Reliable Head Ache Cure!

Cures While You Wait!

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

is quickly relieved and cured by using Whitehead & Mitchell's "Reliable" Headache Cure. When suffering from Neuralgia, Congestion, Nervous or Malarial Headache, and Sick Headache of Delicate Ladies, of Exhaustion, etc., etc., this remedy

Gives Speedy Relief!

10c for Small Package.
25c for Large Boxes.
Free Sample at each Agency
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Mitchell's Castorena!

HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner Wormseed, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potasium Bi Carb., Anise, Wintergreen and Peppermint all mixed together in the most scientific manner, according to therapeutics This delightfully agreeable preparation we have designed for use in most cases of children where medicine is needed. Its composition renders it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for constipation, disordered stomach and the many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion corrects sour stomach, regulates the bowels and allows rest for the child when other means fail. Full directions accompany each bottle. It is unquestionably the best thing for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it mothers have something which it absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena destroys worms.
Castorena allays feverishness.
Castorena is pleasant to take.
Castorena prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castorena cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castorena relieves teething troubles.
Castorena cures Constipation, Flatulency
Castorena neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castorena does not contain morphine opium, or other narcotic property.
Castorena assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castorena is put up in one size bottles only it is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow anyone to sell you something else on the plea that it is "just as good" and will answer every purpose.

25c per Bottle for a 50c Size.
Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

Don't

fail to give the best Cough Syrup yet discovered a chance to cure that disagreeable cough, and that is

Mitchell's Compound Syrup of White Pine

The remedy for curing Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchitis, Pains or Oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Difficult Breathing, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. If you

Read

this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles the roots and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, endorbic, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It loosens expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or matter, changes the secretions and purifies the blood, heals the lacerated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and speedy effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give the entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption. It is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the head or produce costiveness. It is warranted to perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

This

popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every case. The regular size also sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham, Southfield by Chas. L. Johnson, North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong, Royal Oak by L. Shoup, Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton, Troy P. O. by Samuel Jarvis, Beddow by J. M. Beddow, Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M. F. Hageman, Birmingham,

Whitehead & Mitchell,
Mfg. Chemists.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGrippe Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

Read the Following From People Who Have Been Cured by It.

Used With Great Success.

BLACK CREEK, Idaho.
I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—John S. BLACK, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grass Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure, one bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at this place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—ANTHONY GREENSTOCK, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cures.

WHITE PINE, Wisconsin.
Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—WM. HONNER.

Used With Good Results.

Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I take pleasure in recommending it.—A. J. IVES Thorndale, Ohio.

When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the Best.

I know Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the best. I use no other in my family of six children.—FRANK STONE, Pratt Kansas.

It Is Splendid.

WESTON, Ill., Dec. 22, 1895
We have been using Shiloh's Consumption Cure and think it is splendid. —WILSON & GREEN, Publishers of THE RECORD.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

RALEIGH HILL, Va., Jan. 4, 1895
We have a splendid sale on Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many say the children would have died of croup if they had not been given this remedy.—THORN & SANDERS.

Cheap at $10.00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10.00 per bottle.—S. M. HODGE, Bowie, Texas.

N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the advertisement of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of this medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputation they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger from the grip is that a severe cold is from its tendency, result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold at 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XII.

IN spite of the horrors of the day and the drinking of the night, John slept the sleep of infancy. He was awakened by the maid, as it might have been ten years ago, tapping at the door. The winter sunrise was painting the east; and as the window was to the back of the house, it shone into the room with many strange colors of refracted light. Without, the houses were all cleanly roofed with snow; the garden walls were coped with a foot in height; the streets lay glittering. Yet strange as snow had grown to John during his years upon the Bay of San Francisco, it was what he saw within that most affected him. For it was his own room that Alexander had been promoted; there was the old paper with the device of flowers, in which a cunning fancy might yet detect the face of Skinner Jim, of the Academy, John's former dominie; there was the old chest of drawers; there were the chairs—one, two, three—three as before. Only the carpet was new, and the litter of Alexander's clothes and books and drawing materials, and a pencil-drawing on the wall, which (in John's eyes) appeared a marvel of proficiency.

He was thus lying and looking, and dreaming, hanging as it were, between two epochs of his life, when Alexander came to the door, and made his presence known in a loud whisper. John let him in, and jumped back into the warm bed.

"Well, John," said Alexander, "the cablegram is sent in your name, and twenty words of answer paid. I have been to the cab office and paid your cab, even saw the old gentleman himself, and properly apologized. He was mighty placable, and indicated his belief you had been drinking. Then I knocked up old Macewen out of bed, and explained affairs to him as he sat and shivered in a dressing-gown. And before that I had been to the High Street, where they have heard nothing of your dead body, so that I incline to the idea that you dreamed it."

"Catch me!" said John.

"Well, the police never do know anything," assented Alexander; "and at any rate, they have dispatched a man to inquire and to recover your trousers and your money, so that really your bill is very fairly clean, and I have but one line in your path—the governor's."

"I'll be turned out again, you'll see," said John, dismally.

"I don't imagine so," returned the other; "but if you do, what Flora and I have arranged, and your business now is to dress, and lose no time about it. Is your watch right? Well, you have a quarter of an hour. Be five minutes before the half hour you must be at table, in your old seat, under Uncle Dublin's picture. Flora will be there to keep you countenance; and we shall see what we shall see."

"Wouldn't it be wiser for me to stay in bed?" said John.

"If you mean to manage your own concerns, you can do precisely what you like," replied Alexander; "but if you mean to get your place five minutes before the half hour I wash my hands of you, for one."

And thereupon he departed. He had spoken warmly, but the effort is, for a short was somewhat troubled. And as he hung over the banisters, watching for his father to appear, he had hard ado to keep himself brisk for the encounter that must follow.

"If he takes it well, I shall be lucky," he reflected. "If he takes it ill, why it'll be a herring across John's tracks, and perhaps all for the best. He's a confounded muff, this brother of mine, but he seems a decent soul."

At that stage a door opened below with a certain emphasis, and Mr. Nicholson was seen solemnly to descend the stairs and pass into his own apartment. Alexander followed, speaking inwardly, but with a steady face. He knocked, was bidden to enter, and found Mr. Nicholson standing in front of the forced drawer, to which he pointed as he spoke.

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said he; "I have been robbed!"

"I was afraid you would notice it," observed his son; "it made such a beastly hash of the table."

"You were afraid I would notice it!" repeated Mr. Nicholson. "And pray, what may that mean?"

"That I was a thief, sir," returned Alexander. "I took all the money in case the burglars should get hold of it; and here is the change, and a note of my expenditures. You were gone to bed, you see, and I did not feel at liberty to knock you up; but I think when you have heard the circumstances, you will do me justice. The fact is, I have reason to believe there has been some dreadful error about my brother John; the sooner it can be cleared up the better for all parties; it was a piece of business, sir—and so I took it, and decided, on my own responsibility, to send a telegram to San Francisco. Thanks to my quickness we may hear tonight. There appears to be no doubt, sir, that John has been abominably used."

"When did this take place?" asked the father.

"Last night, sir, after you were asleep," was the reply.

"It's most extraordinary," said Mr. Nicholson. "Do you mean to say that you have been out all night?"

"All night, as you say, sir. I have been to the telegraph and the police office, and Mr. Macewen's. Oh, I had my hands full," said Alexander.

"I dare say regular," said the father. "You think of no one but yourself."

"I do not see that I have much to gain in bringing back my eldest brother," returned Alexander, shrewdly.

The answer pleased the old man; he smiled. "Well, well, I will go into this after breakfast," said he.

"I'm sorry about the table," said the son.

"The table is a small matter; I think nothing of that," said the father.

"It's another example," continued the son, "of the awkwardness of a man having no money of his own. If I had a proper allowance, like other fellows of my age, this would have been quite unnecessary."

"A proper allowance!" repeated his father; in tones of blighting sarcasm, for the expression was not new to him. "I have never grudged you money for any proper purpose."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Alexander, "but then you see you ar'n't always on the spot to have the thing explained to you. Last night, for instance—"

"You could have wakened me last night," interrupted his father.

"Was it not some similar affair that first got John into a mess?" asked the son, skillfully evading the point.

But the father was not less adroit. "And pray, sir, how did you come and go out of the house?" he asked.

"I forgot to lock the door, it seems," replied Alexander.

"I have had cause to complain of that too often," said Mr. Nicholson. "But still I do not understand. Did you keep the servants up?"

"I propose to go into all that at length after breakfast," retorted Alexander. "There is the half hour going; we must not keep Miss Mackenzie waiting."

And greatly daring, he opened the door.

Keen Alexander, who it must have been perceived, was on terms of comparative freedom with his parent; even Alexander had never before dared to cut short an interview in this high-handed fashion. But the truth is the very mass of his son's delinquencies daunted the old gentleman. He was like the man with the cart of apples—this was beyond him! That Alexander should have spoiled his table, taken his money, stayed out all night, and then coolly acknowledged all, was something undreamed of in the Nicholsonian philosophy, and transcended comment. The return of the change, which the old gentleman still carried in his hand, had been a feature of imposing impudence; it had dealt him a staggering blow. Then there was the reference to John's original flight—a subject which he always kept resolutely curtained in his own mind; for he was a man who loved to have made no mistakes, and when he feared he might have made one kept the papers sealed. In view of all these surprises and reminders, and of his son's composed and masterful demeanor, there began to creep on Mr. Nicholson a dizzy misgiving. He seemed beyond his depth; if he did or said anything, he might come to regret it. The young man, besides, as he had pointed out himself, was playing a generous part. And, if wrong had been done—and done to one who was after, and in spite of all, in Nicholson—it should certainly be righted.

All things considered, monstrous as it was to be cut short in his inquiries, the old gentleman submitted, pocketed the change, and followed his son into the dining-room. During these few steps he once more mentally revolted, and once more, and this time finally, he took the arms; a still, small voice in his bosom having at that hint prudentially of a piece of news, that he was afraid of Alexander. The strange thing was that he was pleased to be afraid of him. He was proud of his son; he might be proud of that boy had character and grit, and knew what he was doing.

These were the reflections as he turned the corner of the dining-room door. Miss Mackenzie was in the place of honor, conjuring with a tea-pot and a sugar-vessel, behind there was another person present, a large, portly, white-haired man of a very comfortable and respectable air, who now rose from his seat and came forward, holding out his hand.

"Good morning, father," said he.

Of the contention of feeling that ran high in Mr. Nicholson's starched bosom, no outward sign was visible; nor did he delay long to make a choice of conduct. Yet in that interval he had revolved a great field of possibilities, both past and future; whether it was possible he had been perfectly wise in his treatment of John; whether it was possible that John was innocent; whether, if he turned John out a second time, as his outraged authority suggested, it was possible to avoid a scandal; and whether, if he went to that extremity, it was possible that Alexander might rebel.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Nicholson, and put his hand, limp and dead, into John's.

And then, in an embarrassed silence, all took their places; and even the parlor-maid, from which it was the old gentleman's habit to pick mortification daily, as he marked the decline of our institutions even the paper lay folded by his side.

But presently Flora came to the rescue. She slid into the silence with a technicality, asking if John still took his old inordinate amount of sugar. Thence it was but a step to the burning question of the day, and in fifteen a little shaken, she commented on the interval since she had last made tea for the prodigal, and congratulated herself on his return. And then addressing Mr. Nicholson, she congratulated him also in a manner that defied his ill-humor, and from that launched into the tale of John's misadventures, not without some suitable suppressions.

Gradually Alexander joined; between them, whether he would or not, they forced a word or two from John, and these fell tremulously, and spoke so eloquently of a mind oppressed with dread, that Mr. Nicholson relented. At length even he contributed a question; and before the meal was at an end all four were talking even freely.

Prayers followed, with the servants filing in this newcomer whom no one had called; and after the table there came that moment on the clock which was the signal for Mr. Nicholson's departure.

"Father!" said he, "of course you will stay here. Be very careful not to excite Maria, if Miss Mackenzie thinks it desirable that you should see her. Alexander, I wish to speak with you alone."

And then, when they were left to-gether, back room: "You need not come to the office today," said he; "you can stay and amuse your brother, and I think it would be respectful to call on Uncle Gregg. And by the bye" (this spoken with a certain—dare we say?—bashfulness), "I agree to concede the principle of an allowance; and I will consult Hector Durie, who is quite a man of the world and has sons of his own, as to the amount. And, my fine fellow, you may consider yourself in luck!" he added, smiling.

"Thank you," said Alexander.

Before noon a detective had restored to John his money, and brought news, sad enough in truth, but perhaps the least sad possible. Man had been found in his own house in Regent's Terrace, under care of the terrified butler. He was quite mad, and instead of going to prison had gone to Morningside Asylum. The murdered man, it appeared, was an evicted tenant who had for nearly a year pursued his late landlord with threats and insults; and beyond this, the cause and details of the tragedy were lost.

When Mr. Nicholson returned from dinner they were able to put a dispatch into his hands: "John V. Nicholson, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh.—Gentleman has disappeared; police looking for him. All understood. Keep mind quite easy.—Austin." Having had this explained to him, the old gentleman took down the cellar key and departed for two bottles of the 1820 port. Uncle Greig dined there that day, and cousin Robina, and, by an odd chance, Mr. Macewen; and the presence of these strangers relieved what might have been otherwise a somewhat strained relation. Ere they departed, the family was wielded once more into a fair semblance of unity.

In the end of April John led Flora—to the altar, if altar that may be called which was indeed the drawing-room mantel-piece in Mr. Nicholson's house, with the Reverend Dr. Dubois posted on the hearth-rug in the guise of Hymen's priest.

The last I saw of them, on a recent visit to the north, was at a dinner-party in the house of my old friend Gellatly Macbride; and after we had, in classic phrase, "rejoined the ladies," I had an opportunity to overhear Flora conversing with another married woman on the much canvassed matter of a husband's tobacco. "Oh, yes!" said she; "I only allow Mr. Nicholson four cigars a day. There he smokes at fixed times; after a meal, you know, my dear; and the fourth he can take when he likes with any friend."

"Bravo!" thought I to myself; "this is the wife for my friend John!"

THE END.

NAPOLEON SLEPT.

Strange Explanation of Wellington's Victory at Waterloo.

In a new English book on Waterloo there is some wonderfully interesting personal matter about Napoleon. It tells how Napoleon slept in the battle of Waterloo.

"Others, bringing forward many particular examples to prove this contention, urge that throughout the campaign Napoleon was incapacitated by disease and in a semi-comatose condition at the moment when energy was of all things the most needful. That truth seems to be that Napoleon was suffering under the influence of a strange and mysterious malady, the nature of which has not yet been accurately defined. A life such as his, spent in operations, fatigues and exposure, so full of mental and physical labors, with brief flashes of dissipation, would not unnaturally generate diseases from which the ordinary man is free—diseases, therefore, which but rarely present themselves to the observation of medical men. There still remains to be written a work which would prove as interesting as it would be valuable, upon the maladies of great men, and scientific investigation might be worse employed than in examining the physical and mental condition of such men as Pope, Swift and Napoleon Bonaparte. What is certain in Napoleon's case, is that his malady had been growing upon him with increasing force since 1806, that its attacks were notified by a sudden lethargy amounting to complete prostration, and that its effects were that at some critical moment of a battle his wonderful power of quick and correct decision seemed to desert him; so much so that for the time being he almost abandoned the reins to chance. At Wagram and at Bautzen he slept while the noise of battle was rolling around him; at Waterloo, seated on a wooden chair, his head drooping upon his breast, resting on a table stretched out to accommodate his maps and papers, he slumbered heavily, oblivious for the moment, even at the crisis of his fortunes, of the events which were deciding his destiny."

Bull-Fighting in France.

The popular belief that bull fights flourish only in Spain is erroneous. The people of the south of France have always had a liking for them, and of late this liking has grown to absolute enthusiasm. There are four kinds of bull fights. In Spain man and animal engage in deadly combat, the result of which is generally the death of the bull. In Provence the affair is less serious, indeed, it is rather a pleasant amusement for as a rule the bull is not killed. In other places the matador's aim is to avoid the attack of the bull, and thus to gain a prize for his superior agility. Finally, there is the open bull fight, which is especially popular in Nimes. During such a fight any spectator has a right to descend into the arena and try to bear off in triumph a cockade which has been firmly fixed between the horns of the bull. But at recent French bull fights the spectators have insisted on the fight continuing until the bull is slain, and on more than one occasion this has resulted in the death of the toreador. So that it is a question as to whether the French authorities will allow Spanish bull fights to become a regular amusement in France. They have tried to make the bulls on two or three occasions recently, and have failed to do so.

Indeed, unless they prohibit bull fighting altogether, it is hard to say how they can prevent the fighters from killing the bulls, and ordinary bull fighting has been for so long a time a favorite sport that they will hardly care to incur popular displeasure by prohibiting it altogether.

In Persia.

The governorship of a state is held yearly by the man who gives the shah the largest present: during his period of office he collects from the people the taxes, the present he has given the shah and a good substantial sum into the bargain for himself. Absolutely pitiless, his men will often seize the last sticks of an old man, and if the people, seeing starvation staring them in the face, resist, they are liable to be put to death by torture, if what is in the mouth of every one was true. In the old days it was necessary to make a frightful example of a few caravan robbers in order to keep the road through Kotahs safe. In a country where it is customary to commit suicide in a fanatical way, as, for instance, when wives throw themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres in India, an agency often is made in England, and yet in a country full of Europeans men are taken out in broad daylight and cruelly murdered by the roadside.

One Essential Lacking.

Bashful lover—I fear I must seem a very Sahara of dullness this evening, Miss Diana.

Self-Possessed Young Woman (tired of waiting)—No, Mr. Pankins, you are not at all like a desert. You haven't any sand.

Carrier Pigeons in Medical Practice.

A doctor in the Highlands of Scotland distributes carrier pigeons among his patrons, to be released when his services are needed.

GERMANY IS JEALOUS.

Don't Like the Close Friendship Between France and Russia.

Cable dispatches from Berlin say: The reception of the czar in France during the past week has engrossed public attention in Germany to the exclusion of everything else. The views expressed on the subject differ greatly. The preponderance of opinion, however, is that it bodes no good to Europe and Germany in particular. The Tageblatte says: "If the sweibund pursues the aims of the revanche of the patriots of the Parisian boulevards it may easily happen that France will have to decorate other statues on the Place la Concorde with mourning symbols." The Centrist Volks Zeitung remarks: "Russia, in the double game she is playing between France and Germany, is perpetrating a gigantic fraud." The Cologne Gazette says: "It is evident that the mass of Frenchmen nurse Russian friendship only in the hope that Russia will help them in the lost Alsace Lorraine." A resident diplomat, representing one of the dreibund powers, in conversation, dwelt upon the fact that the czar studiously avoided using the word "alliance." But it is thought that, nevertheless, Russia and France will henceforth, at least for a time, go together. He added that the element of insecurity was in the fact that the aims of the zweibund were studiously veiled and concealed.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Dies Suddenly at a Service at Hawarden Rectory.

London: The archbishop of Canterbury was seized with apoplexy after the service commenced at Hawarden church. He was carried to the Hawarden rectory where he died within an hour.

Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D. D., archbishop of Canterbury, primate of all England, and Metropolitan, was born near Birmingham in 1829. He was educated at King Edward's school, Birmingham, and at Trinity college, Cambridge, and graduated with high honors. He was master at Rugby and Wellington and was at different times select preacher to the University of Cambridge and to the University of Oxford, honorable chaplain to the queen and chaplain in ordinary to the prince of Wales. In December, 1876, he was nominated to the newly restored bishopric of Truro and he at once began the building of a new cathedral at Truro, of which the outward shell has cost over $500,000. In December, 1882, Dr. Benson was appointed by the crown, on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, to the archbishopric of Canterbury.

Spanish Generals Discouraged in Cuba.

A dispatch from Key West, Fla., says: The secret return of Gen. Bernal to Havana from the province of Pinar del Rio, where he was sent by Gen. Weyler to command the Spanish forces in the recent engagement against Antonio Maceo, has caused a profound sensation in Havana. Gen. Bernal has returned on sick leave and has asked to be sent to Spain, being thoroughly disheartened over the result of the campaign. The general reports that Maceo has thoroughly reorganized his forces and intrenched himself in the most impregnable positions of the mountain fastnesses and that any attempt to dislodge him would result in disastrous failure and a wholesale slaughter of the Spanish. He says that in all the recent engagements the Spanish officers were picked off by sharpshooters and the troops, being without leaders, became demoralized and were slaughtered like sheep.

Heavy Storms on the Atlantic Coast.

One of the most severe storms of the year has swept the Atlantic coast from the middle and northern states. A large amount of damage was done on land, particularly at the resorts at Atlantic city and Long Branch and along Cape Cod. From Lewes, Del., comes news of the loss of the American schooner Father A. Roby, which struck Cape Henlopen. Three of the crew lost their lives and five were rescued by life savers after an awful experience with the elements. The Bath schooner Abraham, with a cargo of lumber, is a total wreck on the breakers off Gloucester, Mass. James Oliver and his crew of two men are indebted to the life saving station Helen M. Butler for saving their lives.

The John B. Plank & Sons Co., wholesale and retail druggists, of Cincinnati, O., have filed papers in court at Philadelphia, in a suit of involving $1,000,000. The defendants are the individual members of the National Wholesale Drug association. The plaintiff alleges that they were boycotted by the trust because they cut prices.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

	Cattle.	Sheep	Lambs	Hogs
New York				
Best grades	$4 75@5 25	$4 50	$6 00	$3 50
Lower grades	3 75@4 25	2 40@4 00	5 00	3 50
Buffalo				
Best grades	4 60@5 00	3 90	4 75	3 35
Lower grades	2 80@4 25	1 50@3 50	2 00@4 50	3 15
Detroit				
Best grades	3 65@3 90	3 25	4 35	3 40
Lower grades	2 50@3 50	1 00@3 00	2 00@4 00	3 40
Cincinnati				
Best grades	3 75@4 10	2 75	4 00	3 35
Lower grades	2 00@3 50	1 00	2 25	3 15
Pittsburg				
Best grades	4 25@4 80	3 50	4 00	3 60
Lower grades	3 25@4 15	2 75	3 00	3 40

GRAIN, ETC.

	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.	No 2 white
New York	74@74	39¼@39¾	31½@31¾	
Chicago	71@71½	29¼@29¾	21½@21¾	
Detroit	72@72	36 @36	18 @18	
Toledo	72@72	36 @36	18 @18	
Cincinnati	72@72	38 @38	18 @18	
Cleveland	72@72	36 @36	18 @18	
Pittsburg	72@72	38 @38	18 @18	

Live stock, Timothy hay, 10; Potatoes, 30c. Live stock, clover hay, 9; dressed, 12. Eggs, 14c; butter, creamery, 16c; dairy, 10@12c.

REVIEW OF TRADE.

Distinctly better conditions have appeared of late and are to exist in some what larger extent in the near future, as the result of orders for liberal buying of materials for manufacture. The effect of a change is due to those persistent causes of supply and demand which have failed wholly to respond to the needs of what is wanted. India is waiting for cargoes of wheat for several days, and Australia and South Africa were not too long ago. The surplus stocks of wheat from India, Russia and the surplus from Australia and European countries is not inclined specially to make for a good demand. Roughly this country has a supply which is nearly half of the world's crop, and therefore if actual requirements do not greatly unsettle. Corn is in fair request for feeding purposes, but is usually heavy foreign demand for corn, which is a rarity, for the rate of decline from spread where other grains are used instead of wheat when wheat becomes scarce or dear. The best demand for iron products is so light and small that there is no hold back pending the election that decreasing output is not an unhealthy sign. Failures for the week are rising a very little and the purchases of wool by the eastern mills comes a little nearer unit of the same week last year.

Burglars broke into Wah Lee's Chinese laundry, at Hastings, carried his trunk several blocks away, and breaking it open, stole $261 in cash, a certificate of deposit for $100 and several notes. Three young men have been held on suspicion.

A cable from Guayaquil, the capital of Ecuador, says that half the city has been destroyed by fire. The loss of life has been great, but the number is not known. It is estimated that the loss will reach $30,000,000. Thousands of persons are left homeless. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

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.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

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With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

Ground bone makes a lasting and satisfactory fertiliser.

W. N. U. D.—XIV—4-2.

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lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood, by using the standard remedy of the world,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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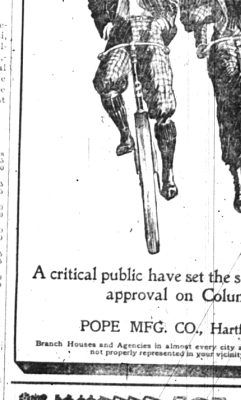

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