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.,
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Buckeye Riding and Walking Cultivators!

We have the best Fertilizer Drills made.

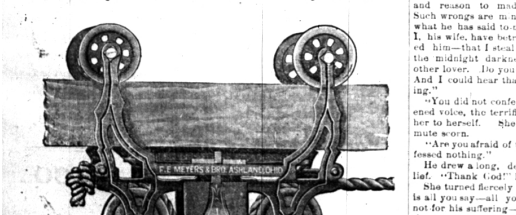
THE McCORMICK

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 team 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 without 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.

We are 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

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names
Of patriot, king and peer,
The noblest, grandest of them all
Was loved and cradled here.
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,
The no-lay cotter king,
Compared with whom the greatest lord
Is but a fitted thing;

'Tis but a cot roofed in with straw,
A hovel made of clay;
One door shuts out the snow and storm,
One window greets the day.
And yet I stand within this room
And hold all treasures in scorn,
For here beneath this lowly thatch,
Love's sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel
Like one who clasps a shrine.
When the glad lips at last have touched
The something deemed divine!
And here the world through all the years
As long as days endure,
The tribute of its love and tears
Will pay to Robert Burns.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER VI.

FLED!

ON the ruined tower a man sat alone.

Through the darkness the starlight shone. It fell on the bare cold walls, and lit up the gloomy recesses, while light misty vapors, soft and silvery as smoke-wreaths, flon ed in from the river, and wrapped shadows like in every gap and corner. It was an eerie place enough. A place no man would dwell in from choice—a place to which its present occupant had been driven by the direst law that rule human lie—necessity.

Restlessly his eyes roved from side to side through the vast desolate width of the ruined baronial hall. The bat's cold wings flapped against his forehead, the nightowls flew to and fro through its gloomy passages. Unspeakably dreary, unspeakably desolate, it seemed to him, who had a coward's shrinking fear, and a child's superstitious dread of darkness and loneliness like this. "What the never come?" he said to himself again and again, as he listened in vain for the signal he longed to hear—for the sigh of the oars in the river below. All the consciousness of a human presence to gladden, even for a few brief moments, his soul-darked solitude.

It was an hour past midnight. A fear of ill that had chanced, of discovery that threatened, fell upon his heart. Listening and watching, the minutes seemed long as hours, each filled with new dread, with ever increasing fear. If they have discovered her absence—followed her—oh heaven! Shuddered in his coarse cloak, while his eyes glared through the shadows with the fear of hunted animal brought to bay, and desperate.

While the thought still held him, the familiar signal reached his ears. He started to his feet, and looked anxiously toward the window, then repeated it. Another instant and a girl's slight figure raised itself through the aperture, and with deft soundless feet dropped safely down on the floor within.

"Sim-te!" he cried joyfully, then trembled and turned pale, for with reeling steps and ashy face the girl came on through the black moseless shadows, and then fell at his feet like one dead.

He bent over her, and a mortal terror shook his limbs, an icy fear seized his heart.

Speechless and still, like a falling statue, she lay at his feet, with the cloud of her rich waving hair, floating over her motionless limbs, shrouding her deathlike face. He called her name, he chafed her cold hands, he dashed water on her face he tried, with eyes on which tears stood thick, and hands which trembled and shook like the weakest woman, to revive her senses, and recall life to the stricken form.

"Oh God! Not this life too!" he moaned, and the sound of his voice in that intense stillness seemed to him charged and fearful.

After awhile her senses returned, slow, quivering breaths heaved her bosom and parted her lips, her eyes—wide with terror, dark with pain—opened on the frightened face above her. She knew it, and raised herself with sudden strength, and shuddered away from his touch as if it were hateful.

"Go!" she cried wildly, "—Oh, that you had never crossed my path!"

He looked at her in amazement, scared by the wild words, by the blazing eyes.

"What has happened?" he faltered. She rose and faced him in the gloom, with a despair and a passion in her face that awed him into shamed remorse for silence.

"What? Only this—that for your sake I have lost love, home, honor! Only this—to keep my oath with you, I have sacrificed my husband's heart, perhaps his life! My Heaven! In my sight, at least, I stand to day his murderess."

"You are mad!" he gasped in his bewilderment. She laughed wildly.

"Mad! Why, perhaps I am. I have are wrongs that turn youth to age, and reason to madness, they say. Such wrongs are mine. Do you know what he has said to night? That I—I, his wife, have betrayed and deceived him—that I steal from his side in the midnight darkness to meet another lover. Do you hear? A lover. And I could hear that and say nothing."

"You did not confess?" The frightened voice trembled terrible as recalled her to herself. She looked at him in mute scorn.

"Are you afraid of that?" No, I confessed nothing."

He drew a long, deep breath of relief. "Thank God!" he muttered.

She turned fiercely on him. "That is all you say—all you think. It is not for his suffering—for my shame—that you care; and once I believed you loved me!"

"I do love you," he said earnestly.

"Yes, with a wavering, selfish love that recks not of the evil it brings, or I endure. Oh, hear me," she pleaded, passionately clasping his hands in her own, "hear me for once and have pity! Release me from my oath, and let me tell him all. He will do you no harm for my sake. I will buy his release; I will follow him to the battle field itself; I will seek him through the length and breadth of France, if you will only give me leave to confess all—to clear myself in his eyes forever."

He looked at her, wrathful and desperate in his sudden anger.

"What you ask is madness," he said; "it would give one or the other of us to, certain death, and the guilt would be yours. Did you say he had joined the army—this rash hot-headed fool?"

"Rash! Hot-headed! I tell him!" she flashed out wrathfully, "you—a coward and—"

A warning look stopped her words.

"It is not for you to upbraid me," he said. "As for what you ask, it is impossible—doubly impossible now—since, by his rashness, your husband has placed himself in direct antagonism to me. I cannot afford to ruin myself for a woman's caprice. As I said before the tie between us is too strong for you to break—the oath that binds you to serve me comes before your marriage vows." She looked him full in the eyes. In her own glowed the light of despair; the resolve of one fixed and determined upon some course of action, who counts not the danger that lies in the path, and would perish in the attempt.

"You think so?" she questioned very coldly, "—we shall see. Nevertheless, have no fear of me, I will not betray you. I came at peril of my life to warn you now. I have been tracked here by a woman, she my tongue and cruel of heart. If she suspects you, I know not. In any case this place is no longer safe." He stared at her.

"And you have delayed this?"

Her face flushed, with a soft, her eyes surveyed mockingly.

"Do you hear the pursuer's step already?"

"Do not play with me," he said with sudden fierceness. "If there is danger, say so."

"There is danger," she answered him calmly, "but we seek it hence forth together." He stared in astonishment.

"What do you mean? Speak, time for jest?"

"Heaven knows it is not, neither have I the will to attempt it. What I say I mean. I have no home," her voice quivered slightly, "no love to love to look for, save yours. You offered it once, and I refused it."

"But now, when shelter means danger and protection death, you accept?" he said in wonder.

"Even so."

"I thought I knew something of women," the man mused, took up her with doubtful and yet admiration.

"I see I was wrong."

For an instant silence reigned between them.

"Are you so cold blooded—so marble, resolute as despair," the words she had just uttered had cost her more than it was in him to imagine.

"You mean it?" he asked her at length.

"Of a certainty I do," she answered wearily. "I have no home—I can never look in his face, nor touch his hand without my oath upon me. I may as well share your peril as live here in a shame that will poison my whole future. He will never believe in me again." The mute despair, the hopeless despair in her face and words, touch d even his selfishness.

"It is a hard fate," he said slowly. "By base all through me. Can you bear it?"

"After what I have borne to-day," she said with an irony that touched him to the quick, "you can ask that! Had we never been—we both, and close—you!" He flushed from his brow, and remained mute with a shrinking hesitation that told of the struggle within.

"We go together then?" he asked faintly at last. She lifted her bowed head and looked at him—a shiver ran through her graceful limbs, and on her face glowed the martyrdom of despair.

"Yes."

A momentary joy quivered over the handsome womanish face of the man who had wronged and insnared her.

"So best!" he said gayly. "Once we escape out of this cursed country. It will go hard with me if I do not win you such splendor and such happiness as you would never have found in yonder dreary hamlet." She made no answer, in her heart she asked her self with bitter mockery

"Gold! will that content, having lost love?"

Then through the chill damp gloom of the breaking dawn they crept like hunted guilty things to the boat that was moored beneath the ruined castlements, and so glided, and drifted, in misty river to life new day and the new life beyond!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Real and False Modesty.

It would be well if young women were taught early in life that there is a false shame and an affectation of modesty as unlovely as forwardness, and which repels as effectively as brazenness. To be on the qui vive innocuous, to have a smart faculty for detecting the bitterness of evil from any good, is all wrong and all immodest. To see where harm is not intended is immodest. The young woman who thought she would die of shame because some gentleman looked into the gallery where she was along with the statue of the Venus de Milo, who fell into confusion and blushed slightly, advertised a modesty that was possibly only skin deep. A blush is something sacred to pure womanhood, and it is a sad spectacle for thoughtful eyes to see a young woman so far gone in the improprieties that she pretends to be asked at things which simple, unaffected candor is far from thinking wrong at all. There are other women, too, and modest young ladies who manage to convey by subtle insinuations that they are deeply conscious of a sense which a really modest woman would ignore.

It is true indeed, as a great writer has said, that a modest woman must be at times both blind and dumb. Disagreeable happenings, offensive to the eyes and ears, are at times incidental to every one's life. The most shrinking young lady cannot be entirely protected. She may find herself in places where profane language reaches her ears, where obscene sights reach her eyes. It is then the time for her modesty to take on an armor of dignity; it is the time to be both deaf and blind.

There are many things in life that young women need to know of and which, if they did know, they would regard as great solemn truths, too sacred to be giggled over and simpered at; which are not proper subjects for conversation, but which none the less exist, and should be well comprehended. For a young woman—or a young man, either—there is no safety in ignorance. The mother assumes unwarranted responsibility who leaves her innocent, growing girls and boys to be assaulted in the mysteries of life by unthinking outsiders.

Constant rubbing cannot wear off the delicate hue of the seashell, nor can the real purity of mind, the real modesty of refined womanhood, be more easily worn away. Mock modesty is twin sister to that cancer-hearted virtue which consists in not being found out. Persons who affect it are social "suspects." Beware of it, young woman, because if you do not, young men who are in search of lovely wives will beware of you.—Woman's Journal.

A Traveling Mountain.

Such a mountain is found at the cascades of the Columbia, Oregon. It is a huge tripplepeaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length, where it fronts the river and rises to a height of almost two thousand feet above the level of the water.

That it is in motion is the best thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of anyone passing it; yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily toward the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains hereabout, long before white men came to the country, and the early settlers, immigrants, many of them from New England, gave the above described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling mountain," or "sliding mountain."

In its forward and downward movement, the forests along the base of the ridge have become, submerged in the river. Large treestumps can be seen standing deep in the water on this shore. The railway engineers and the trackmen find that the line of the railroad which skirts the foot of the mountain is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the road bed and rails have been pushed right out ten feet out of line in the course of a few years.

The mountain is manifestly moving upon the river, and geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the mountain rests on a subtractum of conglomerate, or of soft sandstone, which the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly washing out, so that this softer subrock is of itself yielding, at great depths, to the enormous weight of the harder material above it.

A ship canal and a series of very expensive locks for facilitating navigation on the Columbia have been determined on at the cascade abreast of this wonderful and large appropriations of money from the national treasury have been made for the work by Congress. It remains to be seen how the "traveling mountain" will affect the masonry of these structures.

"God's Will Be Done."

All of the light has gone out of the house. Death has entered and cast a gloom over all. It entered with awful suddenness and took away the sunshine of the home—the bright eyed boy who was the joy of the fond mother and pride of the loving and indulgent father. In the darkened room lie the pale white corpse, which tells the sad story. The white haired grandfather who worshiped his only grandchild sits silently in the corner while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and the grandmother, who lived only for the boy, is bowed with grief. What a terrible change! A few hours ago the happy little fellow jumped from his mother's arms and ran to the door to meet his father, anxious for the evening romp. Now his little hands are folded upon his breast, and the ray of sunlight which steals through the half closed blinds and seeks his little face cannot arouse him from the sleep that knows no awakening. How hard it is for those bereaved parents to say: "God's will be done."—Chicago Herald.

A "Yankee" Queen.

Hartford Post

The possibility of an American girl becoming queen of England is opened by the suggestion, made by Sir Edward Sullivan, that the eldest son of Wales should wed an American girl. Americans, in his opinion, would like to see one of Columbia's daughters sharing the throne of England, and 51,000,000 in England would welcome such a queen. The queen of their own blood, breed and speech. Alliances with petty German princesses have become so numerous that the English people are weary of them. There will be little difficulty in finding an American girl who would do credit to the station. There are a great many of them.

Where it is Safest.

In 1882 the Chairman of the London and Northwestern stated that there had not been a single passenger killed on their line within the previous three years. Sir John Hawkshaw, speaking of safety on railways generally, said that each one passenger was injured for every 4,000,000 of miles traveled; and on on average a person may travel 100,000 miles each year and the chances are of not receiving a single injury." Again, Sir E. Watkin "maintained that railway traveling was safer than routing, because it is a fact that more people choke themselves in England than are killed on all the railways of the United Kingdom."—Chambers's Journal.

To Amuse the Burglars.

From the Woodland Democrat

George Lyford of the West Valley Lumber Company has a safe in his office that sustains the same relation to burglars as a lump of rock salt placed in a corral does to cattle. Whenever a burglar wishes to practice for awhile he goes and passes a night with George's safe. He is never molested, as nothing is ever kept in the safe—it is left there only for the accommodation of burglars. About once every month Mr. Lyford finds a new hole bored somewhere, a large yarty wrench off or some other evidence that the cattle have been to their salt. A few nights ago it was subjected to the usual tests, but with the same results.

The Great Australian Desert.

Australian travelers state that the interior of Australia is by no means the desert it has long been supposed to be. Though now unpopulated, it is pronounced capable of supporting a large population. Gold has been found in the east, and the travelers brought home stories of vast pasture lands, abundant water, and finally of deep blue lakes, at least one of which is of large and as yet unknown extent. A great railroad is to extend across the continent from north to south through the eastern part of the country, once supposed to be a desert. It is predicted that the "desert" will disappear, as that in America has gone.—Chicago Tribune.

TOWN OF ECONOMY.

A Prosperous but Queer Community.—A Prospect of a Law Suit.

Eighty four years ago, in what was then a wild forest region of Butler county, Pennsylvania, there was solemnly and formally organized the most remarkable and unique industrial community that the world had ever seen since the days of Pythagoras. Its originator and founder was George Rapp, a humble German farmer, who, with some 900 of his fellow countrymen, had fled hither to escape religious persecution in fatherland. Absolute communism was the most important feature of their creed, and it must have had wealth, agreed, quite as cheerfully as those who had nothing, to throw all their possessions into a common stock.

The Harmony society, as Father Rapp called his newly organized sect, has passed through many vicissitudes in the 84 years that have rolled away, since the hour that first gave it birth. Their first town in Butler county, to which the Harmonists gave the name of Harmony, they abandoned after a 10 years residence because of its distance from navigation in the days when railroads were unknown. Removing to the banks of the Wabash river in Posey county, Ind., they built a new Harmony, which they again abandoned at the expiration of another ten years, driven away by the fever and ague, which prevailed throughout that region. Then it was, in 1824, that they built the town of Economy. It is one of the most picturesque villages in the world, standing in the midst of an elevated plateau which extends for miles up and down the Ohio river and slows gently back to vine-clad hills, which skirt it at a distance of half a mile.

The dress of the Harmonists is precisely in accordance with the fashions of rural Germany in 1805, the year of their immigration. The men all wear long tailed blue coats and broad brimmed stove pipe hats, while the women dress in high waisted, plain skirted blue gowns, and high pointed caps of blue satin. Their costume is as uniform as that of a company of soldiers, or of the inmates of a charity school.

The government of this little kingdom is entirely in the hands of Father Rapp, the absolute ruler, is a kind father to all save in the matter of celibacy. Every individual of Economy must be prepared to fill all the duties of the colony. All are required to attend church twice on Sabbath. Any one found out of bed after 9 o'clock on any night of the week is immediately banished from the town, and it must then seem to the poetic and lyric house "three o'clock in the morning." Besides the usual and possible meals daily, a free luncheon is served at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., when a piece of pie is served to every man, woman and child. Though the Harmonists have come to be exceedingly prosperous, and are opposed to having any courting done upon their land. They require all fathers and mothers in their employ to keep a close watch and ward over their sons and daughters, that the sexes may be kept as far apart as possible. A young man and woman seen out walking together, or jointly occupied in any harmless amusement, would be immediately required to leave Economy.

To render it impossible for young men and women to walk together in the evening without observation, Father Rapp placed a lantern in every family, and issued a decree that any female having occasion to go upon the street after dark should light and carry it with her. The introduction of natural gas has now rendered this unnecessary, as it burns in great jets on every corner and transforming night into day.

Many methods are employed to keep the young folks out of mischief. All not other wise employed are required to devote themselves of the gratuitous education furnished in German and English by competent teachers. An industrial school is also in vogue, and every day in the week the boys and girls assemble at an immense steam laundry and do the washing of the entire community.

This most singular people firmly believe that Christ is second coming first will establish upon Mount Sinai, in Palestine, a visible, personal kingdom, and that from that throne will Christ and His people rule and rule the world. They keep a complete watch upon the signs of the times in anticipation of their community to the Holy Land when Christ shall come in glory.

An organization has just been completed for the purchase of a tract of land which will be undoubtedly one of the most intricate and fiercely contested legal battles ever pressed in the United States. Thirty-five of people claiming to be heir at law of deceased members of the society have sprung up about to institute suits with the purpose of securing a share of the estate. These parties claim that the original and bona fide members of the society are dying off, and that the only method by which the original association be perpetuated is by the admission of new members, in which they claim are depriving them of their equitable rights.

On one side is a wealthy and influential body of men, who say the society, for 50 years ago Count Leon forced Father Graves Rapp, the founder of the organization, to go with him and the faction he headed a large sum of money, with which they established a Philadelphia branch. Since Father Rapp's death, in 1847, there have been no de-entions inside of the band, which is united in implicit obedience to Father Henrici, the present leader.

Inquiring visitors are closely identified with the Economists and thoroughly conversant with their peculiarities, develops the fact that none of their possessions will be surrendered to those whom they regard as outsiders without a bitter struggle. They claim that so long as there is a single member of the society left the title to all moneys and realty will be invested in him as the society.

In the event of the dissolution of the society by the action of the members, a contingency not to be thought of, and also quite improbable, the vast wealth accumulated by thirty six three quarters of a century would be disposed of as the members willed. If, however, the dissolution should be brought about by the death of all its members, its property would accordingly go to such members and to such institutions as it may seem fit to the state. It is further stated that, while the Economists are quite generous to old members above 50 members, a number of which are supported by the society and vigorous.

A manifest proof of their intention to perpetuate the organization is found in the fact that constant additions are being made to the society, and that it is increasing in its latest acquisition being a 10 minutes walk from the village, and a tract of ground. The improvements made within the past year, too huge to be of such a character and extent as to demonstrate that the people have entire faith in the perpetuation of the society.

No withstanding these claims the parties who have engaged to press the matter are confident of success and have employed the best legal talent. About a score of persons are directly interested in the present move, including three in Philadelphia, and several at Detroit and other western towns.

Why They L. at.

Dr. Pierce's medicines outsell all others, because of their possessing such superior curative properties as to warrant their makers in not supplying them to the people as they are doing through all druggists on such conditions as no other medicines are sold under, viz: that they shall either benefit or cure the patient, or money paid for them will be refunded. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific for catarrh in the head and all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time and given a fair trial. Money will be refunded if it does not benefit or cure.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—gently laxative or entirely cathartic according to dose. 25 cents.

Mme. Elelka Gerster, since the loss of her voice, has retired with her children to a secluded house near the city of Bologna.

A young Englishman has taught the shah of Persia to wear patent leather shoes.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, unsurpassed and abundant crops, fine grass, grain and fruit country in the world. Full information, maps, etc., free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

An engine on the Hound Brook railroad in New Jersey, recently covered a mile in 29 seconds.

For 24 years Dobbins' Electric Soap has been imitated by unscrupulous soap makers. Why? Because it is best of all and has an immense sale. Ho sure and get Dobbins' and take no other. Your grocer has it, or will get it.

Dr. Pistel of Paris has succeeded in hypnotizing by means of the phonograph.

A Bit Smoke for Ice.—"Tandil's Punch."

The thimble has only been used in the kingdom of Siam within a few years.

An Occupation in Danger.

The sphere of the blacksmith has of late years been greatly and surely narrowing down, and it now begins to look as if the occupation would soon be gone. Once he had a make horse shoes, horse nails, and sometimes part of the simpler tools; now these are all manufactured by machinery. They consist site repair work and independent branches of business and are furnished ready made to the hand of the smith far better, cheaper, and more serviceable than they could be made in his shop. The last innovation, however, by which he is threatened is the most serious of all.

A system of adjustable horseshoes with out nails is about to be introduced into England. English need of such a contrivance is far greater than American need, or, as a rule, English horseshoeing is a diabolical sort o 'bungle, and the cumbersom shoes and ungainly nails used in England are simply relics of a primitive age and barbarous in their effect on the horny substance of he hoo.

Apaln veterinary surgeons have estimated that twenty-five in every hundred horses in England die within ten years before their time as a result of lameness or some other damage inflicted in the process of shoeing. The idea of the shoes and dainty n ils of the American blacksmiths are the wonder and derision of the English farriers, who regard these articles as mere toys compared with their own. There is no doubt, however, that the estimate which has been made of the loss o horse service in England and Wales alone in consequence of the necessity of shoeing once a month, and which is 20,000,000, may serve as a incentive to this country, and when the saving in exp ndituresand time and the increase in the working power of horses which a perfectly e ectiveal nstable shoe would effect, are considered, the adoption of such a contrivance in America would, in all probability, be rapid and universal.

The Tear Handkerchief.

In some parts of the Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom prevails among the peasantry. The institution of the "tear handkerchief" is thus described:

When a peasant girl is going to be married, before she leaves her house to go to the church her mother gives her a hand kerchief, which is called the "tear hand kerchief." It is made of some plain linen, and has never been used. She is supposed to cry her eyes with it when she leaves her home and when she s ands at the altar. After the marriage is over and the bride has gone with her husband to her new home she carefully folds up the hand kerchief and places it unwashed among her little treasures. So far it has done only half its duty. Her children grow up, marry and go away to new homes, each daughter receiving in her turn a tear handkerchief, and yet that last present, the present received from her mother, has not fulfilled its object. Years roll by and the once young and blooming girl is the become a wrinkled old woman, and outlived, perhaps, her children and grandchildren, and last, when the weary eyelids are closed for their long sleep, the tear handkerchief is taken from its resting place and spread over the placid features of the dead. Thus it performs its mission.

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

ALBION, Mich., December 30, 1885.

While employed as a fireman on Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I had to leave my stoker every now and then, on account of suffering very sick. Have consulted the doctors employed by the Michigan Central, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. After taking every highly recommended remedy that I had acquired knowledge of by experience, and while suffering under a bottle of Kidney Pads, I was advised by a fellow Fireman to try Hobson's Rheumatic Syrup and Liver Pills. I did so, and I am happy to say, I am now well and hearty. I attribute the cure to the Rheumatic Syrup and Liver Pills, and I feel that I can, and am speaking of your medicines wherever I go, and I think it the greatest medicine in the world.

F. LARZELERE, Agent M.C.R.R.

Sir Julian Pauncefote will return to England in a few weeks, and will bring Lady Pauncefote and daughters to Washington.

Miss Helen Blair had her hands a fortune throughout the invention of a simple attachment for the ordinary chair.

Sheriff's Sale.

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

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold out in the sun. It is only a great cough cure that Heaven insists that the earth have a second sale.

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

Dr. Howard says that water for drinking purposes should never be below 40 degrees.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Johnston Horror!

Sold by Druggists. The Johnstown Horror in Valley of Death, or, Ruin by Water, Fire and Flood, 50 cts. Sent free. Agents wanted. Address National Pub. Co., 918 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Three Lucky Cheapguns.

Chicago (Ills.) Arkansas Traveler, June 8.

Learning that several Chicago people had held winning numbers in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, a Traveler representative was sent to learn what he could of the fortunate persons. The first visit was paid to Mr. F. H. Baird, president of the American buyers' union, whose offices are in the Lakeside building. He gave to the reporter's inquiry Mr. Baird said: "I held ticket No. 64,568, and No. 28,8.7, which drew the second capital, $1,000, and for the first I was paid to me through the American Express company." Congratulating Mr. Baird upon his good fortune the reporter withdrew and called upon Schwabacher Neither, liquor dealers at 163 North Wells st., who said: "We reported had held one twentieth of the same ticket. Mr. Neither said: "Yes, we received per United States Express company, $1,000, but the ticket was placed in our hands for collection by John Cummings, Esq., Mr. Wm. Keiler of Summit, Ill. The cash is paid to Burgat Cummings to him, and, I understand, divided among Mr. Keiler and three others who were interested with him in the ticket."

Mr. F. Adler, a dealer in gents' furnishings at 530 W. Madison street, was also one of the fortunate ones. He held one twentieth of ticket No. 64,31, which drew the third capital prize of $5,000, and our reporter was collected through the banking house of Fassenhal, Gross & Miller

Vigor and Vitality

are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That bottle of blood is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Appetite restored, and vitalized, and the health and all of disease to every organ, stomach, liver and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are renewed and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strengthened, and the whole system is made to feel buoyant.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it built me right up so that I could do a good day's work." D. W. BLAKE, 4 Harlem Street, Albany, N. Y.

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Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bad Digestion. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DUTCHER'S FLY KILLER

Makes a clean sweep. Every shop will sell a quart of this, and recommend it. Sent by express, freight or express, trading your name and address and the express company's receipt, for $1.50 a gallon. E. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

Clothes, 1 TO 3 HOURS. Sample Package Brass Chemical Co. Chicago. Trade Mark. Sent $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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