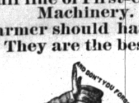
HERE WE ARE!

This is the way SAM gets there with George Erb's full line of First-class Farm Machinery.

Every Farmer should have a Planet, Jr., Cultivator. They are the best in the world



SAM HERBISON, AGENT.

Birmingham, Mich.

Geo. Erb,
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232 Michigan Ave.,
DETROIT, MICH.

Buckeye Riding and Walking Cultivators!

We have the best Fertilizer Drills made.

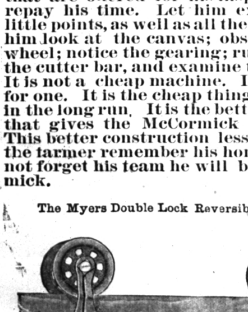
THE McCORMICK

You have run a mower perchance since boyhood, but you never rode one of so light draft, so easy to manage, and such a powerful cutter as this No. 4 Steel Mower. Do I know what I am talking about? I do. The dynamometer power proves our superiority for light draft. It takes but a moment to grasp the lever and raise the bar. How easy it is done. Its long pitman gives it a powerful stroke and the guards are cleared without backing the machine!

It is tested in the shop. It is built upon honor. It will save you grass. Your boy can handle and your horses can easily draw the McCORMICK No. 4 MOWER. It is the best Mower for the money ever built, and don't you forget it!

Every farmer should compare the McCormick Harvester with all other makes that are offered for his inspection. It will repay his time. Let him examine all the little points, as well as all the big ones. Let him look at the canvas; observe the grain wheel; notice the gearing; run his eye along the cutter bar, and examine the main wheel. It is not a cheap machine. It was not made for one. It is the cheap things that are dear in the long run. It is the better construction that gives the McCormick its added life. This better construction lessens draft. Let the farmer remember his horses. If he does not forget his team he will buy the McCormick.

The Myers Double Lock Reversible Hay Carrier.



This Carrier is a perfect Reversible Carrier. Will work either way from the stop within 4 changing the tracks, or climbing up to the roof to change ropes and pulleys, as must be done with all so-called Swivel Reversible and old style Carriers.

Weare agents for the J. I. Case T. M. Co., Garr, Scott & Co. and A. W. Stevens & Sons Engines and Threshing Machines. When in Detroit call on

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and examine his stock of all the latest improvements of the leading and best manufacturers. At Birmingham and vicinity MR. SAM HERBISON will kindly attend to your wants.

Free Freights to Royal Oak and Birmingham

ALL GOODS WARRANTED

ALEC YEATON'S SON.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"Ay! I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern sheets, little John
Laughed as the skud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would that he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in Heaven, if ill befide,
What would become of him!

For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break of day.

"But he, he is weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in your hand!

"For thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Ye. ton's son!"

Then, heim hard port, right straight be
sa led
Toward the headland light;
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from wind and waves—
They who could ski aloft in such a gale
Must rise from watery graves.

Sudden it came, as sudden it went;
Ere half the night it was spent.
The winds were hushed, the waves were
spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure beating in
Secure on a broken oar.

Up from the quay, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath"—
They knew it then. It was but a speck
Upon the edge of death.

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free.

—Gloucester, August, 1720.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER VII.

"LA CLOCHE!"

THE sound of war was throughout the land. France knew her peril and vainly strove against it. Nearer and nearer every day came the fiery storm, ever more and more desperate grew the warfare. From village and hamlet and town, the demand for recruits brought ever fresh supplies, terrorized by blows from heavy a hoof, crushed many a heart, everywhere the dread of ill close at hand and soon to fall.

Within a day's march of Paris, a troop of soldiers had halted and were gathered round a table in front of the auberge smoking, drinking and chatting with the mercurial carelessness that generally characterizes the sons of Mars.

"We shall be in to-morrow," said one.

"And warm work we shall have," muttered another.

"So much the better; you are not going to shirk it now, are you?"

"It is not of the work I think," the man answered sadly "not yet. of myself—a man can die but once—but there are my sisters and their little ones."

The words cast a shadow of gloom over many careless faces in the laughing group.

"Crie! for them it is bad," they murmured, and thought sadly of the quiet homes, and the rosy faces, and the pretty childish voices that might as in vain for sight or sound of a soldier-father ever again had set come like

One man stood aloof and apart from all under the thick shrouding boughs of a great pear tree. Now and then he looked at the group as they tossed off their wine, or laughed and joked with gay and airy buffoonery.

"They can enjoy" he thought, and a bitter wonder and disdain swept into his heart for life to him was so unspeakably sad and desolate a thing, that it seemed a marvel that those of lighter mind and less cold and cruel amusement of forgetfulness in such an hour as this.

"You are bad company to-night, Pierre," said one of the merry-makers. "Will you not join us? you may not have the chance ma I longer."

"So much the better for me," he said sharply, "I would rather his ga-ne nor his step toward them.

"Have you fallen out with life already, or has your sweetheart jilted you?" laughed the stalwart Pouparde, soldier, with the down of manhood scarce grown on his chin, and a laughing boyish face that had left a sad blank in the innermost circle from whence it had been drawn.

"My affairs are no concern of yours," was the somewhat fierce retort.

"Dieu de dieu, no. You take very good care no one else but yourself shall know aught of them," returned the other.

"Don't trouble Pierre," chimed in the voice of the man who had given him the invitation to join them. "Crie! un drole, mais c'est un brave."

"He had need to be the one to make up for the other," muttered the young soldier. "A duller fellow I never came across."

"He has done good work, though, and his restlessness is something to marvel at. The other night he fought three Prussians, single-handed, and came off with scarce a scratch himself."

"Ventre bleu—has no else ever done the same?"

"Doubtless; but this fellow is an untrained recruit, and has the foolhardiness and coolness of perfect courage, and no more fear of fire or regard of danger than if he were bullet proof. The Colonel thinks very highly of him."

"That means promotion."

"He doesn't want that—only danger."

"Yes—I've heard him ask for the most ticklish of foraging parties; pauvre diable! there's something underneath it all. He carries a heavy heart under that bold brave face if I mistake not."

"He is bol soldat to the backbone. I hope the bullets won't whisk him off as quickly as he seems to desire. We can ill spare men now."

"Think you it will come to siege?"

"Dieu de dieu—yes. These cursed German brutes are hemming us in on every side."

The talk grew graver, the jests less boisterous, while the man whom they discussed stood motionless in the starlight, his muscles resting against his shoulder, his eyes fixed on the far-off walls of the fair city so soon to be the prey of the foe.

The fearless, dauntless soldier had been through many a hot skirmish, had served well, and learned quickly, and borne the arduous unremitting work of trying campaigns and close discipline, with a cool bravery that had won him both respect and liking from comrades and superiors. They did not quite understand. They could not quite comprehend his moods of silence—his strange unscrial gravity—his utter reticence respecting his own past life, of which no one knew or could ascertain anything.

It held some mystery, some sorrow, that they surmised; but of its nature he never spoke, and after a time they ceased to inquire. The noise, the clang, and tumult of war, the ever present excitement of danger, all these were too powerful for such as had used them to allow of much leisure for speculation or gossip. They accepted him among the fraternity as one of whom they could trust, honor and respect, even if no warmer feeling were permitted, and or that he was alone to blame, since he allowed of no closer approach, no confidence or regard than he himself sought, and that was as little as well might be without absolute offense.

Times were terrible now in France. The war fever was at its height. Men grew drunk with bloodshed as with wine. Fiercest hatred to the conqueror glowed in every breast, and each day the hopes of victory grew fainter, the dread conquest sharper. And amidst all the turmoil and anxiety and danger, one man moved as if he bore a charmed life, only saying to himself: "Oh, that death were possible!"

But though near often, it yet passed him by taking with it strange fatality that makes life at once so striking and so sad, lives beside him, around him—lives, loved, happy, young, hopeful, and yet leaving his unharmed, to bear the burden of a hidden woe that haunted every hour of his existence.

A life of hard-ship, discipline, suffering, was his daily portion, but for all external discomfort he cared but little, scarcely felt or noticed it. Hunger, weariness, course food, sleepless toil, terrible danger, all these looked but trifles to eyes that had grown blind with one hour's shattered bliss, with the agony of a sudd shut that had turned love to mid-ness.

But the wardre awoke in him at last and became the one thing that kept him from utter despair. Severe campaigning, but skirmishes and incessant watch illness all the demands on his time and attention that each day rendered more necessary, these brought him excitement, and gave him the utter disregard and recklessness as to life and danger that awoke the unanimity admiration of his comrades.

Pierre Leroux was a man with the born instincts of a soldier, and his previous quiet uneventful life gave no unfitness him for his present experiences. Its necessities called many latent faculties into play, and taught him the two great lessons of life—patience and endurance and this man, who but a few months before had known no greater anxiety than the failure of a crop or the illness of a child, bore privations as calmly, and risked death as recklessly, as the hardiest soldier who had spent a lifetime in the service of war and the toil of camp.

To-night, when the carousal was over, and the soldiers slept for the few brief hours that were alone permitted, Pierre stood as sentinel over the little troop.

The air was chilly—there was no light, for moon and stars were shrouded by gray heavy clouds. With ears alert, and eyes keen and sharp, the long habit could make them, he paced to and fro in that ceaseless monotonous round that is so wearisome even to the hardiest soldier. The time seemed drag, and the wind grew fiercer. Into his brain stole the thoughts that could still so inconsolably torture and perplex him. In his heart rankled the memory of that night when the woman he loved had crouched at his feet, and with the pallor of guilt on her face and yet the defiance of guilt on her lips, had prayed him to believe her innocent. Innocent! He almost laughed as he thought of it. A weakoid wife would not steal away through the midnight shadows to the presence of any living man, who was not beloved by her would she leave her husband's side and risk the reputation that could not fail to be put on her, doing so, without some terribly strong motive.

And yet, in the stillness and silence, and with the shadow of close peril beside him, he knew he loved her as fiercely, adoringly, passionately as ever, and could not forget or banish the remembrance that haunted him. The fever, mist of pain that blinded his senses to every hour and his eyes to every peril, were yet not deep enough or dense enough to blind them to this one memory, to cover with oblivion its one sorrow.

As he paced to and fro in that monotonous march, he bent his head and a low groan escaped his lips.

"To forget! he implored. "Oh, God! for one hour to forget!"

In an instant all thought of duty escaped him, the vigilant eyes no longer swept the horizon, the keen ears grew deaf to all sounds, the agonizen beating of a heart that felt it would never again find rest or peace on the earth's wide face. Suddenly he startled and half awakened as if from that trance of pain, that short forgetfulness! The dull thud of horses feet came loud and distinct to his ears—in the shadows play of night and dawn he saw the flash of arms, and while his alarm rang clarion clear throughout the slumbering camp, he knew how vain the warning was.

In an instant all was stir, bustle, confusion.

With marvelous celerity the troops got into order and their stations were not rapid enough for the charging sweep of the foe, who trebled their scanty numbers and bore down on them with as eagle swoop.

The hoofs of rearing chargers struck at them on every side, the clash of swords and crash of shot and steel filled all the air. It was a conflict sharp and short, a conflict hand to hand, breast to breast over which the morning broke gray, and silvery, and beautiful, as though in mockery of the brute passions and the murderous follies of men.

The struggle was brief. Outnumbered six to one, there was little doubt of how it must end. Escape or victory were alike impossible. The Prussians were victors ere the day was an hour old.

The prisoners of war—humiliated; disarmed, furious as trapped beasts—were handed over to a detachment of the Prussian corps. Their ultimate fate was not yet decided upon. The victory of Sedan had led to its evacuation, and the Bavarian and Prussian corps were marching rapidly toward Paris. The conquerors were exultant—the fate of war seemed certain now. All Paris was in revolt, confusion and excitement reigned everywhere. In military circles but one issue seemed possible, and though "Guerre outrance" was still in every Frenchman's mouth, the German armies treated it as a mere matter of time.

The improvised, and Republican armies of France, drawn from all sources, and in many cases untrained and undisciplined, might certainly convert the war of arms into one of siege, but with Metz and Sedan in their hands, and the flower of the French army, either killed or prisoners, the Prussians might well be confident, and treat their enemy's defiance as mere bravado.

Pierre Leroux had been severely wounded. Uncons. ious of all that was passing around him, he lay fainting out the long weary day. Pain held him powerless, his strong f ame lay prostrated and stricken, his eyes were closed, as if had weighed down their lids. Unfamiliar voices sounded in his ears, but he had no consciousness of their words. Weak with loss of blood, dizzy and faint with the exhaustion of long fasting and incessant fatigue, so he lay, wondering dimly if death was at hand now—the death he had prayed for so long.

If his captors had been as merciless as he desired, another dawn would never have gree ed his earthly sight; but with a certain rough, kindness and compassion they had tended his wounds, and when consciousness returned, and fever at last left him, he found himself in an ambulance wagon in a part of the country totally new and strange to him.

With sense and feeling came back the remembrance of his fate. He was a prisoner. Doubtless his captors were about to take him to their own land; stray words he caught here and there, all seemed to point to this as a conclusion. He groaned as the jolting straw lined vehicle as it jolted over the rough uneven roads. Four other figures were stretched there like himself. Now and then a moan and groan escaped them. One he recognized as the gay young soldier who had laughed and jested at the wine tavern the evening before that sharp and short encounter with he enemy, whose results had been so disastrous.

"It is you, then, Polipard, is it?" he said languidly. "Are you hurt?"

"Should I be here else?" grunted the other ungraciously. "Devil take those brutes, they have crushed every bone in my body, I verily believe."

"How was it?" Pierre asked languidly.

"It was one of their horses; the hoofs struck me down. I was dragged out from under the animal afterward, so they say. A shot had killed him, and he fell on me. Dame! why did he rise in the Republic of Colonia, it was better than to be maimed, for life, as I assuredly shall be now."

Pierre s ghed wearily. Perhaps he too gid there were worse things to endure even than to be maimed for life.

"Are they taking us to their own cursed country, think you?" demanded Polipard presently.

"I cannot say. I do not even remember how long I have been here, it seems an age since that skirmish."

"Ye have been and a night; and by the way, that reminds me how came it you were so late in giving the alarm? Our captain, is furious. He blames the whole disaster to you."

Pierre's face flushed deeply beneath its pallor of pain.

"Is that true?" he said, fiercely.

"Mon Dieu! Yes. Have you ever aught else to tell?"

"I gave the warning instantly. They seemed to have stolen up like shadows. I cannot tell how they came so suddenly and quickly."

"They are in league with the fiend himself, I believe," growled Poliparde, ferociously. "Will they fall luck never end?"

"It seems not."

"And we so near Paris," continued Poupard discontentedly, "but a day's march, and they will be looking out for us. Hein! but it is hard."

"The fortune of war," murmured Pierre. "Our turn may come yet."

"There is a chance of escape, perhaps," whispered Poupard, restlessly; "they are all so sure, it might be easy to surprise them one night. Where are the others?"

"I do not know. Hush, here comes a trooper."

"Lay your plans more cautiously, messieurs," said a voice beside them, the voice of the Uhlan whose approach they had noticed, "we understand French as well as German, you know."

Consternation depicted itself on Poupard's face. From that time he lay sullenly on the straw, muttering his plans in his own mind and more convinced than ever that his foes were in league with the powers of darkness, since actions, movements and intentions were alike known to them. He wondered if his thoughts ever escaped that secret espionage.

As days passed on, however, the idea grew less prominent, while he had formed grew more apparently hopeless. Food was scanty, his wounds and bruises tormented him more and more. The way was long and the weather terrible. Hardships and privations weakened his frame and dampened his ardor. He was separated from his companions after those rash overheard words, and in solitude he suffered now, till courage forsook and misery crushed him.

"I shall die soon," he said to himself, and his words echoed as if they were to be speedily verified.

He and Pierre Leroux were in the hospital ward together—a small enough place, extemporized from saw the flash of arms, and while his alarm rang clarion clear throughout the slumbering camp, he knew how vain the warning was.

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The improvised, and Republican armies of France, drawn from all

Secretary Noble has directed that a thorough investigation be made of the published report that settlers are now unlawfully entering the Sioux reservation in Dakota in anticipation of the cession to the United States of a part of the Sioux lands.

A special meeting of the national Democratic committee has been called for Wednesday, June 12, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, for the purpose of electing a chairman of the committee, and also to take appropriate action on the death of the late chairman, Hon. William H. Barnum.

The Manufacturers' Record of Baltimore reports that in the last six months about fifteen companies have been organized to build cotton mills in the south. Florence, Ala., leads with three mills, at an aggregate cost of $850,000, two of which, costing $600,000, are to be moved from Philadelphia.

The recent count of money at the New York subtreasury revealed a discrepancy of $35 out of a total sum of $184,000,000 to be accounted for. The loss of the money from the acceptance of a few counterfeit notes in the hurry of business and by the loss of a few pieces of silver. The deficiency was promptly made good.

The regulations issued by the treasury department for the collection of duties on merchandise arriving by mail from Canada, Jamaica, Barbadoes and Bahamas have been extended to similar merchandise arriving from any other British or French island of the Leeward islands on account of a recent postal convention concluded with that colony. The convention went into force on June 1.

In the case of John Smith, convicted in the United States district court, southern district of California, of violation of section 2139, Revised Statutes, United States, in selling whisky to Indians, and sentenced July 12, 1883, to ten years' imprisonment in the county jail, and $500 fine, the president has granted a pardon, on the ground that at one time the prisoner had eight months of his sentence, is a feeble old man, very poor, and unable to pay his fine, etc.

It is reported that Senator Plumb of Kansas has created a sensation by his proposal to issue a proclamation granting general amnesty to deserters from the regular army since 1873. President Grant issued such a proclamation in 1873, and since then there have been forty thousand desertions and only eight thousand arrests. The notion of amnesty is to remove the stain from the personal record of young men who have enlisted and deserted without due apprehension of the enormity of the offence.

Edmund W. P. Smith, for eight years United States consul at Carthagena, Colombia, and now a merchant of Cincinnati, now in Washington on a short visit, says there is a great field for American enterprise in the Republic of Colombia. Immigration is particularly desired, and in order to induce new blood into the republic the government will pay the passage of an emigrant, give him six dollars a month, 25 acres of land, a log house, a plow, and help him build his house, and transport it free from the seaport to the point where he desires to locate.

A brave woman prevented a jail delivery at Akron, O. The jail is one of the places had unlicensed the heavy corridor door with a false key, when Mrs. W. B. Gamble, the deputy sheriff's wife, who was the only adult in the house, ran down and bore and shut the guard door, which is made of light iron bars. The prisoners were all waiting in this, one of them armed with an iron bed slat, when Mrs. Gamble seized a revolver and cried out, "The first one that leaves this door is a dead man." The prisoners could easily have broken down the door, but the cocked revolver held them at bay until the arrival of the sheriff, when they were secured and put by their cells.

Secretary Windom has directed Captain Healy commanding the revenue steamer Bear, at San Francisco, to purchase the necessary lumber, provisions and fuel for the construction and fitting out of the red cross station at Port Clarence, Bering Straits. The house will be built in sections and so arranged that it will be ready to set up upon arrival at Point Rodney. Preparations and fuel for just one hundred men one year will be taken. The Thetis will be met at Unalaska and supplemental arrangements will be made by the commanding officers for the completion of the enterprise. Captain Gilbert E. Hedden of New Bedford, Mass., has been appointed superintendent of the lumber and fuel. His salary will be $1,500 per month, and authority has been granted him to employ two assistants.

The Troy lumber company of West Troy, Mich., is suing A. Carter in Judge Wait's court in Lansing for $1,000 damages. Carter was a lumber dealer in Ludington, Mich., and in 1881 the Troy company agreed into a contract with Carter to cut and saw the logs and timber of a large tract of land in Newaygo and Lake counties, Mich. By the agreement Carter was to pay $14,000 and if the amount of timber fell short of 24,000,000 feet the company was to pay back him a profit of $500 and in addition the amount of lumber and their report was that the forest contained 30,000,000 feet. The Troy company accepted the estimate and allowed Carter $6,000 for the shortage. Carter claims that the actual number of feet of timber was nearer 50 million than 30 millions, and that he was bribed the estimators that of the Troy company to make their report so low the minimum estimate on the capacity of the forest.

Climate for Consumptives.

The settlements in Florida, California, Colorado and California have each been much benefited by consumptives, and there are yet thousands of the natives of these states who of the fatal malady. A far better climate than any of these had in every drug store in the land, and one that can be obtained at home for a dollar, is offered by druggists, under the manufacturers guarantee that, if taken in time and used as a fair trial, it will cure, or the money paid for it will be promptly return ed. I allude to Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for consumption, for lung scrofula, known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only remedy for this terrible disease possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant manufacturers in selling it under a guarantee.

Don't hawk and blow and spit, but use Dr. Sage s Catarrh Remedy. Of druggists.

H. T. Huff, while cutting down a beech on his farm, five miles from Atlanta, Ga., dis covered in the hollow trunk eight army muskets and two bayonets. Soldiers stored them there 25 years ago.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to sell daily on any druggist for a fair trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, dis covered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For costiv ness and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children likeit. It. Everyone praises it. Large six-ounce package, 50 cents. Of druggists.

Chicago women are looking after the working girls of that city. They have a home for the support of women, which has been patronized all the year by 250 women.

Is it probable that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? They say they know by test that Dobbin's Electric is most economical, purest at best. They have had 24 years to try it. You give it one trial.

Marshall Field, the Chicago millionaire dry goods merchant, employs a man at a regular salary to see that his charities, are worthily bestowed. He spends $25,000 a year in charity.

One for one: the roses fall, but "Tansill's Punch" outlives them.

Edison is now engaged, among other things, on a far sighted machine, by which he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles.

Sheriff's Sale.

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

A French fisherman who was reported lost, and whose property was divided up, returned all right after an absence of two years, but the French courts hold that he is dead, and he has got to take a new name and be somebody else.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

ROBERT WEEKS TANSILL.

Dover Republican, Ga.

Mr. Tansill, the founder of the house of R. W. Tansill & Co., is still a young man, although he has been in active business for over a quarter of a century, and is now numbered among those successful and prosperous business men of Chicago who have acquired wealth and influence through their own talents and exertions. Mr. Tansill was born in the State of Virginia in 1844. His mother died in 1845, and his father being an officer in the U.S. Marine Corps, the duties of which required cruises of three years' duration, the subject of our sketch was practically left to shift for himself at the tender age of three years of age. In 1850 he accompanied his maternal grand parents, Mr. Weems, to Illinois, where he decided to remain. Mr. Tansill is the lineal descendant of the Rev. Mason Locke Weems, who was at one time the rector of Pohick, General Washington's church, and is familiarly known as the historian of the revolution. His works included, among many others, the life of Washington which contains the original hatchet story. On January 1, 1867 he married Mary E. Motter, of Clayton, Ill., and it was in this town that he first engaged in the cigar business. At an early date he became convinced that Chicago was the coming city of the west, and in 1868 he decided to remove his business to that city, where, in the great fire of 1871, his entire capital was swept away. Like a great many other of Chicago's young business men, he was not crushed by this misfortune, but making a fresh start in business, paying his creditors 100 cents on the dollar, he, for a number of years conducted one of the largest cigar factories in Chicago. The enormous growth of his business, covering as it did the whole country, together with the increased demand for manufacturing and shipping facilities, caused him to transfer the manufacture of his cigars to New York, the wisdom of which move has been demonstrated by the continued expansion of his business, so that he now enjoys the distinction of having the largest mail order cigar house in America.

The success of Mr. Tansill's success are not hard to find. He is a man of originality and action. In carrying out an idea he has the rare faculty of adapting the means to the end, and once satisfied of the soundness of his plan, he executes it energetically. These qualities are perhaps best illustrated by his unique achievement of building up and maintaining a great business without drumming. It is needless to say that this desirable result could not have been brought about had he not possessed an intuitive genius for advertising. It is Mr. Tansill's policy to, in all cases, do better by his patrons than he agrees to do, but back of all this remains the fact that he is far ahead of any of his rivals in the art of pushing an article which lacks the merit to back up its claims. His goods are never allowed to