"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J. Cox, Defiance, O.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. 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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP FOR THE SCALP SKIN AND COMPLEXION

$30000 CASH PRIZES

A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Diseases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

DR. HARTER'S THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

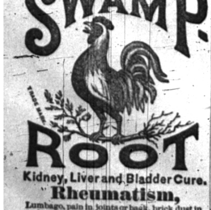
LADIES

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers' convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price, 25c.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Disordered Liver,

Impure Blood,

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HUGH KENRICK'S WILL;

Or, The Story of a Posy Ring.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

His voice was feeble and weary, his accent most piteous. Lucy did not hear the sea; she began to sing to him in a low, sweet voice. No one ever knew what an effort it cost her to do it. He listened, and forgot about the sea, and gradually some painful lines in his face smoothed themselves away. He looked at Lucy, and said, "Whoever you are, you are kind—but if you want to be really kind to me, do put a stop to one thing they do to me every night. . . . Miss Clavering—you perhaps know her—my mother always said she was an enemy to both of us, but I never believed it till now. Every night Miss Clavering comes here, and just when I want to go to sleep she wraps her long, wet hair round my throat until I cannot breathe, and when I cry out, she wraps it tighter and tighter, until I am choked.—Every breath I draw then sends a burning pain right through my chest, and I feel cut in two by a red-hot sword, and still no one will help me. That nurse, there, is in league with her, and will stand quietly by, and let her do anything she likes to torture me." His voice was now quite strong again, and his eyes were bright with fever. "They talk about my being ill—that woman and the doctor I mean—they pretend to be sorry, but they could cure me if they chose to stop her.—It is nothing but having that long bit of wet hair wrapped so tightly round my throat which makes me so ill. They will not keep her away or force her to unfasten it, and it is wet and cold, and chokes me."

"That is how he always talks," said the nurse, "poor dear gentleman!"

"It is the truth, though! She pretends that it is not, and so does that fool or knave of a doctor, but I ought to know best, for I feel it. I feel it now, tight and choking me. It is Miss Clavering's hair, I tell you! It got wet when we were out all night on the Grand Bey—that is why I wanted so much to see her by daylight. I wanted to try if I could not persuade her not to do this. She does it every night, and that's why I can't get well—that is what is killing me!"

"Do not talk that way, please sir," said the nurse.

"That is your help, is it?" cried he.—"Excellent help! Don't talk, you say? But I must talk! I must be heard! Nothing chokes you like hair! It makes itself into such a tight, strong rope!" He clutched Lucy's hand, and cried, "Will you stop her doing it?"

"Why, sir, this is Miss Clavering herself you are talking to! It is Miss Clavering who is sitting by you. Look at her. She is pitying you as much as she can!—She doesn't want to do nothing to hurt you," said the nurse.

He looked at her in doubt and alarm.

Lucy let her hair down, and said, "I am Miss Clavering; but I promise, as you ask it, never again to do anything to hurt you. Feel my hair, it is quite dry now, so I do not want to wrap it round your throat any more." She took his poor parched hands in hers, and made him touch her hair. "Feel it," said she, "it has got quite dry and warm. I will fasten it up tightly, and you shall see me do it. Look what a number of strong pins I am using, and how safely I am fastening it."

He watched all she did with eagerness. He had forgotten almost everything which had happened on the Grand Bey, except the one fact that when the sailors met them and took Lucy from his arms one long coil of her hair had to be untwisted from his throat. Somehow or other it had then wrapped itself tightly round it, and the remembrance of this had haunted him and played a terrible part in increasing his illness. When her hair was firmly fixed in its place, she made him feel it once more, and said, "Now that can do you no harm." He seemed perfectly satisfied, and made no more complaint of being strangled by her, but he still complained of being kept by force in a burning bed. He now seemed much exhausted, and lay as if partly unconscious. Presently Lucy saw him clutching at the bed-clothes, as if to draw them upwards. Some one had once told her that this was a sign of approaching death, and the sight made her thrill with terror. She could not bear to see it. She drew his hand away and held it tightly in hers. She would hold it now until he died.

"Oh, thank God," said he, "you have taken me back to the cave again, and it will be cool! I felt I was there when you put your hand in mine. Ah! how you slept then; I could not awaken you!"

"You slept, too. Could you sleep now?"

"Your head was on my shoulder then.—You were unhappy, and so tired and cold. That is how we came to sleep."

"Could you sleep in that way now?" asked Lucy. "Lay your head on my shoulder and try." She moved closer to the pillow where his head was tossing uneasily about. She drew him towards her till his forehead rested on her shoulder, and placed her cool hand on it.

He seemed to breathe more freely, and said, "How well I feel since you took your strangling hair away! The cave is cool. Why did you not take me there before?"

Strong hope arose in Lucy's heart. She felt he might recover.

"We must get off the island at daybreak," said he. "Waken me then if I go to sleep."

"Yes," replied Lucy, "I will rouse you then, but go to sleep now."

He shut his eye and seemed to yield to her as a child might have done. The nurse came, and saw him lying thus. She sat down by Lucy. Aunt Esther was sleeping in a distant corner, and very soon Hugh Richmond slept also. After a while his breathing became as regular and peaceful as that of a child. Lucy only was awake. The attitude she had chosen became painful to her. She never stirred one hair's breadth. She was weak and ill herself, but she bore all, and for his sake. She, who had not yet been able to sit up more than half-an-hour at a time, sat in this constrained posture for hour after hour, proud and thankful that she could do so much. Her one hope was that perhaps under Providence she might be the means of saving a life that had been freely risked in her behalf. The foolish over-wisdom of those around them had almost cost his life and her own; but even yet all might be well. He was sleeping peacefully; his hand, which lay in hers, was no longer parched, his breathing was regular and calm; once the door opened, and the doctor peeped in. He threw up his arms in wonder when he saw the change in his patient's condition, but he crept out without disturbing him. Lucy saw that he had expected to find it all over, or to see poor Hugh Richmond breathing his last, and a hope which as yet she had hardly dared to indulge in, began to take up its abode in her mind. Day dawned and still he slept, and still his head was on her shoulder. She feared the light might awaken the poor sleeper, but he slept on. Aunt Esther, too, was still sleeping; her face looked grey and haggard in the new light. "How happy she will be when she awakes and sees him!" thought Lucy, and then she checked herself for over confidence. Who could say that he was safe?

About five o'clock he opened his eyes, and said, "I feel very happy; where am I?" Then he saw Lucy. "Are you really here?" he asked.

"Yes, really," she answered—her heart was too full to speak.

"Did they not say I was to die to-night?" he asked.

She pressed the hand she held. He looked tenderly in her face, and said, "You have been very good to me. Do you care for me a little?"

"I care for you very much indeed," she replied.

He smiled. It was a treat to see that smile once more. His eyes seemed to close of their own accord, and he was asleep again almost directly. Lucy, slightly changed her position, but still she sat by him; and still she held his hand. "For once," thought she, "I have done something that has not been an injury to him. Thank God I came!"

Now that she could see his face she saw how pale and thin it was. She was looking sorrowfully at it when the nurse awoke and came to her.

"What a change you have made in him, ma'am!" said she. "It is surprising what love can do."

Lucy was so shocked that she almost dropped his hand but bethought herself in time and sat still.

"He has raved about you, and his love for you, and his despair about something or other."

"About what?" inquired Lucy.

"Nay, miss, I don't know; despair is a part of the business. I took no particular notice of what he was saying."

Lucy began to think that he was sleeping so soundly she might steal away from his side. This woman's talk made her feel uncomfortable. She drew her hand away so gently that he certainly could not have felt it; but no sooner had she done so than he half turned round and said something which she did not hear.

"You will be having him wide-awake again, ma'am, if you don't take care," whispered the nurse, anxiously.

Lucy took his hand once more in hers, and once more he was still. The nurse now saw how weak and ill the poor girl was herself, and came and put a glass of wine to her lips, and gave her a cushion to lean against; without this Lucy must have fainted.

Lucy herself was in a half-sleep when she heard him say, "Nurse, I feel very well this morning!"

"And so you ought with a beautiful young lady sitting there and holding your hand lovingly like that the whole long night through. Most folks would feel happy. She's asleep now, poor young thing."

"What she does for me nurse, is only done out of pity."

The nurse looked wise. "I don't feel so sure of that, sir," said she.

"She is fast asleep, nurse."

Lucy was, so to speak, fast asleep and wide awake too. She heard, but could not move.

"How do you feel about eating something, sir?" was the good woman's next speech.

"I believe I am hungry—but I ought to be dead," he added with a certain degree of grim humor.

"On this Lucy's hand closed tightly on his, and with a great effort she opened her weary eyes. The nurse went to bring some tea.

"Do not use that dreadful word," said Lucy to him.

"You have, I think, saved me," replied he. "I wonder whether, the doctor will say I am better."

"I never can forgive the doctor," cried Lucy; "he ought to have let me come to you sooner. He had no right to conceal from me that you wished to see me.—Why did you wish so much to see me?"

"To tell you something."

"But you have not done it."

"You are not to be told until just before I die."

Lucy was silent.

"You must be very tired," said he.

"No, I am so happy. You are better?"

"Yes, I am better. Thank you for all that you have undergone to make me so."

"What have I undergone that I would not most gladly undergo again for your good?"

She had withdrawn her hand from him—it was lying on the arm of her chair.—His eyes rested on it. He held out his own beseechingly. After an instant's hesitation she laid her hand frankly in his. He looked at it, then at her. "Just for one moment," said he; "I do not misunderstand you."

"Take your hand away," said he, in a short time; "I do not like to give it up, and I ought not to keep it."

Lucy left it where it was.

"Even if you attached all the meaning to what you are now doing that it is possible to attach, my duty would still be this," said he, kissing her hand, and gently putting it away from him.

"I do not understand," said she.

"I love you, dear," was his reply; "I always shall, but I am in no position to woo you for my wife. I wish you were as poor as I am."

"A minute ago," said Lucy, "you asked me for my hand—put yours in mine now for one instant," and very timidly she held out hers. He looked doubtfully in her face—what was she going to do? He held forth his hand. She did not lay hers in his, but she drew off her posy ring—the ring which had been her father's and her grandfather's betrothal ring—and she placed it on his finger.

He had not forgotten the motto:—

My love for thee
My life shall be.

and said in joyful amazement, "Is it possible that you could ever love me?"

"Yes," was her answer, "as soon as I saw you I felt I could."

"Enough to resign for my sake all that Mr. Kenrick left you?"

"Yes; but you ought to love me enough not to care about my doing that."

"My Lucy, my own love, you have saved my life."

"You seem to me to be talking far too much, sir," said the nurse, who suddenly, and with a great clatter of tea-cups, returned to the room. "You are much better, sir, but by no means out of danger yet; and if you please, sir, there must be no more imprudence with talking!"

Lucy's heart sank—what if the doctor came in and did not seem much impressed by the change in his patient? What if he still said he must die? Die! when they loved each other, and had owned their love? Could such a cruel thing be? and yet how often must it be! She hid her face and the tears fell fast.

The nurse touched her shoulder, and made her a sign to control herself. "I have brought two cups," she said; "you have watched together, and you must eat together; and then ma'am, you must please go into another room, and I'll straighten up Mr. Richmond, and make him ready to see the doctor, and then we'll hear what he says of him this morning."

Ah! how terribly important what he would say had become! Lucy's tea nearly choked her. Hugh Richmond drank his and ate his slips of toast, and looked at the posy ring on his finger. He seemed to have no fear of the doctor's verdict, and Lucy had so much. She took the nurse into a corner and asked her if he were not better, and if the doctor would not think so?

"There's no going by looks," replied that cautious woman, whose reputation for sagacity was at stake, so she dared not be too sanguine. "They often look quite cheerful and nicely, and then go out quite suddenly like the snuff of a candle."

"But don't you think he is better?"

"Well, yes, I do; but then it's the doctor who knows the most about it."

Aunt Esther and Lucy went away, and while in their room on the floor below heard the doctor's steps. It sounded knell-like. They even heard his voice—and muffled and dreadful the sound was. Lucy had made the nurse promise to come to the door and hold up her right hand if the news were good. The doctor came instead.

"With care, he'll do!" were his words, and when Lucy heard them she fainted.

Three months afterwards the bells rang merrily at Calderwater. A happy bridal party walked through the churchyard.—Two of the number stopped by a tombstone bearing the name of Hugh Kenrick—the very name the bridegroom had just signed in the vestry. "How strangely my poor uncle's will has been carried out!" said he. "I do not take his name—I bear it already—I merely drop the name of Richmond, which he never liked. God grant that his fancy that he should know something of what went on after his death was a true one, and that he now sees us standing here—and God grant also that he is happy about this as we are!"

THE END.

MONEY IN MAGAZINES.

How the Proprietor of a Magazine Boosted it Into Prosperity.

W. D. Howells is now employed exclusively by Harper and he gets, perhaps, as large a salary as any literary editor of the United States to-day. I was told some time ago, writes Frank G. Carpenter, that he received as much as $2,000 for a short story, and his royalties must bring him a large income. There is more money to-day in magazines and magazine writing than ever before. The Century Company has already grown rich and its English circulation alone is worth a large fortune. *Scribner's Magazine* is making big profits and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has jumped from bankruptcy into prosperity.

This magazine was originally started by Schlicht and Field, a couple of bright young speculators, in Rochester, N. Y. They ran an office-file business in connection with the magazine and were making it pay when they moved down to New York. Here they branched out in many directions, began to lose money, and threw good money after bad until they were practically bankrupt. It was at this time that "Buck" Grant was taken into the magazine and it had another spurt.

In the meantime the business affairs of Schlicht and Field got worse and worse, and the magazine was sold to J. Brisben Walker, who now owns it and has made it a good property. Mr. Walker is one of the bright business literateurs of the day. He is a man, I judge, of perhaps forty-five years of age and 100 years of experience. He is, I think, a graduate of either West Point or Annapolis, and he went to China with Burlingame as a naval attache. After the war he took a notion that a great deal of money was to be made in real estate, and he anticipated the great real estate boom which has since struck the country. He made his first speculations at Charleston, W. Va., where he settled and ran for Congress, and was, I am told, elected, but counted out. He thought at this time that Charleston was going to be the capital of West Virginia, and he invested all his money in property there. The movement to change the capital fell through for the time and he lost everything.

Gathering up the debris of his estate he moved to Denver and there edited for a time a weekly newspaper. He bought it for a song, got it on the road to making money and sold it at a profit. He took the money which he received from it and began to buy land on the outskirts of Denver. He bought one little farm after another at from five to ten and twenty dollars an acre, until at last he had about 1,000 acres. He owned these lands when the real estate boom struck Denver, and he sold, I am told, a portion of his land to a syndicate for $500,000 when the boom came. He held on to about seventy-five acres nearer the city, and this is, so Denver people say, worth at least a half million dollars to-day.

When he first bought the *Cosmopolitan* he spent about $50,000 in the first few weeks in advertising, and he has been spending ever since. He put the magazine on a firm financial basis, bought his supplies for cash, and charged cash for his advertising. He hired the best brains he could find to help him, and the result is that the magazine now sells as well as the oldest established periodicals. It has now about eighty thousand circulation, and it had only sixteen thousand when Mr. Walker took hold of it two years ago. It is now making money notwithstanding that it has such men as Murat Halstead and Edward Everett Hale among its editors.

Cleverly Outwitted.

Fenimore Cooper, in his stories of hair-breadth escapes from Indians, never hit upon a more extraordinary device for eluding pursuit than one which was related to President Carnot during a recent tour in Corsica. A French traveler, so the story went, ventured some years ago to pass through a mountainous district of Corsica, without escort or any means of protection, and in crossing a particularly rough and craggy region found himself pursued by a band of brigands.

As the traveler had some money on his person, and feared that, besides being robbed, he would be held in captivity for ransom, even if he were not put to death he took to flight.

Knowing little of the country, he soon stumbled upon the border of a lake in the mountains. There was no path around it; it was impossible to swim across, and the brigands were behind him, though he was hidden from them as yet by the rocks.

Whatever he did must be done in an instant. Necessity quickened his wits; he saw at once a way out of the difficulty and availed himself of it.

He hastily cut with his knife one of the long, hollow reeds that grew on the shore of the lake. Then he stopped up his ears and nostrils with wet clay from the margin, took the reed in his mouth, and waded out into deep water, where he remained submerged, with upturned face, just allowing the upper end of the reed to project above the surface.

On came the brigands, following the traveler's tracks to the water's edge. But what had become of him? Had he flown across? Certainly he could not have swum. There was no other way of escape, and the surface had by this time stilled to a perfect calm.

The brigands remained waiting on the shore for some time, but no sign of the traveler appeared. They concluded at last that he was a sorcerer, who had caused himself to vanish into thin air.

Then they disappeared, and the Frenchman, who had been under water all this time, breathing through his tube, came out. He managed to keep under cover and make his way to Ajaccio; and there he declared that he had been under water four hours.

It is possible that his distress and alarm may have caused this period to appear many times longer than it really was; but, in confirmation of the main part of his story, the Frenchman brought with him a water-soaked section of a hollow reed.

A Blind Georgian.

A man at Toccoa, Ga., has been totally blind from infancy and has not been educated, yet possesses unusual intelligence and can solve difficult mathematical problems. He can tell day from night by the atmosphere, and when traveling can tell when he is passing objects some distance from the road, such as a house or tree.

The Best Way to Succeed in Business is to first take a thorough business course, by mail, at your own home; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

Denver unions will hold an industrial fair.

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

Minneapolis made 7,877,947 barrels of flour in 1891.

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

New York cloakmakers average $5 and $6 a week.

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

Sacramento stonecutters won eight hours and $4.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We beat England in boot and shoe manufacturing.

WHO WOULD NOT

Give 25 cents to be cured of Salt-Rheum, Eczema, Itch or any disease of the skin. Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment cures all such. At all druggists.

Who knows nothing base fears nothing known.

In 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Nashville clerks want people to patronize union stores.

W. J. McDonald, superintendent Laneau Manufacturing Co., Greenville, S. C., says: "My wife has used Bradycrotine for headache and it is the only thing that relieves her sufferings."

New York insurance clerks are organized.

Women exclusively run a Winnsborough (N. C.) canning factory.

THE SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

A man is old twice as long as he is young.

Lancaster county, Pa., is our greatest tobacco county.

VICTORY'S PALM.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK CURES SCROFULA

Thompson's Eye Water.

PENSIONS

PATENTS

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Asthma

"ORANGE - BLOSSOM" Cures All Female Diseases. Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., Chicago.

Patents! Pensions PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BED BUGS. DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT. FRED'K DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

MICHIGAN FARMS Wells, Stone & Co., Saginaw, Mich.

The ERTEL VICTOR HAY PRESS GEO. ERTEL & Co., QUINCY, ILL., U. S. A.

YOU WANT IT! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back, Neuralgia, Lame Back, &c. WE REFUND MONEY if 5 Bottles does not cure you or 1 Bottle does not give you benefit. TRY IT! YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT! MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires. $85 JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

In the place of a woman who's weak, ailing, and miserable, why not be a woman who's healthy, happy, and strong? You can be. You needn't experiment. The change is made, safely and surely, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It's a matter that rests with you. Here is the medicine—the *only* one for woman's peculiar weaknesses and diseases that's *guaranteed* to help you. It must give satisfaction, in every case, or the money is promptly returned. Take it, and you're a new woman. You can afford to make the trial, for you've nothing to lose.

But do you need to be urged?

You don't want *size* in a pill—it means disturbance. You want results. With Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, smallest, cheapest, easiest to take, you get the best results. Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

LADIES! Use Only Brown's French Dressing on your Boots and Shoes.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

This represents a healthy life, Throughout its various scenes, Just such a life as they enjoy Who use Small BILE BEANS.

LIPPINCOTT'S FOR JUNE Contains a Complete New Novel, Entitled "JOHN GRAY," A Kentucky Tale of the Olden Time. By JAMES LANE ALLEN.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

H. S. PINGREE.

Do you wear the Pingree Shoe? A shoe with a record! For Ladies, Gents, Boys & Girls.

Don't be Humbugged into buying an inferior, ill-fitting shoe, to save ten to twenty-five cents first cost, and take chances of their giving out with little service. Remember, we guarantee every pair of our shoes to give reasonable service if properly treated.

Pingree & Smith, Detroit.

W. N. U. D.—10—22

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

Bargain No. 59.

Martin D. Masters will have nothing but what will sell and so offers his farm of 60 acres two miles west and one mile north of this village. On this farm is a good house, a good barn, corn-crib, hog-pen and all necessary outbuildings, plenty of fruit and a nice valuable piece of property and Mr. Masters being determined to sell will sell very cheap and divide the farm up if needs be and will sell 20, 30, or 40 acres just as the buyer desires. What more can you ask and he only wants enough down to secure himself and will give all the time anyone wants. Call at Exchange Bank for particulars.

Bargain No. 62.

We can now offer for sale the elegant farm in Bloomfield 3 miles north of Birmingham and 4 miles south of Pontiac on the gravel road, consisting of 125 acres with house in fair condition, and barns and outbuildings in general good shape. Fine apple orchard and plenty of plums and small fruits. Good wells and cisterns. 14 acres of good timber and the balance under good cultivation. Price the low sum of $55 per acre. Call at this office or address Thomas H. Power, Pontiac, Mich.

Comparative Statements

—SHOWING THE GROWTH OF THE—

CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK,

68 and 70 Griswold Street.

From Dec. 31st, '90 to Dec. 31st, '91.

RESOURCES.

	Dec. 31, 1890.	Dec. 31, 1891.
Bills discounted,	$822,474.62	$827,570.29
Bonds, Mortgages,	245,211.69	438,924.82
Bills in transit,	9,514.93	7,448.98
Overdrafts,	1,220.92	588.94
Furniture, fixtures,	1,154.30	3,635.08
Real Estate,	1,775.00	750.00
Current expenses and taxes paid,	5,556.50	6,241.33
Cash in Vault, $78,215.14 / Cash in Reserve banks 108,842.77	187,057.91	Currency, $112,892.00; Gold, 41,532.50; Silver, 6,232.11; Checks, 12,195.16; Cash in Reserve banks, 235,250.52
	$1,273,865.87	
Total cash on hand,		418,002.32
		$1,703,221.78

LIABILITIES.

	Dec. 31, 1890.	Dec. 31, 1891.
Capital Stock,	$200,000.00	$200,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits,	99,088.83	104,094.80
Deposits,	974,342.04	1,393,126.98
Dividends unpaid,	435.00	6,000.00
	$1,273,865.87,	$1,703,221.78

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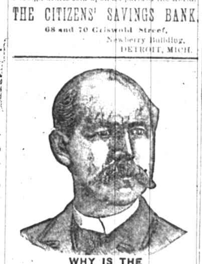

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