GOLDEN OPINIONS.

BOYDELL BROS.' READY MIXED PAINT

ead what the users of this celebrated article have to say about it
Not Strangers but your own Acquaintances
Read and Consider

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—As the season for repairing and painting is at hand and as we very well know people will want to know what is the best, the cheapest and most durable paint to use in reply to all such questions allow me to say that Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint is by far the best paint I've used or ever saw. I used a good deal of it last year, 25 kinds of ready mixed paints but Boydell Bros.' gives the best satisfaction and is by far the most reliable I've bought at one time 120 gallons and have bought and used several gallons besides. It seems to be a good paint to maintain body and its color well and is lasting. I have used other brands of mixed paint but never found one come up to the standard of Boydell Bros.' I have no interest whatever personally in this paint, but simply want my friends and neighbors to get the best value for their money, for I have learned that this is no small item in the way of repairs, hence, I say if you are going to paint your buildings this year, give Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint a trial and you will use no other.

M. K. TABER.

BIRMINGAM, Mich., April 2, 1889.
Boydell Bros., Detroit:—I have used your Ready Mixed Paints for the last five years as a painter and can honestly say that I think it superior to any other manufactured and better even than the best lead and oil for durability. I have never yet finished a job for a customer but what he was perfectly satisfied with the paint. It will never check nor peel, but always keeps its color and is wonderfully good looking.

RICHARD MONROE,
House Painter and Decorator.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., April 2, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—We have used hundreds of gallons of Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint and it is all right. It is as good as the makers claim it to be. Its staying qualities are as good as any paint that we have ever used. WM. PAINT, Paint & Oil Store.
Boydell Bros. Painters and Decorators.

TROY, Mich., April 1, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—I used something over 50 gallons of Boydell Bros.' Paint about one year ago. My son also used about 25 gallons, and can say that it gave us entire satisfaction. I would recommend Boydell's Paint in preference to any other, for hardness of finish and durability.

SILAS B. WATTLES.

Whitehead & Mitchell.

I have used B oydell's Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint (60 gallons) with so much satisfaction that I intend using more of it this spring. I can heartily recommend it to any one contemplating the use of paint.

J. W. CRAWFORD.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Boydell Bros., Detroit, Mich.

Gents—We, the undersigned purchasers and users of Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint, have no hesitation in pronouncing it in our opinion as good as the best Mixed Paint sold, and far superior to many brands of Mixed Paint now on the market. In our experience it excels the best lead and oil and for beauty, glossy surface, economy, lasting qualities, and all desirabilities that one expects to find in a satisfactory article, we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paint.

Wm N M Carey, 15 gallons,	Albert Todd, 28 gallons,
Pinder Worth, 50 gallons,	Cooper Pickering, 50 gallons,
A. Whitehead, 40 gallons,	B A Thorne, 11 gallons,
Mrs C Utter, 20 gallons,	James A. McKinney, 30 gallons,
Nancy McKinney, 2 gallons,	Joseph Mead, 5 gallons.
G H Mitchell, 23 gallons,	

We keep Boydell Bros.' Paint, any shade and in any quantity, from 1 qt. to 1 bbl. See us for information.

Yours respt'y,

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.
Boydell Bros., Detroit, Mich.

Gents:—I have used in painting over 25 gallons of your Mixed Paint with perfect satisfaction as to its wearing qualities, its economy and its great brilliancy. The buildings having been painted over two years looks as bright and glossy as the day it was painted, hard and glossy, and I would recommend Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint to all those who desire a good, desirable and lasting paint.

EUGENE BROOKS.

TROY, Mich., April 2, 1889.

Messrs. Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—Yours of the 30th received and in reply would say I can't tell how well it will last but I am very much pleased with the paint. I used about 30 gallons of white and about the same of red and I never saw any white paint that had such a gloss. Yes, I would certainly use it if I could get it, in preference to all others. I am pleased with the paint. Yours truly,

F. G. PEARSALL.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.
Messrs. Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—Having used one year ago Boydell Bros.' Ready Mixed Paint for painting my house, will say it looks to day as if newly painted and takes less paint than any other I have ever used and I would not again, by preference to any I have ever used should I want to paint again.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN BALDWIN.

SOUTHFIELD, Mich., April 4, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich.—

Thirteen years ago I repaired and painted my residence and in the fall of 1876 I was persuaded to paint it again. The question then arose what kind of paint was the best for me to use. After investigation I decided on Boydell's using 12 gallons of oil, outside white. It improved in appearance so much that I concluded to paint the roof also and for that purpose I selected the No 43 using 25 gallons and it has given the best of satisfaction. And to anyone wishing to paint their buildings I say use the best and you believe that to be Boydell's. Yours truly,

J. N. HEYB.

SOUTHFIELD, MICH., April 6, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell's
Announcement.

We wish to announce to our many friends who have favored us in the past that we are ready and willing at all times to sell goods at the lowest living rates. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

is always full and fresh. We buy none but pure drugs and pay particular attention to putting up physicians' prescriptions and family recipes. Dye stuffs of all kinds always on hand.

GROCERIES!

In groceries we are found to be near the head in quality and quantity at prices as low as any one can safely sell. Our goods are the best that money can buy and of standard brands. We have a wonderfully fine, open kettle New Orleans molasses that is the best made. Our 50c Tea is uncolored Japan the best in the market. We have green, black and Japan. Our coffee stands on its own grounds.

We have a full stock of stationary, confectionery, writing paper in pads, etc.

FURNITURE!

We can sell you chairs, bedsteads, bed springs, mattresses and bedroom suits as cheap as anyone can. They are of the best made for the money. Come and inspect them. Extension tables cheap at 65c per foot and a better table is not made. Patent upholstered rockers all prices.

Yours respectfully,

Whitehead & Mitchell.

WITH THE VIOLETS.

'OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the light vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall any that the sodden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies,
And grass and trees in happiness
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the fragrance from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on the mound.
When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will need them all.
For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That thrills beneath the April sky
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.
When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mound shall call them back,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
And trilling from its topmost mass.
At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blooms to the skies—
So may the world that nurtured it rise.
If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, "What maiden lies below?"
Say only that a lowly bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

TESSA.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Cardine was eminently a young lady of resource; but she confessed to herself that, as she stood before the glass thoughtfully brushing out her long hair, that the promise, or rather the means of fulfilling it, lay heavily on her mind. Visions of detectives and Scotland Yard rose up before her; but as she had not the remotest idea in what part of London Scotland Yard was situated or who were the proper authorities to consult, these visions were dismissed as useless.

As she proceeded thoughtfully with her toilette, a brilliant idea flashed across her mind. Mrs. Callender had said that Noel Cleveland knew actors and actresses and all kinds of disreputable people; surely he might be able, among his numerous acquaintances, to obtain some news of Antony; and he was always so kind and pleasant that Tessa felt certain he would help her to the utmost extent of his power.

Much relieved, she finished dressing and ran down-stairs. She was a little late, and the others were already in the dining room. On the table beside Tessa's plate, a bunch of roses cream, white and deep crimson, was lying. Tessa gave a delighted exclamation as she caught up and buried her face among the fragrant blossoms.

"Oh, Mr. Bevan, how awfully good of you!" she cried.

"You must not think so" Austen smiled at the girl's animated face. "Noel ordered them. He is going from home to-morrow; and, as he had not time to call, he sent these instead of a 'P. P. C.' card."

"Going from home?" and Tessa looked unfeignedly disappointed and dismayed. "Will he be away long?" she went on, after a pause.

"A month or two. Why, Tessa, you look quite heart-broken!" Austen said with a surprised amused laugh.

Tessa colored. The disappointment was indeed great; she had relied confidently on Noel Cleveland's advice and assistance, and now the news that it would probably be months before she saw him again came like a sudden blow. She was conscious that her face betrayed too clearly her disappointment and vexation—that Austen was looking at her with a surprised, and Mrs. Callender with a suspicious face, and, with an effort, she forced a spiile and careless answer.

"Yes, I am sorry; he is so amusing," she said lightly.

"And I think it is quite time he went," Mrs. Callender said with a severe look.

Tessa flushed angrily—a biting retort rose to her lips; and Austen, seeing that a storm was imminent, hastily changed the subject.

Dinner had been served earlier than usual that evening. There was a political meeting at Pennington to which both Austen and his sister were going. Tessa—who had declined to accompany them—had forgotten all about the meeting, and was delighted and relieved when Austen, glancing at his watch, inquired at what time the carriage had been ordered.

It was very rarely that she had an evening to herself; and she determined to make the best use of her unusual opportunity, and endeavor to see Mr. Cleveland. He had told her once that he almost invariably smoked his after-dinner cigar in the park, during his house. Once or twice Tessa had seen him sauntering up and down the avenue as she rode past with Austen.

There was just a chance that he might be there this evening; at all events, Tessa decided that she would try it if fate would be propitious.

It was just eight o'clock before Tessa reached the Priory gates. The twilight was already gathering among the trees in the avenue, and there was a stillness which was almost oppressive over everything; the whole place looked asleep, Tessa thought—even the deer scarcely troubled to raise their heads as she passed.

With her heart beating a little nervously she hurried up the path, looking anxiously from side to side; but no trace either of Mr. Cleveland or his cigar gladdened her eyes. Suddenly, however, she paused abruptly, the winding path which led behind some thick bushes, towards the fish-pond, a tall woman slipped from behind the bushes and stood before her in the path, barring her progress. She was dressed in white, and her long yellow hair hung over her shoulders far below her waist; she had a beautiful and pale face, and gazed at Tessa with a pained anxiously into Tessa's startled face. She stepped forward and laid her hand upon the girl's arm with a firm yet gentle touch.

"I am so glad you have come, my dear! It is so dull being here alone!" she said, in a curiously absent clear voice. "And now you will help me to look for it—will you not?"

"Look for it? What have you lost?" Tessa faltered.

Something in the stranger's voice and manner struck her as old and unusual, and her heart beat quickly as she asked the question.

"Ah, I can't remember! I have tried and tried, but I can't remember what it is!" she said, passing her hand across her forehead with a weary sigh. "But I think it must be here somewhere; and now you have come I dare say we shall find it. Come"—and the firm clasp tightened round Tessa's arm—"I will show you where I think it is."

Dragging the girl after her with a gentle but irresistible force, she walked quickly down the narrow path.

Tessa was too much startled to make any resistance. Passively she allowed herself to be hurried along behind the trees by her strange companion until they stood on the bank of the fish-pond.

It was shut in on all sides by a thick belt of fir-trees, which looked dark and sombre now against the sunset sky. Here the water lay in deep shadow; the other half was dyed blood-red by the setting sun; the bats were whirling overhead, and from the wood an owl's melancholy note sounded now and then. It was a strange and weird place to be in at that hour and with such a companion, and Tessa felt frightened and nervous.

The woman, without relaxing her tight hold, pointed with the other hand to the water.

"I think it must be there," she said, in a gentle but determined voice—"down among the waterlilies, you know. Come—let us jump in and look for it!"

The firm clasp tightened on Tessa's arm; with a wild terror she felt that she was being drawn nearer to the edge of the water, and with the resolution of despair she forced a smile to her lips.

"I don't think so: it is much more likely to be somewhere in the Priory," she said.

"In the Priory?" The other shook her head. "Oh, no—I have looked all over for it! In every room but Noel's study; and I dare not go there as he always locks it when he goes away. When, turning round their dial track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass, Her little mound shall call them back, The crickets, sliding through the grass, And trilling from its topmost mass. At last the rootlets of the trees Shall find the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dust they seize In leaves and blooms to the skies— So may the world that nurtured it rise. If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask, "What maiden lies below?" Say only that a lowly bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets blow."

The smile faded, and was suddenly replaced by a look of the passionate despair she clasped her hands across her eyes, and burst into wild sobbing.

"Oh, I remember now—it was my baby!" They took it away from me, and I have never seen it since," she cried passionately.

At that moment to Tessa's intense relief, the wild sobbing came to the sound of footsteps, and in another instant Noel Cleveland appeared.

He did not notice Tessa just at first. Gently, but decisively he put his hand with a firm arm, and stroked the golden head and soothed her as he might have soothed a crying child.

"Why, what are you doing here, my dear?" in a surprised gentle. "Come home or you will catch cold and be ill again."

Mrs. Cle eland clung to him pitiously.

"Oh, Noel, I can't find it! Where have you put my baby?" she moaned.

"She" pointing at Tessa—says it must be in the Priory. Is it?

"Perhaps so. Come—we will look for it, dear."

"Then ask her to come. Like her," Mrs. Cleveland said, pointing at Tessa.

For the first time Noel glanced at Tessa. His face flushed, and he looked surprised and annoyed.

"Miss Cardine will you gratify this poor girl's fancy? he said, after a pause, and in an odd humiliated tone.

And Tessa, feeling too sorry and sad to answer, bent her head silently and followed them to the house.

She noticed that Mr. Cleveland, as he approached the house, turned aside from the principal drive and led the way up a narrow path behind the thick hedge to a side door, which opened into a quaint square hall. Entering the house, he opened the door of a small room which looked like a study, and requested Tessa to wait there for an instant while he took his wife to her own apartment.

Tessa, standing in the study, heard the sound of heavy doors closing one after another—heard the low sobbing become fainter and fainter till it died away altogether in the distance.

Her heart grew full of pity and sympathy as she stood by the window, looking dreamily out into the garden, and thought of the terrible trouble which was part of and overshadowed her friend's life.

It was quite ten minutes before Mr. Cleveland returned, and then Tessa's quick eyes noticed that his face looked old and haggard, like the face of one who was suffering from severe mental pain—the slight mocking light had quite died out of his eyes, and left an unspeakably sad and hopeless look. He came quietly across the room to her side, and, as she glanced shyly into his face, put his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"Poor child, were you very much alarmed? I am so sorry!" he said, looking down at her with his kind weary eyes.

Tessa colored vividly. Fervently she longed to give utterance to some of the grief and pity which filled her heart, but the words failed her.

"I am—oh, so sorry! Has she been like this long?" she faltered.

"Since her baby died. She was very old once before when she was quite a young girl, and her mother died in an asylum." Noel spoke in a resolutely calm voice. "I did not know this, you understand, or I should never have married her; they—she and her father—took good care I should not know until it was too late. I was a good match, you understand;" and a bitter sneer crossed his face for an instant. "Then, about fifteen months after our marriage—soon after her baby died—she became like this. I dare say Mrs. Callender has told you some pretty little tales of my cruelty and jealousy, has she not? Yes—I thought so"—as Tessa's eloquent face answered for her. "—Well, now you know the truth. I am a very proud man, Miss Tessa, and I hated the idea of the world's comments and pity as then it became known how I had been duped and fooled; so I kept my secret. I gave out that my wife's delicate health altogether unfitted her for society, and discouraged all visitors here. I could not bear the idea of shutting the poor thing up in an asylum, for she is quite harmless generally."

"I am so sorry."

Tessa's eloquent eyes looked the sympathy which her tongue refused to utter. Noel gave her hand a little friendly squeeze.

"I am sure of it. And now tell me how you came to be in the park alone, and at this late hour," he went on.

"Did you want me?"

"Yes."

Tessa's story was soon told; and her request met with the ready response she expected. Mr. Cleveland readily promised to make inquiries among his theatrical friends, and seemed so certain of success that Tessa was relieved and delighted.

"Thank you so much!" she said putting out her hand gratefully.

"Will until you have something to thank me for," Cleveland said gently. "Now I will walk home with you. Oh, my dear"—as Tessa began a half remonstrance—"it is too late for you to go alone!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

He who steals my purse, steals trash, but he who maliously pilfers away my reputation O'Leis is something that enriches him indeed and leaves me bankrupt, a villain to riches and poles, a scorn of the world citizen, until I can slowly creep to the nearest drug store.

The shoe strike in North Adams still continues. The old help are getting places elsewhere, while the manufacturers are teaching new hands.

An eastern man advertises for "a boy to open oysters with reference." Oysters do not generally obtain references, but milkmen can truthfully testify to the miraculous power of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A new development of the labor question is the wife beating of miners at Greensburg, Pa., against a boss who called them "Mollie Maguires" and "anarchists."

"Oh to be dead and done with the trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of Polly a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, sad wives and mothers,
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,
and it tells you that the storm of disease
which has spread its shadow over you will
give way to the sunshine of renewed health,
if you try one, and only Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure a f emale weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for after all will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To clease the stomach, liver and system generally, Use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

Favorable accounts of the prospects of the K. of L. in Great Britain are given by Archibald Brimas, Archibald of the New York paper hangers' assembly.

Sportsmen

Should procure illustrated "Sport among Negrasia and Pawnee" pamphlet free. Address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.

Printed matter regarding lands in Nebraska, Northwest Kans s and Eastern Colorado, mailed free. Address P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

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

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing the expressions of gratitude with which he is daily, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

The paving cutters' union, organized in Baltimore in 1887, now has fifty-five branches in nineteen states and runs a trade paper. Its headquarters are at Berlin, Wis.

A Dressmaker's Experience.

Dear Sir:—As Mr. Hinman, the druggist, told you I am agreat friend of your remedy. I have used it at intervals during the last twelve years. It carried me safely through the critical period of my life without a single sick day, and it did great things for me in many ways.

I always recommend it where I see a case that needs it. It always does splendidly, often accomplishing more than you have ever claimed for it, and more than any one would really believe who did not personally know the cases.

I now consider myself well, but I work hard at my business—dressmaking—and when I am tired and nervous a small dose of Zoa Phora quiets and rests me. I always have it in my house.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Mary C. Chandler,
Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 20, 1886.
To H. G. Coffeman, secretary.

N. B.—It is equally good at all times of life.

AN EXQUISITE ENGRAVING

Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, Colorado, With View of Pike's Peak in the Middle Distance.

A very costly and elegant steel plate engraving has just been executed in the highest style of the art, copies of which from a limited supply, are now ready for delivery, and will be sent to any part of the world on receipt of 25 cents each, in stamps or coin. The noble grandeur of the "entrance" to the "Garden of the Gods" is the favorite theme of poet and painter. The outer portapets are of pure white, while the interior columns spring boldly from the plain to a height of 300 feet—the whole suggesting the ruins of a vast temple. These towering walls form a majestic frame work for the snow capped summit of Pike's Peak which reveals itself among the clouds in the far distance. To secure an early copy of this admirable work of art, address John Sebastian, Gen. Tkt. & Pass. Agent, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., enclosing the price, 25 cents.

A Splendid Exhibit.

At the recent St. Louis fair, the fluvanna county took first premium for general collective agricultural and horticultural exhibits. Its display of farm products, gathered almost exclusively from the new counties of western Nebraska and eastern Colorado (the well known rainbelt), formed one of the most attractive and interesting features of the entire fair, and excited much favorable comment. The display of Nebraska fruit, including forty-five varieties of apples from one county alone (Fillmore), excited no less surprises, and must have done much towards removing the misconception that still exists in regard to the capabilities of this rich section of country. Western Nebraska and eastern Colorado have become better known during the last few months than ever before; thousands of harvest excursionists have visited the country and a considerable proportion of them have remained. It is believed that the influx of immigrants next spring will be sufficient to take up the whole of the re-mained and that still remains open to settlement.

TWO FORTUNATE MEN.

Mr. C. A. Buckingham Captures a Prize in The Louisiana Lottery.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Dec. 13, 1889.

C. A. Buckingham is night clerk of the United States Express Company in this city, and a sober, industrious young fellow at that. Last night the clerks in the same office made up a purse for the purpose of buying some tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery and asked young Buckingham to go into the combination, but he refused. Saturday night he decided his earnings to care for his family, a wife and child, and to risk having been sick for some time. Just before the drawing on the 10th of December, however, Buckingham concluded that he would try his luck and on the quarter of $1 and received in return two one twentieth tickets. One of these was one twentieth of Ticket No. 69,159, which drew the third capital prize of $50,000. The fortunate man forwarded his ticket to the Louisiana State Lottery company and received in return $2,500 in hard cash. This is another case of where the prize fell into deserving hands and where it will serve the excellent purpose of making easy for the time being, at least, the path of a most deserving young man and his excellent family.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION

IN MONTHLY SICKNESS IF TAKEN AT THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF DANGER SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED GREAT DANGER TO WOMAN AT CHANGE OF LIFE

USE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. 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.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON

FREE

Handsome and full descriptive circulars of MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM of CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can, with this system, easily learn to cut and make any garment worn by ladies or children, for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

50 Cts.

COLD IN HEAD

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

TAR-OID

A new method of compounding Tar.

SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 2 2c stamps for Free Sample. TAR-OID CO., 75 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

TIRED WOMEN!

FARMER'S WIVES, SHOP-GIRLS, CLERKS, TEACHERS,

Breaking down from being too much on their feet, and the strain of daily cares,

CAN RENEW THEIR STRENGTH

by using ZOA-PHORA, (Woman's Friend,) a prevention *and a Cure* for all diseases peculiar to women.

Women know what these diseases are, but do not always give proper attention to their symptoms, viz.:

PAINS, PERMANENT AND SHIFTING,
NERVOUS HEADACHE, PALPITATION,
PALE OR MOTHY COMPLEXION,
SLEEPLESSNESS, WEAK BACK,
MENSTRUAL DERANGEMENTS,
PERIODICAL NEURALGIA,
TREMULOUSNESS, HOT FLUSHES.

That terrible *dragging down, all gone* sensation, these indicate that some form of weakness is coming on

A *reliable* remedy should be *promptly* used. ZOA-PHORA is that remedy, *proved* so to be *by long actual use*. Its great popularity is not due to big advertising, but to

Reports of Ladies Who Have Used It.

For a pamphlet of these Reports, and also the BOOK ON DISEASES OF WOMEN, which we publish, (a book which every woman, or girl above 15 years old, should read,) Address,

ZOA-PHORA MEDICINE CO.,
Kalamazoo, Mich

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

25 CTS

CONSUMPTION

THE FOLDING SAW.

COMPARATIVELY A NEW INVENTION.

Saws Down Trees. No Backache. No Stooping.

25,000 NOW SUCCESSFULLY BEING USED

Actually saves the labor of one man. Adopted by all foreign countries as well as the U. S. Write for Descriptive Catalogue containing testimonials from thousands of people who have used it. Can be had where there is no vacancy. A New Invention just out which will save more than ever before. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealer or write FOLDING SAW CO. MACHINE CO., 164 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMERS WANTED TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR RELIABLE NURSERY STOCK. Pay weekly. Handsome Outfit furnished free. Write BROWN BROS., Nursery men, 5 to 9 Times Building, Chicago, Ill. (This house is reliable.)

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FREE TO JAN. 1, 1890.

THIS SLIP

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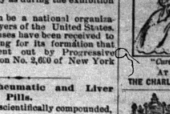

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