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Physicians move slow in the old country. While waiting for relief, Croup, Congestive Colds, Coughs, Diptheretic Sore Throat and Bronchitis, may assume dangerous forms. Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure WILL REMOVE EVERY TRACE OF THESE DREAD DISEASES. 50 cents. Your Druggist can get it of Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., also Farrand, Williams & Clark, Detroit, Mich. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., Manufacturer.

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For over 6 years I have been afflicted with Dyspepsia: could not eat meat without distress and sickness of the stomach afterwards. Have used Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills for 2 weeks, and now eat all kinds of food without return of old trouble. They certainly work wonders in curing Dyspepsia or Stomach Troubles. T. J. POINDEXTER, Atlantic City, N. J.

Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

No man can ever pay the debt he owes his mother.

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Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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Miss C. G. McClave, School-teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

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

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

ONLY ME.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?"—the words came tenderly;
A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma: it's only me."

The quivering baby lips!—they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother's heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above;
And, from that moment, Only Me had place
And part with Pet in tender mother love.
—Caroline A. Mason.

SNIDER'S WICKEDNESS.

Snider was a baddish sort of boy aged twelve, whose home was on the very bank of the Mississippi—so near to the water that when his active imagination or conscience would not let him sleep he had been known to get out of bed in the dead watches of the night and plunge into it as a diversion and a solace.

Snider's playmates were boys and girls of two races, the red and the white, and he confessed a slight preference for the white on week days and the red on the Sabbath, for, being a baddish boy, he played all day Sunday and it is hard to get along harmoniously all day with the little white boys who are permitted to play on that day.

Snider's sire held the orthodox Western view that "Injuns is pizen," and did not approve his son's familiarity with the aborigines, but this did not seriously interfere with the boy's plans, for it was not regarded as strictly necessary that he should consult his parents as to his goings in and comings out of the woods.

Snider's best friend and "steady company" was an Indian maiden of ten, whose name in English would be freely translated Red Leaf, but which in her native tongue could be only spelled by a combination of letters that would look very discouraging to civilized people. Red Leaf's mother had no warrior she could call her own, and this detracted from her popularity with the tribe, for its male members were expected to divide the produce of the chase with her, and gratitude was not her strongest characteristic. Her husband's scalp was blowing about like a dry rag in some Sioux warrior's tepee, he having been killed in battle seven or eight years before Snider formed the acquaintance of his daughter. The lady's name might have been rendered Alkali in English, although it is quite likely she had adopted or been given this bitter title at a later date than her marriage.

But Snider had other sources of amusement than the congenial society of the Indian maiden. One of these was the casting of stones at wayfarers from ambush. It chanced one day that he cast a stone into a passing immigrant's covered wagon and struck a babe on the head, making a cruel wound, and it chanced that the child's father succeeded in dragging Snyder from his concealment in the high grass and dragging him to the wagon, first to show him the villainy he had done and next to swinge him soundly. But when Snider had seen the wound he was so abject, so remorseful, so anxious to be smitten hip and thigh and made a terrible example of, that the immigrant and his wife, and, the baby to boot, forgave him with all their hearts.

Others had seen his evil deed, and the news of it went speedily to his father, so that Snider was a bruised and battered little imp when his father sent him supperless to bed that night. He resented his punishment with bitterness of spirit, reasoning that, having made peace with the immigrants, outside parties had no right to disturb the status quo.

His father's punishment made it hard for Snider to sleep, and being a queer, motherless little fellow, he lay upon his pillow and thought of the cool waters of the river and the smoky tepees where the Indians were asleep, and how they, at least, always received him gladly. Then he rose up and stole out of the house, after filling his pockets with biscuits. He was going to be an Indian.

The curs did not bite at Snider as he approached, but sniffed his pockets and wagged their absurd and damaged tails. Luckily for Snider, Alkali was asleep and her daughter awake.

It would be pleasant to describe Red Leaf as Pocahontas, Minnehaha, Wenona and other Indian maidens have been described by literary people who have employed terra cotta or bronze models; but Red Leaf, alas, was a genuine Indian girl, with all the mental and physical characteristics of her race. As she emerged from her mother's tepee on observing the face of Snider peering in would be as good an opportunity to describe her as any likely to be obtained. Her hair was long, black and coarse, and at the part was a streak of yellow pigment. This hair hung down over her swarthy and not always clean cheeks in such a way as to make her forehead a tolerably correct triangle. Her eyes were almond shaped and wonderfully dark and deep, with a trace of natural ferocity about them that made a stranger look a second time before he remembered with a shudder that they were made to look upon the tortures that the savage heart below might devise. Her mouth was large, but the handsome white teeth within made it a rather pleasant feature. Like all growing children, her shoulders, arms and body were angular and bony. Her raiment seldom parted with by night or by day until it fell from her person piecemeal, consisted of a single calico garment "toggled" together as only squaws know how to do dressmaking, torn and mended in many places, torn and unmended in many others. Shoes she had none; head-gear she would have despised.

The personal beauty of Snider was not of a character to arouse jealousy or comment in a mixed collection of white people, though it was conspicuous in the admiration of the red. Itemized, it would invoice as followeth: A magnificent supply of particularly brilliant freckles, beginning in the neighborhood of his ears and becoming by far too numerous to mention as they approached his nose.

His raiment was a pair of jeans trousers with one "gallus" and a hickory shirt, surmounted with a hat such as only a reckless and sunny disposition could enable anyone to wear. His temperament was sunny or warlike, as occasion demanded, as is apt to be the case with a child thrown largely upon his resources for diversion. But nature had been cruel in giving him a tender heart and a sensitive soul, both of which defects he was studious to conceal, as an ancient knight would have covered up a weak spot in his armor.

Removing a little coal from the smoldering fire, Red Leaf carried it a short distance from her mother's vicinity and soon had a little council fire for herself and Snider established. As his part of the arrangement Snider drew from his pocket a biscuit and it was eagerly seized by the girl who was in the normal Indian condition of ravenous hunger.

After a reasonable period of silence, Snider remarked: "I've come to be an Indian, Red Leaf, and live with you always."

"You can't," was the instantaneous answer, delivered without a sign of interest one way or another. Poor Snider! Here was his death sentence—here the faithful wound of his friend. "Am I so bad the Injuns won't have me?" he almost sobbed.

"The hairy man would find you and take you back to his lodge." Snider's sire had a Brobdingnagian beard and the reds called him the hairy man.

"But I wouldn't go," replied Snider valiantly.

"Then he would cut a stick and make you cry." Red Leaf said this with concentrated contempt. She had seen Snider flagellated.

The intending Indian arose to go. He had been worse wounded than by all his father's punishment, and at the moment Red Leaf seemed to realize this. She admired him and was a woman in embryo.

"But you are not a coward—white people are different." Snider resumed his seat.

"Would Alkali like me for a son?" he said, after a period of silence.

"Alkali does not even love pleasant days. She says Red Leaf is not good except to eat when there is little to be had, and to gather sticks for the fire. Her heart is very bad," said the dutiful daughter, with much frankness.

"I shall never return to the lodge of my father," said Snider, resolutely. "I can live in the woods alone. Kawa Neche cagat Manitou." This last expression is supposed to mean in the language of the aborigines, "God cares for the poor Indian."

A great change came over the face of Red Leaf at this manly declaration of independence. "Red Leaf will go with her friend," she declared. "The woods are good to live in."

Without further remark they arose from the council fire and went toward the river. Without being realized by either it was the God of both, being utterly without other than natural religious sentiment.

The moon came out and lit the mighty stream with a weird and uncertain light. The spring freshet had not wholly subsided, and the water was covered with "wreck and stray and castaway." It lashed its banks and whirled away into the darkness like a tortured snake. They looked and said nothing for a long time, and then Red Leaf began hastily to divest herself of her clothing.

"There are canoes on the island," she explained. The island was half a mile distant and a strong current rolled between the two children and the nearest point.

They would not so have expressed it, but they were about to practically interrogate the god Dagon "whether he heareth the young eagles when they cry," as the God of the Christians is said to do.

"It is awful cold," whimpered Snider, as his untoughened flesh felt the raw evening air, and he shivered.

"But on this side is the hairy man and Alkali," responded Red Leaf, as she wadded her clothing into a bundle and tied it to the top of her head by the sleeves of her dress.

Thick darkness was round about them again, for the moon had retired behind a cloud. The river gurgled at their feet and almost laughed aloud. The trees on the island were a dark patch on the border of the horizon. Red Leaf plunged into the water, and after a moment of hesitation Snider was buffeting the waves by her side, with a chill at his very marrow.

There was much searching and scurrying about when the children were missed, as may easily be supposed, white men and red uniting their cunning and experience in the search. The leaves of the forest were almost turned over by one party or the other in the minute chase after clues, and it was more than a nine days' wonder where they could have gone. But Dagon knew and gurgled unintelligibly. The fish-god doesn't tell all his secrets to nineteenth century folk.

About three weeks later, when the great river had shrunk within its banks, two swollen and disfigured little corpses were found stranded on a bar, somewhat gnawed by fishes—but unquestionably all that was mortal of Snider and Red Leaf.

And Alkali and the hairy man, each remembering their last words to their offspring, were remorseful after their kind. In the hairy man's opinion one grave should suffice for the battered little bodies, and it was so.

"Injuns may be pizen," he remarked, "but this little girl must a been mighty fond of my Snider to try swimmin' the river with him in high water. If there's any resurrection for one of them, there is for the other, an' I think maybe they'd like to rise together on that day." As he ceased speaking the first clod of the hard firm clay fell on the box in the sour earth that had been set aside for a graveyard. And few waited to see the little mound rounded up at the top. They had other things to do.—Seneca R. Truesdell, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SURE TO FAIL.

Why "Endowment" and Similar Orders Have Disappeared.

A year or two ago hundreds of thousands of persons in the country were members of endowment and similar orders, were paying their "assessments" regularly—and pretty frequently—and were all hoping to make money far more rapidly than simple or even frequently compounded interest would yield.

To-day most of these orders have failed—some because they were swindles and frauds, and even those that were honestly conducted because they undertook and promised more than can be accomplished. All the money paid into them is gone forever. Practically the only people who have profitted by the orders are the salaried officers, says the Youth's Companion. A few of the early members of the orders can say that the promises made to them were kept. It was necessary to do as much as that to lure other persons into the snare.

Legitimate investment can never cause money to increase as fast as those orders promise that it shall increase. Either the promise must be broken or the managers must make money by successful operation.

Yes; and suppose the speculation is unsuccessful! Most men who are tempted to speculate with small means retain sense enough to do their own speculating, and not to pay strangers high salaries for gambling with their money.

Didn't Agree.

Melton—Aren't you living in the same apartment with Bangle?

Beaver—No. We had a disagreement and I moved.

Melton—What was the trouble?

Beaver—He grew so stout that I couldn't wear his clothes.—Clothier and Furnisher.

WITHIN AN ACE.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

The wind compasses me about; it sears, it roars at me. I clutch the window frame. My feet are on the sloping roof, which seems to move away under them. In my desperation I feel disposed to let myself go. I should break my neck. What matter? It is a worthless one, bringing nothing but trouble to all connected with it. Then flashes on me my marvelous escape from the jaws—nay, from the very bowels of death, and I tighten my hold fiercely, resolving that if I must part with this gift of God, my second life, it shall only be if He wills it so. To do less would be like throwing His precious gift back in His face. Pavel's head shoots up for a moment through the window. I see the wind seize his black hair and toss it about in a wanton fury, ere it disappears and the window is shut. I have now got a firm grip of the projecting slates that edge the dormer roof, and for the present I am secure. Fortunately, too, I am shod with soft slippers, so that my feet can bend with them and get a certain purchase on the slates, which with strong boots would have been impossible. I move cautiously sideways until I can extend my left arm over a corner of the projection.

Thus by bending by body forward, I can see into the room, myself unseen.

Maruscha is sitting at the table with a sock drawn over her hand. Her eyes are turned to the door, as if in startled surprise. The picture she thus presents is a tranquil, an innocent, a natural one, though I, who see her with the deeper vision of my soul, know all the agony of mind, the wildly-beating heart, the unspeakable anxiety that calm exterior hides.

Miserable wretch that I am to be the cause of so much suffering to her! Pavel is at the door, holding it open to admit four police officers, two of whom have Ivan in custody. Pavel's manner is perfect. His eyebrows are raised. He looks astonishment personified. With a polite gesture of the hand toward the interior of the room, he seems to invite the intruders to enter, search, examine—anything they like, so that they are satisfied.

There is an air of baffled mystification on the faces of all the officers as their glances travel about the room. One of them, a superior, locks the door and puts the key in his pocket.

Ivan, standing apart, with gyved wrists, wears a look of sullen indifference. Only once I catch him dart a swift glance at Maruscha, who has risen to her feet and stands with proud, uplifted head in mute protest at the unseemly interruption.

The superior officer steps forward in front of Pavel, and holding him with a stern eye evidently commences to question him. I strain every nerve to hear what is being said, but what with the incessant bluster and swish of the wind and the intervening glass I cannot distinguish a single word. I can only guess what is transpiring by a close observation of the dumb show.

Pavel fixes steadfast, unflinching eyes on his examiner. Occasionally he smiles slightly. His lips move as if in prompt reply. Presently he takes out his pocket-book, produces a card from it, which he hands to the officer. Then Maruscha's turn comes.

My brave girl! She bears herself like an outraged queen. I can see that her manner impresses the officer—Russian officers are particularly impressionable—she would impress the Czar himself! The fellow bows courteously at every reply of hers. He takes down her address and name on the back of Pavel's card, and makes her a profound and final bow ere he turns from her.

"Curse him!" I think; "he would go through the same insipid genuflexions were he conducting her to the scaffold!"

She sits quietly down and speaks not again, but silently watches every movement of the officers, who, inactive during the examination, have now got orders to prosecute a search. They pull out drawer after drawer, upsetting the contents on the floor, while the superior stands by, looking on.

The bottom drawer is the only one that is locked, and Ivan is commanded to give up the key. With perfect unconcern he directs one of the officers to his waistcoat pocket, and—ah, at last here are the papers! I note the gleam of exultation with which they are clutched, and the eagerness with which they are unfolded; glanced over with increasing disappointment, one by one, and laid aside. I could almost chuckle at their discomfiture, knowing as I do, that Ivan has another hiding place, and one that they are not likely to stumble on, for his secret papers.

They leave no corner, probable or improbable, uninvestigated, and it occupies a considerable time. Now they are pulling the bed to pieces—examining and feeling the mattress; and while they are busy a sudden panic of dread seizes me that before they go some of them may think of the roof.

Of this I have been convinced from the first, that it was not in search of seditious papers they have come here to-night, but for the surprising of some fugitive political offender, whom they have been informed by Isajeff, the furrier, lies in hiding at the lodging of the law student, Ivan Ivanovitch Kelinsky. In such case the only wonder is that they have not thought sooner of the roof.

I glance around me in an access of agitation—up the slippery incline of slates, exposed to the full fury of the wind. If I could have clambered to the other side I should be safe, but it is out of the question. To lose my hold for a single instant would be to be at once hurled to the street below and killed on the spot. Yet where I now stand, any one opening the window could not fail to see me that moment. And oh, my God, if I am taken, it is not myself alone who will suffer!

I commence moving by painful inches, upward drawing my hands one after the other along the edge until by a random swing of my right arm I hope to grip the pointed summit of the dormer roof. I risk all on the success of this attempt and—succeed! Had I missed I should have fallen backwards.

The other arm soon follows and I can draw my body up until I lie pressed flat and close to the dormer roof. It is the best I can do. Here I may chance to escape detection. It is a vague chance. And here I remain in palpitating suspense.

In the pauses of the wind I can hear slight noise in the room below me—the pushing of a chair—the falling of something to the ground—the drone of a voice.

My heart beats so violently, so audibly against the slates that they seem to beat in unison with it, heaving up and down in regular pulsations. I could almost fancy myself lying on some mighty steam-propelled machine.

Whether minutes or seconds throb themselves out thus—for every beat is the condensed anguish of a lifetime—I know not, as I lie on my cheek, staring with smarting eyes at the place where a head might appear. Yet though I have been expecting it momentarily, when the faint click of the window latch falls on my ear, and the head is actually there, defined distinctly against the sky, I get such a schock that I start violently and hear myself audibly gasp.

The head moves round until the face is turned on me! The eyes pierce the gloom! I give myself up for lost!

Again I meditate letting go my hold, as die I must! It is only for an instant. No, even though death—a certain one this time—on the gallows is before me (and I have tasted and fully realize all its horrors), by no act of mine will I hasten the moment of my dissolution. Strange, the man utters no word, and yet I could swear that he sees me! He looks away up toward a stack of chimneys that cast their shadows over my quivering body.

Of a sudden an exclamation escapes him. I see his cap torn from his head by a gust of wind and carried high in the air. He watches it until it is swallowed by the darkness, mutters an oath, and disappears.

Is it impossible that I am undiscovered? I cannot believe it and lie expecting another head to appear, to hear a voice commanding me to descend from my hiding place; but time goes by on heavy, fainting wings, and the window remains closed.

And that, at last, is the tramp of the police officers below in the street, growing gradually fainter, until it dies in the distance. I breathe a prayer of thanksgiving.

It is Maruscha's small head, blown about by ringed wavelets of hair, which next starts up against the sky, and her voice gasping out my name in an intense, awful whisper—

"Vladimir!"

She cannot see me, her gaze sets out in a distracted, dubious search. I raise my head. She utters a low cry of joy."

"I am here, Maruscha," I call to her.

"Ah—h—h!" What a long, deep sigh of relief was that which rose to my sweet love's lips.

Then, "Oh, Vladimir, be careful. Hold fast! Take time."

She stretches out her hands toward me, though she cannot help me, while I slowly and painfully descend. Once my foot slips forward and she utters a scream of terror.

I reassure her. "Fear not, Maruscha. I keep a firm hold, and holding I cannot fall."

And once more I stand in the room, and Maruscha's arms are clasping my neck.

CHAPTER V.
Whither?

Around me is a chaos of confusion. Ivan's belongings strew the floor like the leaves on the strand after a tempest. His open desk, with its contents scattered broadcast, is at my feet; his bedclothes lie in a twisted heap with the mattress beside the bed. The table, too, is littered with old letters, manuscripts, note-scraps relative to his law studies: but where is their owner? Where is Pavel Yegorevitch?

"They have been taken," I groan, a huge wave of bitterest remorse rising and sweeping over my soul. Have I returned to this miserable world only to bring misfortune to those who are dearest to me? Am I ever to be doomed to blast like a thunderbolt all I come in contact with? To prove a curse where I most would bless?

Maruscha, who now that the fierce strain has been removed from her nerves, is sobbing hysterically, with her head on my breast, lifts her tear-stained face at my words, anxiety for me bringing sobs to an immediate check.

"Yes, they have both had to go, but it is mere form. To-morrow they will be released. Nothing was found, nothing can be proved against them," she hastens to inform me.

I laugh harshly. "Hast thou forgotten Vera Sassulitch?" I say. "There was nothing found against her—nothing but the faintest shadow of a suspicion rested on her, yet that hindered them from not keeping her two long years of her girl's life in the fortress without trial! And she was scarcely eighteen."

Maruscha hangs her head and sighs drearily. She replies not. What can she reply to this cruel fact?

There is a silence. We are both struck mute for a space with the leaden weight of our thoughts.

"I need scarcely ask of what they accuse our brothers," I observe, at length, with bitterness. "It is not the manner of the Russian authorities to prefer an accusation when they arrest a subject. It is to prison, and well for him if he is not left to rot there."

"They made no accusation, it is true, but from their questions I guess that they expected to find—must have discovered—that some one was hiding—being hidden."

"It is as I thought," I interrupt. "That malignant devil Isajeff is at the bottom of it."

Then instantly with a shock of dismay I recollect that it was from Maruscha's lodging Isajeff had followed us! Yet she is here—she has not been arrested with the others. He has spared her! it is due to his reticence that she is not now in the prison cell! Why has he spared her? My brain reels as I contemplate the only possible reason, this foul wretch can have for acting as he has done—to have her in his power! Deprive her of her friends and hold a hideous threat over her for his own vile ends.

And I—oh, my God—I am powerless to protect her from him! Nay, I must fly from her—hasten to put miles between us for every moment that I remain at her side I imperil her very life!

It is a full minute before I find my speech. When it comes it is so low and level that Maruscha suspects not my murderous state of mind.

"Maruscha," I begin, "this Isajeff—has he ever accosted thee?"

She bends her looks to the ground, and I, intent on every sign her face may disclose, observe the vivid color rise, dyeing her neck, her cheeks, her brow.

"I like not the man, Vladimir. He is an impudent fellow"——

"Has he dared to speak to thee?" I gasp. "Tell me—tell me, what has he said? If he has insulted thee by so much as a look—a word, I will go now—at once, and tear the tongue from his throat!"

My vehement words are scarcely uttered ere I am regretting them, for I see the fear spring to her eyes. And now she will not tell me the truth. She laughs uneasily.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Swedish bride tries to see the groom before he sees her, to gain the mastery. She places her foot before his during the ceremony and sits in the bridal chair first. She must stand near the groom, so that no one can come between them.

UNEXPECTED ANSWERS.

In an Irish courtroom lately the judge, in sentencing a prisoner, an aged Irishwoman, delivered a long exhortion to her. The prisoner in a discontented tone made a remark which his honor did not catch and he asked: "Warder, what does the prisoner say?" "She says, your honor," replied the warder, with evident sympathy, "she says she can stand penal servitude, but she's d—d if she can stand this."

Mr. Blank is examining his portrait, which has just been painted by Prof. Fullemort from Paris. "Professor," he says, "I do not know how it is, but neither you nor any other artist whom I have met has ever been able to catch the expression of my face." The painter shrugs his shoulders and lifts his eyebrows. "Ah, Meester Blank, zat is vary true; but eef ze expression eez not zare, how can you catch him."

Mr. McSwat (in an undertone)—"Lobelia, my dear, I don't see any meat on the table." Mrs. McSwat—"Sh, Billinger! It will be brought on after the Rev. Dr. Lastly has asked the blessing. He's a vegetarian."

"You niver towld me yer husband wor a sailor, Mrs. Donahue." "Yis; he's just bin around the worruld." "Clear round to China an' the opposite side, was he?" "To be sure." "Worra, but it must be aisy he feels to get up here on top wanst more."

A lecturer in Cork once began an address by remarking very solemnly: "Parents, you may have children, or if not your daughters may have." And concluded with: "There is no man, woman or child in this house who has arrived at the age of fifty years but that has felt these mighty truths thundering through their minds for centuries."

Automatic bootblacks will be put on the market soon by a Nuremburg firm. They will be run on the nickel-in-the-slot plan.

The wild potato vine sometimes has a root that attains the size and occasionally the form of a boy's body, and weighs thirty-five pounds.

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

Forgiving is as easy as forgetting is difficult.

Health Tid-Bits save weak, nervous men, $1. Trial 10c. Ohio Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Use the ashes in the orchard.

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

Youth has a tongue; age, ears.

You Can Secure a Good Business Position by learning bookkeeping, arithmetic, writing, shorthand, etc., by mail, Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

Care and fertilizers make good fruit.

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

Pennies saved are wills contested.

Nervous, bilious disorders, sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.

God alone is interpreter of epitaphs.

SALT-RHEUM

Cured in a few days by using Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. 25 cents. At all druggists.

Wrinkles are the footprints of worry.

J. Charles Richter, wholesale lumber dealer, 1826 Van Pelt street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: I can't speak too highly of Bradycrotine as a headache cure.

Men say "the time has not yet come," when time is passing always.

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.

Only citizens who can read and write are allowed to vote in Bolivia.

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

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from the Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, Beautiful Lithographs or Samples Free.

A home for aged tailors is talked of by the International Home of Tailors.

New Dining Cars.

Commencing Monday, June 20, the Big Four Railway began running a regular Hotel Dining Car on the day trains between Cincinnati and Chicago, serving dinner, and on the Cleveland and St. Louis branch between Bellfountain, O., and Carbon, Ill. These cars are in addition to the regular Cafe Cars now used by this popular line.

A light steel telegraph pole has been patented by a Wisconsin man.

Swift's Specific

A Tested Remedy For All

Blood and Skin Diseases

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.

Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and $5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $8 to $12.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2 Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

BOYS' $2 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at these prices.

LADIES' $3 Hand-Sewed, $2.50, $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $6. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas' name and the price stamped on bottom. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

ASK FOR W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES.

If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for Catalogue. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

The shadows that fill your life, if you're a feeble, suffering woman, can be taken out of it. The chronic weaknesses, functional derangements, and painful disorders peculiar to your sex, can be taken away. The one unfailing remedy for them is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It corrects, cures, and builds you up. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep and restores health and strength. For periodical pains, internal inflammation and ulceration, weak back, leucorrhea, and all kindred ailments, it's a positive specific—one that is *guaranteed*. If it fails to give satisfaction, in any case, the money paid for it is returned.

The great, griping, old-fashioned pills make trouble. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets prevent it. Their's is the *natural* way. Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved and cured. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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 MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

IF YOU EARNESTLY intend to marry quick, honorably, send 10c. for Matrimonial News "MERCUR." Mailed in plain sealed envelope. 228 E. 6th St., N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

10 CENTS pays for an Aluminum Lord's Prayer Souvenir Charm and sample copy of our 100-p Magazine. T. J. GILMORE, 901 Olive St., St. Louis.

PATENTS Thomas P. Simpson, Washington D. C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

FLAGS & Banners, Silk or Bunting. AMERICAN FLAG Mfg. Co., Easton, Pa. Send for prices.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for **Asthma**. 35c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

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

FAT FOLKS REDUCED 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre Bldg. Chicago Ill.

$5 TO $15 Per day at home selling Lightning Plater and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, etc. Plates finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. H. C. Delno & Co., Columbus, O.

"ORANGE - BLOSSOM" Cures All Female Diseases. Sample and Book Free. Send 2c stamp to Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 & 5 Panorama Pl., Chicago.

THE ERTEL VICTOR HAY PRESS

Shipped Anywhere on Trial. Catalogue Free. GEO. ERTEL & Co., 7 Ky St. QUINCY, ILL., U.S.A.

DR. HARTER'S TRADE MARK **THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC**

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER disorder, build strength, renew appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, that tired feeling absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, bones, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, using it, find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, beautifies Complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send us 2 cent stamp for 32-page pamphlet.

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

YOU WANT IT!

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back, Neuralgia, Headache, Etc.

WE REFUND MONEY if 5 Bottles does not cure you or 1 bottle does not give you benefit.

TRY IT! Per Bottle, 25 cts. 5 Bottles, $1.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT.

316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891.

WE WARRANT IT!

MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

W. N. U. D.—10—28.

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

REAL ESTATE AGENCY -OF- Whitehead & Mitchell

Birmingham, Mich.

Below we offer some fine bargains in real estate in this village and the surrounding country. Anyone having an idea of purchasing a home in this village or a farm in Oakland county, should keep this column in view, as we shall from time to time offer bargains in this department that will make their hearts glad.

ANYONE having a house and lot for sale can advertise with us FREE OF CHARGE, if no sale is made. We make contracts to this effect and will always do our utmost to make a sale and benefit our patrons.

BARGAIN NO. 5.

The Short Farm in the township of Avon, 3 miles from Pontiac, 3½ from Rochester, on good road, farm well watered, excellent soil, good buildings, two orchards, two barns, 120 acres, 20 in timber. Price very low and terms easy.

Bargain No. 15.

This is the chance of a life time for platting into village lots. Two and one-half acres on the west side of Pierce street, owned by Alexander Hutchinson, within ten minutes walk of the depot and five minutes walk of the business portion of the village. Excellent land, lying level and under a fine state of cultivation. Inquire at this office.

Bargain No. 17.

Owing to circumstances Mrs. Edwin Baldwin now offers for sale at a very low price and on reasonable terms her very desirable home on the north side of Maple avenue, containing nearly one acre of land, good large house, barn with shed and plenty small fruit; live running water in the house, good cistern and all in convenient shape for comfort.

Bargain No. 23.

Are you looking for the best and cheapest home in Birmingham? If so, read this and act wisely. We can offer you for only $1,500 a large, commodious and comfortable house on Harmon street, comparatively new, 21x26, containing 11 nicely finished rooms; a fine barn, good well and cistern, six apple-bearing trees and a good lot of land, which, to our idea, makes it the best bargain yet offered in real estate.

Bargain No. 31.

Here is a rare chance to secure a home on Maple avenue, close to the business portion of Birmingham, consisting of a house and three lots, owned by E. Spencer Webster. The house has 11 good living rooms, good new barn and a good well and cistern, plenty small fruits and a sidewalk that will never wear out. Price very reasonable. Call on or address Webster.

Bargain No. 34.

A good farm for sale. I offer for sale my farm in Troy, Oakland Co., Mich., consisting of 80 acres of choice farming land, 80 acres well underdrained, 18 acres of good timber and the balance fine pasture. Good house, banked up between the studding, a number one cellar and good out buildings. Good barn and two good flowing wells of as good water as ever was drank. A good orchard bearing every year and plenty of small fruits. Within ½ mile of post-office, stores, churches and schools. Price very reasonable. Terms easy. For particulars call on or address, James K. Bigham, Big Beaver, Mich.

Bargain No. 41.

We can now offer for sale Geo. H. Toms' comfortable and convenient home situated corner of Chester and Merrill streets in this village. This snug house consists of six nice living rooms, large cistern in cellar, good cellar. Four lots go with this place all high, dry and near the school house and plentifully supplied with small fruits of all kinds. This is the first time that this property has been offered for sale and at the price named by the owner ought to go quick. For full particulars call at Whitehead & Mitchell's Real Estate Agency.

Bargain No. 44.

A fine residence, comparatively new, with eight goods rooms, bath room, china closets, etc. and a large, convenient barn. The house rents readily for $25 a month, being located on 14th avenue, Detroit, and is in one of the best residence portions of the city. Will sell for $4,000 or exchange for a good farm in this county.

Bargain No. 45.

A fine farm of 80 acres, under a splendid state of cultivation, 3½ miles east of the pleasant and healthful village of Birmingham, a thrifty and growing suburban village, 18 miles from Detroit, on the line of the Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railroad.

Farm has a fine southern exposure, excellent drainage, no waste land, good two story brick house with 10 ... hot air furnace and all the conveniences ... for a fine house, most Good barn and all the necessary outbuildings in fine repair.

Will sell for cash or will exchange for house and lot in a favorable location in Detroit. For further particulars call at the farm, address the owner, John Wild, or—

THE EXCHANGE BANK, BIRMINGHAM, MICH.

Bargain No. 47.

A big chance for investors in Royal Oak farm property! 245 acres of choice farming ground can be had very cheap. Forty acres heavy timbered, 200 acres cultivated and pastured. Good large frame house, 3 large barns with stables, two good deep wells, one flowing well (a dandy), fine cellar under the house and a good cistern. Six acres of excellent orchard, plenty of cherries, pears, peaches, etc. All heavy, growing soil. Two miles north of Royal Oak. Terms easy to suit purchaser. For full particulars inquire of Whitehead & Mitchell or the owner, Sherman Williams, Royal Oak, Mich.

Bargain No. 60.

We have placed in our hands for sale cheap the fine farm known as the "Haskins Farm," in West Bloomfield 6 miles west and a little north of this village, containing about 82 acres with nearly ½ mile frontage on as fine a lake as there is in Oakland county. No waste land and the line just runs into the lake enough to give it all the lake privileges. Good new house, barns in fair order, well, orchard, and plenty of small fruits. This would be a grand chance to secure a home right on the banks of Walnut Lake where fine fishing can be indulged in to ones hearts content.

Bargain No. 49.

Rev. Jas. McCracken, of Southfield, offers his farm for sale and a right good piece of property it is, too. This farm has a good house, with fine well and cistern, good barns, plenty of fruits, etc., and described as follows: East half of the southeast quarter of section 34, town 2 N., range 10 E., less 10 acres, containing nearly 66 acres. The farm is ¾ of a mile north of Erity's Mill, 2¾ miles southwest of Birmingham, with ample buildings in good order, with never failing spring stream near the buildings; a good young orchard. Will be sold at its value. Call on Whitehead & Mitchell or the owner, on the premises, Jas. McCracken.

Bargain No. 50

Mrs. F. Drake's house and four lots on Maple avenue, Bates and Martin streets, in Birmingham. One of the finest locations on Maple avenue. House in good repair; 7 rooms, woodshed, cellar, crock well, cistern, sink in kitchen. Apples and small fruit. Will sell cheap, terms easy. Inquire at this office.

Bargain No. 51.

Southfield land for sale. I will sell cheap and on long time 5 acres of land in Southfield, one-half mile south of Samuel Bell's. All plowable. $150 down. There is also a nice lot of lumber for sale. Inquire at this office or of the owner, Robert Shaw.

Bargain No. 54.

Here is a chance to get a home in Birmingham at a price that ought to cause the buyer to smile. We refer to the M. M. Toms homestead now owned by Miss Mary Toms, situated on Townsend street and in good condition. This property consists of three large village lots, a two-story house with ten or twelve nice large living rooms and plenty of closet room, also a good barn. A good cellar under the house, an excellent cistern, good well, lots of fruit apples, etc., with small fruits in abundance. Terms very easy. For particulars call at the Exchange Bank.

Bargain No. 55.

It is very seldom that a farm so desirable as this one is offered to the public. We have for sale the farm known as the Gillespie farm, now owned by the Riley Bros., at a very reasonable price. This farm consists of 105 acres, has two good dwelling houses, with an unusual amount of barns, sheds and other necessary outbuildings, three good wells, cisterns, cellars under both houses, 110 bearing apple trees of choice fruit, plenty of peaches, pears, plums, grapes, etc., etc. About 90 acres of extra good land under plow and 15 acres of heavy timber. $1,500 down and the balance on long time to suit purchaser. Only two miles from the village of Birmingham. The best live water running through it the year round and positively the biggest farm bargain in Oakland county. Call on us for particulars.

Our reasons for selling are, the farm is not large enough to divide into two farms, so that it will pay for each to work his own part. We have added greatly to the value of the farm since owning it, in the way of new fences, general cleaning up and repairing on the houses and barns. Riley Bros.

Bargain No. 56.

We are now able to offer the choice tract of farming land now owned by Mrs. Hattie Horn, of Tiffin, Ohio, and formerly known as the "Deacon Bull Farm" on the east shore of Wing Lake, which is one of the most beautiful locations in the county. The farm consists of 120 acres and the buildings are in good repair with an abundance of water and well fenced fields. There is a young orchard on the place which is just coming into bearing and which brought the snug sum of $500 for the fruit alone last year. The present owner paid $6,000 for the farm and thinks that it ought to be worth as much now as it was then. There can be no finer location for pleasure or for profit than this farm on the banks of one of the loveliest lakes in this county of lakes. For particulars call at the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich.

Bargain No. 57.

Here's another. Frank Pearsall wishes to sell his farm, as the condition of his health is such that he is unable to manage it himself and he does not believe in renting. The farm consists of 135 acres of excellent rich clay loam on section 20 in Troy, 1½ miles east and a mile north of Birmingham. Excellent new buildings, house two story with every convenience. Barn 40x120, wind-mill supplies never failing water to house and out buildings. Ice house, carriage house and all buildings new and complete. Farm well fenced. Young orchard of apple and peach just coming into bearing. One of the best farms in the county, at a price which ought to sell it within thirty days. Title absolute and terms easy. If you mean business and really want to purchase a farm well worth the money, call at this office.

Bargain No. 58.

A cheap house and lot in the village for sale. Mrs. English offers her cottage and two lots for sale in this village for only $600. Five or six rooms, good well, good cistern, plenty of small fruit, etc. The owner has gone to Detroit to live and some one can get a bargain. Call at Whitehead & Mitchell's for particulars.