"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A harmless positive cure for the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness and Leucorrhœa. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks the tendency to cancerous humors. It removes faintness, flatulency, weakness of the stomach, cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression, Indigestion, that feeling of Bearing down, causing pain, weight, and backache. All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

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

$35. Osgood & Thompson, Binghamton, N.Y. Illustrated Book Free.

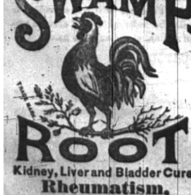
DROPSY TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. 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.

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.

1 CENT A DOSE. THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. COUGH 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 Plasters. Price, 25c.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.
Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.
Impure Blood, 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.

"DE PROFUNDIS."

Youth will pass and hopes will perish,
We complain;
Is there nothing that we cherish
Not in vain?

Ah, the future will be golden!
We surmise,
But with glory unbeholden
Of our eyes.

Strengthen us in our affliction,
We implore;
But the old serene conviction
Comes no more.
—Atlanta.

HEARTS ENTANGLED.

"Seventy years!" sighed a gray-haired woman of sixty-five. "It's a long life, a long, lonely life." And the paper in her hands trembled as she gazed intently at the little paragraph.

"Died—At the residence of his sister, Mrs. Mary Crosby, James Allan Brookhaven, in his seventieth year. Deceased was a bachelor, but leaves a large circle of friends who will miss his kindly presence."

This was what Aunt Sylvia's niece, Ruby Kingsford, read, leaning over the back of the old lady's chair.

Aunt Sylvia took off her spectacles, wiped them carefully with her trembling fingers, and, as she adjusted them, said:

"Ruby, dear, have you and Roy made up yet?"

Ruby tossed her head scornfully, as she answered:

"No, aunty; and I'm not going to eat humble-pie first, every time. If Roy chooses to be hateful, I'm not going to encourage him in it; there!"

Aunt Sylvia sighed, as she sat silently studying the paper that lay across her lap. At last she said, as she drew the low rocker up to her side:

"Sit down, dear child. I'm going to tell you a little story."

"Long ago when I was a little girl in my teens, I knew Allan Brookhaven, and when I was a gay girl of twenty I was his promised wife."

"Why, aunty, you never told me," exclaimed the astonished girl.

"No, my dear, it was too painful a memory for me to speak of; and only for your good now would I repeat it. When I was twenty, Allan was twenty-five years old. Ah me, how bright and brave and bonny he was! We were schoolmates together and then he went East to finish his education, staying several years. During the time we corresponded in a happy schoolmate fashion, and when he returned, bronzed and bearded, but with the same merry gleam in his brown eyes and the same kindly, familiar ways, I felt very proud of my friend.

"Almost from the first day of his return he constituted himself my lover as well as my friend. We always had a funny way of making-believe quarrel, when we were schoolmates, a habit we dropped for a time after our engagement. But at last the spirit of mischief possessed me, and I picked up a fuss one day, when he said that Jennie Royce was a pretty little thing. I retorted that she was horrid and homely as a hedge fence. 'Allan opened his eyes wide for a moment and then replied: 'At least she is a lady with a very amiable dispositon.' Upon which I pouted and said it was a pity he hadn't discovered it sooner. Allan said it wasn't too late yet, to which I said she was very welcome to such a horrid-tempered creature as he was, and flung off in apparently high dudgeon, but secretly delighted that I had created such a stir in his usually calm temper.

"Well, in two or three days we made up and the making up was delightful. Allan seemed so much more fond of me than before that I soon found an excuse to quarrel again."

"But didn't you love him, aunty?" asked Ruby.

"Love him! child; yes, better than my life, but I did not realize what a firebrand I was playing with. A firebrand that would burn up fiercely some day and burn away my life.

"My mother thought it better for me to wait till I was at least twenty-two years old, before I married, and longer if I would. So we had plenty of time to indulge in our vicious habit of quarreling. At last I had a cousin come from the East; a gay, stylish fellow about my own age, Harry Wayne by name. Father used to laugh and say we were a well-matched team for mischief.

"Harry's cousinly attention soon grew into a warmer feeling although he knew I was engaged to Allan and loved him with all my heart. Although I wouldn't give Allan's little finger for Harry's body and soul combined, still I so loved to tease and torment Allan that I flirted outrageously with Harry, and showed the utmost indifference to Allan. The crisis came when on New Year's Harry asked me to go to a party five miles out in the country, and I promised to go out there with him, thinking I would ride home with Allan and set the wedding day, as he had long been teasing me to do. So when Allan came round and asked me to go to the party, I very coolly told him I was going with Harry.

"'But surely, Sylvia, you knew I expected you to go with me,' Allan said.

"'Mercy! can't I turn around without your permission,' I cried. 'I am sure it will be bad enough when I am tied to you for life. Do let me go with whom I please now!'

"Allan turned white, as he answered: 'You don't have to go with me, Sylvia, and you are welcome to Harry's company forever; I want no unwilling wife!'

"'Thank you for your generosity!' I said with a gay laugh; 'but see that you don't come round to-morrow teasing me to set the day, darling,' mimicking his voice, as well as I could.

"Allan looked at me a moment, then turned silently away. For one brief second I was tempted to call him back and ask his forgiveness; then I thought it won't be long till to-night, and he will be only too glad to make up with me then.' So I stifled my better impulse and prepared for the party in gay spirits. Upon reaching there and not finding him awaiting me, I watched eagerly for his coming, and as the hours wore away, and he did not come, a strange foreboding filled my heart.

"At last, in the 'wee sma' hours,' my cousin and I returned home, where I wet my pillow with bitter tears and at last fell asleep, hoping that Allan would come over at an early hour on the morrow and explain his absence. But the morrow brought no news from Allan, a week more and I heard that he had been suddenly called East upon urgent business.

"Ah! Ruby, I thought my heart would break, but I put on a smiling face and was apparently the gayest of the gay. Each day I said to myself: He will surely return to-morrow, and then I will ask his forgiveness and tell him how dearly I love him."

"The months rolled away till a year had gone by, and another year followed ere Allan Brookhaven returned to his boyhood's home. Then I met him accidentally at the home of a mutual friend, but as soon as I entered the room he arose, excused himself, and, without a sign of recognition, withdrew.

"Oh, Ruby, God only knows the anguish of that moment. I sank half-fainting into the nearest chair. Then pride came to my rescue, called the blood back to my cheek and strength to my trembling limbs. My friend knew my unhappy story and had hoped everything for me upon his return.

"'Never!' I said to her, 'never will I be the first to speak to him now. If he can be so cruel he would only make my humiliation the greater. I was wrong at first, but two wrongs never made one right. I'll die before I ask his forgiveness!'

"I returned home, and with feverish haste packed my trunks and went south among relatives. Mother thought it the best thing I could do hoping that new scenes and new associations would give me returning health and happiness, but I soon tired of the gay society there. I was sadly changed from the gay girl of three years before. I had grown grave and quiet, and an opportunity to learn telegraphing presented itself, I threw myself heart and soul into study. Becoming proficient, I found my business hours full. I made money. Occasionally I returned home for brief visits while father and mother lived, but the few times I met Allan Brookhaven we met as strangers. So the years have rolled away. He never married, but, beloved by many friends, lived a long, useful life. I, growing reticent as I grew older, had fewer friends, but some were very dear and faithful to me, and at last this comes!" taking up the paper and pointing to the death message with trembling fingers.

"I am an old woman, Ruby, sixty-five years old, but I love Allan just as dearly to-day as I did forty years ago. I have never for a moment ceased loving him. You are so much like what I once was dearie, that if I can save you from wilfully making your life unhappy I would gladly do so."

"Oh, aunty," sobbed Ruby, "I am so sorry for you, and I never, never will quarrel with Roy again. I am going straight down to Roy's office and ask his forgiveness for all my naughtiness."

"That's right, Ruby, and remember, each of you, to bear and forbear always. God bless you, dear child. Hark! was that the postman's ring? Run, get the letters, dearest, and then go to Roy."

Two hours later it was a very light-hearted girl that tripped gaily homeward with one little hand tucked under Roy Elmore's arm as they rang the bell at her father's door.

"We'll go straight to Aunt Sylvia and tell her what good children we mean to be," said Roy, smiling tenderly at Ruby, as they entered the house and turned toward Aunt Sylvia's little sitting room. There she sat with a letter between her clasped fingers and a smile upon the still, white face that was sweeter than life.

"Oh, Roy, she is dead," whispered Ruby.

Roy gently drew the letter from her stiffening fingers.

"Hush, love! Let us see what called her away so suddenly."

The two heads bent over the letter and read:

"MY OWN DEAR SYLVIA: At last, in the presence of death, I write to tell you how dear you are to me; that never for one moment have I forgotten your sweet face. Darling, it has been a long, lonely time, for I am almost seventy years old; but you will soon come to me. All eternity isn't long enough to make up for the cruel separation here. Forgive me, and come soon to your own.
"ALLAN BROOKHAVEN."

"Oh, Roy," sobbed Ruby, "how quickly she went away."

"But, thank heaven, dear Ruby, not till she had pointed out our danger," answered Roy. "Come, she is at rest. See how peacefully she sleeps. This is no time to grieve for her: rather to rejoice that she has made the journey to the new country so easily. It is hardest to tell your father, who loved her so dearly. Let us go in search of him."
—Leslie Griswold, in Housekeeper.

LITTLE JAGUARS.

Though Captives, They Are Full of Fun and Take Life Easy.

It was very different when we saw the other babies the little jaguars. They were jolly, lively creatures, and as full of fun as kittens. The whelps were captured by Indians in Colombia, some two months ago, after their mother had been killed. They are now about as big as large cats. Their coats are yellow, with black circles leopard like. All they wanted to do was to play, and of the two—John and Mary—Mary was the merrier. Both of them would put out their paws between the iron bars. They wanted to be noticed. When you had their paws in your hand you could not tell that there were any claws there, they felt so soft and velvety. You had only, however, to put a canvas bag within their reach to show you how long and sharp were their claws which were hidden in their sheaths. At once the two would lay hold of the bag and growl and if you tried to get the bag away you could see what a hold they had. Captivity did not seem to bother them a bit, says Harper's Young People. In their native wilds the jaguar will grow to be two feet ten inches high and is a fairly formidable animal but he does not often attack man. The books on natural history tell us that when captured young the jaguar can be tamed, so one of these days John and Mary may be the best behaved animals in the Zoological garden.

A Colossal Flower.

In Mindinao, the farthest Southeastern island in the Phillipine group, upon one of its mountains the volcanic Apo a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw amid the low-growing bushes the immense buds of this flower growing like gigantic cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter, as large as a carriage-wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called it "bold." The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swinging scale using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. It was impossible to transport the fresh flower so the travelers photographed it and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire.—Pearson's Weekly.

Schedule Time.

Hungry traveler (at railway dining station)—How soon will the train start, conductor?

Conductor—It'll start on time to-day. I ain't got much appetite.—New York Weekly.

WITHIN AN ACE.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"What, now?" exclaims this individual. "No use coming to me! I have nothing to do with it. After business hours—going home to dinner. Should have been gone an hour ago!"

The gendarme draws him aside and whispers to him.

I strain my ears to catch the purport of the gendarme's remarks but only hear: "The governor," "Petersburg," and the name "Andrei Piotrovitch."

Only three words, and yet they are enough to inform me as to whom I owe my arrest, and the knowledge lightens not my apprehensions.

Whilst the gendarme is whispering, the listener fixes his goggle eyes on me as if he would look me through. I endure his looks with the indifference of despair.

When the gendarme has finished whispering the official pronounces the fiat. "Lock him up! Case will be heard to-morrow. Too late to-night. Present your report to the prefect to-morrow. Meanwhile, lock him up!" He utters these sentences in short, abrupt growls.

I stalk out grimly, accompanied by my escort, and we temporarily entomb ourselves in the dark box on wheels, which is open to receive us. Ten minutes swaying, rattling, jolting over a pavement that is not macadamized and we stop so precipitately that we are lurched forward in a heap at the bottom of the van. The polite gendarme begs my pardon, the rough one swears, and we all pick ourselves up. Then the door is flung wide and we descend before the gates of the prison.

I look up drearily at the gloomy walls and barred windows, then around on the bare, uneven court with its offices and outhouses, and pacing sentinels, and I shudder.

CHAPTER VII.

"My Life is Thine!"

I hear once more the grating of a prison key behind me, cutting me off from liberty—shutting on me the door of hope! For some moments the misery of it overwhelms me; it wrings my heart-strings, and I am fain to groan aloud as I lean against the wall. All is dark before my eyes, whilst my anguished soul cries, "Lost! Lost! God-forsaken!"

Suddenly I feel a rough hand grasp my shoulder. I am swung forward and find myself the centre of a score of faces, all grinning and peering into mine. I am taken so completely by surprise that for a few moments I stare stupidly from one to the other. I had thought myself alone, and behold I am surrounded by a herd of mocking devils! On every visage, young and old, the father of lies has set his vile stamp.

My looks fall on a short, broad, powerfully built man, in the black sheepskin cap of a Cossack, under which a pair of bold, black eyes glitter and dance like wild-fire. His enormous mouth is stretched until its corners almost meet his big, prominent ears. He stands before me now, with his big, broad hands on his sides, his body thrown back, and both attitude and mein bespeaking insolent defiance.

"Confound your impudence! What mean you?" I roar.

"I merely wish to look at you, brother," he replies, with cool deliberation. "I am interested, we are all interested in our brother in affliction."

"You insolent, presuming hound!" I gnash my teeth in fury. The laugh that goes round makes it blaze up like oil on flames. I make a rush so violently and unexpectedly on the Cossack that he staggers back, and but for those behind him would have fallen. "By ——, you shall also feel me!" I gasp.

A hubbub of voices is raised. "Go on! At him! Show your mettle, little father! Embrace, brothers! At him! At him!"

The Cossack has regained his balance. His huge nostrils swell out, his breath rushes through them with a snorting noise like a horse. He bends his head forward as does a bison preparing for an attack. In another moment he has darted on me, and his prematurely long arms encircle my middle like bars of iron.

"Coward!" I hiss, and deal him a blow on the head that makes it resound like the cracking of a cocoanut against the floor.

His limbs relax, a deep groan escapes his breast, and I am free to rise. I do so and stand gasping for breath and looking down on my prostrate foe. His jaw drops, and his black eyes roll up exhibiting the whites, giving him the ghastly semblance of death. And now that my passion has spent itself, I shudder with disgust at my own folly and degradation.

What signified the fellow's familiarity? Could I not have met him with a joke?

"I fear you have finished him," observed some one.

"Serve him right!" growls another. "He is a coward and a traitor!"

"Yes, yes, serves him right!" join in the rest. "You have acted like a true man! You are one of the right sort, by all the saints!"

Their compliments only increase my disgust. What care I for the opinion of such as these? I make no reply but stalk over to the furthest corner of the cell and fling myself down on one of the inclined boards that are ranged around the walls, and which with a filthy rug, constitute the sleeping accommodations for the prisoners.

I watch them drag the insensible Cossack to another board and lave his brow with water from a pitcher. Almost immediately he revives and sits up seeking me with his roving eyes. When they have found me he rises and staggers toward me.

"I am a hound and thou art a brave man!" he says hoarsely. "Forgive me; it was the devil prompted me to use the knife. He had possession of me and I knew not what I did!"

He waits not for my reply, but suddenly leaves my side, picks up the knife from the floor, where I had hurled it, and returns to me.

"Take it," he urges, "it is thine! I smuggled it in concealed in the folds of my sash. Slay me with it if thou wilt. My life is thine!"

As he speaks thus his voice shakes with emotion and his dark face works strangely. I am touched with the man's contrition in spite of myself.

"Keep thy dagger," I say, "it may be useful to thee, and give me rather thy hand."

I extend to him my right and he encloses it in a fervent clasp.

"Remember my words; my life is thine!" he reiterates. "Thou hast bought Yerack body and soul."

And without another word, without giving me the chance of expressing the regret that is on my lips that I should have taken his harmless, if rude sport so badly, he goes back to his board and stretches himself on it. His fellow-prisoners crowd round him with questions and remarks, but he regards them not, and turning to the wall, remains perfectly still.

I had wondered where I should get my next meal. Little thought I that it would be supplied to me free of charge by the Russian government.

After supper the warders lighted two oil lamps that hung up high against the wall. They illuminate with a murky, yellow light the motley scene. For a time the games are renewed; coarse jests are bandied, followed by loud guffaws; songs with rollicking choruses are sung to the beating of feet; then gradually the boards are filled. A few linger wrangling over a game until the disputed point is decided by a majority, and they, too, seek repose.

Vainly I toss from side to side. I cannot sleep. My head is burning, my mind distraught. I think incessantly of the morrow, when I shall be placed before a tribunal to answer for myself. What shall I plead? That my papers are lost? I should then be required to answer questions to enable the authorities to get them renewed. If I give a false name, I shall simply be detained in prison until it is proven whether I have lied. Look at it as I may I see not a glimmer of hope. Then recur to me the words of Andrei Piotrovitch, telling me that my escape was known in Petersburg, and that a price was set on my head. Has he suspected me to be the escaped criminal, and set the authorities on me? In such case the fact of my having no papers to show will strengthen suspicion and lead them direct to the right channel for the information, and all will be brought to light.

My flesh creeps as I conjure up another scene on the scaffold, with myself as the central figure. Again I seem to feel the touch of the hideous coil around my neck, but the sustaining courage of the martyr lacks me in the hour of my utmost need, while I am conscious only of the degradation of my position. And Maruscha? Will she be there to witness once more the revolting spectacle? God in his mercy forbid! This I know, that she will follow me whither I go. My Maruscha will force an entrance through the grim portal by which her lover has gone. My gloomy musings are interrupted by the appearance of the Cossack, gliding toward me in the dim, yellow light. He squats himself noiselessly on the floor at my head, and gazes at me silently for some minutes. I am the first to speak.

"I am sorry I hurt you," I whisper. "Forgive me, Yerack! I might have taken your harmless jesting in better part."

"Name it not," he whispers back. "It would have served me right hadst thou dashed out my brains!"

There is a long pause, during which his restless black eyes continually seek my face. At length he leans forward so as to bring his lips close to my ear.

"Wilt thou tell me," he murmurs, falling into the familiar second person which seems natural to him, "why thou art here? I would help thee if I can."

"Thanks, brother," I reply, at length. "I value thy good intention, but thou canst not aid me. I am in grievous case."

"Be not so sure. Yerack has done strange things in his time when he has said 'I will!' Tell me thy case and let me judge."

"I am fast in a cleft, Yerack, and cannot stir. When they take me from it, assuredly it will be to hang me."

"They shall not hang thee!" The Cossack accompanies the sentence with a sharp, decisive nod.

I shake my head drearily. "When I have told thee who I am, then thou wilt see. Hast thou heard of Vladimir Alexandrovitch Lubanoff?" I whisper.

He starts and stares at me. "All Russia has heard of him," he replies.

"I am he."

As I utter the words the Cossack gazes at me as if I were a ghost. For a moment he seems to be smitten dumb with amazement. His under lip drops. Presently a flush of color rushes to his swarthy cheeks and a strange light to his eyes. He raises his cap and bows his head before me as if I were a king.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" he murmurs. "I believed not the rumor of thy marvellous escape. There is truly nothing too strange to happen in this strangest of worlds. Tell me about it, I pray thee."

Then in low tones I relate to him my history.

When I have come to an end he clasps his brow with his broad fingers, and loses himself for full ten minutes in profound thought. Sometimes he draws a heavy breath as one does when encountering some obstacle that must be overcome. At last he looks up.

"I have hope," he says. "Be of good cheer, my noble brother. Listen," he bends low to my ear. "One of the warders about the prison is a friend of mine. He is a Cossack, though he has donned the government uniform, and we came from the same district. My term of imprisonment expires to-morrow, and if money and old acquaintanceship fail to win him over, I am not the son of my mother. I know my Cossack! I will arouse in him the slumbering lust for the wild, free life of the steppes. I will make the sight of a uniform hateful to him and discipline an unendurable yoke. Then I will tell him of thee! The Cossack loves generosity and worships bravery, moreover, he is ever ready for adventure. Nor is gold without its charms for him, and I have the wherewith to bribe him. Only wait patiently until we have put our heads together and planned. And when the time is ripe we will act!"

In spite of my better judgement his confidence affects me with hope. After the impossible things that have already happened to me, a very straw of hope is enough to cling to with something of trust. Yet I say—

"Yerack, thou wilt but endanger thyself and thy friend to no purpose. What canst thou do? Thou canst not save me from the midst of these men! How were it possible even to make the attempt, surrounded as I am? Take my advice, good friend, and leave me to my fate."

"Never! If thou must perish I perish with thee. My life belongs to thee. Bear in mind always, after I leave thee to-morrow, that Yerack the Cossack, who is called by his comrades 'The Fox,' because of the cunning of his devices, is free and is working in thy behalf! Remember it, and let it cheer thee when things look blackest!"

Again he wrinkles his brow and seems to think deeply with his eyes on the ground, and again he turns toward me to pour into my ear the result of his cogitations.

"In a few hours, probably, thou wilt be led before the prefect for private examination. Encourage the suspicion that thou art an important political offender, then they will most likely put thee in a private cell—or, better still, confess at once who thou art, and thou wilt make sure of solitary confinement. Under no circumstances canst thou gain aught but time by withholding thy name: it must be discovered sooner or later."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dried seeds of the sunflower are eaten by the poorer natives of Bengal and Bombay.

A traveler who has been as far south as Patagonia and as far north as Iceland, says that mosquitoes are to be met with everywhere.

The "old pine" around which every graduation class at Dartmouth has from time immemorial smoked its farewell pipe, was partly destroyed recently during a high wind.

In Mindinao, the farthest south-eastern island in the Philippine group, upon one of its mountains, the Volcanic Apo, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossall flower, as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. It is the largest flower known.

In the churchyard at Darley Dale stands what is supposed to be the oldest yew tree in the world. It is thirty-three feet in girth and the fabulous age of 3,000 years is attributed to it. Modern vandals have so hacked and gashed its trunk that a fence has been built around the tree to preserve it from further mutilation.

The Stay at Homes
will take cold boating, bowling and browsing about town. Hay fever is in the air, and is the most irritating visitation of the season. Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure WILL SOON MOVE EVERY TRACE OF THE DISEASE. 50 cents. Druggists can get it of Farrand, Williams & Clark, Detroit, Mich. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., manufacturer.

Backsliding seldom happens in time of trial or adversity.

The motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a large bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.

A common cold should not be neglected. Downs' Elixir will cure it.

"The Son of Man came to give his life a ransom for many."

BEST OF ALL
To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

No soul can ever be happy until it finds out that it has no sin.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Soaked corn for young pigs.

Health Tid-Bits save weak, nervous men, $1. Trial 25c. Ohio Chemical Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Egg shells settle coffee.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Norway has a paper church.

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

Put in a feeding floor for porkers.

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.

Exercise and good food for a boar.

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

Russian caviar is sturgeon's eggs.

The evils of malarial disorders, fever, weakness, lassitude, debility and prostration are avoided by taking Beecham's Pills.

Burning camphor drives flies away.

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.

World's Fair dedication, Oct. 23, 1892.

Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont.
The leading Canadian College, graduating courses in Literature, Music, Fine Art, Commercial Science, Elocution. Two hundred Students. Home comforts, fine health record, unsurpassed advantages, moderate rates. Three hours ride from Detroit. The Canadian Colleges rank among the best, 66pp. Illustrations. Announcement. Address President Austin, M. A.

A preacher full of the Holy Ghost is not much afraid of criticism.

ANY LADY,
Suffering with Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding Piles that don't get relief in 15 minutes, by using Hill's Pile Pomade, can get her money returned by returning package to her druggist. Satisfaction in every case or no pay. Try it tonight! At all druggists.

If men could get to Heaven by hard work the biggest rogues would be the busiest.

St. Bernard Dog Pups for Sale.
Dam "Modjeska," Sire "Safford." "Modjeska" is by Imported Pelfon ex Lady Hanley; "Safford" by "Saffron" and "Ben Lomond." He by "Champ Plinlimmon ex Bella Pena." The best stock in America not excepting anything. Address Geo. A. Joslyn, Omaha, Neb.

No power on earth or in Heaven has the right to authorize anybody to do wrong.

CAMDEN, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1890.
Having suffered from Dyspepsia and Constipation for several years, and having tried many eminent doctors without success, I was reluctantly induced to try Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. I obtained speedy relief and after a few months' use am cured. After such an experience, how can I praise them too highly? They ought to become famous, and gratitude prompts me to do all that is in my power to make them so.
WALTER C. STODDARD.
Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

$5 to $15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Plates the 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. Wholesale to agents $5. Write for circulars. H. C. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

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.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

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.

The only $3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of cheap welt shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or loosen from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economise, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap welt shoes sold at $3.00 having only appearance to commend them. W. L. DOUGLAS Men's $4 and $5 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed; $3.50 Police and Farmers; $2.50 Fine Calf; $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's; Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes; Ladies' $3.00 Hand Sewed; $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

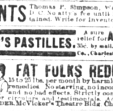
Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

ULCERS, CANCERS, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, BLOOD POISON.
these and every kindred disease arising from impure blood successfully treated by that never-failing and best of all tonics and medicines,
SWIFT'S SPECIFIC SSS
Books on Blood and Skin Diseases free. Printed testimonials sent on application. Address The Swift Specific Co., ATLANTA, GA.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER 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.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALMA COLLEGE, Gratiot County, Michigan,
Offers ample instruction in the Classical, Scientific, Philosophical and Literary Courses. Has a normal and kindergarten, commercial, musical, art and preparatory departments. Has new and abundant apparatus in Chemistry and Biology. Is the cheapest of the best. Is for both sexes. From $100 to $150 pays all bills including board. For free Tuition and all further information, address President A. F. BRUSKE, Alma, Mich.



THE CLEARY BUSINESS COLLEGE Ypsilanti, Michigan
Is the LEADING SCHOOL OF BUSINESS. Magnificent building; nine teachers; large attendance; good discipline; superior work; well supplied reading room; daily lectures; Saturday evening receptions; open the entire year; commercial graduates in great demand; shorthand graduates all secure positions; living expenses $2. to $2.75 per week in private families. For NEW CATALOGUE and List of Students who take positions from week to week, address P. R. CLEARY, Pres.

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.

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

IF YOU EARNESTLY intend to marry quick, honorably, send 10c. for Matrimonial News "MERCUR." Mailed in plain sealed envelope. 298 E. 6th St., N. Y.

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

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

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.

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

"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.

NO FLIES ON US If you use Dutcher's Fly Killer. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies, destroy their eggs and prevent reproduction. Always ask for Dutcher's and get best results. Fredk. Dutcher Drug Co., St. Albans, Vt.

HALF RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS TO Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and other Western and Southwestern States via MISSOURI PACIFIC RY. And IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.
Tickets on sale at any coupon office in U. S. or Canada, on special dates in August, September and October. For particulars enquire of your nearest agent. H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. Agt., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Burlington Route Harvest Excursions.
August 30th and Sept. 27th, FROM Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the Cities and Farm Districts throughout the WEST Southwest and Northwest
Round trip tickets will be sold by your local ticket agent on these dates at HALF RATES!
See that they read over the Burlington Route from Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis. It is the direct line to the territory in question. Send for pamphlet with map and complete information to P. S. EUSTIS, G. P. A., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. N. U. D.—10—32

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. 8.
The Short Farm in the township of Avon, 2 miles from Pontiac, 3½ from Rochester, on good road, farm well watered, excellent soil, good buildings, two orchards, two barns, 130 acres, 25 in timber. Price very low and terms easy.

Bargain No. 13.
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. 24.
Are you looking for the best and cheapest home in Birmingham? If so, read this and act wisely. We can offer you for only $4,000 a large, commodious and comfortable house on Harmon street, comparatively new, containing 11 nicely finished rooms; a fine cellar, good well and cistern, six apple bearing trees and a good lot of land, which [illegible] 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 F. Spencer Wooster. The house has 11 good living rooms, good new barn and a good well and cistern, plenty of all fruits and a sidewalk [illegible] very reasonable. [illegible] Wooster.

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, 50 acres well underdrained, 15 acres of good timber and the balance fine pasture. Good house, banked up between the studding, a number one cellar and good outbuildings. 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 a mile of post-office, stores, churches and schools. Price very reasonable. Terms easy. For particulars call on or address, James S. Bigham, Big Beaver, Mich.

Bargain No. 42.
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 good rooms, bath room, 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, 2½ 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 [illegible] hot air furnace and all the conveniences [illegible] found in city houses. Good barn and all the necessary outbuildings in fine repair.

Will sell for cash or will exchange for house and lot in a desirable location in Detroit. For further particulars call at the farm, address the owner, John Will, or
THE EXCHANGE BANK, BIRMINGHAM, 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 ¼ 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. 47.
A big chance for investors in Royal Oak farm property! [illegible] 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. 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 ¼ 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. $4,500 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 125 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 $400. 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.