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.' 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 in every respect, 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.

WM. FAINT, Of Paint & 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 20 gallons, and can say that it gave us EVERY satisfaction. I would recommend Boydell's Paint in preference to any other, for hardness of finish and durability.

SILAS H. WATTLES.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—Years of experience 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.

TROY, Mich., April 2, 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 have occasion 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 1886 I was persuaded to paint it again. The question then arose what kind of paint was the best to use. After investigation I decided on Boydell's using 12 gallons of outside white. It improved in the appearance so much that I concluded to paint the roof also and for that purpose I selected the No. 4 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 I believe that to be Boydell's.

Yours to command,
J. N. HEIE.

SOUTHFIELD, MICH., April 6, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell—

I have used 18 gal. 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,	Cooper Pickering, 50 gallons,
Whitehead, 20 gallons,	B A Thorne, 11 gallons,
Mrs C Utter, 20 gallons,	James A McKinney, 9 gallons,
Nancy McKinney, 9 gallons,	Joseph Mead, 5 gallons.
G H Mitchell, 25 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.

FURNITURE

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	$ 50
Maple Beds for	2 00
Carpet Lounges for	4 50
Coil Springs for	1 50
Women 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.

BE STILL, AND WAIT.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Be still, and wait,
And bear thy fate—
If thou art poor or disconsolate—
As patiently
As it may be,
I'll better fortune comes to thee.
Though black the night,
Yet in sight
There surely comes the morning light;
So o'er thy sky
Of midnight dye
The sun will shine out by and by.
Be still, and wait,
Nor from its fate
Be thy misfortunes small or great;
For thou should'st know
That joy and woe
Have, like the tides, their ebb and flow.
The fret and strain
Of heart and brain
Increase the gloom, augment the pain;
But hours of calm—
Like balloons of balm—
To aching souls will furnish balm.
Though many a bliss
Thou'rt doomed to miss
In such a changing world as this,
Thy fears abate;
Be still, and wait.
For joy will find thee—soon or late.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SECRET.

THE night had fallen dark and hot and sultry.

With stiff feet and trembling limbs the girl hastened on. She reached the boat-house, and a hurried whisper told the hidden fugitive that all was safe. She helped him out and helped her to unloose the clumsy, flat-bottomed market-boat, and they both entered it and drifted off into the swift-flowing river. The man took the oars, the girl the tiller-rope, and, without a word save the whispered directions he needed, they floated on through the hushed hot darkness.

"Is it far?" the man asked presently.

"No."

"How have you managed to get away?" he whispered curiously, a slight sob rose in the girl's throat.

"I have made a good beginning, truly. My first act toward my husband has been to deceive him."

"He will not discover you—you are sure?" he questioned in alarm.

"No. I did my work too well."

"And you regret it already?"

"I never said so."

"No, but your voice, your face, all show it."

"Since when have you learnt to read them so accurately?"

"Child, child, do not torture me. Do you not know that every look, every accent of yours brings back the past as though it were but yesterday, day? Do you not know that my love—"

"Do not speak of love," she cried, with sudden vehementious anger; "who wrong I have done torturers me sufficiently. I think of his love, and how I have already repaid it."

"My claim is greater than his, I have a right stronger—surer. You know it."

"I know it," she said, calmly, looking straight on, past the troubled, pleading face to the gloom of the waters beyond.

"You are sorry, grieved, that I came again. Oh, Ninette! and once you told me your love and duty would never fail."

"Have they done so?"

"Not in the letter, but in the spirit—yes."

"Can I help it? The task is beyond my strength. When I stood on the threshold of new joys—of the deepest bliss my life had ever known—you dashed the cup from my lips, you stole the joys from my heart. It is not for myself I care, even now, so much as for him. He trusts me so utterly."

"Pooh! I thought you were above such foolish weakness. Do you love this man then?"

"That concerns me only."

"It is true that he has many fine points of honor. Your little trick tonight would shame you forever in his eyes, once he knew of it."

"Is it for you to utter such words?" she asked him, passionately. "Why do you love to tor ure me?"

"I do not wish to pain you, Ninette," he stammered, huskily. "Heaven knows I have more need of your reproaches than you of mine!"

"If you know that, be silent now, speech is useless."

He leaned back and plied his oars in silence. Thought was busy with him, and some remorse touched even his callous heart for the wrong and the suffering he was bringing on this girl's young life. He remembered all she had endured, all she must still endure; and some dim sense of shame moved him, as he thought of the shadows he had cast on the morning of her youth, the glories of her womanhood.

Through the darkness loomed now a square stone building, half in ruins, and built upon the river's edge. In winter the waters often flooded it. Ghostly tales were told by the peasants, far and near, respecting the spirits of murdered men who haunted its deserted chambers. The girl pointed suddenly toward it.

"That is the place," she said. "No man or woman in all this country round dare venture here."

The boat was moored close to the walls, which were deep bedded in the soil, and half hidden by the river weeds and osiers which grew thick and dense around. The girl threw the rope around the jutting stonework; he then laid down his oars and stood up.

"You can climb through here—can you not?" said Ninette, pointing to the arch of a window above their heads. "The stones are like steps. I have often been in myself for curiosity; there is a large hall; underneath are vaults. If you need a light, go to the vaults; otherwise from the river you can be seen. Yes, I have brought you a lantern and matches, and here are bread and wine and meat. The larder was well stocked for my housekeeping. Within three days, if possible, I will come again. My signal will be three hoots of the night-hawk. Now hasten; every moment is precious."

"How will you return?"

"The stream is with me—I shall have no trouble."

"And you will not forget" he urged laying his hand on her arm as they stood on the swaying boat.

"Do not fear," she said bitterly. "I will be here if I live."

"You are a brave girl," he said with a gleam of admiration in his eyes: as he looked at the pale beauty of the determined face.

"For your sake I am almost sorry I have made you do this thing."

"It is no time now for reproaches or regrets," she answered, coldly. "What is done, is done. If any one suffers for to-night's work, rest assured that it will not be yourself."

He bent down and kissed her brow—she neither inviting nor repelling the caress; then taking the bundle from her hand he rapidly ascended the jutting stonework, and pushing himself an instant on the ledge, dropped noiselessly into the ruined hall within.

A faint gleam of moonlight parted the heavy clouds, and reflected itself on the surface of the dark, still waters. In the pallid, shadowy light the girl's face looked almost deathlike. She waited an instant for the signal that announced his safe y, then loosened the boat, and was borne on the rapid impetuous current back to the mill-house again.

The few effortless strokes of the oar in the backward passage cost her no exertion; the rush of the rising wind, and the dash of the river-foam, seemed rather to invigorate than to alarm her. The fantastic forms of the drifting clouds above her head, the swaying shadows from the trees on the dark waters from either bank, the breath of the chill wind on her hair, the whirl and rush of the rapid waters that closed her in on every side, seemed suited to her mood, and braced her energies and gave a strange, fearless audacity to her smile, a more dauntless grace to her form.

She sprang out at the landing place, and moored the boat once more—then with light flying steeps ran into the house and closed the door behind her.

Her heart throbbed fast as she entered. Unfastening her wooden shoes she stole softly and cautious footsteps up the stairs; the door was ajar; the light of the pale, sickly moon struggled through the clouds and fell across the threshold. The dark figure on the bed lay motionless—his heavy regular breathing alone disturbed the silence. "Thank God!" she murmured, "I think I did it" and straightway fell on her knees before the wooden crucifix, and wept and prayed in the very abandonment of joy and glad relief.

She thought she was safe.

Safe? For all that Love's blindness might have discovered she was; but she never thought that Hate has a thousand eyes, and that when Love sleeps and dreams it is awake and watchful.

"I would have speech with you, Pierre Leroux." The young miller star ed and turned toward the speaker.

"Is it you, Rose Michel? Have you come to see Ninette?"

"No; I have come to see you."

It was close on sunset; Pierre stood by the riverside, where he had halted a moment for rest and coolness after the labors of the day. Silently he turned to the woman who had so abruptly addressed him. His heart was so light, his life so happy; he had neither fear nor care in the world now, save a touch of anxiety for the week-old wife, whose face was paler than he cared to see—those eyes were less bright than they won t, or so it seemed to his fond fancy.

"To see me? What is it?" he asked carelessly, and all the time his eyes rested on the rose-covered porch where the fairy figure he so loved was used to stand and watch for his home coming.

"It is a matter serious enough—you have enjoyed your fool's paradise a week. Do you care to come out of it now?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, with sudden anger.

"The earth and air are good," muttered Rose Michel, "but the heart of woman is evil."

A vague fear stirred within the young man's breast; his eyes left the solitary porch and turned to the brown, low cottage beside him.

"Say on," he said mechanically.

"You will not thank me for opening your eyes," the woman answered, coldly. "Those who love never do; but it is well to ask you if you are aware that your wife goes out at midnight to meet—a lover. I have seen her twice with my own eyes—and she your wife but a week?"

The man's face grew white as death; he leaned forward—his hands clutching the bench beside him, his heart and pulse ceasing to bound still, as if the very life in him was suspended by the agony he suffered.

"What foul lie is this?" he hissed between his close-set teeth.

"It is no lie, it is gospel truth," repeated the woman. "Twice within this week I have seen her steal away to the river-side, unloose the boat and drift away down the river—how far I know not—she returns just between midnight and dawn. How comes it you have not found it out yourself, friend Pierre?"

"It is false," he gasped. "Come with me straight into her presence, and three words of this lie if you dare?"

"For what purpose? That she might frame some pretty tale to hoodwink you still further? No, Pierre Leroux, I trust you better than that. You may prove the truth of my words yourself. You have but to watch and wait. The third night from this she will again go on her midnight errand. You must take care to keep your eyes so soundly as of late; follow her to the waterside where the boat is kept; if my words are not true, then proclaim me through all the town as the foul-tongued slanderer you have called me."

The face before her grew dark with rising passion.

"Have you but a man" he muttered, in the lower fierce tones of anger and indignation too deep for expression.

"You would kill me, I suppose, for daring to show you that the jewel you deem so perfect is no better than many of her sex—perchance worse."

"Hold!" he thundered. "Dare not breathe such a word of her in my ears."

"You are hard to convince," she sneered maliciously. "You believe everything she may choose to tell you. Ah, well, you are not the first—perhaps you will not be the last."

"You called yourself her friend—you," he said, flashing a contemptuous glance on the woman's dark and vindictive face. The rebuke touched her. A flush of shame rose to her brow. She laughed.

"Her friend, yes; that was before I knew her as she is. Besides, I pity you. You have cast all your heart on her. You love—therefore you are blind. I said so before. Of course, you are bitter against me because into your darkness I bring the light of truth. Men are ever so—where they love."

He shivered in the bright, warm sunshine. His eyes turned blindly, darkly, on the deep brown waters at his feet, on the radiant, azure-winged butterflies poised on the lily stems, on the scarlet-throated birds that darted in and out of the feathery blossoms of the limes. It was all so fair, so peaceful, so still. A few moments before he had looked on it with eyes so glad, and heart so thankful, and now—now a hideous darkness covered all. A terrible burden lay on his life which his strength could hardly bear. Yet, even through the misery that crushed and the pain that maddened him, his first thought was to defend her—to hurt back the foul aspersion he had heard. He loved her so utterly, so trustingly, doubt could not find an easy resting-place within his loyal soul.

"Have you said all?" he asked.

"All! Is it not enough?"

"It is too much to be passed over lightly. This woman does not believe. But for the present I will prove your words or—"

"Or what?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Revenge them!"

As the words fell from his lips, he turned, and went, with the staggering uncertain step of a drunken man, through the orchard paths and up to the old home of the river-foam, poured rather to invigorate than to alarm her. The fantastic forms of the drifting clouds above her head, the swaying shadows from the trees on the dark waters from either bank, the breath of the chill wind on her hair, the whirl and rush of the rapid waters that closed her in on every side, seemed suited to her mood, and braced her energies and gave a strange, fearless audacity to her smile, a more dauntless grace to her form.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Help Yourself.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you'll succeed a thousand times better than any one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one, perhaps, that carries you out of your own way up the mountain you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes and those who have had $5,000 given to them to start with, but toilers who have started fair with a well earned dollar or two.

Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs, begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their own hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who indulged in affectionate grandmother's speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands and head and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have it to say, "I have dragged you up." Too many friends sometimes hurt a man more than none at all.

The Kitten's Eyes Were Opened

The Catholic priest and Episcopal lady clergyman of a small town in Ireland were in the habit of drinking tea with each other on alternate Sundays.

One Sunday evening while the priest was being entertained by the minister the latter answered a knock at the door, and discovered a small boy, who asked him if he wanted to buy some kittens.

"What would I do with kitten?" queried the minister.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, "they are good Episcopalian kittens."

"Well, I don't want any," laughed the minister and shut the door.

The following week, while the priest in his turn was entertaining his friend, the same boy appeared and asked the priest to buy his kittens.

"Why should I buy them?" the priest asked.

"Oh, sir," explaided the boy, "they're good Catholic kittens."

"Why, you little rascal," the priest exclaimed, "only last week I heard you tell Mr. S. they were Episcopalian kittens. What do you mean, you young rogue?"

"Yes, sir," sagely answered the boy, "but they hadn't their eyes open then."

Mysteries He Could Not Unravel

A mysterious reporter who had insinuated himself into a recent dress reform meeting, disguised in feminine apparel and a bang, tried to understand some of the mysteries of the garments exhibited to the secret conclave, but found them difficult to describe, as he was not familiar with the technic.

The first thing held up to the gaze of the fair audience looked like a strait-jacket. It was laced up and down on both sides, and had a pair of sigh contraptions on that stood for convenience of persons afflicted with deep grief. This was attacked in vigorous terms, unintelligible to the reporter, but apparently meaning that the apparatus was injurious to health, and pernicious in a high degree.

The next thing held up was a pair of blue elastic bands, too large for bracelets and too small for the enormous indignation of the fair lady who held them up. As she said they impeded the circulation, the reporter concluded that they had reference somehow to newspaper subscribers whose lives and limbs they endangered. The lecturer continued up other garments, but, noticing the look of horror on the disguised reporter's face, desisted in alarm, and the intruder, fearing an investigation, withdrew.

The Training of Children.

The training of children in those matters which mark good breeding should begin at an early age. A boy five years old is none too young to be taught to take off his hat to a lady, not to pass between people who are talking together, to stand until ladies are seated. All such things are acquired far more easily by early drilling than they can ever be afterwards. Indeed it is questionable whether any one who has been brought up without much training can ever acquire that habitual courtesy which marks the true gentleman or lady.

WINGED MISSILES.

The man who got drunk on water was on board a steamer.

A man named Dory has just named his first infant Hunky.

Robert A. Foster, Jr., is the wealthiest bachelor in the country.

Gold has been found in an old river bed in the town of Tilden, Ilm.

"What's the use," said an idle fellow, "of a man working himself to death to get a living?"

"They come high, but we must have them," remarked the practical young man as he gazed at the stars.

Ruskin has just sold a study of Meissonier of Napoleon on horseback for six times the 1,000 guineas he paid for it.

A spelling-bee is an absolute necessity in Buffalo. A judge of the Municipal court is describing a gun called by the winged barrel."

The Farmers' Review of Chicago estimates that nearly one-third of last year's corn crop is still in the hands of the farmers.

William R. Foster, Jr., who defrauded the gratuity fund of the New York Produce Exchange out of nearly $200,000, is reported to be in Mexico.

The charge d'affaires ad interim of Corea at Washington says that the newspaper accounts of the Indians in Corea have been greatly exaggerated.

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

An Albany doctor the other day capture l an adult tape-worm forty feet long, and saved the life of a baby only 19 months old. The worm was twenty-five times as long as the child.

The excise bill has been reported in the New York senate so amended as to allow manufacturers of native wines to sell in quantities of five gallons and upward in no house tax required.

The board having the matter under consideration has informed the secretary of the navy that the proposed light armored coast defense vessel can not be built within the appropriation authorized by congress.

A boy in Maine tried to kill the hired man by putting dynamite in his cup of coffee. The man drank every drop in the jug with a "hah!" of satisfaction, and observed that he preferred to be getting the old-fashioned tang back.

A New Hampshire paper publishes twelve rules "to be observed in case the house gets afire." The only one which is worth much observes in such an emergency is to smash a $50 bedstead and carry two joints of stove pipe out doors.

A Texas steer tackled one of Barnum's elephants on the highway the other day, and the results were eminently satisfactory to everybody but the elephant. He was so well licked inside of three minutes that he turned tail and ran away.

It has been discovered that Thomas Conner, a United States sailor who died in the naval hospital at Philadelphia, last December, left $12,000, deposited in New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

An investigation of the rumors of bribery during the session of the Minnesota legislature has been begun. It is stated that warrants have been issued for thirteen persons, members of the legislature, for bribery and corruption.

A three story brick building caved in in Boston the other day without doing any more damage than to killing and slightly injure a boy who ought to have been fitting himself for the presidency in 1893. That's the right sort of a building to put up.

A suit is about to be begun in the name of the state of Illinois against Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Caroline Buell, and Miss Esther Pugh, in which the legality of their seizure of the National Temperance Hospital last January will be inquired into.

Miss Frankin Hjornsen, a Swedish heiress, who was married against her will in Denmark, came to this country from home to meet her lover, Hans P. Nelson, a prosperous physician at St. Paul Minn. Mr. Nelson will probably be afraid to let her cross even a creek after this.

Mr. Munroe, an ex-convict from the Idaho penitentiary, recently died in England. In his will he makes some curious bequests, including $10,000 to Nelson, warden of the Massachusetts penitentiary, and $500 to a Winnipeg lawyer named Vivian and a like amount to Rev. Canon Matheson.

The father of Emma Rath, who died March 22, at Syracuse, N. Y., became possessed of an idea that she had been buried alive. He dug up the body April 23, and found to his horror that it had turned in the coffin, that the hair was torn, and that there were finger marks on her face, as if she had endured fearful agony.

Belief in voodoism has not yet died out from among the colored people of the south. In Macon, Ga., there is a young negro who, when he grew ill, consulted a woman with some reputation for cures. She gave him medicine and cuffed him, and then drew from his side her frogs, lizards and bugs. He therefore began to make a mental survey of his friends to see if he possessed an enemy, and finding that he did, knew then and there that it was he and no other who had put powdered frogs and naked heads into his stew. The enchantress keeps herself in seclusion, and none of her patients are willing to betray her whereabouts.

One great cause of baldness, in the opinion of a western knight of the razor, is the habit many people have of changing the style of hair-cutting half a dozen times a year, or nearly as often. The barbers insist on a 'short pompadour' in the hottest months, a less pronounced crop in the fall, and gradually lengthening the hair towards or gets colder, gradually approaching a shave again by the time the thermometer gets up into the nineties. Now, all this may be very comfortable, but it is very bad for the hair and scalp. It is best to wear the hair short all the year round, brush it freely, and trust to nature for the only effective substitute for pomade."

A registering savings bank is the latest novelty in the shape of a Saratoga trunk. Three styles are made, one for cents, another for half-dimes, and a third for dimes. Each after the first coin is deposited, is locked until the 100th coin is pushed through the slot, and as each coin enters it registers upon a dial. A man who buys a dime bank must put 100 dimes into it if he wants to open it, and a nickel bank can be opened only when it contains $5. Dishonest people will be capable of nickel plated cast-iron, and the locking device is unpickable because after it is locked the keyhole is then indoors. Now, if all the right amount of coins will open it, and when the hundredth coin enters the door opens automatically.

A Michigan Central Railroad Employee Wins His Case After a Seven Years' Contest.

ALMONA, MICH., December 30, 1887.—While employed as agent of the Michigan Central railroad company at Almona, Mich., about 7 years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. After taking nearly highly recommended remedy I had knowledge of to no purpose, and while suffering under a very severe attack in October last, I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am to-day a well man. It will gladly afford me pleasure to render you and suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of your remedy allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the world.

E. LAMPHERE,
Agent M. C. R. R.

A lynching party travels at a breakneck pace.

Sheriff's Sale.

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

Cardinal Manning says the United States is going to seed, and Congressman Russell declares that too much seed is going to states. That's the way folks differ.

M. L. Thompson & Co., druggists, Condersport, Pa., say Half's Catarrh Cure is the best and only cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

A Jacky Texan.

Haltiesville (Tex.) New Era, May 15.

The people in this section have been speculating in Louisiana State Lottery tickets for some time, and have received several good premiums and on one occasions large ones, but the town was struck dumb when it was found that ticket No. 36,081, drawing the first capital prize of $300,000 in the April drawing, was hit partially by a party in Haltiesville. It is the only ticket sold in this city, the ownership, but interviewing Otto Von Bismarck, the happy possessor of one-twentieth part of the ticket, we learned that he is from the right place. He is an industrious young merchant who has been here but a short time, his native home being Round Top, Texas. The $15,000 received by him will be partially used in his business; it establishes him on a firm financial basis. It has not turned his head, and he still says he will be found wealth with sense and discretion for his own advancement and the furtherance of his interest in the public welfare. He has been investing in one ticket each month in the Louisiana State Lottery for the last two years, and he thinks the amount expended will be amply repaid. The Louisiana State Lottery company is a thoroughly reputable institution, as was evidenced in this case. Mr. Bismarck intends to send his ticket for collection to Ball, Hutchins & Co., of Galveston, Texas, and has paid upon presentation without any discount.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best markets, best roads, best schools, best society in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon State Board of Immigration, Portland, Oregon.

The Hungarian diet, which attracts unusual attention just now, must be too high-spiced, judging from its exciting effects.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these little pills. Also for Dizzi