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.' is ever 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 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.
EMMER J. MONROE,
House Painter and Decorator.

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

Dear Sirs:—I used some 12 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 and find perfect satisfaction as to its wearing qualities, its economy and its great brilliancy. My 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 35 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, which I find it looks to-day as nicely painted and taken less paint than any other I have ever used and I would use it again, and recommend it. I have ever used should I want to paint again.
Respectfully yours,
JOHN BALDWIN.

SOUTHFIELD, Mich., April 6, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich.—

Thirteen years ago I painted 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 use of 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 truly,
J. N. HETH.

SOUTHFIELD, Mich., April 6, 1889.
Whitehead & Mitchell—

I have used B ydell 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,
Pinder Worth, 50 gallons,
A Wakeman, 10 gallons,
Mrs C Utter, 20 gallons,
Nancy McKinney, 9 gallons,
H H Mitchell, 25 gallons,
Albert Todd, 25 gallons,
Cooper Pickering, 50 gallons,
H A Thorne, 11 gallons,
James A McKinney, 8 gallons,
Joseph Mead, 5 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.

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
Coil 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 away 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.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Ah, child, I watch you with the firelight's glow,
Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
And kissing tenderly your cheeks so fair.
Young, happy young life is stretching far before,
Whilst all my youth is in the far away;
I dream but of the time to come no more,
Whilst you have hardly ventured into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
As ever found its birth in human breast,
I love you with a love that is strong to endure,
And hold you ever as its first and best.
How I have watched, as one would do a flower,
Your many charms, my darling, soft the fold,
Longing to shelter you thro' storm and shower
But you are young, my dear, and I am old.

It would not do to place your slender hand
Within mine own, save for a little space;
It would not do for you and me to stand
Before the altar in God's sacred place.
Another one will come and woo and win
A lover with a youth as bright as thine—
And I will keep my envious thoughts within,
And pray that you may taste love's joys divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
Spring's sun and winter's snow can never meet.
God bless thee! there is no more to be said,
And keep the fair and pure for him, my sweet!
Dream in the firelight, I am watching near,
Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
Only for me the solitude and pain.
—All the Year Round.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.
CHAPTER II.
A WEDDING GIFT.

THE mill was very old.

The family of Leroux had occupied it for generations past. It had come down from father to son successively; each new owner accepting it as his birth-right, and bringing to it the toil and care, and thrift which slowly and surely brought riches and comfort to the old mill.

Pierre Leroux, the present possessor, had succeeded to its ownership while still young. Unlike most of his race who had been a boisterous, noisy, unlearned, hard-working men, he was fonder of book-lore than of the market place and the corn-fields, less sharp in bargaining than generous in giving, shy and reserved, but of strictest virtue and truest charity, a man whom many misjudged and but few loved.

"A good son and a kind master," so the people said, "but too much of a dreamer, and easily outwitted; with no eye for a girl's merry smile, and no care for the passage of the wine-cup at the village tavern. If he lived to years of age he had never seemed to give thought or glances to woman, but then suddenly and unexpectedly he had taken the fever of love in its worst and most dangerous form. Ninette Dax was the loveliest girl, the archest coquette and the worst match in the village. She certainly was also the very last woman in the world one would expect to subjugate the quiet reserved Pierre Leroux. Nevertheless she had done so with scarce an effort. He loved her at first a sight, and with no thought of question as to the why or the wherefore.

The glory of her beauty dazzed and intoxicated him, till his sight grew blind and his brain reeled, and he thought that hour he had but one duty, one resolve left—to win her.

A life once launched on the tempestuous sea of passion, is not easy to be saved. No more was Pierre Leroux's. He passed through fevers of jealousy, through fires of intoxication, through tortures of delirious joy, and excess pain and sweet idolatry. His very coldness and indifference hitherto only made him an easier and surer captive—his whole life was filled with but one memory—and dead to all else.

Ninette at first coquetted with—then feared—then loved this devoted and yet timid wooer. His eyes spoke, even though his lips were sealed, and scarcely knew himself how much they betrayed, how plainly their pathetic entreaties told of the love consuming him—of the manliness and humanity that were at once so mingled and so numless to his own bewildered brain. In his strong young manhood, with the loyal faith, the dauntless courage, the honesty and truth that made his nature at once so noble and so great, he lay at this girl's mercy as utterly as if he were a reed to be broken—a straw on a river current. She felt it grow in her power, then grew afraid of it—afraid, because the game begun in carelessness had turned to such terrible earnestness—afraid, because she had hitherto won love without scruple, and played with it as heedlessly as a child, yet now something of its pain and joy she wondered had touched her too; all that was purest, tenderest, most generous in her untu ored nature had been called forth, and for the first time the worth of a great passion shamed her own unworthiness. Had she but known it this very feeling proved her love to be at last true—at last woman's—for it is the greatest and most exalted type of a woman's passion when she feels its very depth and devotion are yet far short of what she would have them, when she lays what is the best of her to a man who has won her heart, and deems the gift—nothing.

In every grade of life—in every type and phase of character—how the old story repeats itself!

The love of these two—a village girl and a Norman miller—might not seem to possess any striking characteristics, and yet the elements of tragedy lay beneath it—the materials of a romance terrible in its pathos, grand in its truth.

The quivering sunbeams danced on the river as it ran silver in the light. On the solitary level of the corn fields, the hot rays poured their morning brilliance. The birds hidden in delicious shadow, poured out their songs of welcome. The tall lindens and the straight solemn rows of poplars swayed gently in the cool early breeze; everything bore blazed the scarlet poppies, the gold of the corn, the flame of tulips, the hues of roses.

Pierre Heroux stood and looked at it all in the glow of the summer dawn, while the song of a lark thrilled the silence with melody, and echoed his heart's own music. His lips smiled, his eyes brightened as he looked at the beautiful picturesque old house—the house where to-day his wife would be brought to reign henceforth in her gay girlish beauty as the idol of his life.

While he stood there thinking these thoughts, dreaming these dreams, the stillness around was broken by the beat of drums, the sound of marching feet. He started and looked away across the level golden fields to the white winding road beyond. He saw the gleam of color, a flash of muskets, a cloud of dust between the flowers, hedges and the slender poplar stems. Nearer and nearer they came, marching steadily up to the mill entrance. He moved forward and stood before them.

"Whom do you seek?" he asked. Instead of reply the officer in command answered him. "Is escaped last night. Have you seen aught of him?"

"No," was the firm surprised answer.

"Well, see you harbor him not. There is a price on his head, and whoever conceals, or abets his escape, becomes amenable to the law. Here is a description of him.

He tossed a paper to the young man his eyes meanwhile searching the orchard grounds and the old mill itself as if for the fugitive.

"Do you wish ·omake search?" asked Leroux. "You are quite at liberty to do so, as, to tell the truth, I am the last man in the world to show pity to a deserter. I sympathize too strongly with France now to pardon any son who is base enough to forsake her in the struggle."

"You speak well," said the officer, glancing approvingly at the strong, well-knit frame and handsome figure of the young miller. "Why do you not lend your aid in her service?"

The young man looked round at his possessions regretfully.

"I am not at liberty to do so. My race perpetuates sons of toil for many generations past. This mill is my heritage; besides—"

"What besides?"

A soft sweet smile crossed Pierre's grave face; his eyes brightened with exulting joy.

"I am about to be married," he said.

"Oh, a good enough reason for stopping at home. But take care you are not called out. Things look very black now. These devilish Prussians are hitting us hard. They say that every man fit for service will be summoned ere long."

The bronzed face of the young miller paled perceptibly at the golden motes of the dancing air quivered before his eyes, the song of the rising lark lost its ringing music. Into his heart a fear crept, not for himself, but for her, his fair girl-wife, who in he might be called upon to leave, even in the first sweet days of wedded bliss.

"It is as France wills," he said; and then paused and led the way through the shadowy orchard grounds, and into the quaint old dusky chambers of the mill.

Research was in vain, of course. No likelihood was there of Pierre Leroux harboring a deserter—a creature whom his bold courageous nature held in abhorrence, whom his tongue would have lashed with fiery scorn and stung with fierce rebuke. The soldiers accepted his offer of refreshments. The officer lingered a short while longer, chatting and laughing good humoredly with his frank name's eyed host; and then the whole party left, went away through the green meadows, and along the winding field paths, and into the high road once more. Pierre Leroux watched them, shading his eyes from the sunlight.

"Will they find him, I wonder?" he said to himself. "He deserves his fate if they do."

"Good morrow, Pierre Leroux," said a voice beside him. "I have brought a present for my wife that is to be. I am here beside, am I not?"

He turned round.

"What, is it you, Rose Michel?"

"Ay, I have brought some flowers for my bridal chamber—a wedding gift, but I have none other to offer."

"The gift is welcome," he said kindly. "Will you go within?"

"Presently. Where are those soldiers who left you just now?"

"Yes, they are searching for a deserter. Have you seen aught of a young soldiering in the neighborhood?"

"Not I. Did they give you news of the war?"

"Very bad news. They seem to think more volunteers will be needed."

"Ay, I heard so. Every able-bodied likely youth is to be called out. A sad day for us truly. You might have to go, Pierre. What would your bride say, think you?"

He was silent.

"Not but I dare say she would soon console herself," resumed Rose spitefully. "Ninette is coquette, is Ninette, and one that will need to be well looked after by the man who trusts his honor to her keeping."

The young man turned swiftly on her, his eyes blazing fire.

"How dare you say such words of my wife?" She is all that is pure, fair and virtuous. Her only faults have been the faults of youth and lightheartedness."

"Love is blind," muttered the woman. "It will be well for you, Pierre Leroux, if it proves not so in this case."

"Know you aught to Ninette's discredit?" he demanded fiercely.

"If I did I would hardly tell you," laughed the woman sneeringly. "It is ill work opening folk's eyes that love to be blind. You will find her out soon enough—soon enough."

And chuckling and laughing she went away into the bright, old, tiled kitchen, and up from thence to the quaint old chamber, which the bride was so soon to call her own—a place to place she had moved, arranging the fronds of fern and clusters of roses and snowy wealth of lilies which filled her basket. The lovely delicate blossoms filled the room with fragrance and color, and enhanced its snowy purity and dainty cleanliness. Rose glanced round it all with malicious scorn and envious hatred.

"For a worthless chit like that to have such a home," she muttered. Then on the table, before the owl glass which she stood to see her bridal young pride's face, she placed a bunch of deadly herbs—rue, nightshade, henbane.

"For luck," she chuckled maliciously, and then closed the door, and left the room to silence and sunshine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Equine Hospitality.

Billy, a horse attached to a police patrol station in Boston, has become known throughout the hub for its lifelong habit of visiting the station house squad while answering roll-call ties his horse to the post forming one corner of Billy's stall, and as soon as the animal is fastened Billy picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating above his stall, and waits until his guest has eaten it up. Then he repeats the operation and continues his hospitality operation and returns for his horse. Billy began to do this early in the fall, without any suggestions from the men, and he does it twice a day much to the satisfaction of his visitor.

The Cause of the Complaint.

Irritated passenger—"Say! can't you open the ventilators and give us a little fresh air? It's roasting hot in this car." Conductor (respectfully)—"Ventilators are all open, sir. It couldn't do any good. (To train boy.) Johnny, if you sell any more copies of Amelie Rives' new story in this car I'll throw you off the train!"

YOUNG LITERARY WOMEN.

Miss Ethel Ingalls Chats About Four of the Scribbling Sisterhood.

The daughter of Senator Ingalls writes as follows to the New York World: Among other interesting visitors Washington entertained during the last fortnight was Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler, who stopped here on her way home to Albermarle, Va. As an informal reception given to her by her cousin, Mrs. William Cabell, I among others had the pleasure of meeting the new star in the literary firmament. I could not see her from the door as I came in unnoticed, but while waiting my turn for a presentation I thought of a tall, statuesque woman with a head crowned with the rare auburn locks so loved by Titian, for this was the impression I had received from the portrait that I had seen of the far-famed Virginia beauty. I have scarcely recovered from the surprise I experienced when I saw her, and I doubt if she ever realized the surprise I was not being imposed upon. Nearly everything I have read about her seems to be a complete contradiction, or else she impressed me differently. In the first place, she is short, with a pretty figure, and her hair is yellow. Her eyes are her most noticeable feature, and she alone possesses the power to describe them. They are dreamy, unfathomable eyes, and shaded by such long, curly, dark lashes that their color is lost. Beneath her brows they shine out fitfully, yet betraying a nature tender and sympathetic. Her mouth is expressive. Her mouth is as sensitive as a child's waiting to cry or smile. Her voice is speaking or listening every emotion lights her face. It is said that she is dramatic and self-conscious, saw no trace of either during the moments I listened her and talked with her. For every one who was presented to her she had a pleasant greeting, and her speech she was not at all affected. Could you have heard as I did her conversation with two young girls, you would not have recognized in her anything unnatural. Her bows, "with its great knowing eyes," her much-loved collie, the long, dreamy rides through the old Virginia hills, and her girl friends were the subjects which she talked about as simply as any child. I asked her when she worked, and she said: "Only at night when everything is still. I can not work in the daytime; a want to be out in the fresh air." Her next book will be called "White Slaves," the plot being taken from every-day life. This will not be completed for two years, as she is expecting soon to be gone a long time. She, and her husband propose to ride horseback through England, for which purpose their favorite horse will be sent over the ocean.

Another southern girl and writer who I met in Washington during the gay season Miss Virginia Stuart Mosby, daughter of the famous ex-confederate colonel. She is a pretty girl, with regular and perfect features and a complexion that is simply marvelous. Sunny, wavy hair falls around her artistic head and her winning manners and bright conversation won her many friends and admirers. I asked her about her work and in reply to my question as to what she was doing she said: "I am doing nothing. Luncheons, teas, and dances have chased all literary thoughts away and I have forgotten what is a pen looks like." "Are you never going to resume your work?" I then asked. "Oh, yes. Once this dazzling world of society is over I'll seek some quiet spot, gather up my scattered thoughts, and commence weaving war romances again." Miss Mosby has gone home and it will not be long before the public will have some bright stories from her pen.

Gen. John B. Clark, the clerk of the house, has a young daughter who is a genius in the literary line. She bears the quaint name of Mayne, and it suits her perfectly. She is a tall, willowy girl and particularly pretty. Her face is oval, and her mouth is the fac simile of Cupid's bow. Grayish-blue eyes, bright and fiery, light up her intellectual face. I was told recently that an anonymous novel from her pen would be published soon. Judging from her short stories the novel will be pathetic, and will abound with charming pen pictures of humanity and nature, to the study of which she is truly devoted. Several of her poems have been published in Baltimore and Boston journals; also short stories. Miss Clark was a pupil of the Georgetown convent, the oldest Catholic institution of its kind in the United States, and was the valedictorian of the class of '87, receiving the handsome gold medal for prose and poetry.

I have heard it said that Miss Margaret Blaine is literary in her tastes and that her friends would not be surprised should she write for publication. She is remarkably clever, and her conversation is brightened by pungent bits of wit and quiet humor. Her voice and accent are agreeable. A certain belle asked me if I had ever heard Miss Blaine say "don't you know." Replying in the negative the belle said: "Now, you listen to her when you hear her talk, for she says it as pleasantly as any belle born out of England. Oh, I wish I could say it that way" and she began practicing "don't you know" with a determination to say it in the true English style.

When Thou Art Near.

When thou art near, my life is clear,
There trail no dreary phantoms near,
But all the world is fair and bright,
Springs into being, fresh and clear,
With subtle charm, thy presence dear,
Calls to mine eyes affection's star,
And Virtue's joy soul with fire fond delight,
When thou art near.

When thou art gone, a sadness drear
Broods round my soul, a sense of fear
That thou it will always thus require
Thy presence near to make me by its might;
But all misgivings disappear
When thou art near.
—Walter S. Peaslee.

Geological Ages.

Geology teaches us that in the successive ages of the earth—ages covering, perhaps, most incredible time spaces, each distinctive geological condition has developed distinct characteristics of organization in matter. Thus, some geologic age developed gigantic ferns; another, quadrupeds of monstrous size; and the latest of all, man, the intelligent being. But, regardless of time and circumstance, wherein and under which the several distinctive genera of vegetable and animal existence have been developed, we must deduce from the geological lesson the constant inference: that the creative principle attends on matter; awaits the necessary conditions, and inevitably develops organized forms.
—St. Louis Magazine.

Grammar and Business.

Not long ago a merchant in Cincinnati discharged his—what is the botanical term for typewriter girl?—because she said "I have saw," and "I would of done so." etc. Two weeks later he failed, went all to smash, and his creditors will be powerful glad to get 30 cents where they should get a dollar. There are some things in business, beloved, worse than bad grammar and poor spelling. Some things I know a man whose spelling would make your back ache while his check would make your heart sing for a month.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

LIVELY TURNS OF THOUGHT.

Stamped paper hangings were first made in Spain and Holland, about 1555.

A Florida grower has a northern contract for three tons of watermelon seeds.

A mercantile firm at Lebanon, Pa., failed last week with liabilities of $145,000.

Of 36,000 criminals arrested in Paris 16,000 had not attained the age of twenty.

A tremendous rush of people to the new gold diggings in Lower California.

The French cabinet has rescinded the decree of exile against the Duc d' Aumale.

The new opera house at Milan, has cost about $300,000, is being erected at Rutland, Vt.

Vessel men on Lake Michigan give April 15 as the date which will open navigation.

The total appropriations made by congress at the late session amount to $56,968,365.

It is stated that Queen Victoria has sent for an eminent Indian scholar to teach her Hindustani.

Mount Lamphire was settled in 1623, was placed under Massachusetts in 1641, and separated in 1679.

The Boston Transcript has taken a straw vote against Prohibition through a straw is a novelty.

Optic nerves are said to have been discovered by N. Varoja, a surgeon and physician of Bologna, about 1536.

A Rochester man has opened a boarding stable for bicycles." He takes charge of the machines while their owners are at business.

A cigarette manufacturer says that the sale of his wares has fallen off 40 per cent in a year. Possibly due to mortality among the smokers.

The grasshoppers along forty rods of wire fence in a vineyard at Benton Harbor, were killed last season by coming in a lighting flash, during a thunder-storm.

The governor of Pennsylvania uses a graphophone. It enables him to talk to new York on the Karnia Sunday, and on his return from a three months' tour in Europe, at his hotel in Philadelphia he was introduced to Lord — of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord —:

"Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you; but I only smoke one brand, the Henry Clay."

"All right. I'll order some."

The box was brought. It was embellished with the Great Seal of the United States of the West." As he took the cigar, Lord — said:

"When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation."

"Henry Clay! Why, he didn't make cigars; he was a statesman, and ranked as high with us as Gladstone or Jules Ferry do in your country."

"Pardon your pardon. I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a d——d sight better cigar than his boys do."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Home Find—A Foreign Trip.

Jackson, Miss., Clarion Ledger, May 2.

Mr. E. E. J. Hoss of this city, was the fortunate holder of one twentieth of ticket No. 43,562 in the April drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the second capital prize of $100,000. He placed his ticket with the Capital State Bank of Jackson for collection, and promptly received his share of the prize, $5,000.

Mr. Hoss says he has been a regular patron of The Louisiana State Lottery for the past five years, investing a few dollars in each drawing. Last year he had tickets direct from M A Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

Mr. Hoss is a barber by trade and is a native of Germany. He has been thrifty and saving, and has had his hard earnings to make a visit to the old country, which his limited means would not permit. His last lottery money enabled him to make the trip, he left last Tuesday for his native home. After remaining abroad for a few months he expects to return to Jackson and invest his money in real estate.

Survival of the Fittest.

Mr. Wanamaker—"No, sir, I can't give you a postoffice."

Anxious Aspirant—"Then my name is pants."

Mr. Wanamaker (who is absent minded)—"Pants, did you say? Oh, yes, certainly. Shall I show you light or dark—oh, I forgot myself, you don't have no office to give you."—Omaha World.

At the theatre. Hobson (rising excited ly)—"Down with the umbrella in front!" Mrs Hobson (to her husband)—"For mercy's sake hush up! That ain't an umbrella. It is a new spring hat.

Aunt Susan to the Boston girl, who has just returned from New York—"And how did you enjoy yourself, Carrie?" "I had a very pleasant time, Aunt, but it was positively shocking to see so many people without glasses.

"There is no excuse for the use of profane language," says an exchange, and this is no doubt correct; but if there were, any drug clerk who is aroused at three o'clock in the morning by a drunken man who wants to look in the dire tory to find out where he lives, would seem to possess it.

Massachusetts has officially declared that hard cider is the bulwark of our liberties.

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

If the centennial ball had only happened in Huston about ten days ago, Massachusetts wouldn't have gone "wet" as she did.

Sheriff's Sale.

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

The menus of the centennial banquet were printed in French. How disgusted Washington would be if it could be known that the English language wasn't good enough for Americans in 1889.

She Forgot the Hymn.

In the weird town of Modoc, on the Connecticut river, a resident was cured of rheumatism in a novel way. He went to bed with aching joints, after leaving a blaze in the kitchen fire with which to bathe his limbs. He arose several times in the night and laved his limbs freely with the contents of a kitchen table bottle, and in the morning was joyfully surprised that the pain had fled, and he was not only had impacted himself and perceived that his limbs were red and blue that he mistrusted that he had used the family liniment bottle instead of the one with the lotion over it a gift.

The Average Woman.

Hotel clerk—"Madam, you must hurry if you would save your life. The hotel is on fire. This is the third time you have rung for ice."

Lady guest—"Well, tell the firemen to keep the flames under control until I take out my curl papers and fix my hair. I just know there's a great crowd of men down there, and I know they are newspaper reporters."—Omaha World.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
25 Pills in one vial. 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC
In 1823 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type and was treated with Mercury, Potash and sarsaparilla, until my health was ruined. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely and at a cost of the dreadful disease has returned.
J. C. McNEAL
Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.
My mother was given up by physicians to such an extent that she was confined to the house for a long time. More than 90 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was her only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and got a few bottles of S. S. S. which cured her and restored to a good health so much so that she walks 2 miles to church.
Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga.
Book on Blood Diseases free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
Cures all Diseases Peculiar to Women!
Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively cured by Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases. Can palm no worthless stuff on you to rob you of your money. Send three symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of the dropsy is gone. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Give post office and express address. If you order trial send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

BIG G
A positive cure for Unnatural Discharges, Inflammations, Irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Prevents contagion. Sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, for 1 to 2 bottles, $1.00. Circular sent on request.
Prepared only by The Bruns Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. Chicago, Ill.

CHEAP HOMES
Burlington Route in the FARMING REGIONS of NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO and WYOMING.
LAND IMPROVEMENT AND OTHER CREDITS. Address LAND COMMISSIONER, BURLINGTON, IOWA.
P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

ASTHMA CURED
Germania Herbal Remedies are a positive cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Female Weakness, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Tumors, Cancers, Scrofula, Blood Diseases, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Blotches, Ulcerated Sores, Sore Eyes, Ear Discharges, Ringworm, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, Ringing in the Ears, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Consumption. Price 50 cts. and $1.00. Sold by Druggists. Germania Medicine Co. 84 Cortlandt St. New York.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH on commission to men to work for us. Permanent employment. Experience not necessary. Address, with stamp, for reply, Mutual Benefit Association, Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES CONSUMPTION
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, attorney 15 yrs. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, Patents, Copyrights, Trademarks, Decisions, Opinions, Advice, Free. Fees, $10 in advance, balance when pension is allowed. Send stamp for Pension Laws, Rules and Regulations.

DETECTIVES
Wanted in every county. Good pay to a reader in this paper who can furnish a horse and give his time to the business. Address Detective Bureau, Box 444, Cincinnati, O.

PENSIONS Write J. L. STANKWATHER, Attorney, Washington, D. C. Pensions obtained. Advice Free. Fees, $10 in advance, balance when pension is allowed. Send stamp for Pension Laws, Rules and Regulations.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A CERTAIN CURE FOR ASTHMA. Price 25 cts. by mail. Sold by druggists. Kidder's Pastilles, Box 1, Charlestown, Mass.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.75 FREE. Best selling articles in the world. Any worker can earn from $5 to $8 a day. Address Shuster Safety Rein Holder Co. Holly, Mich.

W. N. U., D.—VII—23.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Best in the world. Examine his
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE.
$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOE.
$2.50 LADIES' FINE CALF SHOE.
$2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.
$2.00 EXTRA VALUE SHOE.
$2.00 and $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES.
Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting.
$2.50 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed, Elegant and Stylish.
$2.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed, Extra Value.
$2.00 Fine Calf, Goodyear Welt, Best Dress.
$1.75 Ladies' Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed, Best Dress.
$1.75 Ladies' Goodyear Welt, Best Dress.
$1.75 Ladies' Kid, Hand-Sewed, Best Dress.
$1.75 Ladies' Kid,