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 Castoreal!

HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner Wormseed, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potassium 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. In connection therewith it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for constipation, disorders of 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 is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoreal destroys worms.
Castoreal kills feverishness.
Castoreal pleasant to take.
Castoreal evens vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoreal cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoreal relieves teething troubles.
Castoreal cures Constipation, Flatulency.
Castoreal neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoreal does not contain morphine opium or other narcotic property.
Castoreal assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoreal 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" it 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 of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It liquifies expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous changes the secretions and purifies the blood, heals the irritated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and in short restores the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory 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 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 be perfectly harmless for 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 sale. The regular 50c size is 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. T. Johnson.
North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong.
Royal Oak by L. Stout.
Big Beaver by L. C. Houghton.
Troy P. O. by Sammons & Jarvis.
Beddow by J. M. Beddow.
Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M.
W. Higginson, 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.

Send With Great Success.
BLACK GULCH, 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 Cured.
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. Bonner.

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. Ivan Dorodale, 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 take 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.
Raven Head, Va., June 6, 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 their children would have died of croup if they had not been given this remedy.—Ingram & 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. Hudson, Bowie, Texas.
N. B—Mr. Hudge'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 the 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 consumption Cure is all good—at least that is the impression they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger from the grip so often follows a severe cold in from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold by Bunningham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

GRAY FALCON

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Summon up your fortitude, my love, I beseech you, for I am deeply interested in the accomplishment of our purpose. I have an uneasy consciousness of a brewing tempest, and if it be possible I wish to ascertain in what quarter to mistrust treachery."

"If you remain undaunted I shall be sure to keep up my courage."

"Go then, my love, to prepare a warm mantle, and we will take our dinner upstairs, and the moment the tray is removed we will slip away unperceived into the garden, from which it will be easy to steal across the lawn, since none of the servants venture out after sunset."

As they had arranged, the countess and her daughter slipped through an unfrequented corridor and reached the balcony, from which a long flight of steps descended to the garden, and while the whole household believed them sitting quietly in the little boudoir, as was their custom after dinner, they were speeding along across the park, holding each other by the hand, while the rest of the party gathered quickly around their pathway.

"Mamma," whispered Lady Felicie, as soon as she found breath, "M. Pierre may have seen us as we crossed the terrace."

"No, my love," answered the countess triumphantly, "From my retreat in the rear I saw him emerge from that long unused door under the portico; he looked it carefully before him, and stole along through the shrubbery like a guilty creature. He had something under his arm, too, he has half an hour at least the advantage of us, but I hope to discover something concerning his movements before we return."

"And you are not afraid?" queried Lady Felicie in a trembling voice.

"Ah, my child, does not love for her young make the tigress fight desperately against fearful odds? Will not the gentlest and most timid of the ourang-outang man anything to protect their offspring from menacing danger? I have an instinctive fear that peril is at hand; for myself I should be little alarmed; for your sake, my Felicie, I am ready as brave anything."

Lady Felicie pressed her hand warmly, but she still trembled.

"I am not sure that I am more afraid of M. Pierre if he discovers my plan of the ghostliest ghost that was ever seen."

"He is the more dangerous person, certainly; but we will not be seen," said Jeannot put you into a place completely screened with vines. Can you find it again?"

"Oh, you keep hold of my hand, mamma, and I will lead you thither."

They passed on the rest of the way in silence, walked very swiftly till they reached the low underbrush, and keeping as much as possible in the shade of the trees.

Felicie drew her breath more quiveringly as they gained the woods, but went on steadily to the same retreat into which Jeannot had introduced them.

They were scarcely settled there before the crackling boughs announced an approach.

The two watchers held their breath, and peered forward.

The same dark figure with the shovel, the slow pace and weird accompanying light—this time it was passing into the wood.

The countess, holding her daughter's hand firmly, stepped out from her hiding place as soon as it had passed a short distance beyond them.

Lady Felicie hung back a moment, obeying the somewhat impatient command of the countess, who whispered curiously:

"Do not spoil all, Felicie, come with me, or I shall follow alone."

"Oh, mamma, suppose it turns around and sees us!" returned Felicie, in the same suppressed voice.

"I cannot help it; I will know who and what it is; but the shade on this side will prevent our detection if we step cautiously."

And the heroic countess trod lightly on the mossy bank, taking care to avoid the drier and more rustling pathway, and left her daughter to follow behind her.

The luminous circle in which the dark figure walked was their guide, for as they advanced the gloomy darkness deepened. It paused at length and was stationary for a few seconds.

The countess, holding her pistol with desperate firmness, passed on to the utter horror of Lady Felicie, who dared not, however, remain behind.

Nearer and nearer to the mysterious figure advanced the two ladies. Lady Felicie's heart was suffocating, but on the countess compelled herself to be sternly calm; when just as they seemed to reach it—lo! light, figure and all had vanished.

There was a brad rift in the dark canopy of leaves above them, where a mighty monarch of the forest had been stricken down by a lightning stroke, and the starlight and pale radiance of the waxing moon shone down, dissipating a little of the darkness. They could see the trunk of the tree, two black shadows cast on the ground by the huge limbs above, and it was very evident there was no longer present the figure of the mysterious guide they had followed thus far.

The countess stood motionless, petrified with astonished dismay. Her daughter scarcely knew whether to feel relieved, or more deeply terrified.

"What can it mean?" whispered the countess; "this seems incredible. I saw him so plainly just here by this huge tree, and as if by magic he has vanished entirely. He certainly could not have passed on—that is impossible; and he is not here—that is equally certain."

"Oh, mamma, if it were really a ghost!"

"I do not believe in ghosts, Felicie," was the dry response.

And still the countess looked around her anxiously.

Suddenly Felicie, half dead with fear, seized her arm. She turned hastily, and behold! some distance down the path was the same figure retracing his steps; it seemed like some spectre watchman on his rounds.

Even the stout heart of the countess was appalled. But another involuntary exclamation from Felicie gave her renewed courage.

Behold! from the opposite direction came another figure, dark cloaked, spade equipped, likewise attended by the flashing circle of light.

"What!" thought the countess, "two ghosts, possibly three, and at this early hour? Now am I certain that this has a deeper significance than ever."

"Mamma, mamma!" implored Felicie, "what will become of us?"

"We must secrete ourselves somewhere. Don't tremble so, my precious one, there is time for us to retreat."

The words died off from her lips as a strange voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Trust yourselves with me—there is not a moment to lose."

From whence did it come, the ground or the skies? Poor Felicie was beyond shrieking; her heart stood still, and she felt a cold chill creeping over her whole frame.

But the countess, struggling for calmness, though her voice shook, answered:

"Who are you—and where?"

"A friend; one whom you need never fear to trust. Come!"

As if by magic, the great tree trunk against which the countess leaned, yawned, and there stood the dark figure who had so strangely disappeared.

"Come in hither quickly and you are safe."

Still, though the other apparitions were rapidly nearing, the countess hesitated.

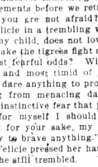
"Who are you?" repeated she again. He reached forward, and whispered a name in her ear.

"Come, Felicie!" exclaimed the lady, and the daughter was strangely thrilled by the blended relief and sadness of her voice.

They stepped, both of them, into what seemed a circular closet, and the weird, brownie doorway closed after them.

Their unseen companion pointed out several holes in the guarled trunk, whispering:

"There are convenient windows; you may still watch your friends, if it is for that you ventured here."



CHAPTER VI.

HE space allowed only close quarters, and Felicie could hear her mother whispering hastily:

"Mamma," whispered she, "you are ill?" and gaining courage herself at the seeming prostration of her mother, she added cheerfully, "I am certain we may trust this gentleman, whoever he is, and the moment they are gone we can return to the chateau."

"No, my child, I am not ill, nor in the least frightened. I rest secure and confident."

"Is that quite true?" whispered the stranger.

"Entirely," was the low response.

"Thank you. I hope the darkness does not trouble you, nor the closeness of the air. I might give you light, but it would betray our retreat. But, hush! they are approaching. The rendezvous is at the other tree."

The countess bent her eye to the little aperture, and plainly discerned Pierre, Jaques, all alike, so that one might be readily taken for the other.

They sat down, not two yards from the tree which sheltered their unsuspected watchers.

"Well, Jaques, what news tonight?" said M. Pierre's dry, rasping voice; "how goes on the cause?"

"Gloriously, comrade! Paris is all in a ferment, and the fire is spreading through the country. We have with you—a great company of them went out to that tyrant Louis' palace, and compelled him to consent to some of the Assembly's requirements. A few more such riots, and the whole thing is done, so say a host of the leaders. Then hurrah for a republic! We will make our proud masters drink of the cup they would have given to us."

"You are quite sure it is true?" questioned M. Pierre, cautiously. "There will be no mistake in the cup?"

"Not a bit of it. Jaques came direct from Paris to Frejus. Why, they have killed half a dozen of the aristocratic upholders already; they are expecting a general rise every night; the king himself suspects it, for he attempted to escape, but they brought him back in triumph."

"Then our plans may safely go on?"

"To be sure. Make certain of all the treasure you can; it won't be long before the whole peasantry will come forward to take their share. What harm in looking out for ours ahead?"

The three laughed coarsely.

"We haven't got a very mean fortune stowed away already," observed Jaques. "I tell you what, comrade Pierre, you have managed the thing famously. You ought to go to Paris, and take a hand there."

"Perhaps I shall, when the outbreak comes; to tell the truth, the peasants of the Languedoc lands owe me a little grudge, and I shouldn't care to remain here when they obtain control. They don't consider that the count compels me to be harsh with them."

"I shouldn't like to stand in his shoes in that day," laughed the other man. "I don't doubt but they will tear him limb from limb."

"You will look out for the girl, if I shouldn't be around? she's my prize, you know," said M. Pierre.

"What, the daughter? she's a comely wench, they say."

"Yes, and as haughty as a queen to me. It is out of revenge that I mean to take possession of her, after her parents are killed," replied M. Pierre, in a fierce tone.

Felicie reached forward and grasped her mother's icy cold fingers; their unseen companion clenched his hand wrathfully.

M. Pierre went on:

"I've brought some more of the plate tonight. The count's keeping away is a store of luck for us. They don't think of using the richest service at all, and no one looks after it. It was a bright idea, playing the ghost. They are all afraid of their own shadow, and don't think of attending to half their duty. The peasants in the main are not a soul of them ventures out of the chateau, and I doubt if the peasants leave their cottages. The field is left clear to us."

"It is cleverly managed, comrade, I grant you that. I have brought some more pikes. We must bury these, too. But I reckon they won't lie long in the ground. If the signs don't fail, it won't be a month before we are masters here."

"Do you know what the signal will be?"

"All whom we dared to trust. But we must wait for the tide to set in from Paris. There are hundreds ready to spread the spirit through the country when the scheme is ripe."

"I have spoken for a fishing smack to wait for me off St. Thomas," said M. Pierre, at length.

"What is that for?"

"To take the treasure to safety, and maybe I shall go too."

"That is queer. I should think you would stay to see the fun out."

"Maybe; but I shall want to take Lady Felicie away."

"She'll have to leave off the 'lady' precious soon, I'm thinking. But come, if we are to bury the pikes and the silver, it's time to attend to the digging. Only ghosts are wet! It was rare sport for me to throw my brimstone around when that old demented Jeannot was coming toward me."

"We must thank him for the idea; I should never have thought of it but for him. I believe you won't be able to turn the old dotard; he'll stand up for that proud woman and her daughter to the last minute; I can swear to that."

"Then he will get knocked over himself, that's all," was the brutal rejoinder.

And taking up their shovels the three worthies went forward a little distance, and they in the tree could hear the rapid shovelling and careless talk for a half hour at least. Then slowly one by one they dispersed, and all was silent in the forest.

When the coast was once more clear the countess exclaimed fervently:

"Thank Heaven that I was prompted to come. I shall at least know where to look for my enemy. Oh, why does the count linger in Paris?"

"Because he could not leave. An edict has gone forth from the Assembly prohibiting any one from leaving Paris. It will not hinder him long, however. I left means for their escape, and you may expect them any moment now."

"You are so kind," faltered the countess.

"It is all I live for, except to see poor France cleared from a weight of tyranny," was the sad-toned reply. "I learned of this conspiracy through a comrade of Jaques, in Paris, and have cautiously watched their movements. A blessed accident revealed to me the hollow trunk of this huge tree. I went to work cautiously and sawed out the door, fitting it with secret hinges. I have excavated a lateral passage below. See, this lateral can be lifted. There will be a comfortable and safe shelter under ground just below that huge rock, in two days more. I shall store food there. It is for you and your daughter. If the republic days come I dread—come before you are able to escape from these shores. Innocent and noble hearted as you are, you will be attacked because of your connection with 'Count Languedoc, unless I save you."

"Heaven bless you!" ejaculated Lady Felicie.

The countess struggled a moment with herself, and then said, firmly:

"You must save the count, likewise, or I shall not stir a step from the chateau!"

"If it be possible. I will do my best," was the grave reply.

"Now I can exclaim also—Heaven bless you, Emilie!" sobbed the countess.

"Emilie!" exclaimed Lady Felicie "oh, mamma, is it Emilie? How I wish it were not dark!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO KEEP A BOY AMUSED.

Puzzles and Games to Be Opened at Stated Times Along the Route.

Last week my sister was constrained to send her youngest son a long railway journey. She was greatly puzzled to know what to do to amuse the child during the weary hours of travelling, as he was too young to entertain himself by reading. Moreover, the boy was an irrepressible fidget, and an elderly relation had very kindly undertaken to take charge of the child, so that my sister was naturally anxious to provide him with some occupation with which to employ his mischievous little fingers and his busy little brain. This was her device—which I thought was so ingenious that I would record it for the benefit of such of our readers as are mothers and guardians of little boys about to travel back to school. She bought a number of little cheap puzzles, games, etc., and she fastened each little gift in a separate sealed parcel, and wrote outside the name of the station after leaving which it might be opened and played with. Then she acquired a Bradshaw's map of England and mounted it on linen, and drew the boy's journey in ink on the map, making an X at every station where he was to have one of the mysterious parcels. I am afraid I am future that my nephew Bobby will now associate the chief towns in the north of Europe with the contents of that fascinating bag, and will ever remember Leipsic as the place where he obtained two fish and a magnet. Hanover where he unwrapped a box of colored chalks and a picture book, and so on through all the major and minor towns along his route. The little parcels were so arranged that there was one for every three-quarters of an hour till 8 o'clock at night, and one for every half-hour between Queensboro and London the following morning.—Gentlewoman.

An Unexpected Greeting.

The gentle Elsie sat drearily in the gloaming in the front room. She was very miserable, for on the previous night she had had words with her own, and now she fears her haughty Harold will not call. She hears a step, a well known voice she knows, and some one speaking to the servants in the hall. She will not wait until a light is brought, but gently calls "Come in!" The visitor enters and, with a sigh of awful volume, the fair Elsie casts herself into his arms and softly murmurs: "O, my darling, I am glad you have come! I have so wanted to make it up and settle." And he of the embrace remarked: "Well, miss, it's very nice of you, and I'm very glad, too, that you're going to settle up at last." It was the gas collector.—Spare Moments.

Large British Families.

The case which recently came before the Harlesden (England) magistrate, where a woman stated that she had had twenty-seven children (of whom, by the way, only three are living), has induced a writer to hunt up some records of large families. In the Harleian manuscript, in the British Museum, an extraordinary entry has been found concerning a certain weaver in Scotland, who had issue by one wife (Scotch woman) of no fewer than sixty-two children. Mention may be made of an inscription on a tomb in Conway (England) churchyard: "Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hocker, of Conway, gentleman, who was the first child of his father, William Hocker, by Alice, his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children: 1637."

The Gaelic Tongue.

The number of persons in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland who use Gaelic as their native language is much larger than is commonly supposed; it includes 660,000 in Ireland, 350,000 in Wales and 230,000 in Scotland.

An educated English girl was married recently to a rich Cingalese merchant in Ceylon, according to Hindoo rites. Her family raised no objections.

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

There's a Good Time Coming—Deacon Griffin and Brother Jackson Reason on the Question of Sunday School Attendance—Darkey Logic.

HERE'S a good time coming, the wiseacre say,
But it isn't here yet, you know;
When our pockets will bulge and our hearts be gay,
But it isn't here yet, you know.
Though we sit up all night
Till broad daylight,
The good time coming is just out of sight;
We're hoping and hoping 'twill get here all right,
But it isn't here yet, you know.

Rapid transit's been promised us many a year,
But it isn't here yet, you know;
Though cabbes and trolleys still keep us in fear,
It isn't here yet, you know.
Though we sit up all night
Till broad daylight,
There's nothing but standing room left in sight,
So get hold of a strap and hang on to it tight,
For it isn't here yet, you know.

There may come a time, when in going up town,
But it isn't here yet, you know,
The men will stand and the women will sit down,
But it isn't here yet, you know;
Though we sit up all night
Till broad daylight,
The newspaper hides every man from sight;
There may come a time when they'll be more polite,
But it isn't here yet, you know.

They say the new woman is everywhere now,
And maybe she's here, you know,
She looks like a man from her sole to her brow,
But she isn't one yet, you know.
Though we sit up all night
Till broad daylight,
She talks of strange subjects to earn polite,
But we'd stand all the rest if she'd only not write,
For she isn't all there, you know.
—F. E. Pratt.

Definite.

Miss Scorcher Darkly—How is de white-wash industry, Mister Kinkle?
Kal Somine—Oney middlin', Miss. Some days I does nothin', and some days I does twiceat as much again.

The Proper Attitude.

"There's just one thing about this financial question," said the confident young man, "that I don't understand." His father gazed at him and exclaimed:

"There's no use, my son, in your coming to me for information, if you've gotten that subject mastered to such a degree that there's only one thing about it that you don't understand, it isn't my place to say a word. The thing for me to do is to drag up a footstool, sit down on it, look up to your eyes and drink in wisdom."—Washington Star.

The Bicycle Fad.

The bicycle girl
Is all in a whirl;
As she rides o'er the roads in the park
And the bicycle man,
With a suit spick and span,
Is with her from daylight till dark

The reason this fad,
Which we've certainly had,
Has been able so quickly to rise,
Is because the bicycle makers
Believe in newspapers,
And in the good ones advertise.
—Exchange.

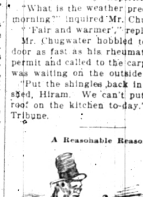
Warned by Experience.

"What is the weather prediction this morning?" inquired Mrs. Chugwater.

"Fair and warmer," replied Mrs. C. Mr. Chugwater hobbled to the back door as fast as his rheumatism would permit and called to the carpenter who was waiting on the outside:

"Put the shingles back in the wood-shed, Hiram. We can't put that new roof on the kitchen to-day."—Chicago Tribune.

A Reasonable Reason.



Deacon Griffin—Why was it dat I didn't see you at Sunday-school yesterday, Joseph Jackson?

Joseph Jackson—I reckin 'twas because I wasn't dere, sah.

Definitions.

Question—What is a politician?
Answer—A politician is a man who understands politics.
Q.—What is politics?
A.—Politics is the art of getting a $700 man a $3,000 job.
Q.—Is that all there is to politics?
A.—No.
Q.—What else?
A.—The man has to study out a way to get re-elected to his $3,000 job without spending $2,800 with the boys.—Chicago Journal.

TOO MUCH WORK

For Healthy Existence.—That's Why the Kidneys so often Fail.

Nature has provided a certain amount of work for every organ of the human body; overtaxed then and disease gradually follows. There is not one portion of our organism that is so overworked as the kidneys; on them is placed the important function of filtering the blood of the impurities which naturally form in the regular action of life and disease. The kidneys are consequently termed the scavenger of the system; clog up this sewer, and the blood becomes tainted with poisonous uric acid, which brings on disease in many forms. The back is the first to show this stoppage. From there comes the warning note; it should be heeded, and the kidneys receive prompt attention. Doan's Kidney Pills will right the action of the kidneys quickly, relieve the back of pains and aches, and cure all troubles of kidneys and bladder. Read the following: Mr. Wm. Nelson is a well-known business man of Kalamazoo, he resides at 823 Pottage Street, and his business is that of a grain buyer. He says:

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors profounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer One Hundred Dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

A little tobacco is said to improve the plumage of poultry.

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If you want to quit using tobacco easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic full of new life and vigor take No-To-Bac, the wonderful remedy that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in five days. Over 400,000 cured. No-To-Bac is sold by druggists who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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It was reported to the police at Port Huron that a wild cat in the woods is at large in the Harrington woods, near the city. It is said he has been seen several times, usually at night lately, and at times he is entirely naked.

"Blood... Bubbles."

Those pimples or blotches that disfigure your skin, are blood bubbles. They mark the unhealthy condition of the blood-current that throws them up. You must get down to the blood, before you can be rid of them. Local treatment is useless. It suppresses, but does not heal. The best remedy for eruptions, scrofula, sores, and all blood diseases, is

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