The Bank and Cashier Celebrate.

Last week the Pontchartrain Savings bank, Detroit, Mich., celebrated its fifth anniversary and the fifteenth anniversary of its popular cashier, Joseph B. Moore. The phenomenal growth of the banking institution is the talk of the city. It began in a humble manner five years ago in small quarters on Griswold street. Now it occupies an extensive building, with the latest modern improvements. Fort street west. Mr. Moore was the recipient of congratulations from his large number of friends on his birthday and the anniversary of the successful career of the institution afforded opportunity for well-merited praise.

Ben. Butler is said to be sadly bent with age. His face has the look of health, but his massive frame has become an unmanageable burden. His hands move unsteadily, while his eyes appear swollen and almost hidden by the thick folds of flesh on his cheeks. But his head is clear as a bell, and at seventy-four there is no shrewder lawyer or politician in New England.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble.—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me.—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me. It is the best seller I ever handled.—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Dizziness from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Torpidity Liver. 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.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injurious drug in it. It is not bitter. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

Know all Women

The most thoroughly successful remedy ever produced for the cure of all forms of Female Complaints is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.* It has stood the test of many years, and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. For the cure of Kidney Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the tendency to cancerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness, etc. at Druggists or sent by mail, in form of Pills, on receipt of price, $1 per box. Sec. Liver Compound in addition to medicine. Mrs. Pinkham's letter, Lynn, Mass. *Lydia E. Pinkham*

I CENT THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. COUGH CURE A DOSE

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, back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

THERE IS NO DANGER IN IT.

The best recommendation that a popular remedy can present is that it is used in the hands of children. When we consider how many little ones are injured every year by finding the medicine bottle and taking an overdose, a remedy that contains no poisons, also entitled to be called a great household medicine. That this is the case all who hold Rold's German Cough and Kidney Cure, the following is proof:

Wady Petra, Shah Co., Ill., Aug. 6, '92. Sylvan Remedy Co., Peoria, Ill.

Gentlemen:—We have sold Reid's German Cough and Kidney Cure about two years and found it to be a good seller giving good satisfaction, also entitled to be that it contains no poison, for my little girl about three years old got hold of a bottle and drank half of it and it did not injure her in the least, but did her good. We can cheerfully recommend it to the public.

HEBER CHASE & CO.

Of what other cough remedy can this be said? Get the full story. Ask.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO.,
Peoria, Ill.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in loins or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, burning, scanty or painful urination, gravel, distortion or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, bilious headache, SWAMP-ROOT is the great remedy. Dr. Kilmer's Liver pills, mild, sure, 25c.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, don't weaken or debilitate. Swamp-Root, the great Blood Purifier, cures. Sold everywhere, Druggists sell extract to 50c. size, or $1.00 size. At Druggists, 50c. size, or $1.00 size. Special Guide to Health, Free Consultation Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Belgrave Mystery.

BY A. CURTIS YORKE.

CHAPTER I.

In the Fernery.

In one of the pleasantest though not the most imposing of the houses in Belgrave square, pretty, popular Lady Denham was giving her last dance for the season.

Near one of the curtained doorways, man was standing, listening with evidently forced attention to the half-pouting reproaches of a gay and glittering creature whose years might be numbered by nineteen or twenty at the most. Her costume would have been youthful for eighteen; her skinny arms and shoulders seemed to implore the friendly seclusion of a cloak or shawl.

Her companion (who, as it happened, was the master of the house himself, Sir Keith Denham) was perhaps some five years younger. In person, he was rather tall, rather slight, very well-made, and not at all handsome. His appearance usually gave the casual observer a general impression of brownness. He had a brown, lean face, a thick, brown mustache, close-cropped brown hair and rather deep-set brown eyes. His face, however, was a little less brown than usual to night, being overspread with an almost sickly pallor, and his eyes had deep lines about them, an expression which denoted that things had gone very far wrong with him indeed.

Having carried on a somewhat one-sided conversation for a few minutes, then Miss Lascelles broke into an affected little laugh.

"Really, Sir Keith," she said, "I think you must be dreaming! You have just assured me that you prefer Alma Tadema's acting to Poynter's, and that you think Wilkie Jervis ought to be president of a Royal Academy!"

"Did I say that?" he returned, smiling faintly, and pressing his hand with a confused gesture over his forehead. "What an idiot you must think me! I—I am not very good company to-night I fear."

"You look as if you had seen a ghost, Sir Keith," said his companion, regarding him earnestly and absolutely forgetting to grimace and simper for this moment. "Indeed you are looking positively ill! What is the matter?"

Denham frowned.

"Thanks I am not ill," he replied, somewhat curtly.

At that moment an apoplectic-looking jolloped appeared in search, of Miss Lascelles, and Sir Keith, with an air of relief, turned away.

Crossing one of the ante-rooms he came face to face with his wife.

What had come to pretty Olive Denham? Had she seen a ghost, too? Her husband caught her hand in the crowd as he passed.

"Olive! Olive," he murmured hoarsely. "Don't let all the world know it—not yet. Don't Olive!"

But she drew her hand away and passed on, her dark eyes full of a terrified pain that would not be hidden, her lovely little face of an ashen whiteness.

Denham grew a shade paler, and went on his way.

The heat, the gay music, the meaningless babble all around, filled him with a curious loathing. He passed through the library to his study, and sat down wearily at the table. His eye which had been sternly compressed as if in the effort of mastering some terribly unspoken mental suffering, twitched nervously; a heavy groan broke from him.

"A ghost!" he murmured. "Oh, my God, yes—I have seen a ghost!"

He sat there for what seemed to him a long time.

"Then! Ah! what was that?

For all at once, echoing through the great house, piercing through the gay dance music, came the sound of a long shrill, shuddering scream, twice repeated—a cry full of such inconceivable horror, that Denham's very blood ran cold. For it was his wife's voice. He started to his feet; but a sudden giddiness came over him and he sank back in his chair again, shaking in every limb.

Presently, a crowd of startle-stricken guests were surging toward the conservatory, whence the cry had seemed to come. A confused, ever-deepening murmur of many voices filled the air, and women, some half scared faces, a hurried step sound of many feet.

"What is it?" "What has happened?" "What is the matter?" Words pass from lip to lip. For that terrible cry had been heard by all.

It happened that Harlie Coringham, Sir Keith's cousin and almost more intimate friend, was one of the first to traverse the long conservatory to the very end, where a small fernery was shut off from the large building by a glass door, usually closed. But now the door stood wide open, and this young man Coringham and those who followed had saw:

Lady Denham, with colorless cheeks tense drawn lips and great dilating eyes, crouching backward—as though in deadly fear—from some object as yet unseen by the spectators, the rich white gown she wore stained a deep trembling crimson, her hands as though beating back some awfully-advancing horror.

As Coringham advanced a few steps into the dim green shade of the fernery, she threw her head above her head and fell forward on his arms.

He caught her almost roughly with his left arm; but he hardly seemed to see her. He was gazing downward—his right hand shaking like an old man's, pointing to some thing which lay in a horribly limp, unnatural attitude on the floor, one arm doubled under it.

"Merciful Heaven!" he uttered in a horror-stricken voice. "Merciful Heaven! what's that?"

It was the apparently lifeless body of a man, fair, well-made and handsome, with staring wide-open eyes and parted lips. There was a cruel wound in his breast, the blood from which had formed a long straggling pool on the tesselated pavement, and stained his shirt-front a bright ominous red.

CHAPTER II.

Murder.

A few men who pressed immediately behind Coringham stepped back in horror and dismay; a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, the air resounding with the hysterical shrieks of the women and the deep-toned ejaculations of the men. Suddenly the agitated and scandalized crowd parted to make way for Sir Keith, who, looking neither to the right nor to the left, strode through their midst until he reached the door of the fernery.

"What is it?" he said then, in a curiously repressed tone. "What has happened?"

Then he stepped hurriedly forward a few paces, and—and! He started violently and utterred a sharp exclamation, bent for a second or two over the silent motionless figure.

When he came out again his face was ghastly.

"Keep the women back!" he said hoarsely to Dan Fothergill, who was nearest him. "This is horrible. Coringham, will you find out if Drummond has gone, and if he has, send for some one else? I will see to Lady Denham." As he spoke, he stooped, and taking his wife from Coringham's arms into his own, he carried her between the banks of heavily scented plants to the hall, and thence up the broad staircase to her room, where he laid her in charge of her maid and one or two of the few women among his guests who were less panic-stricken than the majority. Then he hurried to the conservatory. Sir Henry Drummond, who was among the guests, had already made a brief examination of the unfortunate man's body.

"He is quite dead," he said in answer to Denham's hasty question. "He has been dead for some time."

Denham looked at him strangely.

"Are you sure?" he said, wetting his lips feverishly.

"Quite sure, Sir Keith."

The other drew a quick sharp breath, and turned aside for a second, muttering some inarticulate words between his teeth. Then he said:

"Is it suicide?"

"I think not," the other answered very gravely.

"No? What then?" was the sharp query.

"I fear—it is murder!" said the physician in troubled tones.

"Good God! Drummond, you don't mean that!"

"I do mean it."

"Impossible!"

Sir Henry shrugged his shoulders.

An inspector of police had by this time arrived upon the scene, accompanied by the divisional surgeon. The latter having examined the body, it was removed to await the inquest, and the seven-o'clock breakfast relapsed into a state of hushed excitement.

The guests had dispersed long ago, with the exception of several men, intimate friends of the Denhams, who were grouped in the smoking-room, conversing in low tones of the awful tragedy that had taken place in their midst. The man had been murdered, clearly; for no weapon of any kind had been found near the body. Therefore suicide was out of the question. But who would have dreamed of such a crime, and in such a place? None of the speakers knew the murdered man, nor to their recollection had ever seen him before. He looked a man of forty or upwards. Dan Fothergill—who had been one of the nearest—said; his features, though handsome enough, were heavy and almost coarse; his hair was dark, slightly tinged with gray, and slightly bald on the forehead and temples.

The conversation ceased suddenly as the door opened to admit Denham. (He had been hastily summoned some time ago to his wife, who, for the first time in her life was in strong hysterics. So prolonged as to be dangerous.) As he entered the smoking room one and all were struck by his ghastly looks.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Harcourt Kennard, the well-known barrister, as Denham sank heavily into the nearest chair. "You are looking seedy. And no wonder—this is a terrible business, by Jove!"

"How is Olive?" asked Coringham, abruptly.

"She is very ill," his cousin answered. "Drummond is still with her. Naturally this—this affair has upset her."

He spoke in a low, uncertain voice, with long pauses between the words.

"Upset her! poor little woman, I should say it has," muttered Coringham, who, by the way, had been madly in love with pretty Olive Denham some half-dozen years ago, and rumor asserted, was madly in love with her still.

"It seems to have upset you, too, Denham," said Fothergill, in his slow, deliberate tones. "You look like death."

Denham shuddered violently, but he did not speak. A few minutes followed of uncomfortable silence. Sir Keith's marked agitation struck all present; he seemed incapable of sustaining any conversation, and seeing this, the other men took their departure one by one until only Coringham remained. Denham scarcely seemed to notice their going, he was leaning back in his chair, one hand covering his eyes; but he started and rose to his feet as Coringham laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Charlie" he said hurriedly, "I wish you would leave me. I'm not fit company for any one to-night. I am—I am—and in deadly torture. Don't misunderstand me, old fellow. Come round in the morning—but leave me now."

There had been a marked coolness between the two men for some time back, but it seemed mutually bridged over to-night.

"I say, old chap," said Coringham, looking at his cousin keenly, "there's something wrong with you—something outside this affair. I mean. What is it? Can I be of any use?"

Sir Keith was pacing restlessly up and down the room stopping every now and again to lift or push aside in a nervous, unseeing kind of way, the various books and papers, etc., which strewed the table.

"No, there is nothing you can do," he answered after a minute or two. "I have got a blow, Charlie—an awful blow."

"Look here, Keith," said Coringham, bluntly. "Is it—is it about Olive? Because I can swear you are wrong there—the poor little soul loves you with all her heart. Perhaps I've no right to speak of it but you've seemed awfully down on your luck lately, and she's not been like herself"—He stopped uncertainly, and pitched away his cigar.

Denham threw up his head haughtily. Then his expression changed, and he resumed his aimless walk again.

"If you mean," he said in a low voice, "is it the old relationship of your—your feeling toward Olive I tell you no! in my be there still—very likely it is—but it is swallowed up in a knowledge so crushing so heart-breaking that the other has no longer any power over me." As for Olive caring for me as you—as you say, you are mistaken. She never cared for me. And I—I have no longer the right to demand her love."

"I don't under hand you," said the other, with deep concern in face and voice.

"You will understand soon enough," answered his cousin with a bitter smile. "You will understand soon enough!" Then he added almost wildly, "For God's sake don't make me speak of it any more to-night. I feel as if I were going mad!"

Coringham, seriously disturbed, said good-night, and went away.

As for Denham, when his cousin had left him, he threw himself into his chair again, and leaned his head on his arm.

"The child!" he muttered, clenching his hands convulsively. "Oh, my God, the child!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BISMARCK AS A SCHOLAR.

The Early Life of the Great German Statesman.

Prince Bismarck was an excellent scholar in his boyhood. He was not yet 21 when he completed his studies preparatory for the university; and that these studies were not of a trifling kind, judged by any standard, is proved by the certificate which he received on passing his examination. This paper, which bears date Easter, 1832, runs as follows:

"The written examination comprised Ancient History: Hella. Romanorum adversus Macedonios Bella," in Latin essay. Secondly, Modern History: On the Political Conditions of the Leading States of Europe at the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century." Thirdly, Mathematics: To find the area of figure limited at will by a parabolic curve and several straight lines. Fourthly, a German essay: "How Europe Acquired and Maintained Superiority Over the Other Continents of the World." Fifthly, Greek: Translation and critical comments on the passage in the 'Ajax' of Sophocles from line 940 to line 970, and a Greek exercise.

"Otto Von Bismarck received the following certificates in the viva voce examination: Latin, good and fluent; Greek, good; ancient history, very good; modern history, good; mathematics, generally good; philosophy, good.

The general certificate is as follows: "His knowledge of Latin is good, both in his comprehension of the writers and in facility of composition. His knowledge of Greek is pretty good. He has very superior skill in the use of German, and a fair knowledge of mathematics, history and geography. Of the modern languages he has studied French and English with special success.

The teachers closed their certificate of the boy who was to become the most powerful man in Europe with these words: "We dismiss this able and well-equipped youth with our best wishes and the hope that he will pursue his further education with renewed energy."

Bismarck's university course did not fall short of the promise of his preparatory studies, and in his subsequent career as a statesman continued evidences are found of the influence of his scholastic training.

BREAKING A MULE.

The Deacon Was Bound to Do It, Even if It Floored the Church.

A well-known doctor of divinity had in his congregation, when he had a charge in a country town, a most distinguished fellow who seemed to be quite zealous in the good work; but one Sunday he did not appear at church, and for three consecutive Sundays the preacher noticed, his absence, and then went to see him. He found him at home in his usual health and spirits, and after some general talk he came to the object of his visit.

"You haven't been to church lately, Brother Ball?" he said.

"No," confessed the brother.

"You are falling from grace, I fear."

"Mebbe I am, parson."

"Why, my dear friend," exclaimed the pious old gentleman, with a grieved face, "how does that happen?"

The erring brother braced up and his face grew dark and stern.

"You know that mule colt I bought?" he said.

"Yes."

"Give $100 for him?"

"Yes."

"Not worth a hooter unless he is broke?"

"No."

"Well I undertook to break him."

"Yes."

"And I found out I couldn't break him and he a Christian at the same time, and, parson, I reckon I'd quit if I never get to the New Jerusalem."

Naturally, the good man was greatly shocked, but he couldn't help admiring the zeal of his brother and when he saw him at church the next Sunday he concluded that Providence had come to the rescue and showed the mule the error of his ways.

Double Yolked Eggs.

"The hatching of a double yolked egg is not the exceptional thing it is said to be," said a poultry fancier. "But it is a very rare occurrence indeed for such an egg to produce two perfect chickens. Cases of this kind have, however, occurred from time to time. One was duly authenticated in an English agricultural paper some years ago and the stuffed figures of a couple of chickens which emerged from one and the same egg to be found in the British museum. A few cases have been authenticated of the appearance from a single egg of two chickens joined together by a wing or a leg but, as a general rule, when a double yolked egg is hatched the result is a monstrosity: in the shape of a chick with two heads or two pairs of legs. Many people think that the production of two perfect chickens from a double yolked egg is by no means uncommon, because settings which they have placed under fowls have yielded one or more chickens than the number of eggs. But it is far more probable that cases of this kind result from the fowl having laid another egg after she had commenced her task of incubation.

Baby Shouldn't Talk Early.

Physiologists teach that during infancy, when the muscles necessary to talking and walking are gained, the first necessity of childhood is growth of the body and its muscles and that the brain should be left free from activity of the brain and a child becomes in consequence precociously clever in talking earlier than usual or any ordinary child. Undue exercise of the mind it is certain to be done at the expense and not infrequently to the irretrievable injury of the body; and the longer time this becomes comparatively puny and weak. Such early forcing is good for neither body nor brain. At the same time it is a fact that many times children show remarkable backwardness in talking who can walk well. In fact, the more intelligent a child is the less he uses words, because he only learns words in proportion as he gains ideas about objects. With children of little intelligence, but who are gifted with fine little organs and a memory in advance of their judgment words precede ideas and often take their place.

The Pompeii of Algeria.

Paris Temps describes a visit of M. Leon Bourgeois, the French minister of public instruction, to the ruins, during his recent tour in Algeria, to the ruins of the Arab city of Timgad, which was built in the first century of the Christian era and destroyed by the Moors in the sixth century. Its destruction being completed by successive shocks of earthquakes.

To the southwest of the town rises a temple of colossal dimensions surrounded by spacious porticoes, upon a hill designated by the name of Capitol. Adjacent, dedicated to Jupiter,

MADE A FORTUNE.

HOW TWO SCHOOL TEACHERS DID IT.

Two Hundred Dollars Grew to Twelve Thousand Within a Year.

There are two sisters teaching in the Marion public schools who have reason to thank the rapid development of one of Chicago's manufacturing suburbs for a small fortune which has grown from a very tiny seed planted less than a year ago. To a representative of the Chronicle these young ladies told the story of their remarkable investment as follows:

"At the close of our school work a year ago, we found we had saved about $100 each for which we had no immediate use. We were spending our vacation in Chicago and stepped into the Chamber of Commerce building to see Jay M. Dwiggins & Co. whom we had long known. They were just then founding the new town of Riverdale, with sewer pipe-lines and four great railroads including a complete belt line encircling Chicago gave great promise of making this a factory center."

We were inclined to make an investment in the new town and consented to join them in the purchase of a five acre block which they wished to build with some other teachers and put immediately on the market. Our $200 sufficed to make their cash payment for one-third interest in this five acres and we expected to meet the deferred payments from our wages the following year."

"After making this investment we went further on our vacation trip and were quite surprised a few weeks later to receive word that the five acres had been bought, subdivided and completely sold out. Three parties had made money on it before we took at almost $6,000, one-third of which we learned was at our disposal."

"So far we had not even seen Griffith but this remarkably quick turn in our affairs aroused a great interest in the new town and we went immediately to look it over. We found nine miles southeast of Chicago limits a remarkable place—a magnificent and but little more than that. There were perhaps a dozen houses scattered about in the oak groves and occupied by railroad employes. There were no stores, no streets, no sidewalks, no nothing—except a bright future. The surveyors were just putting down the lot stakes. We found our block in the very center of the new plat with frontage on what promised to be the best business street. The lots had been sold out at the ridiculously low average of $130 each."

"We remarked that we would rather buy than sell at these figures. This quick sale even at a low price had given us plenty of capital with which to buy. We immediately selected block 11 in the original town of Griffith and bought it with the profits we had just made. We left Griffith saying, "Well, we shall hear what a year will bring forth in this promising place."

"We have just now returned from Griffith after a year's absence, we found four factories completed and many more negotiating to come. Houses are going up on every hand and streets which had not been cut out when we left are now laid out and now lined with prosperous stores. Our block if sold at present prices would realize about $12,000, but we would not take $25,000 for it. If it were similarly located in Marion, it would bring $50,000."

"We have seen Marion grow up from a country town into a flourishing young city by reason of its factories and Marion has but three railroads and has not the great city of Chicago to tie to."

"We confidently expect within the next three years to see Griffith a great flourishing city and that will be time enough to realize on our beautiful block of lots. Since we bought our relatives have made further purchases of adjacent property, but we certainly believe that Griffith lots bought at present prices and on the very easy terms at which they can be had will prove a safe and quickly paying investment."—Marion (Ind.) Daily Chronicle.

THE TITAN OF CHASMS.

A Mile Deep, 13 Miles Wide, 217 Miles Long, and Painted Like a Flower.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado river, in Arizona, is now for the first time easily accessible. A regular stage line has been established from Flagstaff, Ariz., to the rim of the canon, and the round trip from Flagstaff, to the least impressing part of the Canon is less than twelve dollars, and the time for the round trip is only $22, and meals and comfortable lodgings are provided throughout the trip at a reasonable price. The view of the Grand Canon afforded at the terminus of the stage line is the most stupendous panorama known in nature. There is also a bridle path which winds down from some wall, more than 4,000 feet vertically, to the river below. The descent of the trail is a wonder experience, than climbing the Alps, for in the bottom of this terrific, and sublime chasm are hundreds of mountains greater than any of the Alpine range.

A book describing the trip to the Grand Canon, illustrated by many full-page engravings from special photographs, and containing valuable information, a small expense, the great Farming, Stock, Lumber, and Mining region. Stopovers allowed in territory to Colorado. Excursion Tickets as low as $20 for rates and full information call on agents of the Big Four Route, Chicago office, 234 Clark street, or address B. B. Martin, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

FACTS AND FOLLIES.

In Saxony about 70 per cent of the workingmen earn less than $150 per year.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand.

A French prince advertises that he desires to sell his title and arms, "the whole guaranteed by authentic parchments of the reign of Henry IV."

A process for making artificial precious stones out of crystallized alumina has been discovered in Glasgow. Some years ago a Paris artificer successfully produced imitation rubies.

A stranger carrying a large number of very flattering letters of recommendation, called on a business man and wanted a position. "I can not give you a position," the business man said, "but I can give you another letter of recommendation."

George Mears found four and a half pounds of pure ambergris in the water near Long Island, Fla. He did not know its value or its name until he had given away half a pound in samples. He sold it for $500. It is thought it is from the whale run into by the Mascotte.

A BUNCH OF DATES.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

The first saw-maker's anvil was brought to America in 1818.

Gray published his "Elegy" at thirty-four. It is said to have occupied his time for seven years.

"David Christie Murray, the novelist, is a printer's son and has for twenty years been engaged in newspaper work.

In the executive mansion at Raleigh, N. C. is a card presented to Gov. Barrington by King George II, about the year 1775.

The widow of General Thomas J. Jackson, the Confederate leader, inscribes her name on hotel registers as "Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Lexington, Va."

Bismarck used to spell his name without the e. The present spelling does away with the monetary significance of the name: Bismark—two marks.

Mrs. Hannah Harmon of Brockton, Mass., claims to have lived under the administration of every president of the United States, as she was born the day preceding Washington's retirement from office.

Max O'Rell is a native of Brittainy and was educated in Paris. He went to London as the correspondent of a French newspaper and his residence there proved so agreeable to him that he has become more of an Englishman than a Frenchman.

A Great Advantage.

Most remedies for coughs and colds, contain opium in some form, a dangerous drug both stupifies and nauseates the patient. Dr. Hoaxie's Certain Croup Cure is free from opium and nauseous drugs, is a positive cure for croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by druggists, or sent by 50 cents. Druggists can get it of Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., Detroit, Mich. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., mfg'r.

Don't think your wife can't keep your secrets.

Thousands walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Downs' Elixir.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted.

Don't forget that your wife was once your sweetheart.

THE TRUE LAXATIVE PRINCIPLE 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.

Don't think your wife is a servant.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Don't stay out late at night.

"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your Druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Don't withhold your confidence.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED to all using Hill's Salt-Rheum & Scrofula Ointment. At all druggists.

Don't dole out a dollar as if it were a big piece of money.

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

Don't try to run the household by your wife.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Don't imagine that you are a super or person.

Have You Asthma?

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