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 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

BRUMMITT

The Photographer is on hand at all times and ready to take your Photos in the most approved style and at the lowest living prices. Come and be convinced.

Yours for satisfaction or no pay,

W. H. BRUMMITT

The Photographer. Pontiac, Mich.

A Model Newspaper

THE NEW YORK

MAIL AND EXPRESS

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

The New York MAIL AND EXPRESS, the favorite American newspaper of many people of intelligence and cultivated tastes, has recently made some noteworthy improvements, materially increasing its general excellence. It is in the broadest sense

A National Newspaper,

most carefully edited, and adapted to the wants and tastes of intelligent readers throughout the entire country—North, South, East and West. It is a thoroughly clean paper, free from the sensational, sensational and demoralizing trash, miscalled news, which defiles the pages of too many city papers.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our weight, but we shall always be opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

AGAINST THE SALOON.

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized National organ of the Temperance Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of manhood, the fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of using its influence to corrupt control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

Send for Sample Copy

They are sent free on all who apply.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Weekly, per year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 30 cents. DAILY, per year, $6.00; six months, $3.00; three months, $1.50; one month, 50 cents.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS are given to all subscribers and agents. We want a good agent in every town and village where we have not one now at work. Send for our Special Circular to Agents and see our liberal offers.

You Can Make Money

by accepting our Cash Commission offers or working for our valuable and popular premiums. Address the MAIL AND EXPRESS, New York City.

OH MY BACK!

DR. HILL'S ENGLISH BUCHU

is One of the Best

Kidney

INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Urinary Organs, Gravel, Gleet, Gonorrhœa in all its forms, Leucorrhœa, Inflammation of the Bladder, Stricture, Incontinence of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of the Scrotum, Female Complaints, Urine Retention, Pain in the Back, Frequent Urination, Inability to sit for long, Tedious Journeys, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Nervous prostration or debility, etc. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to healthy action, removes the acid and burning pain, allays inflammation, and cures diseases of the secretory and of discharging organs.

PRICE, $1. Three Bottles for $2.50.

Delivered free of any charge.

Sold by Druggists.

W. JOHNSTON & CO.,

Sole Agents. DETROIT, MICH.

REEDS

TRADE MARK

GILT EDGE

TONIC

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.

$1.00 for sale by Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

E. W. FABER.

There are no shadows where there is no sun;
There is no beauty where there is no shade;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, shine and cold blend.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;
And his dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnace on the mountain lake,
Fading and reappearing here and there.

The lamps and veils through Heaven and earth that move,
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty island.
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!

DARK DEEDS.

BY HENRY W. NESFIELD.

CHAPTER IV (CONTINUED).

"Oh, 'im!" cried Elizabeth when they were safely out of hearing. "Mr. Delaney is in the office. He's just come up the back way, and he looks so ill. I say he wants to speak to y.u, and please not tell master."

"Mr. Delaney? I wonder what's the matter," and Mrs. Atwood's heart beat quickly as she hurried down the stairs.

John Delaney was sitting near the kitchen table. His head rested on his hands, as he looked the very picture of misery.

As Mrs. Atwood entered, he looked up with the gravest concern, for she looked as a ream as she noticed the haggard, worn expression of his face.

"Can I speak to you alone?" he murmured nervously.

"Yes. I'll attend, just remain outside a few moments. I have something private I wish to say to Mr. Delaney."

Elizabeth retired into the passage with a guilty conscience—and sat upon the bottom stair.

"What is the name of good news as I will have to hear that Elizabeth 'Awkins didn't ought to?" she thought as she rocked herself to and fro in her distress. "Yes, I'm sure it's a disgraceful position for a female to be in. I should like to know what it is! It's a beautiful day, and I'm sure I'm in the 'ighest spirits. I wish to say to Mr. Delaney."

Elizabeth retired into the passage with a guilty conscience—and sat upon the bottom stair.

"What is the name of good news as I will have to hear that Elizabeth 'Awkins didn't ought to?" she thought as she rocked herself to and fro in her distress. "Yes, I'm sure it's a disgraceful position for a female to be in. I should like to know what it is! It's a beautiful day, and I'm sure I'm in the 'ighest spirits. I wish to say to Mr. Delaney."

Meanwhile Mrs. Atwood had seated herself near John Delaney, fully prepared to hear some dreadful news.

"I must leave London at once," he began. "I came here to ask you to look after my sister and the children. I am far away. I could not have said good-bye to them, even if it had been possible for me to do so. Tell them I am very, very—quite broken—hearted—quite—at not being able to see them before I leave. I say—

"But why must you go, Jack? Why?"

"I cannot dare not tell you. I must go, and at once. I must leave London by this night's mail."

"Have you sufficient money?" asked Mrs. Atwood, for the poor fellow's agitation was the reason of his sudden departure.

"Less—that is, just sufficient, I think, to take me away."

"Say! I do not ask you to tell me anything—in fact, I would rather that you did not do so. As to your mother and Mary, they shall be to me as my own mother and my sister. Will that suffice? You need not be afraid, Jack, when I say so?"

"Heaven bless you, Mrs. Atwood," cried Delaney, "for you have given me one bright spark of hope to lighten my darkened life. I know when you say so that they will have a friend and protector to comfort them. As to money, my mother has sufficient to keep them both from want. If e er I have the power I will do ample for them. I will, you know that."

"I am sure you will, Jack. Whatever our faults may be, want of a feeling for your mother and sisters is not one of them."

"For them!" he gasped. "Ay, and for—for—Mary! Tell the remainder of his sentence unfin shed.

"Listen! You say you must leave London by tonight—mark me, I know the o'clock. You have nearly two hours yet to re ch the station from which you in end to go. Remain here a moment."

Mrs. Atwood left the kitchen, but returned in a few minutes.

"Now, you must not go quite empty handed. Take this," she said, handing him a small packet. "There are fifteen five-pound notes in it. It is all my own. Take it."

It was the money which she had received that morning for the drinks she had sold—the money with which she had hoped to stave off some of their embarrassments.

"No, I cannot take it," cried John Delaney, bursting into the tears. "I know too well what it is to you.

"Jack," she said, as if addressing a naughty child, "take it at once, and don't be foolish. You can repay me by and bye!"

"I will then," he replied, looking earnestly into her face. "And Heaven permits me I will repay you a hundred-fold not the money only, but the generous deed as well."

"Now be off. This way. What is that there are shouting in the street?" she said, suddenly stopping as she was about to open the door. "Oh, it is only the newsboys."

"Newspapers!" echoed Jack.

Gradually the hoarse cries became more and more distinct. Standing in silence as if attracted by the sound they listened, darting into one another's eyes.

The shouts came nearer and nearer. The pang at his stood out in beads upon Jack's forehead, and his heart almost stopped beating as he listened to the words—

"Dynamite explosion!" "Awful dynamite explosion!"

By degrees the voices faded away, and all was as silent.

Neither of them had spoken for some minutes. Press on! Mrs. Atwood broke the silence.

"Is it—is it that, Jack?"

He made no answer, but slowly inclined his head.

"Good-bye, Jack—good-bye," she whispered; "and may Heaven in mercy forgive you!"

Raising her hands to his lips, he kissed them passionately then with a sob, he hurried out into the darkness.

Suddenly the front-door was thrown open, and a blaze of light streamed down the garden path, along which Delaney walked.

"Good night, then, Atwood," cried Captain Sturgis, as he came up again shortly. Hallo—why, there's Delaney! What are you doing, my young Scotsin, prowling about at this time of the night?"

"He came with a message from his mother," interposed Mrs. Atwood, who was standing at the kitchen door.

"He can see me into a cab then," exclaimed the Captain. "I know he goes part of my way. Good night."

Captain Sturgis took John Delaney's arm, and the two strolled off in the direction of the cab stand.

"You can give me a lift if you like," said Delaney.

"Why, are you going down town to-night?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes; I have some late work to do at the office of the paper I am on."

"Jump in, then; I go as far as Pall Mall."

"Piccadilly Circus will do me," replied Delaney, "if you will kindly put me up about there."

On arriving at the Circus, Captain Sturgis said he thought he would like to stretch his legs, so having dismissed the cab, the two men walked away in the direction of Pall Mall.

* * *

It was long after Captain Sturgis and Jack Delaney had left the house in St. John's Wood, and Mrs. Atwood had retired to her room.

Sitting quietly in his arm-chair, with his hands clasped upon his knees, as if in the deepest meditation, George Atwood had remained almost motionless since his wife had ribbed him good-night.

Suddenly, as if he had determined upon some course of action, he rose, and, putting on his hat and overcoat, gently opened the hall door and left the house.

CHAPTER V.

Hour after hour passed after her husband had left the house, but no sleep came to soothe Mrs. Atwood's weary mind. She had heard him open and shut the front door, though he had done it so quietly as scarcely to make an sound.

Her sense of hearing seemed to be painfully intensified, and as she stood near the window of her bed chamber listening for every sound in the street, the distant rumble of a late cab or an early market cart was the only sound which fell u on her ear.

How the events of the day kept recurring to her mind! First, her talk with George about their domestic troubles, and about her dislike to Captain Sturgis. Then her expedition to Oxford Street with her little packet of jewelry to try to raise some money, and her feelings of elation as she returned home with fifteen sovereigns in her hand. Then how she had poured forth her troubles to her about her brother, and how she had arranged to talk to him on the morrow. Then, that she had pouted forth her troubles to her about her brother, and how she had arranged to talk to him on the morrow. Then, that she disappointed at not being able to have her husband u ettly to herself, eager as she was to hand him those few pounds which were to tide over their present difficulties. Captain Sturgis had come home with George to supper. Why had he come, pray? How she had longed for his departure, so that she could tell George what she had done. Then, how she felt that was the worst of all that day's wears doings!—came Jack Delaney's visit. The money which he had taken as a surprise for her husband had one peculiarly been required from her; and then came the thought of the dreadful ruin, if her husband should still kept ringing in her ears—h r suspicions, and ask a silent acknowledgment of his guilt.

"Oh, horrible—horrible" she moaned as she clasped her throbbing temples with her hands.

What else could she have done but give Jack the money to enable him to escape?

Where was the harm in her giving it? Where was the harm in her giving it? Why, she would go and see. She took up a candle and quietly descended the stairs. Arrived in the hall, she saw the sitting-rooms was all turned out. She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was nearly three. Where could George have gone at this hour of night? She had better go to bed. Men of her husband's disposition are as well aware of hated to think that they were being watched.

Adjoining their sleeping apartment was a dressing-room. Her husband had been used for dressing in. She gave one glance in to it. It was just as she had left it before she went out, when he was in the hall washing his hands. He had evidently not entered it since.

At last she put out the candle, and, pulling up the blind so as to admit the first rays of light, laid down to wait for morning.

Four o'clock struck—and still she heard no sound of its return. Presently she fell into an uneasy slumber. She could not have slept long when she awoke from a frightful dream with a start.

She sat up in bed and listened.

What was that? Footsteps coming softly up the carpeted wooden stairs. She hear the stair as creak. Pause! Her ears to the utmost she heard the sound of a match being struck. The door of the bed-room was quietly opened and closed. Should she get up and welcome him? No—something deterred her from interfering with his comfort. Some dread of feeling warmed her not to do so and she lay still and listened. The sound of water rattling in a basin. Was he going to have a wash at this hour of the morning?

Thinking and thinking, utterly worn out in body and mind, she must at last have fallen into a deep sleep for when she awoke the sun was shining brightly in upon her face.

She looked at her watch—it was half-past four. Good! she had long been ready and waiting, but she had no thought of desire to eating. The morning paper lay upon the bed. Feeling it with trembling hands, she glanced at the head-lines of the news.

"Last night a desperate attempt was made to blow up the Houses of Parliament. Two fearful explosions occurred almost simultaneously in different parts of the Commons' House, at about half an hour before the usual time of the meeting of the members. It is supposed that the infernal machine used were wrongly timed and exploded sooner than was intended by the miscreants who had hidden them in the building. Had the house been full, as it would have been later on to discuss the Irish bill, the effect would have been a great loss of life. As it is, part of the interior of the building was wrecked. The police remain very reticent as to what they know, but it is believed that they have long had their eyes upon some suspicious persons, and that arrests will be made in the course of the day."

"Wretched boy!" thought Blanche, as she read and re ad the above paragraph. "May Heaven forgive him, and spare him to lead a better life in another land. I feel only that he may escape. Alas, it seems scarcely possible!"

A sound as of some one moving about upstairs distracted her attention. Her husband was getting up. Should she refer to his having been out all night or not. She decided that she had better wait. The tea was cold, and she hastened to prepare a fresh one for him. Then she noted what had at first escaped her attention, that there were several letters awaiting his.

Bills, she thought bitter y. They were all a dressed to him. One looked like a lawyer's letter—she knew that the long envelope and the crabbed handwriting could denote nothing else but a legal communication. Experience of such documents had given her a quick and tolerably correr et intuition of what the contained. She paced all the letters by the side of his plate.

"Poor George!" she thought. "If I had only that fifteen pounds to give him it might come in very handy, and enable him to face this day's troubles."

Blanche cried her husband's voice from the bed-room above—"Blanche, are you down stairs?"

"Ves, dear," she answered cheerily. "Breakfast is all ready."

"Just send Elizabeth out to get me a bottle of soda—tell her to order in a bottle of dozen, and to bring up again shortly. Hallo—why, there's Delaney! What are you doing my young Scotsin, prowling about at this time of the night?"

"He came with a message from his mother," interposed Mrs. Atwood, who was standing at the kitchen door.

"He can see me into a cab then," exclaimed the Captain. "I know he goes part of my way. Good night."

Captain Sturgis took John Delaney's arm, and the two strolled off in the direction of the cab stand.

"You can give me a lift if you like," said Delaney.

"Why, are you going down town to-night?" asked Sturgis.

"Yes; I have some late work to do at the office of the paper I am on."

"Jump in, then; I go as far as Pall Mall."

"Piccadilly Circus will do me" replied Delaney, "if you will kindly put me up about there."

On arriving at the Circus, Captain Sturgis said he thought he would like to stretch his legs, so having dismissed the cab, the two men walked away in the direction of Pall Mall.

* * *

It was long after Captain Sturgis and Jack Delaney had left the house in St. John's Wood, and Mrs. Atwood had retired to her room.

Sitting quietly in his arm-chair, with his hands clasped upon his knees, as if in the deepest meditation, George Atwood had remained almost motionless since his wife had ribbed him good-night.

Suddenly, as if he had determined upon some course of action, he rose, and, putting on his hat and overcoat, gently opened the hall door and left the house.

Blanche! What's this? Dynamite explosion, eh? Attempt to blo y up the House of Parliament. They are going it! Why, that would just suit young Jack's tastes. That boy is becoming a real anarchist."

"And here are some letters for you, dear. I was half afraid to open them, for I felt sure they were all bills; but now I don't mind one bit."

"Letters! Oh, they will keep!" he remarked, and he e ectively crammed them into his pocket.

"If you please 'm," sa d Eli abeth as she came into the room, "Mrs. and Miss Delaney wish to see you at once and particular."

"All Blanche's pleasure at having the burden of debt suddenly taken from off her shoulder s vanished instantly.

"Ask them to go into the sitting room, Elizabeth," she said. "I will be with them in a moment."

Then ha ing closed the door and locked it, she knelt down by her husband's chair, and recounted to him all the events of the previous night.

She told him how she had raised the money upon her jewels, and how she had intended it for a little surprise for him. Then she went on to relate how John Delaney came secretly at night, and how she had read in his face the danger he was in, and how upon learning that he was ill-provided with ready cash she had given him the money, which she could so ill afford to enable him to escape.

George Atwood listened attentively.

"o old quite right little woman—I'm sure I should do so if I have done had known about it. He is a young dog, but I like the lad. Let me see—he left here about three, eh? Well, and—

"es, we may learn from him, without exciting his sus icions, which way Jack went. He ne er intended to go home—poor infatuated boy! I do pity that boy, may succeed in leaving England."

"So do I," exclaimed Atwood fervently.

"Blanche, you are a trump. God did right to help him. I believe it! I were in a similar s rape you would stand by me" ... and he ended the sentence in half-interrogative.

"And by you George?" she replied, as the tears welled up into her eyes.

"o are to me my very e sten el ... ou will never know the love I have for you. For your sake I would have faced the devil himself, if need be, to secure your salvation. Oh George—but—I am not afraid of you, darling?" she continued, smiling brightly through his face. "I never could be in the same position as poor John Delaney is in this day."

George Atwood did not by a motion unta it, but he made no response.

At length, patting his wife upon the head affectionately, he said—

"We had better go in and see the Delaneys—I suppose we shall have to answer all sorts of questions. Let me see—for they will be ce tain to find that out—but don't tell them m re. Say it came by a ne ef ex does of an evening."

"But how shall we account for his not coming up stairs?" asked Mrs. Atwood, only too willing to screen the poor young man from all di grace. "Captain Sturgis will know, if he is asked that. He was out in the sitting room at all."

"Captain Sturgis will say nothing. I will see to that" declared George Atwood. "The interview with the Delaneys was a painful one. It transpired that the police had put a close watch upon the house, and that they were inclined to dispute their position of arresting John Delaney for having been connected with the dynamite outrage. Of course Mrs. Delaney was quite broken down, and Mary, though she tried to keep up her courage, was evidently suffering from the anxiety and the sad and suspicious which surrounded her brother's departure.

"Don't ing them be has a best she could." Mrs Atwood persuaded them to go home and wait, say nothing that things might turn out better than they expected, and promising to look in upon them in the evening.

"Don't gi e way to despair my dear Mrs Delaney," she said, as she wi her them good-bye, "everything may yet come right. When things appear at their worst it is always a sign of a happy change being near at hand. Yesterday I the ghts poor Jack could never so far lose sight of debt which we were in—to-day I am the hap iest woman in the kingdom. Jack will better days by and bye."

"George Atwood did not go out as he declared h intention of doing. He sat down all alone in a melancholy humor—drinking more than he usually did and eating nothing.

Early in the afternoon he rang the bell and asked Eli abeth where Mrs. Atwood was.

"She had gone out to pay some bills," Elizabeth informed him.

"I want you to tr to get me an evening paper, I s ch ck," he said. "Anything—Globe or Echo, it'coes not matter."

Very soon she returned with the desired article.

Taking it quietly from her hand, George Atwood remained in the same listless attitude until she had left the room; then he eagerly scanned the news, and, last in threw the paper away from him, and sank into his chair with a sigh of relief.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Skunk a Destroyer of Insects.

The much despised skunk is a good entomologist, and the farmer and gardener make a great mistake in persecuting and extirpating this humble little animal. The few eggs he pilfers from the farmers hen yard very poorly compensate for the great number of noxious insects he destroys. Mice, he is sometimes seen, about a window, on some elevated spot, watching for the May beetles as he wheels his drab or gray hide, and he saves him, not in the sense spoken of in the immortal elegy, but between his teeth. He will an hour at a time gathering in the destructive beetles. He is a persistent hunter, and in his nocturnal rambles moves along with his nose close to the ground, hissesne of amell is so acute not an insect, not a larva, above ground or below, can escape him. He will dig out the grub in the usual brilliancy as he sns any every leaf and branch for the hidden prey. About tobacco or plantations he sar ies in destroying the total cow rms ar considered valuable. Several years ago tobacco was cultivated to some extent in the ad olnig town of Iiri.hton. The writer, wish ng to get a few of the worms to rear moths from, called on a gentleman an owning a plantation in the town, and ma e kno n his object. The reply was "Take all you can and welcome, for I am get rid of them. Through the rows I noticed many holes in the ground, five or six inches deep but I could not make out the cause, as they did not have anything to do with the toba co. I mentioned the fact to the gentle an, who smiled as he told me that it was made by skunks to obtain the toba co worms which had left the land and buried themselves underneath. The transformation of the tu were foe stalled by the keen-scented skunk and made to serve as food.—Vick's Magazine.

A Financial Deadlock.

The Chinese colony of New York has a municipal government of its o n. A board of the leading Chinamen are chosen officers a thereof. The keep the money and pay out it only upon a warrant signed by a big iron box, which is locked with 12 powerous brass padlocks. Each of the 12 members of the municipal board of aldermen has a key to one of these padlocks. When the safe is o ened all the 12 must be on hand. Gen. Li Yung Tai, the distin uished Mongolian bur ei a few days ago, was a member of the board of aldermen, and now the unlucky lad is afraid of "Little China" are in a muddle. They can't find the key to unlock his padlock, and he can't open the safe. Gen. Li Yung would fill the place officially, of "J Yu Ten," but he will accept an elec ion to the position, for there is a feeling against that the dead man would be jealous of his su ces or.

The Prince Accomplishment.

"Yes" said the young lady demurely to Billy Bilvet, "sou has given me ever educational advantages. I can sing in Italian, you know, quite readily."

"Yes," said Billy, "I know."

"Then I can converse in French and Spanish and compose verses in Latin."

"Yes," said Billy, "but tell me one thing more."

"What is that?"

"Can you talk pro ed in English?"

"But John P. Robinson, he see they didn't know every thing down in Judee."

"Yes, I certainly know it, if they did not know that I suffered, pleasant and pleasant, a cure for croup, bron hitis, cough cold in the chest, etc., is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price twenty-five cents a bottle.

As a remedy for accidents common to every day life, such as cuts, bruises, sprains, burns, scalds, and the like, Pain Vation Oil has no equal in the market. It literally cures while you wait. Price 25 cents.

Black silk dresses are very fashionable made up in combination with colored silk faille and black lace.

Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold only in boxes.

Young ladies who are making their debut wear ball dresses of white tulle trimmed with white flowers.

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

English serge gowns of Roman-red are half covered by elaborate braid embroidered in black and gold.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portal of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you do overtaken by the symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the struggle against disease is given up in despair. But while there is life there is hope. Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours, and it will cure you if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the Golden Medical Discovery, however, can and will arrest the disease.

Evening toilets are made up in white, and even those in some dresses all these colors are worn together.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laurate would have done the world a greater service if he had told the women of the present how they could improve their health and increase their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health restoration and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, and is guaranteed to cure free from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. The guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully fulfilled for years.

Embroidered stockings exhibit every variety of elaborate clocking and ornamentation.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 75c.

The hair is worn dressed a little lower than it was last season. In some cases quite covers the nape of the neck.

It's Easy to Dye

WITH

DIAMOND DYES

Superior in Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.

Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes, and to give the most brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the Diamond, and take no other. 20 colors, 10c. each. *WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.*

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS.

Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 cts.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures, lithographed in colors, and elaborate braid embroidered in black and gold.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the dire warning which Dante read on the portal of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the struggle against disease is given up in despair. But while there is life there is hope. Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours, and it will cure you if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the Golden Medical Discovery, however, can and will arrest the disease.

Evening toilets are made up in white, and even those in some dresses all these colors are worn together.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laurate would have done the world a greater service if he had told the women of the present how they could improve their health and increase their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health restoration and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, and is guaranteed to cure free from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. The guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper, and faithfully fulfilled for years.

Embroidered stockings exhibit every variety of elaborate clocking and ornamentation.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 75c.

The hair is worn dressed a little lower than it was last season. In some cases quite covers the nape of the neck.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

ASTHMA CURED

GERMAN ASTHMA CURE

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, and cures most confirmed cases. Not to be confounded with Cigarettes, Powders, Fumes, etc., but a scientific preparation, which, when used according to directions, will cure the worst cases. A simple trial convinces the most skeptical of its wonderful curative powers. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail for $1. Dr. E. SCHIFF'S MAN'F'G CO., Sole Prop., 112 Pearl St., New York.

Ely's Cream Balm

IS SURE TO CURE

COLD IN THE HEAD

QUICKLY.

Apply it into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera, Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or DELETERIOUS DRUGS.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

Dyspepsia,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, ETC., will be avoided, and the food contribute its nourishing properties to the body. Price 25c. a box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. If Druggist is out of them remit to RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

CURES PERMANENTLY

BACKACHE, HEADACHE AND TOOTHACHE.

CURES PERMANENTLY ALL ACHES.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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

Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

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

Your Druggist or General Dealer will get You Cures for you if you insist on having them. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. 35 boxes $1.00; in stamps. Pamphlet free on receipt of 2 cent stamp.

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

Only $3 for a 240-lb Family Scale!

This is less than the cost to manufacture by any other house. Warranted for five years. Every fault and error, Vermin-proof and Odd. Steel Bearings, Iron Frame, Beam packed in single screw. Capacity 240 lbs. Sent on trial. Cash or on easy terms. Catalogue free. Address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be retained. Combined with the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is more nutritious and more efficacious.

Remarkable as a fleh producer.

Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and best preparation on the Market for the relief and cure of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.

The great remedy for Consumption, Scrofula and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use hundreds of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles free to any sufferer who will send me their Express and Post Office address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 183 Pearl St., New York.

SALESMEN

Wanted to sell Fruit Trees, Vines, Plants, Bulbs, Seeds, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Bulbs, Seeds, Roses, Shrubs, Vines, Bulbs, Seeds, Roses, Shrubs, Vines