Reliable Head Ache Cure!

Cures While You Wait!

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

Is quickly relieved and cured by using Whitehead 'k 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 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 is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoreal destroys worms.
Castoreal allays feverishness.
Castoreal is pleasant to take.
Castoreal prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoreal cures Diarrhœa 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 is the Children's Friend, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoreal is put up in one size bottle 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 Oppression 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 controlling all forms of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous causing the secretions and purifying the blood, heals the irritated 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 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 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 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. L. Rust & Bingham.
Southfield by Chas. I. Johnson.
North Farmington by D. R. Armstrong.
Rofal Oak by L. Stone.
Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton.
Troy P. O. by Sammie Jarvis.
Bedford by M. Bedford.
Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M.
F. Hagerman, 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 LaGripes 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.
BLAINE 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 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. 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 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.

Hayes Dead, 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.—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 in 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. He was undoubtedly in the 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 heretofore given, he 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 heed 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 Exam'ner, Vincent, N. J.

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

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold by Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell, Belmont Co., O.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

ILL SINCE GIRLHOOD, NOW A PICTURE OF HEALTH.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind. Public attention of late has been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject, including others of who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with complications of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which was variously diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and sympathetic derangement dependent on the condition of the liver. Sometimes I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. Also suffered severely from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather.

"Three years ago, and when my baby was born the trouble seemed to increase, and I frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous patent medicines but all in vain, until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I procured a band got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Hushon, the druggist, and I began to use them. Before the first I began to feel relief, and before the three boxes were gone I was entirely well. My constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had felt for years.

As I continued in the use of the pills I grew fleshier and stronger, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased, until I am in the condition you see me here."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

There is more money in two 150-pound pigs than a 300-pound old hog.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy no substitute, but from your druggist who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It keeps the devil busy to hold his own against a praying mother.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my home.—D. F. Wright, Mississippi, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Might free congressmen has not any backbone to spare.

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

Ostentatious charity has its foundation in self-interest.

When dizziness or nausea exist a character cannot cathartic be guaranteed. 25c.

It is better to tame and teach than to break horses.

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

Buttermilk is said to cure scratches on horses.

Cascarets stimulate, liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Clean hand finished walls with ammonia water.

Just try a box of Cascarets; the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

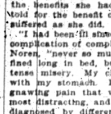
The famous missionary ship Dayspring has been wrecked on the coast of New Caledonia and nine of the crew were drowned.

WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

To Whom Can They Tell Their Troubles?

A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered Thousands of Grateful Letters.

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and the stories of inexperienced physicians, whose ignorance deprives them of knowing by experience



The end less confidence place in Mrs. Pinkham by Actual women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

While diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.

Here is testimony right to the point: "The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb.

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.

"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."—Mrs. Annetta Bichmeier, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"What! Jeannot believing in a ghost? That is strange indeed!"

"He declared that he had seen it half a dozen times; that it was always at such a place, and that it carried a shovel and strange flames danced along its pathway. I laughed at his credulity, but suddenly he turned and dared me to accompany him to have proof given me by my own eyes."

"Dared you, Felicie? Could old Jeannot have been so insolent and imprudent?"

"Oh, he was perfectly respectful; and remember, I had stung him to retort by my raillery and unbelief. He called me a coward, as I was on the terrace, that the apparition had passed, and I might see it return if I would hasten to the forest. So I went, mamma."

The countess looked startled.

"It was fortunate the count was absent; what would he have said?"

"Ah, but I knew he was not there, and I trusted to obtain your forgiveness. Yes, mamma, I went with Jeannot, and I saw the ghost."

"You are jesting, Felicie!"

"Not at all. I certainly saw the dark figure, with the spade over his shoulders, and a weird circle of blue light followed him, or, rather, surrounded him. Don't let Jeannot dream of it, but I was truly frightened. It is really very strange, especially if, as Jeannot asserts, there is no trace of human working in the forest, for we heard the blows distinctly.

"This is extremely singular; it must be investigated at once. I did not tell you the rest that your father would say, and all Paris was in a ferment of secret agitation. The Assembly are at their wits' end how to remedy the disastrous condition of the whole country; the lower-classes are suffering, and have been detected in a vast organization for some unknown purpose. He bade me charge M. Pierre to keep jealous watch over our peasantry, and forbid their joining bands, or receiving strangers, who might spread among them the incendiary disaffection of the larger towns. I was in hopes there was no need of the caution, but this story of Jeannot's alarms me; of course I reject the supernatural part of it, but that a stranger is lurking around here cannot be doubted, if you have seen him with your own eyes. Ring the bell, my love; I will speak to M. Pierre at once."

"I wonder my father did not write to M. Pierre his instructions; he knows how disagreable the head is to you."

observed Felicie, as she obeyed.

The countess did not answer; she was gazing thoughtfully upon the floor.

"I will send for Jeannot, too, after all. Pierre is gone," she said at length; "we must neglect no possible precaution."

"What do you fear, mamma? I am sure we have no one on the estate but would willingly risk his own life to save yours, or mine, either, for that matter."

"I was not thinking of myself, Felicie, but of your father; I fear he is not liked by any of our people. He does not understand their trials, and his impatient with them sometimes—I fear they call him a harsh master."

"I am sure I cannot blame them, often and often have I blushed in shame for him, and glowed with indignation for them," answered the candid daughter.

The crimson tide swept over the countess' face, as though it were her own sinfulness Felicie had alluded to.

She waved her hand deprecatingly, and Felicie knew that insinuations against her father would not be listened to.

"Here comes the adorable M. Pierre. I hear that mincing footstep of his, but on your stattliest dignity, mamma. I the peasantry bear malice against others, I am certain they could tear him limb from limb. I am sure it is like a snow-blast whenever he comes near me. Ugh! one must endure loathsome things now and then I suppose."

"Hush, Felicie! M. Pierre is your father's confidential agent."

"But you despise him—you know you to, mamma! Why may not one speak he things they cannot help thinking?"

There was no opportunity for answering. The door was noiselessly unclosed, and a middle aged man, dressed in a tightly fitting suit of snuff colored broadcloth, with silk stockings of the same color, and shining steel knee buckles, came forward, bowing with a singular mixture of servility and audacity.

The low obeisance said plainly—I respect your rank, you are my lady, the countess. But the bold eye and superillous smile added—you detest me, but I do not care. I am above any harm from you. Let me do or say what I will, you are powerless to send me away.

"You sent for me, my lady—you wish to speak to me," said he, in a smooth, oily voice, bowing once more.

"You are right—I wish for a few moments' conversation. Be seated."

One who had lately seen her gentle and affectionate deportment in the previous conversation with her daughter could not have imagined that queenly dignity was in the power of the Countess Languedoc to assume.

She waved her hand toward the chair beyond her, and M. Pierre, while he shot one swift glance of defiance toward her, accepted it.

"I have received letters from the count, as you are aware, M. Pierre. He desires you to keep vigilant observation upon all that occurs around us. For urgent and sufficient reasons, he wishes you to prevent any of our people leaving the village, and especially charges you to keep away all strangers from meddling with them."

"Humph! I might as well try to empty the basin of the Mediterranean," said M. Pierre, in a querulous tone. "I should like to see the letter; my lady."

The cheek of the countess flushed.

"I have given you his message, M. Pierre, word for word; there is no more in the letter which concerns you."

"Just as your ladyship pleases, I suppose; but if the count were here, I should know what has led to such singular commands—you are quite well aware of that."

The words themselves were not so irritating as the man's manner; the countess seemed to change into an icy statue.

"I am not aware that the correct fulfilment of your master's commands requires any further enlightenment, M. Pierre; at all events, you will receive none from me."

"At least you will refrain from meddling with me," said the man, with suppressed anger. "I cannot manage the obstinate brutes if they are allowed to run to you for redress every half hour."

"I shall not hinder the execution of the count's wishes. I shall certainly refuse to allow you to use unnecessary harshness with our good people," answered she, with icy calmness.

"I thought the question of your interference was settled the last time the count was away," said M. Pierre, with a malicious glance of triumph.

A little glow burned a moment on her pale cheek, and then died out, leaving it whiter still. She had not yet forgotten the humiliating scene when her unfeeling, tyrannical husband had already used this brutal wretch to trample upon her rights. She had interfered between his angry violence and one of the most faithful of the peasants, and the count had reprimanded her in the very presence of her unworthy opponent, when the latter had carried to him his audacious complaints.

"Felicie, with flaming eyes, sprang to her feet, but her mother's restraining hand held her back.

"M. Pierre," said the countess, in that severe, icy tone, "my husband has peculiar ideas concerning the authority of a governor over the peasants; I have yet to learn that he will sanction insolence, from that overseer, to the Countess Languedoc."

M. Pierre cast down his eyes, and twirled his hat in silence.

"I wish to ask you concerning these rumors about a strange man with a spade, seen in the Little Forest. Taken in connection with these instructions from the count, it grows significant, and I desire to have it investigated."

M. Pierre's sallow countenance took a still dingier hue.

"An old woman's story, got up by that old driveller, Jeannot!" exclaimed he, testily.

"Then you have heard about it?"

"I could not keep my ears open, your ladyship, and not hear. Some one or other is chattering about it continually," was his hasty reply.

In consideration that you give the story little credence, by your tone."

"Certainly not; it is all manufactured by the superstitious fools."

"You do not think that such a man has been seen?"

"No one in their senses would believe it. No one of them has ever seen such a man at all," was the decisive but over vehement reply.

The countess kept her calm eyes on his face.

"Jeannot is not given to idle stories. I wish, M. Pierre, you would look into the matter, and sift it out thoroughly."

"But, my lady, I assure you there has been no such man seen by any one."

"M. Pierre, Lady Felicie saw him, with her own eyes this very night."

M. Pierre with difficulty repressed an oath; his face was fairly convulsed with his efforts to hide his chagrin and confusion.

"I am overwhelmed with astonishment," stammered he, "of course I cannot doubt Lady Felicie's word, but when one is frightened, imagination can go a great way."

Lady Felicie's red lips curled, and she could scarcely hold her quivering voice to calmness as she interposed.

"Though I were ever so terrified, M. Pierre, it would not be likely that my companion and myself should have seen precisely the same apparition."

"You had a companion?"

"I did. We both saw a dark figure with a spade on his shoulder passing along the forest path."

He cast a moment in silence, then crossing himself with a sanctimonious air, exclaimed:

"Jeannot must be right, then; it is a ghost or le diable himself!"

"I think you will find the ghost a substantial one; at all events, I wish you to investigate the matter, and I shall write the count to hasten home to attend to it himself. Now, I wish you good evening, M. Pierre."

The overseer rose, bowed, and was evidently glad to get away. The moment he was gone, Lady Felicie said impressively:

"Mamma, the detestable man knows more about the ghost than he pretends. I verily believe he is at the bottom of it all."

The countess looked perplexed and annoyed, but wisely refrained from adding to her daughter's agitation.

CHAPTER V.

Six days went on, the excitement increased concerning the mysterious digger who haunted the Little Forest. M. Pierre made an ostensibly thorough research, and ended by declaring if such a visitor actually came, it must be, that it was by supernatural means, for the countess apparently accepted this decision, and the spot was given a very wide berth when necessity compelled any of the peasantry to approach that locality; while the servants at the chateau grew perfectly frantic with terror, and could not be induced to leave the mansion after sunset for any purpose, however urgent.

The count's arrival was anxiously looked for by all, except M. Pierre, who for reasons of his own was extremely delighted at the unexplained delay. But neither the count, nor any courier or message came.

"Felicie," said the countess, energetically one afternoon when the whole household had shown signs of demoralization, "this will never do; we must find some means to lay the ghost, or discover his mortality. I begin to despair of your father's return, and M. Pierre is either purposely indifferent or egregiously stupid. Have you courage to accompany me on a secret visit to the Little Forest? We must work so adroitly that no one will know we are absent from the chateau."

Felicie looked up into the calm, courageous face with a smile, although she shivered a little and turned pale.

"Oh, yes, mamma; I can go anywhere with you, and I feel convinced M. Pierre is at the bottom of it all. But cannot you take Jeannot?"

"No, my love, we can trust each other, but how much farther we can trust our confidence one dare not affirm. We shall be sure of a secret investigation if we go alone. I apprehend no danger, for we will endeavor to keep from sight; and I shall take a brace of the count's pistols with me—you know I am an excellent marksman. If we are molested I shall not hesitate to use them."

Felicie reached up to kiss the grave, calm face.

"Ah, ma chere mere, you can be so grand and stately when you choose. I wonder if our beautiful Austrian queen is any more royal in her bearing. Who would think of the Countess Langredor getting forth on such an errand? What would my father say?"

"He cannot reasonably be angry when he has left me alone in this contingency with no safer protection than M. Pierre. I confess his absence alarms me. But for that peremptory prohibition of his I should ride to Frejus and consult our friends there. But the extraordinary state of the whole country requires utmost caution, and undoubtedly he can judge better than I of the danger that menaces us all; therefore I prefer to bide by his instructions. What time does the goblin usually appear?"

"Just after sunset—a suspicious hour for a ghost, but indeed the apparition had a most supernatural look. I am afraid your courage will evaporate as the hour draws near."

"How calmly you arrange matters! Dear mamma, I am certain nature meant you for a heroine; you shame my trepidation."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BATHROOMS A LA MODE.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. George Gould Have Fine Ones.

Mildyy's bathroom has grown to be in its luxurious perfection a triumph of artistic cleverness, says the New York Journal. The skill of the architect, the taste of the decorator, and there is no limit to the decorations. Besides the regular tub, which is beautiful as ornamental porcelain and silver can make it, there is a nitz bathtub with spray and all the adjustment and other apparatus to suit the taste and convenience of the owner. In some instances the room is lighted by skylight with the ceiling of glass in exquisite designs of water nymphs and goddesses. In many the beautiful works of art, both in fresco and oil painting and statuary in marble and bronze, represent the highest fortune, and a fair exhibition of these treasures would create a profound sensation in artistic circles. With these voluptuous surroundings and the delicate atmosphere from the perfumed air, it would be less suggestive of the scriptural injunction "Wash and be clean," than "Steep thy senses in luxury." Not the most extravagant, for where one has plenty of money there is no extravagance in putting large sums of it in circulation, but the one representing the most lavish expenditure is probably that of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, while a close second is that of Mrs. George Gould.

Skill in Shunning Creditors.

The schemes that debtors sometimes evolve to rid themselves of annoying creditors are always amusing to everybody but the debtors. The very funniest character that Dickens ever conceived in the mind of man is Micawber, he with the flat purse and plethoric speech. Who that has ever read it can forget the inexpressibly funny incident of Micawber, upon his departure for Australia, giving poor Traddles his "note-of-hand" for what he owed him, assuring him that this obligation at least was settled? And how Traddles, looking upon the transaction in a somewhat different light, quietly folded up the paper in a familiar, logic and allowed him to wait, away while he was recovering from the shock. Some of the tactics resorted to by these haunted debtors show ingenuity worthy of a better cause. On one occasion a man who had the constable on his track was about to take a stroll from his house. He was standing on the doorstep talking to his wife, when two "suspicious-looking men coming hurriedly toward him. Quick by taking his note-book from his pocket he waited until the men were in hearing and then, in a purposely loud voice he said to his wife:

"So your husband's out again. He never does seem to be in. It's shameful. I have already called half a dozen times to settle this account. If he not in to-night when I call I shall put the matter into court."

"Did you say your husband was out?" asked one of the newcomers.

"Yes," replied his wife, "this gentleman was just enquiring for him."

The three men turned and went down the steps together.

"We've got little chance of getting anything there," the debtor said. "I suppose you are after the man, too. Come and have a drink."

After that he was continually meeting the constables about his house, and invariably passed a cheery word with them.—Detroit Free Press.

A Man with the Clock Pad.

The most ordinary circumstances may lead to the development of a fad. About ten years ago there died in New York City a man who went by the name of "the clock miser." At his death he was living in an old, rickety house, poorly furnished, with the exception of some 400 clocks. When the man was young he was junior partner in a mercantile concern and was obliged to be at his desk promptly, so he bought a Swiss clock and set it opposite his bed. Doubting its accuracy, he bought another clock of German make and interested himself in keeping them together, studying the mechanism and the points of difference. From time to time he bought other clocks and, ceasing to care for them for their real use, valued them as curiosities and ornaments. As years passed the whim grew upon him and finally he lost interest in everything but his clocks, dropped his friends and lived alone in the dingy house, with his hundreds of ticking clocks, for company. He talked to them as though they were human beings.

Or Used as Ax.

A Georgia man applied for a divorce on the ground that his wife "had whipped him in the presence of company." The jury granted him a divorce, returning the following verdict: "In the opinion of this here jury the wife committed a grave offense in publicly whipping the plaintiff. She should have taken him home to the spare room, when whipping was necessary."

Her Dearest Wish.

"Darling," he said, "now that we're married what is your dearest wish?" She gazed into his eyes with a sweet, confiding look and said: "That you will try to have the jeweler take this engagement ring off, so that you can get me one with a diamond at least half as large again."—Cleveland Leader.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

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