Look Out for "No. 1"

Your First Duty is to Yourself. Your Bodily Condition Calls for the Help to be Found in a Good

Spring Medicine

The best Preparation for this Purpose is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Spring is the season for cleansing and renewing the blood. During the winter it has crept sluggishly through the veins, gathering impurities from indoor air, from fatty substances in the food, and from many other sources.

The great blood purifying medicine especially prepared to do this work is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give to the blood purity, richness and vitality and these will bring health and vigor, strong nerves, a good appetite, refreshing sleep, and powers of endurance.

Cleanse your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, a renovating preparation especially prepared to make pure blood, then you may enjoy the season of flowers and birds and out-door pleasures, for you will be healthy, strong and well.

"I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it has worked wonders in my case. I am 74 years of age and have been afflicted with salt rheum on my hands for a great many years. I tried many things to cure them, but failed. My hands would crack open and bleed profusely, and the pain was terrible to bear. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the flesh has healed and the skin is as smooth as any farmer's. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as a reliable medicine, and always speak in its favor."—Lloyd B. Chase, Swansea, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye to-day. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

Our Tastes Are Cultivated.

Humphrey Ward, famous in England for other reasons, and here as the husband of the author of "Robert Elsmere," finds two things to criticise in the United States—one, the absence from the news stands of the paper with which he is connected, the London Times, and the other the preponderance of French art in our picture galleries.

A Blessing.

"Did sleeping with the windows open have any bad effect?"

Patient—Great Scott, no! I have such a cough now I can't hear the girl in the next flat sing.

Metal Wheels for your Wagons

Any size you want, 20 to 56 inches high. Tires 1 to 8 inches wide—hubs to fit any axle. Saves Cost many times in a season to have set of low wheels to fit your wagon for hauling grain, fodder, manure, hogs, &c. No resetting of tires. Catl'g free. Address Empire Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 53, Quincy, Ill.

RHEUMATIC

PEOPLE USE "Schrage's $1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure." Guaranteed the best in the world for all forms of Gout, Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Cured Isaac Lederer and Geo Higgs of Lansing of Sciatic Rheumatism 15 yrs. standing. Never fails. A Discovery. Pure, Sure. Big value ... Big thing for good agts. Secret cost $1,000,000. Highest references. Write today. Swanson Co. 167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

HAS TOO MANY HUSBANDS.

Agnes Resch, Alias Horn, Alias Hilman, Is Accused of Bigamy.

Justice George T. Pfeiffer, of River Grove, held court for a brief time in the county attorney's office today and issued a warrnt for the arrest of Agnes Resch, alias Horn, alias Hilman, says Chicago Post. The warrant charged bigamy, and it is alleged that Mrs. Resch, with the aliases, had accumulated three husbands in the last fourteen years. Two of the husbands were present, and the other will be on hand when the defendant is brought to trial.

Frederick Horn, who lives at Fraser, Mich., and Charles Resch, who until a month ago lived with the defendant at 94 West Adams street, came into the county attorney's office early in the day and inquired how they could have Mrs. Resch prosecuted on the charge of bigamy. Horn said he married the woman at Fraser, Mich., fourteen years ago, and lived with her there and in Chicago for about eleven years. They went back to Fraser and the woman got into some trouble with neighbors and came to Chicago again. Horn says she answered Hilman's advertisement for a housekeeper, told him she was a widow, and married him. In a month he learned she had a husband living and left her. Resch said he met her about a year ago and married her, believing her to be a widow. She even took him to graves at Concordia, in which she said her husband, Horn, and their boy were buried, and he bought flowers to put on these graves. The woman is living at 878 West Twentieth street. Justice Pfeiffer issued the warrant because he happened to be in the county building.

The fastor trusts the women in everything except church secrets.

DOANS KIDNEY PILLS

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Mr. A. E. Wing, a Keeper at the Michigan State Prison, Tells About It.

(From the Jackson Citizen.)

Mr. A. E. Wing is a keeper at the Michigan state prison, a position he has held for years. Our representative found him at his residence, No. 612 N. Jackson street, and he related the following incident, the truth of which is beyond dispute, for Mr. Wing's sterling qualities are well known to his many acquaintances, a good man and a faithful officer, he would not misrepresent anything that would wrongly impress our citizens. He says: "Some months ago my attention was attracted by a swelling of my groins; the swelling began to increase to such an extent that I was alarmed. It spread down my legs, right into my feet, so bad I could not get my pants or shoes on. I had to open my shoes a distance of fully two inches. My condition was very bad; my face even puffed up and my whole system even seemed effected; I could hardly walk up stairs to unlock my men. I went to a physician, one of the ablest in the city. He said the swelling was caused by my kidneys, and I began treatment with him, but my condition did not change and I seemed to be getting worse. About this time a friend strongly urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I finally consented to let him get a box for me. After the first week of their use I commenced to notice a change and I continued taking them, five boxes in all, with the happy result that I was completely cured. I must confess that I was surprised at the result. I have never heard of any medicine which seemed to have such a radical effect and yet leave the system in such a good condition. I feel better now than I ever did. After the effect was once established the swelling gradually disappeared until entirely gone. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills simply wonderful as an agent in curing any form of kidney disorders."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, DOAN'S, and take no other.

Very Latest Styles, By MAY MANTON

Elegant Patterns for 10 Cents Each, When the Coupon Below is Sent. The Retail Price of these Patterns is 25, 30, and 35 Cents Each.

6374 — 6392 — 6395

Pattern 6374 is cut in four sizes, viz: 1, 2, 4 and 6 years; price 25 cents.
Pattern 6392 is cut in six sizes, viz: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; price 30 cents.
Pattern 6395 is cut in five sizes, viz: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust measure; price 30 cents.

Coupon No. X 15

COUPON.

Any one or all of the above patterns will be sent for 10 Cents Each when this coupon is enclosed with the order, otherwise the regular price will be charged. Also send 1 cent additional for each pattern ordered to cover postage. Give number of inches waist measure for skirts and number of inches bust measure for waists. Address

COUPON PATTERN COMPANY, LOCK BOX 744, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A FATAL DISCOVERY.

HOW did I get my first start in life? Well, in a very singular manner, indeed, I will tell you.

Let me see. I am now rather advanced in years—77 last January—what some people call getting old, though, somehow, my heart feels as young as ever.

Seventy-seven years ago, with nineteen off, leaves fifty-eight. Fifty-eight years ago in June; that would carry it back to the year 1837. Yes, that is right; that is the year I went out to Port-au-Prince, Hayti, as captain's clerk.

The captain and I not agreeing very well, I left him there, and while looking for another berth I fell in with a countryman of mine who wanted to take a trip into the interior, merely to gratify his curiosity.

"I have heard," he said, "that the scenery among the hills is the most beautiful in the world, and I am anxious to see it, but would rather not venture alone, and hitherto have found no one to be my companion. Now, if you can spare a few days and will go with me, I will not only bear all expenses, but pay you a reasonable price for your time."

"I am your man," was the reply.

We immediately set to work and procured a good outfit—rifles, pistols, knives, wallets, knapsacks, canteens, and dry provisions, which we expected to eke out with fresh game, and the second day saw us on our travels into an uninhabited region.

On the fifth or sixth day we discovered a succession of precipices, like so many terraces, one above the other, down which poured and roared a series of cascades, with mountains towering far heavenward on three sides of the whole, and a tranquil river and flowery valley on the fourth—altogether a combination of grandeur, beauty and sublimity that was really enchanting.

We spent the remainder of the day here, built our camp fires on one of the highest ledges, and slept, listening to the music of the night birds and falling waters.

On the following day we discovered the entrance to a beautiful grotto, which we immediately determined to explore.

Collecting some resinous sticks, and binding them together to serve for torches, we lighted our bunch, and entered where perhaps the foot of man had never before penetrated.

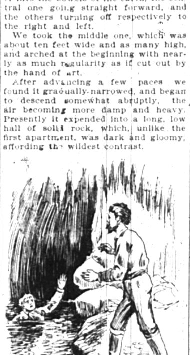
The entrance was narrow, a little higher than our heads, and my companion went cautiously forward with the light, and I as cautiously followed.

After getting in fifty feet, in a zigzag course, we suddenly came to a large apartment, hung with the most beautiful stalactites, which flashed and sparkled in the light with an effect which defies description, and we could easily fancy we were in a palace of diamonds.

While feasting our eyes on the beauties we gradually moved on, and came to where three dark passages led deeper into the bowels of the earth, the central one going straight forward, and the others turning off respectively to the right and left.

We took the middle one, which was about ten feet wide and as many high, and arched at the beginning with nearly as much regularity as if cut out by the hand of art.

After advancing a few paces we found it gradually narrowed, and began to descend somewhat abruptly, the air becoming more damp and heavy. Presently it expended into a long, low hall of solid rock, which, unlike the first apartment, was dark and gloomy, affording the wildest contrast.



"HAVE A CARE."

On exploring this apartment we found six passages, leading off in as many different directions.

We selected the largest, and still went forward, though I began to feel a little uneasy for fear we might venture too far, lose our way and not be able to get back.

"Don't let us risk too much the first time," I said to my companion, by way of courtesy, "for I have no desire to be buried alive."

"There is not the least danger," he replied. "I know every turn, and could find my way out in the dark."

Soon after this we came to a place where the passage was so contracted that at first we were compelled to stoop and then to crawl forward on our hands and knees.

Again I remonstrated, but my companion did not heed me.

We kept on in this manner for some distance, and then the passage enlarged and led up a steep ascent.

After toiling up about fifty feet we came to another brilliant chamber of stalactites, and found a dozen more inviting passages leading we knew not where.

"It would be tempting fate to go any farther now. I propose turning back," I remarked.

"Hark!" he said. "I believe I hear running water, and I must see what it is. This way—follow me. There is no danger. I will guide you back in safety."

He again went forward as he spoke, and as he still carried the light, I was obliged to accompany him, or remain in darkness.

We thus went on and on, and through a rather open passage; and as we advanced the sound of falling water became more and more audible, till at length we came in sight of a bright running stream that flowed along over a clear bed, and fell down, with sudden plunge and gloomy roar, into some dark abyss that was frightful to behold.

As we stopped and contemplated this wonder of nature with the lurid torch lighting up the awful scene, I suddenly perceived what appeared to be several bright sparks of fire in the bed of the stream.

As the depth of the water was only a few inches, I fixed my eye on one, descended into the current, stooped down, picked it up, and held it to the light.

"What have you found, Benson?" asked my companion.

"What is it?" said I, handing it to him.

Never shall I forget his wild eager look as he fairly shouted:

"Gold! gold! gold. As I live, gold! Hurrah! Our fortune is made!"

In a moment I was as much excited as he. And, forgetting everything, we both began a hurried search along the bed of the stream for gold.

We found it in particles, here, there, and everywhere, sparkling like fire beneath the light of our torch; and while we gathered it, looking eagerly among the rocks on either side for some enriching vein, we indulged in the wildest dreams of wealth and ambition.

At last, coming back down the stream toward the edge of the dark abyss, my companion saw something that drew him forward in haste. I perceived his danger and shouted:

"Have a care!"

The words had not done echoing through the subterranean gloom when there was a sudden slip, the dashing forward of a human body, an agonizing scream, the ghostly gleam of a quickly descending torch, and then I was all alone in the bowels of the earth, in the most appalling darkness.

For a time I was bewildered and stupified, and sat down in the rayless darkness, moaning and wringing my hands. Then I shouted the name of my companion many times, and begged him to answer me, though I knew it was all in vain. Each echo responded—an awful echo, that finally died out far away in the terrific gloom.

At last I aroused myself to thoughts of my own preservation. Fortunately, I had brought with me the means of striking a light, and one bundle of sticks was still in my possession.

I lighted the torch, cast around me one terrified glance, and hurried away from the roaring water that was singing the funeral dirge of my late companion.

My presence here now is a proof that I reached the outer world alive; but more than once I was in despair, believing I had lost my way. After that I had a long, weary journey back to Port-au-Prince, and it was not till near the close of the fourth day that I came in sight of the town. It rained a great deal during those four days, and, after being completely drenched, I was often exposed to a scorching sun.

The effect of all this was a fever, which kept me on my bed for six weeks, during which time my life was more than once despaired of; and it was nearly four months from my first attack before I was again fit for business.

My purse had now become pretty low. I bethought me of the golden cave, and at once endeavored to turn it to some account.

I mentioned my discovery to several different parties, telling them at the same time the sad tale of the loss of my companion.

Most of them listened with indifference, saying that they did not think that gold enough could be found there to defray the expense of searching for it; and I was about to give up the idea of making any money out of it, when I fortunately met with a speculating Frenchman, who asked me what sum I would require to guide him to the cavern and relinquish all claim to whatever might be found within.

I named five thousand pounds, and after considerable arguing, he offered me four thousand, which I finally accepted.

I guided him to the grotto, conducted him to the subterranean stream—at which I shuddered as I again beheld it—showed him the little sparkles of gold, and received my promised reward.

I never saw him afterward, but heard that he made a fortune by his purchase.

That four thousand pounds, so strangely acquired, I may say was my first real start in life. With that I began to trade in different articles, buying and selling, and two years afterward returned home in a vessel freighted by myself.

I was prosperous in all my undertakings, and twenty years ago retired from business, having what I considered to be enough of this world's goods.

UNCOVERING OLD JERUSALEM.

Parts of the Old Walls and Beautiful Mosaics Already Found.

Dr. Bliss is having good success in fulfilling the task of locating the ancient walls of Jerusalem, which he has undertaken for the Palestine exploration fund. He has already traced for over 1,000 feet the southern wall of the city, which was probably one of the most ancient defenses. In sinking a shaft in the hope of finding this wall Dr. Bliss came upon a large drain. Above this he discovered the pavement of a street, which he followed by its regular paving till he came upon the remains of a gateway. Four sills, all footworn, one above the other, representing four periods in the history of the gateway, were found, and the sockets in which the gates turned. Dr. Bliss thinks this an important find, for he takes the gate to be the Dung Gate of Nehemiah and the Gate of the Essenes, mentioned by Josephus.

Another important discovery has been made near where Dr. Bliss is excavating. A storm the other day blew down a door, which for years had been fastened against the wall, and a votive tablet to Jupiter, inscribed in Latin was laid bare. The tablet had been set there by the third legion on behalf of the greatness and prosperity of the Emperor Trajan and the Roman people. Workmen digging the foundations for a new house the other day by the Damascus Gate uncovered a beautiful mosaic, 21 by 13 feet, in which are represented a vine, peacocks, ducks, storks and other birds, while an inscription states that the place is in memory of all those Armenians the Lord knows. This is thought to be Byzantine. Other mosiacs and remains of the earlier Christian period have been discovered on the Mount of Olives. The explorers are receiving much help from the Turkish authorities, and the owners of the ground, finding antiquities to be valuable, are likewise doing their best to preserve old Jerusalem as fast as it is dug up.

REACHED THE POINT AT LAST.

Poor Jane Was Not at Home on Earth and Never Would Be.

It takes some persons a long time to come to the point of a story. They are lacking in that quality which newspaper man terms "news sense," or in other words, they do not appreciate the value of giving prominence to the important factor of their information. It was such a one as this, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, by the way, who participated in a brief dialogue with a newspaper correspondent one day last summer. The man had been sent on a long journey to obtain some information and eventually brought up at a house which proved to be vacant. Proceeding to the house of the nearest neighbor, the Dutchman, he asked; Can you tell me where I can find Jane Smith. She's not at home?"

"Nein, Chane's nod ad home."

"Well, where is she?"

"She's gone the cemetery down."

"Can you tell me where the cemetery is? But never mind—perhaps you know when she'll come back?"

"O, she won't come back, already any more."

"Why?"

"'Cause she's gone to stay. She's det."

Wants No Germs in His Barber Shop.

A Philadelphia barber, who has become a convert to the germ theory of disease, has discharged the bootblack and coat brusher connected with his shop, and refuses to keep a brush on hand for the individual use of his customers who may want to shine their shoes or dust their coats. He holds that the doctors are right, and that the germs of consumption and other diseases are so plentiful that they settle on every particle of the human wearing apparel, and he is not going to have any brushing going on about his place that will disturb disease germs and send them hunting for a new place down his throat, where they can do more damage than on clothing.

Machine Guns May Be Useful.

It is suggested that the machine gun, if certain economical considerations could be adjusted, would find a valuable place among the useful arts of peace. As a feller of trees there is no agency in the world like it. Admiral Sir Edmund Comerell, in alluding recently to the superiority in workmanship and effectiveness of the Maxim gun, said that a .303 Maxim was capable of cutting down a tree seventeen inches in diameter in a quarter of a minute. He would not only defy any other gun to do this, but he would give any battalion in her majesty's service five hours' firing as much as they liked, at whatever range they pleased, and they would not do the same thing.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Adventure of a Young Lady with a Love Sick Suitor.

"I once received a proposal of marriage under rather extraordinary circumstances," said a young lady to the Washington Star. "It was at a hotel in Chicago. I had always heard that in the windy city they were accustomed to do things in a good deal of a hurry, but the experience of which I am about to tell you rather startled me, nevertheless.

"I had strayed into one of the smaller parlors of the hotel quite idly and was looking out of a window, when suddenly a man rushed in. His manner and appearance were somewhat disordered, and I confess that I felt just a little alarmed, inasmuch as I was alone. He at once addressed me excitedly, saying:

"For the last time I ask you, will you be my wife? The train goes in five minutes. If you refuse me now and finally I will take it. My bag is packed and I am all ready to start. What is your reply?'

"Now, I call that rather sudden. I had never seen the man before in my life. Yet he insisted on marrying me, But it was evidently a case of mistaken identity.

"'Sir,' I said, 'you are laboring under a mistake. I am very sorry——'

"He did not wait for me to finish, but with a gesture of despair fled from the room. Much relieved, I sank back into a chair and pondered upon what had occurred, wondering who the man was, whether or not he had fulfilled his threat of departing by rail because of my refusal to return his affection, and who the young woman for whom he mistook me could have been. While I was still engaged in these cogitations I heard a noise. Looking up I beheld once more my love-sick adorer. He had his hand bag in his hand and his hat was jammed upon the back of his head.

"'Was that your last word?' he said hoarsely.

"'As I said before——' I began, for I desired to explain to him his mistake.

"'Spurned!' he cried, hysterically.

"'Really, you are mistaken,' I attempted to expostulate.

"'No, I'm not!' he replied. 'I'm spurned—spurned again! Curse it all! I'm always getting spurned. And now it's too late for my train.'

"With this he began to career madly about the room, clutching at his hair with one hand and swinging his handbag with the other. By this time I was so alarmed that I would have tried to make my escape but for the fact that he was between me and the door. But suddenly my rather over-ardent wooer made a rush for the window, which opened on the plaza, the sash being up. That was the last I ever saw of him.

"Later on, however, I learned that he was an unfortunate gentleman who, being on an extended spree, was confined to a room in an out-of-the-way corner of the hotel. He was suffering from a mild form of mania-a-potu, and somebody was hired to take care of him. But the keeper went to lunch and forgot to lock the door, so that his charge escaped. The proposal of marriage received by me was nothing more or less than a bit of frenzy."

A Wonderful Embalming Fluid.

An undertaker at Red Key claims he has secured a secret from an old hermit which promises to revolutionize the art of embalming. He learned it of an aged man who lived in the mountains of West Virginia, in a lonely cabin, and residents of the neighborhood believed him insane and that his house was haunted. A visit to the hermit's cabin was paid by the undertaker and a friend. The floors of the two lower rooms of the cabin were carpeted with the finest rugs made from the skins of animals and preserved by the hermit. The rugs consist of the skins of coons, cats, snakes, frogs, minks, etc. The skins were perfectly preserved, and were as natural as if just taken from the animal. Up stairs were three bodies which the hermit said he had obtained years ago. They looked as if death had come but yesterday. The hermit also had bodies of different animals, all looking as natural as life. The first experiment with the fluid will be made in a medical college in Baltimore, Md.

The Wandering Jew.

The "Wandering Jew" was last seen in the seventeenth century. On Jan. 1, 1644, he appeared at Paris and created a great sensation among all ranks. He claimed to have lived sixteen hundred years and to have traveled through all regions of the world. He was visited by many prominent personages, and no one could accost him in a language of which he was ignorant. He replied readily and without embarrassment to any questions propounded, and he was never confounded by any amount of cross-questioning. He seemed familiar with the history of persons and events from the time of Christ, and claimed an acquaintance with all the celebrated characters of sixteen centuries. Of himself he said that he was usher of the court of judgment in Jerusalem, where all criminal cases were tried at the time of our Savior; that his name was Michael Ader; and for thrusting Jesus out of the hall with these words, "Go, why tarriest thou?" the Messiah answered him, "I go, but tarry thou till I come," thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment. The learned looked upon him as an impostor or madman, yet took their departure bewildered and astonished.

Trusting Man.

One of the uses of thorns is to protect the plant from animals which feed on herbage. Says La Nature: Nearly all plants that have thorns in their wild state lose them after generations of cultivation. It is as if plants brought under the protection of man gradually lay down their arms and trust themselves entirely to his protection.

WORTH KNOWING.

In New York City the annual average of homicides is 90; of suicides, 250; and of accidental deaths, 1,200.

Without the weaknesses of human nature there would be nothing to develop the sympathy of human nature.

The harvesting of grain by ants is confined to a small number of kinds, and to tropical and warm climates.

A typewriter for making entries in books of record has been invented. It is chiefly designed for the use of bookkeepers.

Scientists are now getting excellent direct photographs from the moon, which show mountains and craters with exactness.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from no fewer than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.

Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the Crusades.

Dews are less abundant on islands than on ships in mid-ocean. Seamen can therefore tell when they are nearing land by reason of the smaller deposit of dew on the vessel.

The introduction of mahogany into England and the commerce of the world was caused by the repairing with a plank of that wood of one of Sir Walter Raleigh's vessels in 1595.

Complete'y Paralyzed.

PHYSICIANS ARE ASTOUNDED BY A PECULIAR CASE.

A Young Man Stricken With Landry's Paralysis and Yet Recovers.

(From the Times, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the rare experience of O. E. Dallimore, of Madison, N. J.

"Yes, it is true that I had Landry's Paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to a reporter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken.

"It was on the 15th of March, this year," he continued, "when I was in New York City, that I first felt the symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going upstairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician, who informed me that I had every symptom of Locomotor Ataxia, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's Paralysis and knowing the nature of the disease, advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work and on April 1st started for London, Ont. A well-known physician was consulted, but I grew rapidly worse and on Saturday, April 7, several eminent physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live, still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed; my hands and feet being dead, I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids, and death would realy have been a welcome visitor.

"Now comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gondy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvelous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28 and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead and I soon began to move my feet and hands, the improvement continued until May 28, when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the first of July I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength leaving Ontario for New York on Oct. 11 and beginning my work again on Oct. 26, 1894. Cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months." To confirm his story beyond doubt Mr. Dallimore made affidavit.

Sworn and subscribed before me Dec. 3, 1894. AMOS C. RATHBUN, (Seal.) Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

DUTCH CENTS IN THE SLOT.

New Form of Crime Developed by the Gum and Cigarette Machines.

When the original nickle-in-the-slot weighing machines were introduced the effort to get the better of it furnished a rich field for Yankee ingenuity. All kinds of buttons were experimented with, and one man, who thought long and hard on the subject of "winning his weigh," devised the scheme of pasting a cent to a disc of cardboard of the size of a nickle. The inventors got the machinery down to so fine a point at last that the size, weight and shape of the bogus coin all had to correspond exactly to those of a bona-fide nickel. After that the only substitute that would work was a $5 gold piece, and that was tried by one man, a Teuton. He was the same man who got the better of a conductor by buying an excursion ticket to Chicago and return on a different road, tearing up the return coupon. Until recently all attempts to beat the newer penny-in-the-slot machine have been fruitless likewise. The inventors kept just a little ahead of the experimenters in point of ingenuity. The only feasible plan to beat the machine lay in finding a coin equivalent to the American cent in every respect save value. Within a month the problem has been solved. The concerns that automatically vend chewing gum, cigarettes, chocolate tablets, and so forth, have recently found in the returns large numbers of Dutch cents. They are of the exact circumference and thickness of American cents and almost imperceptibly lighter. Their nominal value is about two-fifths of a cent, but they can be bought in Dutch Guiana, owing to the relative rates of exchange, at the rate of 400 for an American silver dollar. Numbers of them have been imported recently by the South American steamers and from Holland itself as well. Some of the importers sell them to newsboys and others three for a cent, and the urchins who disport themselves in the city hall park are enabled to supply themselves, with a cigarette, a stick of chewing gum and a piece of chocolate for what each one of these desirable articles used to cost them, thus illustrating the indomitable march of progress. The Holland cent is a trifle darker in color than the American. It bears a lion rampant on one side and the words "one cent" inclosed in a laurel wreath on the other.

THE HAREM AND SLAVERY

A Slave Is Submissive, Obedient and Anxious to Please Her Lord and Master.

For the service of the harem as at present constituted slaves are indispensable, it being unlawful for a free Moslem woman to appear unveiled before any man not a near relative, while to a slave who is the property of her master or mistress no such restriction attaches so far as they are concerned. Since the abolition of the public slave market the private trade in slaves has become much more general and widely spread than it formerly was, and is carried on to a great extent by ladies of rank, some of whom are themselves emancipated slaves, says the Nineteenth Century. In addition to the negresses and other women of unattractive exterior, to whom the menial duties of the household are assigned, these lady dealers pay large sums for pretty children of from 6 to 10 years of age, who are carefully trained for the higher positions they will probably be called upon to occupy. Many Turks prefer, for various reasons, to marry women who have been brought up as slaves. Marriage with a free woman is, indeed, a very expensive matter for a young bridegroom and his parents, owing to the lavish outlay in presents and entertainments required by custom on such occasions. Consequently if a father cannot afford to marry his son to a maiden of his own rank, he purchases for him a slave girl who has been educated in some great lady's harem, and no expense is incurred beyond the purchase money. A slave, having no position of her own, is submissive and obedient to, and anxious to please her lord and master, has no troublesome pretensions or caprices, and no interfering relatives to take her part against him. A free woman, on the other hand, is by no means always disposed to have, according to her own expression, "neither mouth nor tongue." She is fully aware of her rights, and inclined to assert them, and the moral support afforded by her family gives her an assurance which the husband often finds extremely inconvenient.

The income tax of Massachusetts is estimated at $1,210,000.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

We have made the study of the manufacture of Ready Mixed Paints our business for years, and have now by scientific application and a close study to a subject that is pleasing to us, furnished a product that is simply perfect in every detail for a house covering.

Paint, Paint, Paint!

House painting the past few years has been very discouraging to those who use lead and oil. Go where you may, buy any brand you please of either lead or oil, have it applied by the best painters on earth and the wear of that job is un-satisfactory. It checks off, it peels off, it becomes discolored, fades out, washes off and in an incredible short space of time before one is ready for it the job has to be performed all over again at a great expense.

Read! Read!! Read!!!

How can you avoid all sorrow, discouragement and expense? The answer is plain. Use Paint—Boydell Bros'. White Lead & Color Co's

PAINT

manufactured by us, to out wear, out last and out shine any other Ready Mixed Paint in the United States. We make

Any Shade, Tint or Color Desired.

Whitehead & Mitchell, dealers in Birmingham, have sold our Paints for the past 14 years and have yet to hear of the first complaint. Read what those say, who have used it in painting buildings both outside and in:

Extracts From Letters.

Have used hundreds of gallons of Boydell Ready Mixed Paint and it is all right. It is as good as the makers claim it to be and its staying qualities as good as any paint we ever used.
Wes Faint of Faint & Staley, House Painters and Decorators.

I think it superior to any other manufactured and better even than the best lead and oil for durability. It will never check or peel but always keeps its body and has a wonderfully good body.
Elmer J. Monroe, House Painter and Decorator.

Myself and son have used 85 gallons and it gave us ENTIRE satisfaction.
Silas B. Wattles.

I would recommend Boydell Bros'. Paints to all those who desire a good, desirable and lasting paint.
Eugene Brooks.

I am much pleased with the paint. Have used about 40 gallons, and never saw paint that had such a gloss. Would certainly use it in preference to any other and am pleased with it.
F. G. Pearsall.

Boydell Bros.' Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I shall use it again when I paint my house.
Jno. Baldwin.

After using over 40 gallons of Boydell's Paints, I say use the best and that is, I believe, Boydell's Ready Mixed Paint.
J. N. Heth.

I have used over 60 gallons of Boydell's Paints with so much satisfaction that I can heartily recommend it to anyone contemplating the use of paint.
J. W. Crawford.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

TO BOYDELL BROS., Detroit, Mich.:—

We think Boydell's Ready Mixed Paint the best to-day. In our experience it excels the best lead and oil for beauty, gloss, economy, lasting qualities and all desirabilities that one wishes in Paint, who expects to find a satisfactory article, and we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paints.

MRS. N. M. COREY, PINDER WORTH, A. WHITEHEAD, MRS. C. UTTER, NANCY McKINNEY, G. H. MITCHELL, AND MANY OTHERS.

We would respectfully inform the people of Birmingham and vicinity that Whitehead & Mitchell have sold our paints in your vicinity for the past 14 years and we through them have yet to hear of the first complaint in any way, shape or manner, and we also take pleasure in informing you that you can get our goods of them just as cheap as you can here of us.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT.

Boydell Bros. Lead and Color Co., Detroit, Mich.

Agents for Birmingham and Vicinity, Whitehead & Mitchell.

Albion Electric Soap

We warrant and guarantee the Albion Electric Soap to perform all that is claimed for it.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Grocers, Birmingham, Mich.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

The Albion Electric Soap is the invention of the age for washing clothes. Warranted not to injure the finest fabric. Unequalled for hard water. Use only according to these

DIRECTIONS.

For an ordinary washing, cut up half a bar or more, and dissolve it in some BOILING water. Put all your white clothes into the tub and add this dissolved soap to enough HOT WATER to cover the clothes.

Let stand and soak for half an hour or more. The dirt will then rinse out easily with little LIGHT RUBBING.

Flannels and colored goods treat in the same way, rinsing flannels in WARM water. Boiling is unnecessary unless you wish it.

NOTE. Use only hot water. One nice way is to let the clothes soak while you are getting breakfast, covering the tub to keep the steam in. Rub lightly. Don't rub hard or you will rub the dirt into the clothes. Albion Electric Soap is the most economical soap you can use, because, being pure it is stronger than common soap, and a smaller quantity is required.

HOW THEY CRAWL.

Did you ever wonder how it is that sometimes when you put your Flannels on they appear to CRAWL ALL OVER YOU? That is because the Soap your flannels were washed with had Resin in it. The hot water takes the saponification out of the Resin; it returns to its original state, wax, and of course STICKS in the meshes of your flannels. Resin is good to put on the bow of a fiddle, but is not good to harrow your skin with.

PLEASE OBSERVE.

This soap will do three-quarters of the work in washing if you only give it half a chance. That's what it's made for, and that's just why it is so different from the common yellow soap. USED PROPERLY, the soap will surprise and delight you.

We have seen this soap manufactured and aside from the necessary amount of lye used in its make it is clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of pure cocoanut oil, clean and sweet mutton and beef tallow, with lye is mixed together enough to make a 300 pound cake. It is worked by the new cold process with a ladle the same as butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 5c cakes or six for a quarter. Equal to Dingman, Magnetic, Frank Siddal's or any other brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham and try a cake.

In Combination!! By Special Arrangement!!!

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The Cosmopolitan,

Which was the Most Widely Circulated Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the World during 1894.

AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE.

NO HOME is complete without the local paper and one of the great illustrated monthlies representing the thought and talent of the world. During one year the ablest authors, the cleverest artists, give you in THE COSMOPOLITAN 1526 pages, with over 1200 illustrations.

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