KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

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

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c and $1 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. Address ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LEROY, N. Y.

PATENTS Procured in U. S. and all foreign countries. Ten Years' experience as examiner in U. S. Patent Office. Patent guaranteed or no fee. L. BRASHEARS, 615 7th St., Washington, D. C.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you

FREE.

Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

MARLIN "Made in all styles and sizes. Lightest, strongest, easiest working, safest, simplest, most accurate, most compact, and most modern. Models 1891 in 32 cal. uses short and long rim and center fire cartridges in the same rifle. Saves 80 per cent on cost of ammunition over any other 32 cal. repeater made. Model 1893 now ready in 32 and 38-55. Catalogues mailed free.

REPEATERS

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR

COSTIVENESS

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

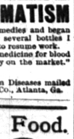
MERCURIAL Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Arkansas, says of S.S.S. "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and began using S.S.S. After taking several bottles I was entirely cured and able to resume work. Is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

RHEUMATISM

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

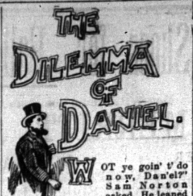
A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from *natural food* source.



Scott's Emulsion *is a condensation of the life of all foods*—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and *almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



"WOT ye goin' t' do now, Dan'el?" Sam Norton asked. He leaned forward as he spoke and peered into the other's face with little, twinkling, inquisitive eyes.

It was a dull and hopeless November night. A heavy gray sky hung low above them. Rain fell, from time to time, in spiteful spurts upon the sodden leaves through which their horses made their way down the long hill road. Farmer Wilson was not used to driving in a covered carriage, nor to sitting by himself behind closed doors while some one else held the reins, but it was considered a proper mark of respect to Sarah Ann. He must hire a livery team for the funeral; Sam Norton had told him so, and had further hinted that it would be but decent to invite the speaker to a seat beside him. "Ye know me 'n' her was connected by marriage," was his plea.

The principal mourner had consented, although he did not like Sam Norton; he thought he was spiteful. This was the first speech Sam had made since the hearse and its following turned away from the country cemetery, and it did not serve to lighten the gloom in which the bereaved man was plunged.

"I do' know," he said, dully, shaking his head, covered with an unusual best hat; "seems as if I'm all lost 'thout Sarah Ann."

"She kep' house fer ye a number o' years."

"Twenty-five coming Chris'mus. I ain't never known wot 'twas t' be alone before since ma died."

"It was handy," Sam conceded, "t' have her man taken away jest before your mother, looked most providential, didn't it? Ye won't find no such man'ger as she was in one while ag'in, I tell ye. Wot a churnin' she'd do! An' she always kep' ye lookin' so good. Ye'll find out the diff'runce now. Your collar's beginnin' t' fray. I seen it w'ile we was bendin' over for th' las' prayer. Ye'll soon see your clo'es going t' pieces."

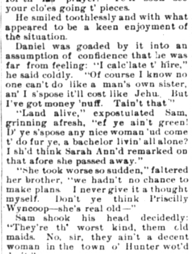
He smiled toothlessly and with what appeared to be a keen enjoyment of the situation.

Daniel was goaded by it into an assumption of confidence that he was far from feeling: "I calc'late t' hire," he said coldly. "Of course I know no one can't do like a man's own sister, an' I s'pose it'll cost like Jehu. But I've got money 'nuff. Tain't that"

"Land alive," expostulated Sam, grinning afresh, "ef ye ain't green! D' ye s'pose any nice woman 'ud come t' do fur ye, a bachelor livin' all alone? I sh'd think Sarah Ann'd remarked on that afore she passed away."

"She took worse so sudden," faltered her brother, "we hadn't no chance to make plans. I never give it a thought myself. Don't ye think Priscilly Wyncoop—she's real old—"

Sam shook his head decidedly: "They're t' want kind, them old maids. No, sir, they ain't a decent woman in the town o' Hunter wot'd do it."



SAKES! HOW LONESOME I BE.

"Then wot shall I do?" desperately.

"Git married." The grin widened.

Daniel shook his best hat again: "No, sir," he said. "None o' that for me."

"Beggars can't be choosers," Sam declared. "Ye've got o' do it."

"You ain't."

"Well, I'm diff'runt," with a complacency that was maddening to the nuf-minute man beside him. "I ain't got a farm t' run. I kin board 'n' look after the store day times. That's all right. Only, ye see, you're sitooated so unhandy. Ye've got to have a good man'ger 'round. Now, th' question is, who is she? I've b'en studyin' it up consid'able."

"O, ye have," growled Daniel, not appeased by this show of interest. "Who've ye picked on?"

"Wal, they's the Widder Sal'sbry—"

"I mus' say! Deaf's an adder, 'n' weighs nigh onto 300 pound. I'm much obliged t' ye!"

"Wal, Lyddy Potter then—"

A little withered old woman with a wig. Ain't ye got no sense, Samwell?"

"Wal, they ain't so many likely wimmen goin'. Ye're terrible partic'lar for anybody so hard put. How 'bout Priscilly Wynkoop?"

Daniel was glad that they were driving into his own dooryard. He sprang hurriedly out, slammed the door with his clumsy fingers and did not answer Sam. There was no invitation to enter the desolate house and Samuel drove away.

"Ye'd better be gittin' about yer courtin', whoever it is," he called back, leering from the carriage window.

Daniel went upstairs to don his overalls and set about his chores for the night. "Durn it all," he muttered, as he milked the cow, "I do' know how t' go t' work; I ain't no hand with wimmen."

It was the manner only that puzzled him now. He had decided upon his choice. Years ago, when they were both young, he had "paid attention" to Priscilla Wynkoop and had been graciously received. Then his mother interfered. She did not wish him to marry, and he was decent enough to obey her. Perhaps the disappointment embittered him. At any rate he had long been content with his lot upon his lonely farm, remote from most of his kind, and had no desire for a change. But, since he had put what he mentally stigmatized as that "blamed idee" into his head he considered with sudden pleasure the possibility of winning Priscilla for something more than housekeeper or general manager. It was the wooing that counted.

He thought it over while setting out his lonely supper of strong tea and the pumpkin pie that had been sent in. While he munched he ruminated.

What did men say and how did they act? He could not make a bargain with Priscilla as though he were buying a cow or a horse.

"Mus' be some dumb nonsense 'r 'nother," he grimly concluded. "How does it go?"

After "clearing away" he seated himself drearily over the kitchen stove to await his early bedtime. A paper-covered book lay on the shelf. He picked it up idly—it had been Sarah Ann's—and opened it at random. It was a conventional paper backed love tale by "The Duchess."

Eight o'clock struck and 9 and 10. Still Farmer Wilson pored over the book, holding it close to his sun-burned face and breathing heavily over the unfamiliar words. Midnight came. At 1 o'clock he laid down the bulky volume with a stentorian sigh. He knew how the nonsense went.

All the rest of that feverish, never to be forgotten night, through broken and feverish slumbers, ran such phrases as these: "Oh, my beautiful darling, you will not be so cruel." "You must see how madly I love you." "Remember how desolate my life has been." The last sentence tangled itself in his memory.

"That's true," said the wretched man once aloud, "ef all th' rest is a pack o' lies."

The next day he set himself doggedly to learn his lesson. Over and over the words were conned. He went about with the book in his hand, or lumbered heavily back to it from whatever else his work might be. In fact, he dared not think of anything else save the task laid out before him, for fear that his purpose might falter before the dim impression haunting him throughout that he was a fool.

He dressed himself carefully, after an early supper, and marched out of the door and down the road. Priscilla Wynkoop's little, unpainted cottage stood close to the highway. Daniel, his lips moving in ceaseless reiteration, knocked tremulously upon the door. He heard steps coming towards him. He felt all hands and feet. There was a suffocating lump in his throat.

A tall, spare spinster drew the door cautiously ajar and gazed out into the gloom through her spectacles.

"Good ev'nin'," her visitor blurted out in a loud, agitated voice, "O, my beautiful darling, you know—you must see how madly I love you, and—and—remember how desolate my life has been."

Miss Wynkoop held a hand lamp stretched out in one arm. She brought it closer to stare into his face by its aid.

"Remember how desolate," Daniel repeated.

Miss Priscilla put up her free hand to rub her forehead. Was he drunk, or crazy, or making fun of her? He saw the gesture and interpreted it aright.

"Durn th' hull dumb thing," he suddenly broke out. "I'm jest—I feel—sakes, how lonesome I be!"

"Dan'l," said Miss Wynkoop, eyeing him closely, "be you speaking in a quiet voice, "do ye wa'nt I sh'd marry you?"

"Yes, Priscilla," wiping his forehead. "I do."

She stood aside for him to pass. "Come in," she said. "I was jes' sittin' down t' supper. It'll be nice 'n' cozy t' have comp'ny 'n' I've got some cold pork 'n' beans."

She led the way to the kitchen. He followed with heart as light as his footfall was heavy.

"Take a seat 'n' draw up," said Miss Wyncoop, hospitably. "How ye mus' miss Sarah Ann."

"Yes." He sank into a chair. "Them beans I'll relish."

And so they were engaged.—Kate Field's Washington.

WAS NOT INDISPENSIBLE.

A Youth Whose Idea of His Importance Received a Sudden Shock.

He is in the employ of one of the largest manufacturing firms in the city and is also a nephew of the senior partner, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. During the summer he left on Friday evening to stay over Sunday at a summer resort which is quite near here. When he arrived he found as he expected, the girls very, very attractive, and late Saturday afternoon decided he could not tear himself away on Sunday, so he telegraphed to his immediate boss as follows:

"Do you need me? If not, I shall stay."

The telegram was, of course, received, but no attention paid to it, and the sender, thinking something wrong, reportd bright and early Monday morning. Finding everything all right, and nothing being said about the telegram, he mentally kicked himself for coming home. For several hours he worked along with poor grace. Finally, word was brought to him that his uncle wanted to see him, and, quaking with fear, he obeyed the summons. When he entered the old gentleman's sanctum he was invited to sit down and make himself quite comfortable. After rummaging through some papers, which were on his desk, uncle, dear, took from them a piece of yellow paper; turning around, he looked his nephew straight in the eyes, and said:

"My boy, this telegram was received by the head of your department Saturday afternoon; it reads: 'Do you need me? If not, I shall stay,' and signed with your name. Did you send it?"

"Yes, uncle," came the answer meekly.

"You did! Then, let me tell you sir," and the atmosphere became suddenly chilled, "that I have been here over forty years and they don't need me."

The telegram was laid down, and the head of the establishment picked up a pen and began writing. Nephew knew that the interview was over. Just as he was going through the door he heard uncle mutter: "Do they need me?"

SUCH A MISTAKE.

But the Irishman Remedied It as Far as Possible.

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, was one day at a public dinner. Expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He had told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, says the Argonaut. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously. "Faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting." "Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start; oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake! And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend I hope you're not killed; and if I've harmed you seriously, I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

Lucky Landlord.

"Suicide at the Smallburg house last night."

"Shootin'?"

"Nope; gas."

"—and got hoppin' mad, course."

"Nixy; happy as a clam."

"Gas doesn't cost him anything, then?"

"Regular prices. But he's the coroner and ahead $19.35 on the inquest fees, after payin' all expenses."

LET'S BE THANKFUL.

Gov. Rich Issues the Usual Proclamation for Observing Thanksgiving.

Gov. Rich has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation.

"To the people of the State of Michigan, greeting: In pursuance of a time-honored customed, I do hereby appoint Thursday, November 30, as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings which He has bestowed upon the people of this commonwealth during the present year. You are requested to abstain from all labor and business, except of necessity and charity, and to assemble at your respective places of worship for the proper observance of the day and occasion. In the preparation of those joyous family gatherings, around the tables supplied with the luxuries of all climes, do not fail to remember in a substantial manner the needy, sick, and afflicted, that they, too, may have reasons for thanksgiving. Let the day be so observed that all may have cause for thankfulness, those who have an abundance, for that abundance and the privilege of aiding those who want; and those who want for the generous giving.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the state at the capitol in Lansing, this 8th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1893, and of the independence of the United States the 117th. JOHN T. RICH.

By the Governor: Governor.

JOHN W. JOCHIM, Secretary of State.

MICHIGAN STATE ITEMS.

Petitions for local option are being circulated at Bellaire.

Burglars, secured $30 from the till of Black's store at Omard.

A new $10,000 engine house has been dedicated at Battle Creek.

Brother Wills, the noted Detroit evangelist, is working in Pontiac.

The review of the charges against Rev. C. M. Arthur, of Leslie, resulted in his complete vindication.

Mrs. Alzina Blood, of Tecumseh, is dead. She was one of the town's pioneers and only one of them survives her.

Frank Greenfield and Byron Sones were arrested near Tecumseh for stealing a hive of bees and 175 pounds of honey.

Much difficulty was experienced at Houghton in securing a jury in the case of try the Mineral Range train robbers.

Seymour Howell, major of the First Battalion, First Infantry, of Adrian, was presented with an elegant saber by the officers.

The presiding elders of the Michigan M. E. conference will meet at Grand Rapids on the 22d instant to apportion the benevolent collections.

Wallace A. Gage, a retired hardware merchant and Menominee pioneer, dropped dead from heart disease. The deceased was 60 years of age.

W. A. Blye, a Coldwater painter, fell twenty feet. His head was cut open across the forehead, two ribs broken, and right arm partially paralyzed.

Ernest Marsh, of Battle Creek, got mad at his wife and threw a butcher knife, which struck her in the face, cutting off nearly the entire cheek.

Fred Smith, Jerry and Gilbert Taylor, were arrested at Brown City and jailed at Port Huron, charged with being the men who assaulted L. W. Stratton, the F. & P. M. depot employe at Yale.

Black diphtheria is reported as prevailing to an alarming extent in the western portion of Tuscola county. At Quanicassee four deaths occurred in two days. Reese has about a dozen cases, and there is great excitement.

Gellias Hewitt, of Marshall, was arrested on a charge of receiving premiums on a Manitoba insurance company that wasn't incorporated in Michigan and has no right to do business here. Insurance Commissioner Giddings ordered the arrest.

Emmett Beach, one of Battle Creek's oldest settlers, was struck by a train on the Michigan Central track. Mr. Beach is nearly 78 years old and it is feared his injuries will result fatally. His shoulder was dislocated and he was hurt internally.

Fire broke out in the business part of Howell and spread with such rapidity that there was for a time danger of the whole town being destroyed. Lansing was telegraphed for help, but two buildings only were burned. The loss is about $4,000, with no insurance on buildings or stock.

Judge Severens, in the United States court at Grand Rapids, ruled that the Goshen Sweeper Company's patents do not infringe upon the Bissell patents, and the petition for an injunction was denied. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

The examination of Nelson Bradley, ex-cashier of the Central Michigan Savings bank, of Lansing, on a charge of swearing to a false report of the condition of the bank the day before its doors were closed last April, was postponed until Nov. 21.

When Hon. Levi T. Griffin, successful candidate for congress from the First district, went to Ann Arbor to attend to his duties as professor of the law department the University students drew him from the depot to the law building in a hack. Then speeches and congratulations followed.

A Ludington man has invented and applied for a patent on what he calls a spark extinguisher. He claims that with this appliance attached to chimneys and stacks no sparks can escape, and the draught is not injured in the least. If this be true his fortune is assured. The business men are already waiting for this invention since manufacturing began.

C. Chambers, engineer at the Jackson pulp mill, while walking on the track of the Michigan Central was struck by a switch engine, sustaining painful injuries. Mr. Chambers heard the engine approaching and stepped from one track to the one upon which the locomotive was running. He was knocked down, his legs lacerated badly, and sustained internal injuries.

Moses Beltz, of Hemlock City, went out hunting and wounded an old bear just enough to make him fighting mad. In order to get out of the way the hunter ascended a tree with neatness and dispatch, but lost his hold and fell, alighting right on the bear's back. They had a short and exciting struggle, but Beltz got in a knockout blow with his knife and the bruin gave up the ghost.

Thomas Percy, the owner of the large salt blocks at Ludington, has just leased the salt block of Thomas R. Lyon for one year, with the privilege of five, and will put in many new improvements and run it for all it is worth during the winter. This last move is said to make Mr. Percy the largest salt producer in the world. Mr. Percy commenced his career in this section by putting down salt wells for the pioneers in salt making, and now he is king of them all.

It has long been considered the duties of the highest classmen at Albion college to steal the "eat" when the freshmen give a banquet. So when the latter announced a feast the other night the sophs made preparations for a rush. The freshmen also made preparations to receive their opponents and the latter backed out, but happened to run across the president of the class and the master of ceremonies, whom they at once carried to a wood west of town and tied them to trees, where they were found after several hours by their classmen. The banquet continued to a late hour to make up lost time.

THIRTY KILLED BY BOMBS.

Anarchists Throw Two Dynamite Bombs Into a Crowded Theater.

The Liceo Theater, Barcelona, Spain, was filled with a large audience, estimated to have numbered close on to 4,000 people. While the performance was proceeding two dynamite bombs were suddenly hurled from one of the galleries into the midst of the stalls on the floor. One of the dynamite bombs exploded with a terrible report, which shook the theater to its foundations and which scattered death and destruction upon all sides. The second bomb, happily, did not explode. The terrified crowd, fearing that another bomb might be thrown into their midst, completely lost all sense of control, all regard for women and children seemed to vanish and there was a fierce, mad, hustling rush for the doors, men and women fiercely fighting with each other as they crushed weaker ones beneath their feet in the efforts to escape, leaving the wounded and dying behind them.

When the wreckage was in some degree cleared away there were found 16 dead bodies, of which seven were those of men and nine the corpses of women. Three bodies of those trampled upon were also found. Later reports say: The second act of the opera had just commenced when the bombs were thrown. Fifteen persons were killed instantly and 15 others have since succumbed. Eighty persons are in a serious condition, some of them from injuries and others from fright. Maurice Doldani, an Italian, one of the 15 or 20 suspects arrested, has confessed to throwing the bombs.

The Amick Discovery.

On another page of this issue is an exhaustive article on the treatment and cure of consumption. The subject has lately been brought to the attention of the press of the entire country as a result of the action of the Michigan Board of Health in declaring consumption a contagious disease, and recommending isolation of affected persons to special hospitals erected for the purpose. Should other state boards of health follow the example of the Michigan body, it seems impossible to measure what the consequences would be. The New York Recorder, actuated by that spirit which should pervade every editorial sanctum, offered a reward of $1,000 to any physician effecting a cure for consumption. The offer was promptly accepted by Dr. W. R. Amick, of Cincinnati, who had already distinguished himself by curing some patients selected by the Cincinnati Post, newspaper. The management of the Recorder selected 10 patients in various stages of consumption. The article referred to tells the story of Dr. Amick's success and of the payment of the $1,000 by the Recorder company. Dr. Amick shows not only his willingness but his great desire to have his treatment impartially tested before any money for the medicines has been expended by the affected. He offers to send to all local physicians, regardless of school or code or creed, test packages of his medicines sufficient to show just what results will be produced in each case. The fact that these outfits are only sent to the patient through his or her physician is a guarantee that they will stand the test to which they may be subjected by medical experts. Dr. Amick is willing to let each physician and each patient judge as to whether he has accomplished what he claims. There is already the testimony of physicians and patients who have found reasons for endorsing the discovery. In the face of such evidence of its worth there can be but little hesitancy in pronouncing the discovery a great boon to suffering mankind, and therefore of incalculable benefit to the whole human race.

ADDITIONAL MICHIGAN.

The local option feeling in Allegan county is growing.

The Colby mills at Dowagiac are to ship 11,000 barrels of flour to Europe.

Thurman Baughn, of Milford, may die from a gun shot wound in his arm.

Joseph Nebman was found dead in the vacant lot back of his son's store at Capac.

The plant of the defunct Marquette Daily Times was sold to F. H. Begole for $510.

Representatives of New York state fish hatcheries are gathering Mackinac trout spawn at Charlevoix.

Dr. Henry Baker, secretary of the state board of health, has recommended a sewer system for Owosso.

Susan Robinson, assaulted her husband with a shovel and a board at Vassar and severely bruised him.

Frank Newman, of Eaton county, fatally shot himself while hunting deer four miles north of Newaygo.

James Taylor, a prominent farmer near St. Louis, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn. Cause unknown.

Butler Methodists have a preacher who is painting and decorating their church for them, wearing a blouse like any workman.

Walter Tennant, of St. Clair, is supposed to have been drowned off the steamer Colorado, which lies at the bottom of the Cuyahoga river.

An attempt will be made at this session of the Hillsdale circuit court to secure a new trial for Dr. Foglesong, the convicted wife murderer.

George Hess, of Port Huron, was attacked by two men with a sand-bag. He fought his assailants and drove them off, capturing a hat and the sand-bag.

The ministry of Spain is being attacked because of its slow attitude in calling Morocco to time and there is talk of a new cabinet under Gen. Martinez Campos.

The store of H. M. Goebel & Co., at Grand Rapids, was badly gutted by fire. The loss on the building and stock of paint, oil, wall paper, etc., amounts to $30,000.

Honorable E. B. Fairfield, D. D., L. L. D., ex-president of Hillsdale college, who has been United States consul at Lyons, France, for the past four years has sailed for this country.

Wellington Scrimshaw, the man who killed James Baier, at Alpena, because he says, Baier was abusing a defenseless woman, has been sentenced to 15 years in Jackson.

Mrs. Addie Randall, wife of a Bay City lumber inspector, imagines that her husband and Prosecuting Attorney Joslyn are in league to kill her, and has challenged the latter to a duel with pistols.

The auditor-general is bound to have the $103,000 back taxes due the state from Bay City county. The attorney-general will apply for a mandamus to make the supervisors show cause why they don't force over the money.

A freight train on the G. R. & I., broke a coupling, and the two sections crashed into each other at Cedar Springs. Eight cars were damaged and one car loaded with pig iron was entirely destroyed. No one hurt.

Assistant Postmaster John Clegg, at Atlantic Mine, Hancock county, is short in his accounts about $700. He was also agent for the National Building & Loan Association of Detroit, and a large amount of their collections is missing.

William Jackson, of Adrian, went nutting and had occasion to pass through an enclosure containing a number of deer. He had scarcely entered when he was attacked by an old buck and terribly gored and would have been killed had not another buck attacked the first and thus gave Jackson a chance to escape. He is fearfully wounded but may recover.

A CHILD'S KISS.

The Dying Bounty-Jumper Felt the Baby Come as an Angel of Mercy.

He was a bounty-jumper and had been shot down while trying to escape from the guard house. He was burly, big, fierce of look and rough of speech, and when they brought him into the hospital he cursed and raved in a way to make you chill. He had received a mortal wound, but death had no terrors for him. When the surgeon told him he must die within forty-eight hours he replied:

"Bah! What of it? The only favor I have to ask is that you keep snivelers away. I want no prayin' and singin' about me!"

He had been a wicked man. He boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the bible and religion. Men and women came to speak with him, so that he might not die like a dog, but he mocked and cursed them. We who watched for the end saw the shadow of death when it fell. He realized that life was ebbing, but still he cursed and reviled. An hour before he died the wife of a wounded sergeant came in to visit her husband, says the Detroit Free Press. She brought with her a little fair-haired girl of 4 or 5 years old, and as she talked the child slipped away and wandered up and down the aisles to inspect the cots and their occupants. A score of us tried to coax her nearer, but she was coy and bashful. When she reached the cot where lay the bounty-jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him. When he saw her a smile flitted over his face and the fierce light died out of his eyes for the first time. He beckoned her to approach, and to our great surprise she hesitatingly advanced until she stood beside his cot. The mother rose up in alarm, but the nurse whispered to her not to call the child.

"Is you sick?" queried the little one, as the man reached out his hand and touched the golden curls.

"Aye, child, I am dying," he whispered.

"And ain't you got nobody to speak to you?"

"I didn't want them."

"But you wanted me, didn't you?"

"Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shot, just like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"I'se so sorry. I guess I'll kiss you."

As her lips touched his cheek the death rattle in his throat frightened her, and she ran away to her mother. The kiss was still warm when his eyes closed, his head fell back and he shivered and died.

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse.

Aye, it was wonderful! The hard lines had melted out and there was a smile hovering about his mouth. That savage expression which had intensified as the hours passed and the end came nearer had been kissed away by the little child. But for her he would have died cursing his God. Mayhap in the seconds between that kiss and dissolution he had asked for mercy.

POOR RICH MEN.

Their Life Is Not All Sunshine When They Reckon It Up.

I was chatting the other day with a rich young "income" member of the jeunesse doree. By income I mean one of those favored scions of wealthy parentage who inherits a sufficient income to never be compelled to bother about earning his own living.

Once a Week says that until within a few years there were comparatively few of this class in this country, though there is a community of such in all the European cities. A young friend who is a pink of fashion and quite a well educated and agreeable fellow, was lamenting the fact that he could not possibly make both ends meet at the end of the year on his income of $15,000.

I expatiated on the fact that many men had married and maintained families snugly on less than $15,000; that the amount represented five per cent of a small fortune, and that he must simply be recklessly extravagant why not only could not live well on it, but run in debt.

He answered me that his bachelor chambers were quite modest and his club bills very moderate that being absent so much visiting his friends, he did not keep either a valet or an equipage.

He admitted that his clothing and his personal outfit cost him more than his lodging or his club. I wondered how he managed, then, to spend his income so that he was always in debt at the end of the year.

He then explained that while he spent so much of his time visiting fashionable friends in their country homes or on their yachts, the outlay on tips for the servants and presents to his entertainers was far greater than living "at home" and his club would cost him.

When he added that his wedding presents alone the past year had cost him $6,000, I could appreciate the force of his statement. Just think of it, how many families could be happy and wealthy on $15,000 per annum! Yet this scion of wealth is in a continual struggle of debt, which is far more wearing and disagreeable any day than the struggle of honest toil for daily bread.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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Beesom W. Brown of Clarksburg, W. Va., got together forty-eight tracts of coal land into a piece of 3,170 acres, and sold out to a Fayette county, Pennsylvania syndicate for $72,000.

$65.50—California and Return—$65.50

The Union Pacific offers to the California tourist for the winter of 1894 a rate of $65.50 for the round trip from its Missouri River Terminals. Quickest time and best service. The only line running Pullman Palace Sleepers and Diners through from Chicago to San Francisco. For any additional information call on or address

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It is singular, in these days when explosions in air are thought to bring rain, that no one has spoken of a sixteenth century experiment to stop rain by the use of gunpowder. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that when Margaret of Austria entered Rome it rained heavily. "I pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out."

Meat Consumed in London.

For the feeding of London, a little more than 328,089 tons of meat, poultry and general provisions were delivered during the year from the public markets alone. The total was some 1,600 tons more than in any previous year. There was an increase of over 19 per cent in the supplies of American meat; 939,447 animals passed through one cattle market of the metropolis and 141,138 through another, all going to supply the city with food. These figures of course only indicate a part of the supplies.

Women in the Professions.

In this country 2,500 women are practicing medicine, 275 preaching the gospel, more than 6,000 managing postoffices, and over 3,000,000 earning independent incomes. Since 188? the patent office has granted over 2,500 patents to women, and in New York city 27,000 women support their husbands.

The Wonderful Congo.

The Congo is the most wonderful waterway in the world. It is twenty-five miles across in parts, so that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight. It has twice the extent of the navigable waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries and three times its population.

The Noble Duchess and Her Stays.

At the wedding of George III, a stout noble duchess, whose name is not given, had the dreadful misfortune to sneeze during the ceremony and thereby burst her stays. A shawl was thrown over her and she was taken to the vestry for repairs.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

No other leavening agent will make such light, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

LATE AND LIVELY.

A factory chimney forty-eight feet high, composed of paper, has just been erected in Breslau.

The Swiss post-office conveys anything from a postal card to barrels of wine, scythes and bundles of old iron.

The patronage of bicycle riders is now-a-days no inconsiderable part of the custom of the country hotels in districts where the roads are good.

The best trotting record for twenty miles is fifty-seven minutes and twenty-five seconds. The best twenty-mile record for a bicycle is forty-six minutes and seven seconds.

There is an indication of the extent to which shorthand prevails in this country in the statistical report that during the year ending June 30, 1893, 57,375 persons received instructions in stenography in the various schools of the United States.

It is stated that an American house has concluded a contract for 2,500,000 tons of Japanese coal, to be delivered at San Francisco in the course of the next ten years. Hitherto the coal imported at San Francisco has been principally Australian.

If an active young man is very bright he cannot keep it dark.

A thermometer has been invented in London for giving the warning of a fire.

A New York lawyer has married a Long Island woman for whom he had previously procured a divorce.

Grumpy, to ancient beggar—You ought not to be begging at your age. Beggar—Oh, bless your heart! I began when I was a great many years younger.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale says that Ralph Waldo Emerson, on one of his ocean trips, committed Milton's "Lycidas" to memory while away a few days.

H. T. Foutz, of Mountain Grove, Va., celebrated his 70th birthday recently by walking thirty-eight miles. Mr. Foutz has two sisters, aged 93 and 85 years, and a brother who is 76 years old.

Hunters of alligators in Florida are paid less than $1 for each good skin by the tanners. In 1889 the state shipped away 60,000 alligator skins, but in 1890 the number had dwindled to 20,000.

Your wife works quite as hard as you; her holidays are few, the breaks in the routine of her labors are very rare, and the strain upon her mind and the tug upon her heart are not lightened or loosened as yours are by brisk contact with the world and frequent glimpses at the kaleidoscope of affairs. You go out, she sits in; you spend, she saves.

Woman lives by sentiment where man lives by action.

A hobby is the medium between a passion and a monomania.

Money matters can always be settled, but feelings are pitiless.

BEECHAM'S PILLS quickly cure sick headache, weak stomach, impaired digestion, constipation, disordered liver, etc.

A man is strong when he admits to himself his own weaknesses.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and $1.00 at all dealers.

There are but few moral wounds that solitude does not cure.

There are some men who are always polite—they have gloved souls.

See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column.

Generous people make bad business men.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A man should find all women in his wife.

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

Suspect the woman who talks of her virtue.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts., 50cts. & $1.00.

Debts are the silent partners of experience.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

"As you please" is the wife's first word of indifference.

There is nothing like the exercise of power for teaching true politics.

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ANNALS OF THE BAD.

Tungsten is a little white metal almost as heavy as gold.

A hydraulic testing machine at Washington university exerts a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds.

The state farm at Roanoke, N. C., employs more than 800 convicts, who have under cultivation about 6,000 acres. The cornfield contains about 2,000 acres, and will yield about 100,000 bushels; the cotton crop will be about 1,000 bales. More than 3,000 bushels of wheat have been harvested and the pea crop will amount to about 10,000 bushels.

Quincy, Mass., which Charles Francis Adams is about to abandon for a residence in Lincoln, same state, has been the home of his family for six generations. The original Adams homestead in Quincy, the birthplace of the second president of that name, is occupied now by an Italian family, who have made of the garret a chicken-roost!

Ex-Senator Philetus Sawyer was one of the bondsmen of three of the ex-state treasurers of Wisconsin who were prosecuted for withholding interest on state funds and was obliged to make good nearly $200,000. He says, however, that his estate will not lose anything, for he intended to bequeath $200,000 to the state university but now the state may look after the interests of its university itself.

HEAD AND SHOULDERS above every other blood-purifier, stands Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See the evidence of it. It's sold in every case, *on trial.* If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

In restoring your strength, when you're "run-down" and "used-up;" in cleansing your blood from every impurity, whether it's a simple eruption or the worst scrofula; and in building up wholesome flesh, when you're thin and weak—there's nothing to equal the "Discovery." In every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it's the only guaranteed remedy.

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHWAW, of *Sidney, Ohio,* writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets and they saved his life. We have used the 'Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can recommend it very highly."

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