GOLDEN OPINIONS.

BOYDELL BROS.' READY MIXED

PAINT.

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

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs—As the season for repainting 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, looks as we think first and foremost, 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.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Boydell Bros.—

Gents:—I have used in painting over 25 gallons of your Mixed Paint with perfect satisfaction as to its working qualities, its economy and its great brilliancy. The house having been painted over 3 years, it 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, durable and lasting paint.

Yours truly,
F. G. PEARSALL.

TROY, 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 crack nor peel, but always keeps its color and is wonderful in good body.

EUGENE 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 a mixed paint as any paint that we have ever used.

WM. FAHEY, (Fahey & Sons)
House Painters and Decorators.

TROY, Mich., April 1, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—I used something over 50 gallons of Boydell Bros.' Paint about one year ago. My son also used about 35 gallons, and can say that it gave us EXTRA satisfaction. I would recommend Boydell's Paint in preference to any other, for hardness of finish and durability.

SILAS R. WATTLES.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 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 a mixed paint as any paint that we have ever used. We think it will last 5 years.

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN BALDWIN.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., March 30, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—Having used one year ago your Ready Mixed Paint for painting my house, I would say it looks to day as if newly painted and takes less paint than any other I have ever used and I would use it again in preference to any I have ever used should I want to paint again.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN BALDWIN.

SOUTHFIELD, Mich., April 6, 1889.

Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham Mich.—

Thirteen years ago I repaired and painted my residence and in the fall of that year 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 15 gallons of white lead, and I improved in appearance so much that I concluded to paint the roof also and for that purpose used 5 gallons No 43 using 2 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 commend,
J. N. HEIL.

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Whitehead & Mitchell—

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EUGENE BROOKS.

BIRMINGHAM, Mich., April 2, 1889.

Messrs. Whitehead & Mitchell—

Dear Sirs:—Your of the 30th received and in reply would say I can't tell how much I used, but I can tell I was much pleased with the paint. I used about 3 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.

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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,
Finder Worth, 50 gallons,
A Whitehead, 25 gallons,
Mrs C Utter, 20 gallons,
Nancy McKinney, 5 gallons,
G H Mitchell, 25 gallons,
Albert Todd, 25 gallons,
Cooper Pickering, 50 gallons,
A Thorne, 11 gallons,
James A McKinney, 50 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 resp'ly,
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	$ 5 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.

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

In one of England's sweetest spots,
A little old gray church I found;
Around it lies—dear restful ground
God's garden with its sacred plots.

With myriad arms the ivy holds
Its time-worn walls in close embrace,
So memory sometimes keeps a face
Half veiled in tender misty folds.

With sleepy tintinnabulations
The tower, bird-haunted, is alive;
In leafy seas they dip and dive,
Those birds warbling all day long.

Like sentinels grown hoar with age,
The crumbling headstones guard the grave;
That softly swell—green voiceless waves,
That will not break though tempests rave.

"Concerningsoul-matters are asleep"
In this sweet hamlet of the dead,
In broken sentences I read
The record those old tablets keep.

Each told its tale, for hath not Grief
A voice whose echoes never die!
Adown the ages, sad and sweet,
Still rings o'er some God garnered sheaf.

Mine eyes, ne'er prodigal of tears,
I did fill with tender dews, as I
And drown the glory of the skies,
O'er those who'd slept two hundred years

—Chambers' Journal.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER VIII.

WRONGED.

On the mill house the old Norman woman, Merce Leroux, sat alone, and wondered why her son, who had return of the son she loved, or the fair girlish form that had been wont to fill to and fro through the old dusky chambers and the quiet orchard paths.

For her, life had always been a monotonous, uneventful thing, colored by no romance, and disturbed, by no alarms. Her life had been made up of simple homely cares—sewing, darning, spinning; a day's work in the cornfields in harvest time; a weekly visit to the market-place; a thrifty care of her household; a watchful eye of the fruits, and flowers, and eggs, and vegetables that went to the world in the neighboring town in their respective seasons. Her son had been very dear to her, as all only children and especially only sons, are to their mothers. When he was fourteen his father died, and from that day he had been to the little brown-faced woman as her sole earthly idol—her one treasure. All her care and thought were for him. In her sight he could do no wrong; his life had been pure, simple unchanged as her own, and now—

Ah! now she could only sit in the chimney-corner spinning her flax, and telling her beads, and listening eagerly and untiringly for the firm bold tread she loved so well, and which never came.

A little olive-skinned women of seventy years, with a wrinkled face and a bright black eye, and restless eyes that ever and always glanced at the open door, as if in search of something they never saw. What was she to do now? That in her life was a fidelity that never wavered; and honesty that never faltered with wrong, but scorned it for the thing it was; and a curious, far-seeing judgment that had shamed and silenced Rose Michel's slanderous tongue when she sought her with the gossip of the village fresh on her lips.

"Listen," she said, "I am an old woman, and not over wise; so they say; but I know this, the girl loved Hermes as well as he loved her—I know it. She has in her my wrongful son. He is my son—my all. I love him better than anything else; so did she. Could I do aught that would pain him, think you? No! I will and she could not either. Some evil has come between them. He is so good, and she, she loved him. Some day it will come right. The time, you see, are not over-patient; it is only the old who know how to wait. And then she spun on again, and would listen to no more; and Rose Michel and other gossips sink away from her presence, abashed by a faith they could not shake, and a love they could not fathom.

But evil things were told and believed of the girl-wife who had fled from her husband's home and driven him out to the warfare that was devastating the land, and wishing hearth and home in every quiet village, as well as in every quiet town.

The story of Rose Michel not mending by repetition, it was soon the gossipers who had hated Ninette for her radiant beauty and her graceful girlish ways. It was received by old and young alike with scoffing, only second to an entire belief in its truth; and had Ninette appeared in her old home there would not have been one friendly voice to give her welcome—one face to smile on her again.

But she never came.

How, or why, or where she had fled, none knew, though rumor invented a hundred different tales on the subject, each equally removed from the truth. Meanwhile, Pierre Leroux lay ill and helpless in his chamber, and Merce, and the old, simple-minded, faithful woman ordered the household and attended to his mill and his crops as best she could, and waited on untiringly in her nook in the deserted kitchen, waiting always for a step that never came—for a voice that never greeted her.

It was well that she did not know that he was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Had she done so she would have rained all prices, and her bundle slung across her back and her wooden shoes on her feet, have tramped untiringly through the country far and wide, until she reached his side, there to tend and nurse him back to health. But of his fate she was in total ignorance, for scant news ever reached that quiet little village, and though terrible events were happening and the fate of a whole nation was at issue, they spun and hoed and reaped their harvests and imagined every soldier, son and lover a hero, and looked for his triumphant return with the rising of every sun that ushered in a new day's birth.

* * *

The whole town of Berlin was en fete.

News of a great victory had been telegraphed. The face of the war seemed to have declared itself in favor of the Fatherland. Illuminations and rejoicings made the city gay and festive, as it had not long been. Bursts of music sounded ever on the air. The "Wacht am Rhein" and "Nun danket alle Gott," arose loud and clear in thanksgiving strains for the victory that had been so prodigal of great and glorious results.

In a small room in one of the quietest streets a girl was sitting, crouched by the stove with her hands clasped tight over her ears, as if to shut out the triumphant riot of the populace without—the deafening clash of ringing bells and beat of drums, and glad, gay strains of music which filled the autumn night. The door opened suddenly, and a man entered—his step light, his face radiant.

"What, Ninette, moping there and all the city so gay!" he exclaimed. "Now put on your cloak and come out with me. It is a sight to do one's heart good—it will cheer you to see some fun for once. The girl raised her drooping head and looked at him with quiet scorn.

"Fun—see it and be so glad?" she asked him as if in wonder. "Well, I have not yet learned to forget that French blood runs in my veins—that it is the death of my countrymen this victory celebrates."

"Pooh! you ought to have forgotten all that by this time," he laughed carelessly; "what is the use of lamenting over such things? France has had her day—I knew it and ——"

"Do not speak of her cause when she most needed all her sons," the girl interrupted with quiet scorn.

His face glowed with sudden anger.

"It is not for you to taunt me with that," he said fiercely; "have you forgotten—

"I forget nothing," she said wearily "I wish I could. If I had your memory I might also have your capability of enjoyment. At present I have neither."

"You are surely not foolish enough to regret already?" he questioned with growing impatience. "Heavens! what do women want? I took you from your home—the home where you were buried alive. At infinite risk I reached the Prussian forces, made use of the opportunities I discovered, and the fortunate chance I had to serve, and now here we are, settled in peace and comfort and safety. You are in a far better position than ever you could have been as the wife of a Norman miller, and yet—

"And yet, repent and regret! Is not that what you were about to say?"

"Well, I think the deuce you want I cannot imagine."

"I suppose not. I should think the day when you can understand my motives for what I have done, and my tenderness and sympathy cannot be in my mind, must be very far away, indeed."

"Where do you pick up your fine speeches?" he sneered. "Did that gentlemanly boor whom you fooled so prettily bestow some of his learning upon you? You are an apt pupil, I must say."

"I thought his name was not to be mentioned between us," she cried, fiercely.

He laughed.

"If you keep to your part of the bargain, my pretty one, I will do the same."

She rose to her feet and faced him with a certain dignity, all dain that was altogether new to her.

"If you would only enjoy your-self in your own way and leave me in peace!" she cried.

"An you not understand that my way of enjoyment must necessarily be yours also—now?"

She was silent.

For a moment he surveyed her, half-proudly, half-compassionately, as she stood there before him with downcast eyes and the dim light of the lamp shed on her bright soft hair, which was no longer hidden by the peasant's cap of old.

"You might be happy enough if you choose," he resumed, seeing she still remained silent. "But as long as you are I can still make enough to keep you as a lady—you have all the grace and airs of one, the part is easy to play. Do you will not be responsible for once? I never yet have tried to force your inclinations—that you must allow. Remain here and receive my friends, and I will be the kindest, and need not be known unless you choose. Say you are my niece, sister cousin—what you will. Are you willing?"

"For what purpose?" she asked him suddenly.

"For to harm you may be sure. It is so dull, so foolish, the life you lead—moping there in our chamber yonder, growing pale, thin, melancholy, and all for what? A dream, a shadow—a thing without substance. I confess I cannot understand you."

"I suppose not."

"A thousand regrets will not undo the past," he continued mercilessly. "You do not suppose you could ever go back to him now?" She flushed from chin to brow at the words. Even though she knew their truth, she hated him for uttering them.

"I know it."

"You were more sinned against than sinning," he resumed, more gently, "that I acknowledge. I drew you into my net, and now, say or do what you may, you cannot free yourself from its entanglements or go back to the old life again. It is too late to alter anything—what is done is done."

"Let me what you want," she cried passionately, "and leave me."

"That is not polite, Ninette. For two months past I have been trying to train you to gentler speech and guile-ever. Have you profited by the lesson by my lessons than this?

She turned away in silence. "Stay," he cried, "perhaps I have annoyed you by speaking of your duties and its entanglements or go back to the old life again. It is too late to alter anything—what is done is done."

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"I will stay if you wish