous Women.

It is a significant fact that most of the women who have achieved fame in art, literature, or "affairs," have enjoyed vigorous health. This shows that the mind is never capable of severe and continued application necessary to creative work, unless the body is at its best. The women who aspires to fill an exalted place among her associates, must be in full possession of stability and female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will banish these, and it is warranted to cure those functional harmonies which are indispensable to health. As a specific for all those chronic weaknesses and ailments peculiar to women, it is unequa ed.

The newest underwear is shown in silk like qualities of Nainsook and French linen.

Great Little Men.

Some of the greatest men that ever lived were of small stature and insignificant appearance. The greatest of all, could read many instances. Very small are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, but they are far more effective than the huge, old fashioned pills which are so difficult to swallow and so harsh in their action. The "Pellets" are gentle and never cause constipation. For liver, stomach and bowel derangements they have no equal.

Hats have round, flat brims, and are trimmed en couronne with tips of feathers.

If the Sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility, will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Hrentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable.

Gowns are high in the neck, and have a finishing bow of ribbon with long ends.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1884. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Gentlemen: Some years ago I recommended St. Jacobs Oil for Lumbago. Six bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me, and have not felt it since. Yours truly, A. E. OCHENSEAN, Ferrisville, Pa.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1885. Received, Jan. 10, 1887. Gentlemen: I have used St. Jacobs Oil for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Sores, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Bites of Insects, Stiffness, Soreness, Lameness, Cramps, Spasms, Numbness, Pains, Aches, Bleeding Piles and Sciatica, and it has never failed to cure me. Yours truly, A. W. GERRIER, Ferrisville, Pa.

Cured Permanently. Received, May 12, 1887. Gentlemen: I have used your St. Jacobs Oil for several years; used homeopathic liniments and plasters before, but your St. Jacobs Oil is the best. Yours truly, A. E. OCHENSEAN, Ferrisville, Pa.

As Druggists and Dealers can't be induced to carry a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in stock, we will send a bottle to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

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

Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR LIVER, STOMACH AND BOWELS.

Diamond Vera-Cura is a Vegetable Preparation, and is the best remedy for Constipation, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Nausea, Sick Stomach, Dizziness, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Sour Eructations, Heartburn, Flatulence, Bloating, Rising in the Mouth and the other evils arising from a disordered Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Price, 25 cents per box.

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM.

I suffered from catarrh in its severest form. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My head was filled almost daily. Since first I used a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm I had no bleeding, soreness is entirely gone. As a catarrh cure, I believe it to be the best. Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Pastor Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

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