GOLDEN OPINIONS.

BOYDELL BROS.' READY MIXED

PAINT

Read 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 now used or sold as a ready mixed paint. I have used many kinds of ready mixed paints but Boydell Bros.' gives the best satisfaction both for inside and outside. I bought at one time 120 gallons and have bought and used several gallons besides. It seems to have a good substantial body, holds its color well and is lasting. I have used other brands of mixed paint but none would 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.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., April 3, 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 body.

ELMER J. 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.

WES FAINT, Of Faint & Staley. House 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 35 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.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Boydell Bros.—

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 house having been painted over two years looks as well as when first painted, the surface being 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 20 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 use it again in 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 1888 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 13 gallons of outside white. It improved the appearance so much that I concluded to paint the roof also and for that purpose I selected the No 43 using 23 gallons and it has given the best of satisfaction. And to anyone wishing to paint their buildings I say use the best and I believe that to be Boydell's.

Yours to command, J. N. HETH.

SOUTHFIELD, MICH., April 6, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell.

I have used Boydell 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.

Mrs N M Carey, 15 gallons,	Albert Todd, 25 gallons,
Pinder Worth, 50 gallons,	Casper Pickering, 50 gallons,
A Whitehead, 20 gallons,	B A Thorne, 11 gallons,
Mrs C Utter, 20 gallons,	James A McKinney, 50 gallons,
Nancy McKinney, 9 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 resp't'y,

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

FURNITURE

Delivered a distance of 25 miles, by rail or team, free of charge.

TOMPKINS & WILLIAMS

are home from Chicago, Grand Rapids and the east with the largest stock of

FURNITURE

Ever brought into the city of Pontiac. We are ready to meet any honorable competition, and will meet it in the county or state, Detroit not excepted.

We buy for cash and sell for cash.

NOTE SOME OF OUR PRICES.

Six Cane Seat Chairs for	*$ 3 50*
Maple Beds for	*2 00*
Carpet Lounges for	*4 50*
Cold Springs for	*1 50*
Woven Wire Springs for	*2 00*
A Fine Chamber Suit for	*16 00*

All other goods in proportion.

CARPETS.

Over two hundred patterns, all of the latest spring styles, now ready for the spring trade. Over 7,000 yards sold last year. Look all around, then come see us.

LACE AND CHENILLE CURTAINS.

The largest and best selections in the city, and our prices are way down. Come and see them before you buy.

WINDOW SHADES.

Fifty different patterns in Felt and Holland, Plain and Decorated, and a full line of Spring Rollers. No one can sell for less than what ours are offered.

Smyrna and Japanese Rugs.

A Fine and Elegant Selection in all sizes. Door Rugs, Cocoa, Cane and Straw Mattings.

OILCLOTHS.

By the Yard or Pattern, in all Sizes.

CURTAIN POLES.

Brass and wood trimmed Poles, double windows and doors.

WOODENWARE.

Wash Tubs and Boards, Butter Bowls, Butter Ladles, Butter Stamps, Clothes Baskets, and all goods in this line.

Looking Glasses, all sizes.

Feather Pillows, all qualities.

Chairs and Tables to rent for parties.

Look all around, then come and see us, and you will be satisfied that this is the place to buy. Our stores are lighted by electric light, and you can see goods by night as well as by day. We are always glad to show goods whether you buy or not.

Tompkins and Williams, Pontiac, Mich.

THE CAMP FIRE.

Senator Hampton's Address at Charleston, S. C.

Other Stories of War Life Related by Men Who Were There and Know Something About It.

Changing Years.

April 30, 1789.

[Written for the "Camp Fire" Department by W P. Roberts, M. D., of Evansville, Wis.]

WASHINGTON, our first President,
To us his talents and money lent,
As all who read may know.
In Church and State or banquet hall
His memory we to-day recall
Of the many years ago.

We celebrate one hundred years
Of joys untold, but mixed with tears—
Our first inauguration.
How many changes have come and gone,
Yet this day finds us moving on
With our Constitution.

We boast that we are free-born men,
And shout it o'er and o'er again,
And make a "hue and cry."
The time now is for us to pause
And think upon the changeless laws
Given us from on high.

To everlasting they are the same,
And God's promises we can claim
If faithful we abide.
Let us anew resolve this day,
Due homage to our Maker pay,
And let His spirit guide.

Our fathers brave, not long ago,
Many hardships did forego,
Their freedom to possess;
And left their native shores behind,
A better country here to find,
Where Kings could not oppress.

Behold those giant forest trees,
With branches moving in the breeze,
A boundless sea of leaves.
Ere long those trees had fallen low
And teams were passing to and fro
Amidst a field of sheaves.

As time and hardships onward sped,
Our fathers did our mothers wed
And reared their families large.
The girls were taught it was a sin
Not to know how to card and spin,
And of the house take charge.

The boys were taught to grub and chop
And from the soil to raise a crop
Of potatoes, corn and beans.
The girls and boys grew on apace,
And neck to neck did run the race
To live within their means.

God blessed them in their honest toil,
And kept them from internal broil,
A united stalwart band.
Ere long their sky was clouded o'er,
Their freedom was assailed once more
In this—their new-found land.

Old England's lords, with tyrant sway,
In horrid war and dire array,
Struck down our sires brave,
But brighter days were on the wing,
Nor England's might, nor England's king,
Our fathers could enslave.

The Indian hunter, Nature's child,
Then roaming free this western wild,
Was rudely swept away.
The white man drove his game afar
With ax, and plow, and railroad car—
The red man could not stay.

A Quaker lady, devoid of brag,
Designed for us our ensign flag
To float o'er land and sea;
And now our sisters humbly ask
The right to help us in our task
To keep this country free.

How soon do men forgetful grow
Of Grandma's deeds, of long ago,
And mother's holy name.
Our sisters work as much as we,
Yet like us, they cannot see
This boasted freedom—shame!

Intemperance is in our land,
Casting fetters upon every hand,
The God accursed woe!
And unless there are many found
Who trust in God for reason sound,
Our freedom sure will go.

Let this sovereign rise like men
And drive the demon to his den;
For conquer sure we must.
Lest we like Israel of old
Barter ourselves for paltry gold,
Forgetting whom we trust.

As a nation, we're lacking most
And are inclined too much to boast—
Of liberty and freedom.
We'd much better all work and pray
For God to guide in His own way,
Asking mercy and pardon.

O God, speed on the glorious day
When we can all truthfully say,
Our land—our blessed land is free
From every kind of slavery!
And then—another century gone—
We'll still hurrah for WASHINGTON.

Southern Soldiers.

At the dedication of a monument to the dead soldiers of four German companies in the Confederate army, at Charleston, S. C., May 16, Senator Hampton made the following address:

"We regard our dead as martyrs, and God forbid that any of their living comrades, their descendants to the remotest ages, should brand them at traitors. Words, my friends, are not merely empty sounds; in the domain of history they are things, potent factors not only in shaping events, but in placing these events in a true light before the world, and we should never acknowledge that we were rebels or traitor; that question is to be decided by the verdict of impartial history and that of posterity, and we may as well be satisfied to commit our cause and our conduct to those august tribunals.

NO SECTIONS NOW.

"Let me not be understood as discussing the merits of the great conflict which arrayed one section of the country against the other, which caused such widespread devastion, and which cost so much in treasure and the loss of so many precious lives. The questions which brought about that unhappy war have been settled, and he is no true patriot who would strive to kindle the fires of sectional hate or reopen the wound which the kind hand of time has healed. No higher duty can inspire the heart of every patriot than that which compels him to devote all the energies of mind and body to make this country worthy of the admiration and respect of the world, the fit home for all time to come of American free men. This duty devolves on us in the South as urgently as upon any other citizen of this broad land, for whatever may have been the issue which brought civil war we must remember that all—North, South, East and West have but one country and but one constitution to both of which our allegiance is due.

THE SOLDIERS NOT FORGOTTEN.

"But while we of the South recognize this fact fully it does not follow that we should refuse to do honor to the memory of our dead comrades. The men who met us in battle would feel a just contempt for us were we base enough to forget those who gave their lives for a cause which they and we believed in our inmost hearts to be just and right. We should indeed be time-serving cravens if we allowed the memory of these men, of their untimely death, to pass forever from our hearts, or it should fail to leave an enduring monument to them as an evidence of our love and our gratitude.

"We can do nothing to show a grateful people's gratitude to our surviving veterans, poor, old, maimed, broken in heart as in fortune; they are forced to fight life's hard battle unaided. We have no overflowing treasury from which to pension the brave soldiers who gave their all freely to their States: all was staked on the issue and all was lost. I have no words of censure for the liberality of the North in granting pensions to her soldiers; the feeling that prompts this course is natural, proper and generous and on all occasions my support has been freely given in the senate to all applications of this sort made in deserving cases. Had the conditions of the great civil war been reversed we should have dealt as generously with our disabled veterans as the North has done with hers. But as losers in the great struggle, we must accept the inevitable results of defeat. These debar us from the proper recognition of the services of the brave defenders of our lost cause, but they do not deny to us the right to honor the memory of our dead, and no more sacred duty is imposed on us than of keeping green in our hearts and those of our children, the memories of those who fell under the folds of the Southern cross. Defeat cannot mar the glory of their deeds, nor ever detract from their fame, nor time obliterate the love we cherish for them, and God forbid that it may ever be otherwise with us of the South."

Nabbed by the Enemy.

"My sympathies," said an old soldier, "are with Roger A. Pryor in this new controversy. The story is like this: On the 27th day of November, 1864, General Pryor left the Confederate lines and went toward the Union lines for the purpose, as he explained, of exchanging newspapers with the Union pickets. At first there was no response to his signal, but in about half an hour a Union officer started to meet him, but instead of exchanging papers made Pryor a prisoner and took him into the Union lines.

"It is easier for an old soldier to understand the predicament in which Pryor placed himself than for any editor or politician of this day. He, of course, went against orders. He took all the risk, and he had to face the consequences, but a good many of the fellows will be in sympathy with him, because they were caught in such scrapes themselves. I went out on this exchange business once in front of Chattanooga, when I supposed there was no more danger in going than in taking a walk inside the fortifications.

"We had been exchanging papers for several days, and there was a secret understanding among the men on picket that all the rules of war should be suspended, and that practically a newspaper should be regarded as a flag of truce. Strict orders, however, had been given that no such exchanges should be made. I knew this, but in the spirit of

frolic and defiance I went forward even while the lieutenant in charge of the post ordered me back. It was the habit of the pickets at such a time to stand up and watch the proceedings, but this day no one stood up.

"I felt a little queer as I went forward, because it seemed to me that the reb who had been waving the paper didn't move forward as rapidly as I did. Just before I reached him he dropped in the grass. It was then in my mind to go back, but feeling that the boys would joke me about cowardice, I went on, and in a few minutes passed the rebel picket line and was a prisoner. Explanation counted for nothing, and I was a prisoner until after the battle of Missionary Ridge. My name went on the books as a deserter, and I never could make my captain believe that I acted honestly in the matter."

"I remember a case," said the Doctor, "in which great injustice was done an eccentric but good soldier. He had gone forward to exchange papers and, as he had a peculiar walk, his going forward attracted very general attention. He didn't come back, and the next day our boys saw among the scouts and skirmishers on the rebel side our man with a peculiar walk. It was then remembered that he had been a very discontented man, and half the boys in his company believed that he had deserted. But we afterward learned that he had attempted to escape the night of his capture, had been shot and severely wounded, and that at the very time we were so severely criticizing him he was suffering in the hospital. He paid dearly for his little frolic, but it didn't cure him. He was a venturesome, harum-scarum soldier to the last, but when he left the army he settled down into a regular thorough-going business man."

A War Incident.

While recalling personal reminiscences, it may be of interest to mention one communicated to me by Col. McEwen:

"Gen. Kimball occupied my house as headquarters. An incident occurred there which was rather strange to me. About 4 p. m., after the General had left for the field, there lingered a colonel from Indianapolis in my parlor; he was a lawyer, and a nice man. he asked my daughters to sing and play him a piece of music. They hesitated, but I answered for them, 'Yes.' My daughters asked what they should play. He replied that he had not been in a parlor since the battle of Oak Hill was fought, and that he did not know one piece of music from another, except field music. I then spoke up and asked the young ladies to sing and play a piece which had recently came out 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' telling the colonel that it was a new piece. At my request they sat down and played and sang the piece about half way through, when I stepped to the door and a shell exploded within fifty yards. I immediately returned and said, 'Colonel, if I am any judge, it is just about that time now!' He immediately sprang to his feet, and ran in the direction of his regiment, but before he reached it, or by that time, he was shot through the lungs, the bullet passing quite through him. He was taken back to the rear, and on to Nashville. Eighteen days after I received a message from him through an officer, stating the fact of his being shot, and that the piece of music the young ladies were executing was still ringing in his ears, and had been every moment that his eyes were open since he had left my parlor the evening of the battle. In April, four months later, after the war was over, he had sufficiently recovered to travel, when he came to Franklin, as he stated, expressly to get the young ladies to finish the piece of music and relieve his ears. His wife and more than a dozen officers accompanied him. He found the ladies, and they sang and played the piece through for him in presence of all the officers, and they wept like children.—Dr. Henry M. Field in the Evangelist.

Was it Only Pickett's Charge?

"It makes the veterans of Heth's and Pettigrew's commands very tired to see all the credit of the Gettysburg charge given to Pickett's Division," said A. Myers, of Byhalia, Miss. "Heth's Division, to which my brigade belonged, was on Pickett's left, and I know we went as far and suffered as much as the Virginians did. My company came off with one unwounded man out of twenty-nine, and George Coeb was shot in eight different places after he mounted the Federal works. He recovered from his wounds and lived in Memphis awhile after the war. We lay all that night within fifty yards of the enemy's works—so close that we could almost feel the flash of their guns. Governor Scales, of North Carolina, said in a speech not long ago that some of Pettigrew's men were killed fifty yards inside the Federal lines, and I've no doubt it was so. They were on our right and we went at that wall of death together. If Pickett's men did any more than we did I don't know it. All that any of us could do was to keep on going up until we were shot down."—Memphis Avalanche.

Ladies' Chit-Chat.

"With all woman's ingenuity it is a lamentable fact that she has never discovered that the best place to faint is in a corner of the room," remarks a cynical observer of the fair sex.

Rev. Mother Baptist Russell, of St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, and founder of the Order of Mercy in California, is a sister of Sir Charles Russell, the defender of Parnell in the London Times suit. Sir Charles went to California incognito a few years ago on a visit to his relative, in company with Lord Coleridge.

TOLD OF THE MARINES

An Important and Much Abused Factor in a Navy.

There is perhaps no body of men in the service of the United States government who have come in for a greater share of contumely and received less praise for actual service rendered than have the marines of the United States Navy. From time immemorial it has been Jack's saying in response to all doubtful stories, "Tell that to the marines," for the tars as a set are the most incredulous fellows, and the hearty contempt in which they hold the marines is sufficient to incite the firing of a volly of epithets at the latter on the slightest provocation.

It is amusing, too, to see with what avidity the young apprentices seize hold of the prejudices of the able seamen, and a person only need go aboard one of the cruising training ships to hear the youngsters bawl out with all the zest of an old shell-back. Oh! you Hottentot marine!"

The duty of a marine aboard ship is essentially that of a policeman, and by reason of this very duty no fraternizing can be safely permitted between "the guard" and the men forward. As to the tar, any one acquainted with his devil-me-care spirit and wild, fun-loving nature must know how he looks upon any one put over him as a check. The tar looks up to and respects his officers, for he fears them, but the marine he hates, for it is the marine who gets him in trouble. But if marines were not a feature of a man-of-war it is doubtful whether the discipline required of a crew of 500 men would be of that efficient nature now in force. Our navy is peculiarly distinctive in its method of mobilization when compared with similar institutions abroad. In the first place, our service offers better pay, better duty, and greater emoluments than does any other service in the world.

All United States war vessels carry a marine guard, ranging in size, however, from a captain's command of 50 to 60 men on a flag-ship to a corporal's squad on a monitor. When a ship is about to go in commission her marine guard which has been previously detailed, is marched aboard and stands in readiness to salute the ensign as it floats out from the peak. From this moment until the expiration of the three years' cruise the guard watches that "element forward" with a constancy that allows of no relaxation. When the three years' cruise is at an end, when the seamen who have been shipmates through every trial and hardship are about to march ashore and sever their associations, this stern and implacable marine guard may be seen in line on deck and under arms—the last to leave the vessel—and as the flag is hauled down they give the last salute to the colors they have defended.

The marines have warm admirers in those persons who are acquainted with their sterling worth and necessity. Says Admiral Wilkes: "The marines constitute the great—I had almost said the only—difference between a man-of-war and a privateer." "They are," adds another writer, "the bulwark between the cabin and the forecastle," while Rear-Admiral Stewart remarked, "the support afforded by a steady column of bayonets has rendered mutinies scarce." The marine is peculiarly a soldier. He is dressed, equipped and handled as a soldier, and his whole life is the very opposite to that of a sailor.

In time of action aboard ship the marines are either stationed at one of the heavy pivot guns, or else disposed about decks and in the tops to act as sharpshooters. It was a marine who from the top of the Frenchman alongside the Victory at Trafalgar, shot down the brave Nelson as he stood on the deck of the latter ship. The guard messes, eats and sleeps in a body, always apart and distinct from the crew. Let the reader imagine himself at midnight on the gun deck of a large vessel of war lying quietly at anchor. A dim light is burning forward, throwing a heavy glare among the crowded hammocks where 500 men are sleeping. Not a sound is to be heard save the steady tread of the marine sentry overhead, while the swish of the black water awginst the sides breaks the omnious silence. As the bell strikes "eight," the hour of midnight, a solitary figure in full uniform, with sword and pistols, steps noislessly from the cabin door. He stops and listens for a moment, as the turning of some restless sleeper in his hammock attracts his attention. He is the commanding officer. Walking forward, he bends over the hammock of a drummer boy and whispers a word in his ear; the only reply is a bound to the deck, and the next instant the long roll is sounding through the ship. As if by magic 500 men leap from their hammocks, hastily pass three lashings, and throwing them against the sides of the ship, rush half naked to the guns. In three minutes after the fist sounding of that call to "general quarters," the guns are cast loose and the glare of the battle lanterns along the deck reveals the crouching forms of the tars, as clustered about their pieces they wait the word to open fire. And again all is silent along that deck, the same as when a few minutes previous every man was wrapt in slumber. Not a word of warning had been given, and the sudden alarm aptly proved the excellence of the ship's discipline.—New York Times.

The Toast.

Dream not I hold too dear
The gleam of yonder shooting star,
One moment shining near,
The next fading afar.

You touched your glass to mine
In careless, half regretfulness,
But while you drank the wine,
I drank forgetfulness!

—Margaret Crosby, Century Magazine.

His Great Mistake.

He had gone to Oklahoma,
And he did'nt take a gun;
So he missed his quarter section
And his bones bleach in the sun.

—New York Herald.

At the Austrian Court.

A strange picture is drawn by a Vienna correspondent of the "perquisite" system in vogue at the Austrian court. Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the court tables. But the full meaning of this can not well be grasped by anybody who has not seen the sytem at work. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining-room, but have not been uncorked; others the uncorked bottles, and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore, it is to the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible, while parting with as little wine as they can, and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. As regards the food, too, there are different orders of claimants for perquisites, one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in sweet dishes, and so on.

Degenerate Sons.

If the fathers of the republic had shown the silliness and petulant spirit displayed by the weak-minded creatures in New York who claim to be their descendants there would be no centennial April 30 or any other day that would be worth celebrating.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An El Paso Man Draws $5,000.

El Paso (Tex.) Tribune, May 9.

A Tribune man, hearing that a gentleman in the city by the name of E. A. Rippey had drawn $5,000 at the last Louisiana State Lottery Drawing, called on him this morning, and found him at his instrument in the dispatcher's office in the Southern Pacific depot. He was doing some telegraphing and when he had finished it the reporter accosted him with a "good morning," and asked if he were Mr. Rippey, and the gentleman replied in the affirmative.

"I hear," said the reporter, "that you drew $5,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. It that so?"

"Yes, sir, I did, and I have it deposited in bank," said Mr. Rippey.

"What do you intend doing with it?" the reporter queried.

"I am going to invest it in real estate. Yes, sir, I was paid every dollar of the money, and invested in some more tickets. I have been buying tickets for some time, and the last time I bought I was rewarded," said the gentleman.

Mr. Rippey is night dispatcher in the Southern Pacific office, and did not seem to be affected in the least at his good luck.

Good Marrying Weather.

A verdant-looking young couple appeared one day at the parsonage of an eastern minister, and the young man awkwardly explained that they wanted to be married. It was raining in torrents, as it had been doing all day. The candidates for matrimony had come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a single umbrella, and were so thoroughly drenched that it was necessary for them to dry their garments by the kitchen fire before the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared he said, "It's too bad you have such a rainy day." "Wall," said the bridegroom, with the well-marked nasal twang of a rural Yankee, "that's just exactly why we come. You see it's pourin' so hard we couldn't do nothin' else, so we jest thought it was a good time to get married. Wouldn't have come if it'd been good plowin' weather.

White Mountains and Bar Harbor.

Commencing June 29th, the Michigan Central and its eastern connections will run a through line of elegant, new buffet sleeping cars through from Chicago to Bar Harbor, via Niagara Falls and the White Mountains, without a change. Connection will be made at Niagara Falls with through sleeper to Clayton, where connection will be made with steamers to the Thousand Islands, Alexandria Bay, Montreal and Quebec. For full and detailed information in regard to these summer resorts, and the way to reach them, send six cents postage for "A Modern Pilgrimage," and summer tourist rates, to O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

100 Ladies Wanted,

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

German Women's Reform Movement.

The movement of the advanced women in Germany are directed toward social reform and the opening of fresh fields of labor in trade, art and science to women dependent on their own exertions. Politic has not yet received much attention from them. A step forward in educational reform has been taken recently by the formation of the German women's reform association at Weimar. The avowed objects are the establishment of gymnasia for girls, with the same examinations and curriculum as those for boys; the admission of women to the universities; the opening to women of the learned professions, especially of medicine. Those conversant with the immense prejudice of German society against woman's recognition out of her "sphere" will appreciate the courage of the association.

A New Firm.

Where did you buy your new dress, Bridget?" asked a lady in suburban Roxbury the other day of her newly imported Irish domestic.

"At Push & Pull's store on Washington street, it was, ma'am," replied the girl.

"Push & Pull's?" queried the mistress. "I really do not recall any such firm in Boston. Are you not mistaken as to the name?"

"I think not, ma'am," said Bridget, confidently. "At any rate, that's phwat it said on the door."—Boston Herald.

True Yankee Boys.

A Lewiston, Me., merchant tells of a smart boy who once bought a copy of "Mother Goose" of him, took it home, and appeared the next day with the same volume, lacking the covers and liberally smeared with molasses, and asked to have it taken back with the further remark: "I don't think its wuth six cents." Two New Sharon ladies, who have been traking in town met an eight year-old financier of equal ability the other day. He first bought a tin trumpet, but soon came back and wanted to swap it for a harmonica. Then he thought a story book would be better. The piece of literature didn't suit so he tried a different book. After one more change, this time for a whistle, the merchant announced that negotiations on this peice of business must cease.

Distanced in the Race.

Why should Dr. Pierce's medicines not distance all competitors in amount of sales, as they are doing, since they are the only medicines sold by druggists possessed of such wonderful curative properties as to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to cure the diseases for which they are recommended. You get a cure or money paid for them returned. The Doctor's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases caused by derangement of the liver, as billiousness, indigestion or dyspepsia; also all blood, skin and scalp diseases, tetter, salt rheum, scrofulous sores and swellings and kindred ailments.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

Bridget—"Enjoy slape, is it! The minute I lie down I'm aslape, and the minute I'm awake I get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in, I like yez to tell me!"

When an article has been sold for 24 years, in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1865. Ask your grocer for it. Best of all.

An old lady who imagined that the sea must be very dirty because so many people bathed in it, was consoled by being informed that it was washed upon the beach every morning.

Just think of it! $140.52 made in one week by an agent representing B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they have had many more parties traveling for them who did equally well, some a good deal better. If you need employment it would be a good thing to sit down and write them a line at once.

An old bachelor says that marriage was instituted for no other reason than to prevent one from sleeping diagonally in the bed.

Sheriff's Sale.

Smoke the Sheriff Sale Segar a straight 10c Havana cigar for 5c.

"You look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "that I could tell yez was brothers if I'd never seen aither av yez."

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

"Graggs claims to be a veteran. But he never drew his sword but once during the war." "When was that?" "At a raffle!"

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.

Uncle 'Rastus: 'Pends altogether on de prayer. When I prays de Lord to send me a turkey it don't come; but when I prays de Lord to send me after a turkey I gen'ly gits it before midnight.—Omaha World.

Dr. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Parable Modernized.

An old man called his three sons to him in the dusk of the evening and in a faltering voice said to them: "My boys, in a little while you will have no father. I am standing on the shore of the river of death and soon I must launch my boat upon it. Now, I have, as you know, a splendid farm, upon which one man can thrive, but as there are three of you I have been sorely perplexed as to which of you should have it. I have therefore decided to give each of you $2 which you must spend to-morrow, and to the one making the wisest purchase shall the farm be given. Come to me to-morrow evening at this time and tell me how you each have expended your money."

The following evening the three sons assembled before their father. Reginold said:

"Father, I pondered long that I might make wise use of my money, and at last I bought a pair of strong shoes."

"Well done, well done. The journey through life is rugged and hard, and the thorns are thick upon the way. You have shown prudence and forethought and I love you the better for it. And what did you buy Augustus?"

"I, too, thought long and deeply," responded the second son, "that I might not purchase anything trivial or foolish. Since the cap that I wear is worn and ragged I bought a hat with a wide brim, which I will show to you my father."

The old man regarded him with a glance of pride and affection, and said: "You, too, have done well, Augustus; often in this world the brow is fevered and the sun rays beat fiercely upon the aching head and your hat will comfort you. I rejoice that my sons are so filled with wisdom. And you, Theophilus, what did you buy?"

"My father," answered Theophilus. "I didn't ponder worth a cent. As soon as I left you last evening I blew in my stuff for five tickets to the base ball games."

With tears of joy streaming down his furrowed face the venerable man embraced Theophilus, and murmured in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Had I a farm as large as Texas, with a windmill on it, it would be yours!"

And then Reginald and Augustus moved sadly away into the gathering gloom, and while the one tried to keep the flies off himself with his hat the other kicked himself severely with his boots.—Lincoln, (Neb.) Journal.

Jasper as a Prophet.

The Rev. John Jasper, the famous colored preacher and the author of the Jasperian theory that "sun do move" is by recent events the greatest man in the world. He had a dream which, when he related it to the members of his congregation caused consternation among them. He said that he dreamed that seven terrible storms would pass over the earth, that the lightning would flash, muttering of thunder would be heard, accompanied by storms of wind, rain, and hail, producing destruction in the land, that on the last day of May would be the final winding up with thunder, lightning, and a great fall of water, causing the waters of the rivers to overflow their banks, and ships and steamers would go down in the mighty deep, carrying with them thousands of souls."

Remembering the prophecy, the Negroes of Richmond have been looking for the events foretold, and the literal fulfillment by the disaster in Pennsylvania has caused immense excitement.

The Virgin Mary's Statue Untouched.

The church of the Immaculate Conception at Cambria City shows a remarkable circumstance. Devotions were in progress when the tidal wave descended. The noise of the roaring waters caused the congregation to flee in great disorder, and in a short time the building was submerged and the wreck was almost complete. In the morning an entrance was effected and the interior showed the utterness of the desolation. One object alone had escaped the wrath of the flood. The statue of the Virgin Mary, decorated for the May festivals, stood as pure and clean as the day it was erected, although all around it the water had swished and eddied to a depth of 15 feet. Catholics and non-Catholics have seen and remarked about this singular circumstance, and many explain it as one of the latter-day miracles.

"However could you think of falling in love with such a homely fellow? His figure is something awful." "Yes, but he has a lovely one at the bank."

Mrs. Blobson (contemptuously)—"What do men know about women's clothes, anyway?" Mr. Blobson (meekly)—"Nothing, except how much they cost."

Smith—"Jones, I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never pay." Jones—"Never mind, old man; I know your habits better than to expect it."

Impure Blood THE CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM.

How it Should be Treated to Effect a Permanent Cure, etc.

No department of science has witnessed greater progress during the past twenty-five years than that of obtaining correct information on the relative medicinal value of the various articles of the vegetable kingdom used for the relief of human suffering, their proper effective combination, and the best method of securing and preserving their active principles for universal good.

The supreme importance of purifying the blood and of restoring the diseased liver and kidneys to healthy action, has indeed made this subject a field of practical operation, the results of which have enabled us to present to the afflicted for their use and appreciation, Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, a combination of the best known remedies.

A Successful Struggle.

"Charley stayed pretty late last night, didn't he, Lil?" asked Sister Kate the next morning.

"Yes," said Lil, sleepily, "we were trying the pigs in clover puzzle till nearly 11 o'clock."

"And did you get the pigs in the pen, Lil?" asked Kate eagerly.

"No, we didn't; but I got my finger in this solitaire diamond ring."

Wife (time midnight)—Pretty time of night for you to come home—and in such a condition, too.

Husband—M'dear, it's (hic) only fright. I sthopped in at the Microscopique S'ciety rooms, and, midear, I looked at some water in the microscope, and we drank it, mi'dear; and, shure 's I live, m'dear, I thaw it full of snakes. Mershy on me!

Rheumatism IS CURED BY St. Jacobs Oil.

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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 Storekeeper is out of them remit to RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

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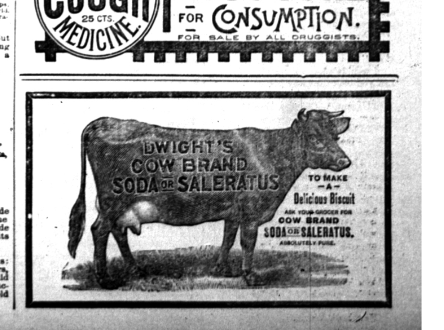
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