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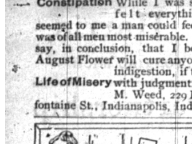

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It is the only Positive Cure And Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments of our best female population. Every Druggist sells it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of **40** years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price $1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED We want the name and address of every one troubled with Hay Fever in the U. S. and Canada. Address E. Mould Sayre, R.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER IX.
ALL FORLORN.

The huge rocks called the Rollers of Bohan rise high and jagged above the sea, which dashes and roars and writhes against them, falling back a moaning as if with disappointment that it cannot overthrow them. But it has many inroads at other feet, forming curious archways, leading to great caverns, once the haunt of smugglers. Still the rocks stand firm, proud guardians of the coast, and a terror to mariners and fishermen when the winds blow high.

The little Herauld looked like a speck on the water in contrast with these giants of nature. As it steamed slowly and safely by them there were some on deck whose hearts beat quicker at thought of the peril they were so narrowly escaping. All were grateful to the captain, who had come so wisely with such skill and strength to their rescue; only one pitied the man who had led them into the danger.

As for Duncan Murray, his breast was full of wrath. The reputation for care and skill which he had earned with a lifetime to be jeopardized at last, and only saved by a miracle! Jeopardised by the man he had trusted as he trusted himself! There was no penalty heavy enough for such a folly.

Except the engine-man and Ross, who had been placed on the floor of the cabin, all remained on deck. But not a word was spoken until they had passed the grim Bulgers. They were like people petrified, pale and dumb, watching the revolving spokes of the wheel. When they knew that they were safe there was one great breath like a sob of relief, and a silent prayer of wondering thanks. Then the power of motion was restored to them by the loud voice of the captain giving some brief commands.

Annie had been by her father's side all the time, so white and calm that she was more like a statue than a living woman. She watched every movement of the vessel, how obediently it answered the helm under the master's hand, until at length it took them out into safe water. But her mind was busy seeking the reason for this strange occurrence. Her father in his rage had said that Ross was drunk, but she would not believe it. Her mind leapt to the thought that he had fallen in some fit; and at her father's first words she moved swiftly away, down to the cabin.

There on the floor lay the man she loved, the man to whom she had pledged herself, and who had so nearly destroyed them all—a senseless, ugly piece of humanity. She approached him, bent over him with tender hope.

She drew back quickly and her face flushed. His breath told her that her father had spoken truly. And yet she was dimly conscious that mingled with the fumes of whisky there was something else, which she did not understand, and which at the moment did not impress her mind.

There was the one horrible fact; he had been drinking and so had imperilled all their lives!

The first sickening sense of dismay over, she became calm again, and bethought her that something ought to be done to restore him to consciousness. Who was to help her? She dare not speak to her father, and she would not speak to Cargill. Byandby she would be able to get one of the men, but none of them could be spared at present.

Meanwhile she got a towel, dipped it in cold water and laid it on his head. Next she shook him roughly by the arm; but he made no sign. Then that was all she could do.

There was one thing more. She called him by name; but he made no sign. Whilst doing this she became a little more conscious of the presence of that something besides the fumes of whisky, only she was too busy in her efforts to rouse him to give it particular heed.

And she was wondering. How could this miserable shame fall on Bob Ross? In all the while she had ever heard of him there had been no hint of this. Quite otherwise was he of the qualities for which he had been specially noted was his sobriety. Then how should it come now in the hour when he was most anxious to please her father?

She could not understand. It was strange; that was all she could say, and in her bewilderment began wondering again. And as she was wondering there came suddenly a pain in her head and a dull aching in the dry eyes, for was not his shame hers?

"Oh, how brave and noble she had believed him to be! How much above all the others he seemed in everything—how pure, how strong and faithful in all that became a man! And lo, there he lay helpless—such a sorry sight!

She could not bear it and she covered her face with her hands, and turned away from him as she knelt beside him. Strange, piteous cries in her brain, but no sound coming from her lips. The idol seemed to have fallen from its high place—fallen so low down and still was loved.

She did not care now who knew it. She loved him and she would help him though everybody else should turn from him.

She knew by the sounds on deck—trampling of feet, loud voices—and the varying movements of the engine, that they were nearing port. Whether or not the noise had any effect in rousing him, Ross at length stirred from his lethargy.

He moved slightly as if to turn on his right side. With his face and ready hands she assisted him. He muttered something ina husky whisper, but she was unable to make out what he said.

She called him by name twice and her voice seemed to reach him at last. There was a spasmodic movement of the body and this time his muttering was distinct enough for her to comprehend—

"Starboard, starboard, confound ye. There's the Dun Boy—we must hold off."

The rest of his words faded into indistinctness again.

The turmoil above grew louder, and the movements of the engine more eccentric than before.

She dipped the towel into cold water and bathed his face and hands. He breathed more freely and regularly than he had been doing for some time, and presently he opened his eyes.

What weary, wild eyes they were, staring at her without the least sign of recognition. They frightened her, and yet they brought the tears which relieved her own parched, eyes.

"Do you na ken me, . . Bob?" she hesitated a little over the name.

The wild expression disappeared and slowly there came a smile of recognition.

"Na ken you, Annie! how could that ever be? . . My last . . But what a dream it has had—that I got fou and let the boat gang on the rocks and——"

But there the glimmer of intelligence faded, and a puzzled, wayward look took its place. This was not the expression of imbecility, but that of one who is looking at something he cannot see and searching his mind for something he cannot find.

Suddenly he made an effort to rise, but fell back helpless.

"Try again," she said eagerly; "if you could only get on to the seat, it would make you less wae to look at you."

Mechanically he made the effort, and with her strong help succeeded, after a few trials, in getting on to the seat. He leaned back, unable to support himself, still looking at the something he could not see.

"Can you bide there that way till I get you a drink?"

She brought him a glass of water and held it to his lips. He drank greedily as if his throat were parched. Then he seemed to rest.

She took both his hands in hers and gazing earnestly at his said—

"Can you tell me how this happened? Try to mind. Where did you get the drink?"

"I canna tell. I got whisky, and I saw the Dun Boy and the Bulgers, and I wanted to keep clear of them. Then I remember putting the wheel out o' my hands. There was——"

He ended the sentence by shaking his head hopelessly and muttering wearily, "I canna mind—I canna ken."

She saw it was useless pressing her questions further at that time, and indeed she had no opportunity of doing so. Although the noise decreased, the engine had stopped, and she knew that they were in port. Her father came down. Partly in consequence of his dread of any further accident, and partly out of a wise discretion, knowing his own temper, he had delayed coming until the Mermaid was safely moored in Peterhead Harbor. Now when he came, he found her holding Ross's hands and gazing earnestly into his. His passion blazed up in spite of himself.

"What are you doing there with that scoundrel?" Come out of that this moment."

She did not move, and Ross was apparently quite unconscious of the angry and bitter words.

"Did you na hear me?" shouted the father. "I tell you that you are na to disgrace yourself by speaking another word to him."

"Father, he is na well," she said gently, but without loosing her lover's hands.

"Sure well,—he'll be well enough when he gets over his drunken fit."

"This is not a drunken fit, father. He is really not well, and you should get a doctor to see him."

"Me get a doctor for the scoundrel that nearly ruined me as well as drowned us a!" exclaimed the captain, at much astonished by his daughter's calmness as by her first disobedience. "I tell you he was drinking whenever he was at the wheel, and that would line been enough for me even if he hadna put us o' in sicsen danger."

"How do you know that he was drinking when at the wheel?" she asked calmly.

"Cargill told me. He took a dram from him."

"Ah!" The exclamation was short, quick, with a drawing in of the breath. "And he gave it to him."

"Ay, but he maun had been drinking before that, because as dram wouldna mak' him like what he is. Come, out o' this, Bob Ross, and thank the kindly thought I had aye had for you till noo, that I dinna send you to jail instead of gleen' you leave to walk ashore."

"Father, will you send for a doctor?" she pleaded once more. . .

"I'll na hear another word, you hizzie, but I'll hae something to say to you in a wee while."

To her amazement Ross stood up, unsteadily, but still maintaining the position. He drew one hand dazedly across his eyes and said huskily—

"Na for me, Annie—na for me—you shall not suffer for me. I'll go. Your father is right. I begin to nigid now, and it is his kind thought that saves me from a jail . . it is not all clear yet; but it is coming back. Me standing at the wheel and no power to speak, and . . and that's all."

"Bide a minute and I'll get Jock Burls to go with you," and she darted up the stair.

Captain Duncan was puzzled. He could not make out the man, this was not the way he had ever before seen anybody who was "fou" behave. But then there was nothing else to explain his falling asleep at the wheel; and so he answered the puzzle by resolving to stick to first impression.

"I am sorry for you, Bob; but 'tvas hae brought it on yourself and I canna pass it over. Had it been anybody else I would hae been on the look-out for sic a thing, but na wi' you—na wi' you."

"You are doing kindly by me, captain, and I thank you," said the poor man, again passing his hand dazedly over his eyes, "I dinna understand yet; but it's coming to me, and I ken that I was wrang. . . I thank you and I'll go."

He made a step forward, staggered, and fell back upon the seat. He would have fallen on the floor but that the sturdy captain caught him in time.

CHAPTER X.
A HOPELESS CASE.

The first person Annie encountered on the deck was Cargill, and for an instant she shrank from him, clutching the top of the cabin stair to prevent herself from falling backward. He held out his hand to aid her; but she recovered herself without taking the proffered hand.

During the time of danger the most terrorstricken face of all on board had been that of Cargill. He grasped the nearest rope of the rigging, and clung to it as if he were already drowning, and this was the last straw of hope. His flabby cheeks grew yellow, and his fishy eyes started in his head more prominent than ever. He had never contemplated the possibility of a wreck. When the danger was over he was the first to recover his equanimity, and to pretend that he had not been at all disturbed by the incident.

He lit a cigar, and whilst apparently looking on at the bustle which preceded the arrival in port, he hovered about the cabin skylight and the stair, wishing to go down, and, for some reason unable to do so, straining his ears to catch what sound that might come from below. He heard nothing.

He advanced to the captain several times, as if to speak, but saw that he would receive very little grace if he attempted it. Then he walked back to the cabin skylight and hovered about it as before. But when they were fast in port he met the captain on his way to the cabin, told ben of the dram he had given to Ross, with many expressions of regret at the almost fatal consequence, and taking his full share of blame. At the same time he offered his flask to the captain, who very willingly took a dram whilst saying—

"It was a foolish thing for you to do, though kindly meant; but it was a—well, we'll na say nae mair about that. I dinna want to be in a passion when I gang doon to him. I'm na gaun to prosecute him, as I might do; but out o' this boat he goes this minute, if he has to be carried out."

"Don't be too hard on him, captain. He must have had a drop before that he did not take into account. One glass could never have had such an effect upon him."

"He maun hae had a gude wheen drops afore—confoond him—for you see I hae taen a big dram the noo, and I'm a bean the better o't, instead o' being the waur. But that's na to the purpose. He hadnae right to touch anything when he was on duty."

"All the same, captain; for your own sake don't be hard on him."

"Oh, I'm na gaun to be hard on him, as I hae told you. I hae had ower muckle ado for him for that. I'll manage quiet enough; but we maun get him ashore; I canna think to hae him near me."

So the captain went below, and Cargill, as before, hovered about the cabin, and thus encountered Annie when she rushed up from below.

"Do you want anything—can I get it for you?" he asked eagerly.

"Na—yes—thank you," she said excitedly, and with a little confusion. "Wait a minute."

She passed him and ran to the bow, where the men stood in a group, talking and smoking. As there was to be no discharge of cargo till the following day, they were all taking their ease and discussing the strange events of the passage.

"I want you to go down to the cabin, Mack," she said, touching the arm of a thickset, grey-bearded man, "and bide with Bob Ross;—he is not well."

"You're fishing yourself over muckle about him, missy" (that was her name on board the *Mermaid*); "but I'll do your biddin'."

"I tell you all, he is not well; he is——"

"That's just what I was saying," asserted a sturdy fellow named Campbell—the same who had been the look-out at the moment of peril, "for he was speaking to me an half an hour afore he pit the wheel wrang, and he was as sober as a judge."

The man said this doggedly, having just been contending with much opposition from his mates.

"You are right, Campbell," said Annie, grateful to find some one who agreed with her. She had been much disappointed by the manner in which Jock Burns had obeyed her; for she had trusted more to her old Ross's friend, and found that he, too, shared the common belief regarding the cause of the pilot's illness.

"Do you go to the town and fetch the best doctor you can find that will come immediately."

Then she went back to Cargill, who was waiting for her with every appearance of stolid patience in his general bearing; but the fish eyes rolled restlessly from side to shore and the group of men to whom she had been speaking.

It was the late gloaming—the hour when sea and land appear most beautiful, touched by the sudden, sweetest, most mysterious lights and shadows, when all harsh sounds seem hushed, and the restless plash of the sea is like the low croon of a mother singing a lullaby. The men dispersed slowly, and by-and-by all is hushed and yet not dark.

TO BE CONTINUED.

New Father-in-law—Well, sir; the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house?

Groom—I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away.—New York Weekly.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

A farmer near Mooresville, Ind., has a big-legged calf. It uses all its legs in walking.

The petrified bodies of three women were found in a vault in Greenlawn cemetery, near Indianapolis.

At Vicksburg, Miss., a jury of twelve white men has given a negro ejected from a railroad train a verdict of $2,000 damages.

A six-year-old boy at Haulsport, N. S., fell forty-feet into a well containing but little water and escaped with a few scratches.

A woman complained against being detained for long by a Philadelphia coroner to testify regarding the sudden death of her mother-in-the ground that she wanted to go shopping.

Lightning played a queer freak in a New Hampshire town. It took off the tall feathers of each of twenty hens sitting on a roost, and affected a rooster so that he has not been able to crow since.

Two Japanese mining engineers are traveling among the coal mines in Pennsylvania studying American mining methods, which they desire to apply to the development of the coal deposits of Japan.

An African may be poor in pocket, but he or she always has plenty of name. Mary Jane Cheesy Julia Ann Adella Francis Fedora Eliza Maria Quit Puts Dandy Morrison is the abbreviated appellation of one of the colored belles of Atlanta.

It is asserted that the idea of the slot machine is very old. In an inn in one of the rural districts of England the tobacco for the guests was opened by an English penny; this box was certainly, as the landlord averred, one hundred and fifty years old.

The bishop of Litchfield, England, has started a crusade against what he calls "the deformation and degradation" of graveyards by the ornamentation of the graves with artificial flowers. "There is no accounting for taste. Bad taste and poverty can do nearly as absurd things as bad taste and riches."

At a recent meeting of English turfmen an extremely boisterous bookmaker addressed Lord Randolph Churchill as follows: "Pleased to see you again, my lord; my name is Hopkins, but I bet you don't remember me." "You've won your bet," replied his lordship, as he walked away in the opposite direction.

It is said that the Princess Clotilde, widow of the late Prince Napoleon is one of the bravest women known. In 1870, when all the members of the imperial family fled, she went to her father: "I ought not to leave, still less to run away. It is not for nothing that one has the honor to belong to the house of Savoy, and it is not flitting for me to leave Paris."

A monument to cost $6,000 is to be erected to the memory of the victims of the flood at Johnstown.

The United States has 67,000,000 gold coins, and only 41,000,000 of these are in circulation.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant drink, gentle action and nothing effects of syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying result follows its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

There are within the present city limits of Milwaukee 30,000 lots which are unoccupied.

Indiana's building at the world's fair is to be constructed of all building materials found in the state.

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.

One of the new brooch designs is a bird's head of the enamel or chased gold, with the jewels in the eyes.

There is a sign out on one of Atlanta's side streets that reads: "Going out to do whitewashing done here."

Business for the Boys

The publishers of the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS, the people's great National Weekly, want an active, energetic boy in every town and village to sell the SATURDAY PRESS on the streets and to act as local agent. Boys are making from $1.00 to $10.00 a week selling this great weekly. Here's a chance for the boys of America who want to make money. To our boys, 2 cents per copy. Don't miss this chance, but address,

SATURDAY PRESS CO.,
417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The United States now has a larger trade with Costa Rica than any other nation. The total value of last year's imports was $4,250,000, of which the United States furnished $1,500,000.

In Church, or at Home?

Answering the question of Home *vs.* Church Weddings.

Just Before the Ceremony
Flowers for the Bridal Hour
The Etiquette of Bridals
The Belongings of a Bride
When On the Bridal Trip
Home After the Honeymoon

See, JUNE Number of

The Ladies' Home Journal

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Mailed to any address from now to January, 1892, balance of this year, on receipt of only 50 cents.

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HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Molasses can be brought from Cuba in a tank vessel for two cents a gallon.

Do not send your daughter away for change of air till you understand her treatment. Send two 2c. stamps for "Guide to Health," to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The Chinese government has negotiated a loan of $50,000,000 with France and England.

Ask your storekeeper for our Fruit Jar Opener. You'll see how you get along without it. If he don't keep it send 10 cents postage and get one free.

KISTNER & TYLER, Baltimore, Md.

Alfred Tennyson's school atlas sold for £40 at a recent sale in London.

The outlook for the rice crop in South Carolina and Georgia is very promising.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles 15c and 25c. Major's Best Liquid Glue 25c.

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"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

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Mr. Inch is one of the tallest men in Parsons, Kansas.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

There are said to be over 50,000 American visitors now in Mexico.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $1.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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A lady for light, pleasant, and profitable employment at her own home. Address with stamp, Silmer & Co., South Bend, Ind.

A Necessary Precaution.

A building site in Washington presented nothing extraordinary from outside appearances, but upon excavating the builders were unable to find the earth sufficiently solid for the foundation to rest upon. The difficulty was overcome by driving piles.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with A VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Beauty without neatness is a hook without a bait. **FAIR WOMEN** should make their houses look fair with **SAPOLIO** Try a cake in your next house-cleaning

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Constrains many people to hide the dirt of their kitchens. They make the kitchen a secret chamber, into which it is forbidden to enter; but half the trouble which they take to hide the dirt and the disgrace which it entails, would keep the kitchen clean, and all its pots and pans bright as a dollar, that is, if they use

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SKIDDER'S PASTILLES, a sure remedy for Asthma and Catarrh. Sold by druggists. Price, 50 cents. Prepared by Skidder & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

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A Vacation Trip TO THE **ROCKIES.**

"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular question is, "Shall we go to Manitou?" Then comes the question of ways and means, and in this connection it is safe to say, that no matter from what point in the country you may start, Manitou we will go.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway runs Through Car Vestibuled Trains from Chicago to Colorado Springs, and one of these trains, Through Day Coaches, Through Chair Cars, Through Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars.

At Colorado Springs, which is virtually at the foot of Pike's Peak, there is an electric road to Manitou (six miles away), and one can leave the Springs at any quarter hour interval. There are steam roads also from Colorado Springs to Manitou.

An excellent plan is to take carriages at Colorado Springs and drive to Manitou, taking in en route the Garden of the Gods, a wonder of the world, and in which are such wonderful sights, and the detour on this route is but little, and the tourist is well repaid the time and trivial increased expense.

Before one arrives at Manitou the climax is reached in delightful trips, bathing brooks, snowy lakes, and cool corners in the shady parks that are all this foot hill village.

We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this peculiar resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you gain your location in the Clouds—Quickly, Speedily and Safely.

Take a train via the Rock Island Route to Manitou, Colorado, in your summer vacation.

E. ST. JOHN, GEN'L TICKET AGT. JNO. SEBASTIAN, GEN'L PASS. AGT. CHICAGO.

W. N. U., D.—9-24.

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

I have the best facilities for furnishing

Caskets and Burial Cases

Together with all Trimmings. I will attend to every part of the business in a satisfactory manner. All orders for Funerals will be attended to promptly, and the friends of the dead will be relieved of all care in arrangements. I shall keep a good stock of coffins, etc. always on hand.

Livery Department.

First-class Single and Double Rig

Have recently purchased for my Undertaking Business at considerable expense one of Tayler's Improved Ice Chests for preserving the dead. This method keeps the ice from direct contact with the remains and does away with the old way of embalming, poisoning and mutilating the body.

J. O. BEATTIE.

TUXEDO PARK.

A Rare Chance for Investment where Money can be made Safely, Surely and Reasonably.

To invest or not to invest is the question now that agitates the mind of every one having any money that they would like to put out with a fair chance of its returning ten fold and more if one is fortunate to hit the right spot. Tuxedo Park is in our mind just the place where one may invest and make a fortune with a very small capital to start in with. Mr. Luther Stanley is one of a syndicate who with a view to a sure, quick return and a big return for the investment have bought out Woodward Ave. Detroit, a beautiful tract of land, platted it and call it

TUXEDO PARK.

BIG MONEY

Can be made by investing in Tuxedo Park now. It is a well-known and undisputed fact that values in North Detroit, along the line of Woodward Avenue, have more than doubled IN ONE YEAR'S TIME. And to any person with average intelligence it is evident that within the next couple of years this same "doubling up" will continue. The many contemplated improvements are bound to verify this prediction, notable among which are:

The formation of the Woodward Avenue Improvement Association, comprising all the property owners along thoroughfare, whose aim and object is the beautifying of Detroit's magnificent and only Woodward Avenue, and who have banded themselves together to secure:

FIRST, The changing of the railroad tracks, either above or below the grade of Woodward Avenue.

SECOND, The building of a commodious and handsome Union Depot at the crossing.

THIRD, The extension of the city limits, and with it all the advantages of the city, sewerage, water, lighting, paving, etc.

FOURTH, The removal of the toll gate.

FIFTH, The paving of Woodward Avenue with asphalt, which will undoubtedly take this the finest boulevard in the world.

These, with many other advantages, are sure to make this a very desirable locality, both for investments and residence, which before long will be built up with happy and beautiful homes.

"The first low wash of waves, Where soon shall roll a human sea."

People are beginning to understand that there is no better way of making and saving money than by buying in a locality like this.

The exodus is fairly on, and the person of moderate income who does not secure one of these lots now, will never again see an equal opportunity.

For plats, diagrams and further particulars, call on or address,

Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich.