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, 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.

Castorena destroys worms.
Castorena allays feverishness.
Castorena ... 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 of ... plants which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sudorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites 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 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 cases of consumption. It is warranted not to produce costiveness, or affect the head, as it contains no opium in any form. 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 ... and its worth is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is placed at 25c. Call for it. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham. Southfield by Chas. J. Johnson. North Farmington by O. R. Armstrong. Royal Oak by L. Stone. Big Beaver by L. Houghton. Troy P.O. by Samuel Jarvis. Bloomfield by J. M. Beddow. 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.

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. 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.

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.—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 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 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 in the tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this. The above are published by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

THE GRAY FALCON

BY M. T. CALDOR.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER X.

THE count ordered all preparations consistent with the resources of the chateau to be made for the approaching wedding, and flattered himself that he was very diplomatic in talking confidently before the servants, of the series of festivities which should follow that event. He affected an air of the utmost security, and laid out a score of improvements to be made in the garden, at a period when he meant to be safely landed on a foreign shore.

And every few hours he exchanged a knowing nod with M. Pierre, as if glorying over his wise sagacity. In these preparations, of course, the absence of the most valuable service of silver was discovered, but the wily M. Pierre had forestalled the need of explanation by informing his credulous master that he had taken the precaution, in consideration of the disturbances in other places, to secrete it, and that it should be ready for him at the wedding festival, unless he preferred to have it snugly packed for transportation to the fishing sloop, which last idea the count eagerly seconded. He rode over to Frejus to find some one to perform the ceremony, and on the way thither met a bishop coming to him for protection. He had left Paris, expecting to find a relative at Frejus, but every one who held the slightest claim to aristocracy had fled from Paris.

The count received him warmly, and carried him back to the chateau in triumph. Now everything was prepared, only waiting for the bridegroom to be able to perform his share of the ceremony. M. Pierre was ostensibly most active in carrying forward the preparations, but the countess shuddered every time she met his eye. The bishop's presence gave the ladies more excuse for lingering in their own rooms; and it also seemed an opportunity to visit the Little Forest. Therefore, that very evening they stole forth cautiously and went speeding along toward the hollow tree. Before they reached the edge of the wood the form of Emile started up from the hedge which bordered the meadow. He spoke their names eagerly, and dispersed the momentary terror which his sudden appearance had caused.

"Thank Heaven you have come! I was trying to conjure up an opportunity for speaking with you. How proceed matters at the chateau?"

"Illy enough, I fear, though the count fancies everything favorable," answered the countess.

"And the overseer?"

"He is there still. The count trusts him implicitly, and has confided to him all his plans of escape."

"Mon Dieu! is the man demented?"

"He will not listen to our remonstrances," answered Felicie, while her mother kept silence.

"Have you told him what you heard?"

"No; though we assured him that we had proof of his treachery. He declared he should go to M. Pierre with our accusations, and we dared not reveal all without first consulting you."

"That was prudent," said Emile, while between his teeth he muttered, "Dolt! Idiot! brute! the man does not deserve to live." And in a moment he added gravely, "It would be the extinguishment of your best hopes of escape to reveal my presence here, or the locality of the retreat I have provided. I half expected to find you gone; and I fervently hoped it might be so."

"We waited for the Marquis Edward."

"And he arrived two nights ago. Why were you not away before this? Every hour is of priceless value."

The countess sighed heavily.

"He is ill; we are only waiting for his recovery; then the marriage is to take place, and we are to ride directly to the wharf at St. Josephs."

"I wish I knew their plans better; not a soul has entered the woods since I came, and the pikes have been removed. I lost the precious opportunity by my long absence."

"Ah," cried Felicie, "we looked for you so anxiously. We grew so troubled about you."

"I could not come. I have learned a bitter lesson in my absence. I, who held them to my sway before, have found the tide so swollen that it bore me along like a feather. I lifted up my voice for freedom, equality, manhood—did I know they would interpret it lawlessness, demoralization, brutality? Alack! one cannot play with fire except to be scorched. My heart has died within me to witness the horrors which reign triumphant, conscious, as I am, that I helped to nurse the spark which has become such a madly devouring element. There is but one course left me; I must secretly aid all who come within reach of my helping hands."

"You counsel us to refrain from mentioning the adventure in the woods that night?" questioned the countess, anxious to return as speedily as possible.

"I certainly do, if it is to be retailed at once to the arch villain, Pierre. Besides, it is too late now. Pierre is aware of your movements. I wish I were certain of his. I must go to Frejus and hunt up a few trusty comrades; by their means I may learn more. But it will be prudent for you to accompany me to the tree and learn how to manage the spring which opens the jagged door of the tree-trunk. Then if you can reach it you will be safe, whatever happens to me."

"Let us go now; we may have no other opportunity," said Felicie.

They proceeded thither in silence. The countess seemed greatly fatigued and sat down on the ground, while Emile carefully initiated her daughter into the mysteries of the spring cunningly filed into a round excrescence of the bark. Lady Felicie practiced upon it until able to open it instantaneously.

"Now let us hasten back," said the countess, shivering with the chilly night air.

Just as she turned, she paused suddenly, and, extending her hand, said, with grave, solemn sweetness:

"Heaven bless you, Emile, and reward you for all your devotion."

He held her hand in his just a brief moment, then dropped it without a word. The countess drew Felicie's arm within hers and hurried away, nor cast a single backward glance. They were just in season to escape detection, and had hardly removed their wrappers when the count burst in upon them.

"To-morrow night, Felicie, my love!" exclaimed he. "The Marquis Edward improves rapidly, he declares himself convalescent, and insists that there be no further delay. So get out your finery to-morrow. He will not see you till you are dressed in your bridal garments. It's a pity the wedding must be such a paltry affair; but we'll celebrate it in worthy style when we return again to France. But be sure you look a little like a Languedoc. After all, the dress can be quite as pretty as if you had a dozen corbeilles from Paris. There's plenty of rich lace in the wardrobe, and the diamonds will brighten all. I want Edward to remember his bride as a charming picture, though there be no guests nor festival."

"And you intend to proceed at once to the vessel?" asked the countess.

"Yes, immediately."

"Grant me this favor as a bridal gift, mon pere," exclaimed Felicie, the tears rushing to her eyes; "let M. Pierre believe we are not to go until the night after."

"Foolish child! are those tears?"

"I am so terribly afraid of that man, mon pere; promise, I beseech you!"

"Why not? I will not mention another word to him—are you content? Once safely at sea, we shall forget all these horrors."

"Thank you, oh, thank you, papa, it is such a relief."

He did not disclose the fact that he had just come from M. Pierre and had discussed the whole arrangement freely. And so, believing M. Pierre in ignorance, and conscious of Emile's vicinity, mother and daughter slept peacefully through the night.

CHAPTER XI.

ALTHOUGH apparently very quiet, the next day was really a busy and anxious one at the chateau. Edward was up and dressed in clothes furbished up from the well stocked wardrobes, quite early in the day; but he preferred not to see his bride until the marriage vows were exchanged—on the ostensible plea of reserving all his strength free from excitement, but in reality from a disinclination he could not overcome. The countess, herself, dressed her daughter in the fleecy white robes, nor would allow another hand to touch a single fold. She lingered fondly over the task, reluctant to finish, and even Felicie was obliged to say, with a blush and a smile:

"There, there, mamma! I am sure it is all complete now—you could not be more particular if there were a thousand guests to behold me!"

But the countess smoothed a wave of hair here, brushed out a tumbled flounce, readjusted each spray of the orange crown, and finally removed the diamond ornaments entirely and replaced them with her own rich set of milky pearls.

"My father will not approve!" whispered Felicie.

"For this once, no matter; he will not have time to allude to it. The pearls are so much prettier. Now is my darling a fairy looking bride, indeed! Surely Edward will open his heart to her at once."

"Ah, it is for him you are so fastidiously particular tonight. I had forgotten, almost, what it meant for me, this wedding—I only have rejoiced because it was the gateway for our escape from this wearing life of suspense."

"Wearing, indeed!" reiterated the countess, and putting her hand hastily to her side, she turned deathly pale.

Felicie sprang forward in alarm.

"What is it, my mother? are you faint? are you ill?"

"No, no, it is nothing, it will pass in a moment."

And as she had said, the spasm passed away in a few moments. The daughter was scarcely reassured, when the count's voice was heard at the door.

"Come, loiterers, we are waiting for you."

The countess seized Felicie's hand, and bent forward to press a solemn kiss upon her lips.

"The Holy One forever bless my good and worthy daughter!"

The deep pathos of the tones brought the tears to her eyes, but there was no time to give answer, for the count unclosed the door, and led her from the room down the staircase, where a few of the servants stood to look at the bride and wish her happiness. The countess followed them. What a strange, dismal bridal it seemed! the silent house, the anxious faces, the secret uneasiness of all parties hardly concealed beneath the mask of smiles.

As the bride entered the little oratory, the bishop came forward to meet her. With a fluttering color on her cheek Felicie glanced around in search of the bridegroom. She saw a slender figure at the window, but M. Pierre's square shoulders concealed his face. Edward had been sitting by the window, and he had not turned his head, yet, to take his first view of his affianced wife; when suddenly M. Pierre blew a shrill blast upon a whistle he had been holding nervously in his hand.

A dozen wild faces leaped up at every window, brawny fists dashed the glass into fragments, while the burly figures leaped in upon them from all sides. Edward was felled to the floor by the first blow. With a wild cry of terror, the count turned to his trusted overseer. The villain smiled grimly and drew a pistol. One brief instant was it given to the wicked man to realize his own folly and his servant's treachery, the next he fell a corpse at the feet of his daughter.

Felicie's wild shriek rang through the room. She strove to reach her mother, ere a brutal arm with its uplifted pike should fall—saw the beloved form suddenly sink back and herself sank fainting to the floor. Reviving, she was conscious of a fierce affray going on at the chateau, and she herself lying amidst the cold corpses of her friends. She crept hastily as her weakness would allow to her mother's side, and anxiously listened for a throb of breathing at her lifeless heart. All in vain. And yet, there was no sign of a blow or wound. Remembering how she had fallen ere the pike descended, the poor child had a dismal comfort in believing her heart had broken at the sudden shock.

Suddenly now came the remembrance of her own hapless condition, and the danger of M. Pierre's return with those brutal ruffians. The new thought gave her strength. Hastily disengaging a black cloak from the shoulders of the murdered bishop, she wrapped it over her white robes, leaped hastily through a broken window, and darted like a frightened fawn past a man pacing to and fro, as if guarding against the approach of friend and foe. She knew he saw her, and in a moment heard his plunging steps following. But terror and despair gave her fleetness. She knew the path well and though every now and then her lace flounces caught upon brier and bush, she tore them off with frantic hands, and went leaping forward. She stumbled twice and fell headlong—but sprang up again like a deer, and at length gained the wood. It was easier to elude him here; she darted in and out among the trees, until she was sure her dread pursuer had lost the track. She heard his muttered curses as he blundered around, and lightly as a fairy she flew on to the blessed relief at hand.

She gained the tree, pressed the spring with desperate hand, and rushed in. A cold chill sank upon her heart; it was empty. Where, oh, where, was Emile? Was there no friend left her? She sank shivering upon the earthy floor, and buried her head in her hands. She could not think over, then, all the anguish that had fallen upon her—the terrible bereavement of the past hour; parents, bridegroom, home and friends all stricken from the hand that seemed to hold them so securely. Her brain whirled, a terrible sickening fear took possession of her—that M. Pierre would find out her retreat, or drag her forth, or that Emile was killed also, and she should perish there of starvation. These absorbed every faculty, and crouching and listening, she survived two hours of almost intolerable agony. Another hour would have turned her brain; before its expiration, a rapid step came bounding to the tree, the door was flung open, and Emile's voice cried frantically:

"Lady Felicie, Lady Felicie! are you here?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hardships of Telegraph Poles.

"Yes!" said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now out in Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces; but the sand storms are the things that create the most havoc. When the wind blows strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground in the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things are so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things. Just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and as solid as a rock."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Disposal of Sewage in Birmingham.

One of the worst features under the old management was the disposal of the sewage. By way of remedy two systems have found adoption. Under one the health committee collects the offal of the houses, and either destroys it or turns it into fertilizers. This is more offensive and less successful than it might be made, but is apparently a necessity until the pan system has been abandoned. A sewage farm of nearly 1,300 acres has been developed several miles from the city, some 400 feet lower in elevation. The sewage, first mixed with lime to prevent too rapid decomposition and to assist in the precipitation of the solid matter, is passed through a series of depositing tanks, during which process the mud is removed. The remainder is dug into the land, one-third of which is dealt with each year, the effluent being discharged in a harmless state into the river Tame. Upon the other two-thirds are grown early vegetables, and grain and hay for cows kept for milk and market. The net annual cost to the city is about £24,000.—"An Object Lesson in Municipal Government," by George F. Parker, in the November Century.

No. 13.

An observing tourist, who visits Rome and walks through the streets, is doubtless surprised that there are very few houses bearing the ominous number "13," nearly all the houses that should bear those figures being marked "12b" or "14a." Nor is the superstition regarding the fateful thirteen absent from scientific and phlegmatic Germany, for the other day a merchant in Berlin applied to the magistrate of the district to have the number of his shop changed from No. 13 to No. 12b. The magistrate, however, refused to grant the petition. In Frankfort, on the other hand, the owners of buildings bearing No. 13 are allowed to change the figures upon a simple application to the proper authorities.—New York Tribune.

A Queer Expression.

Last summer we heard on the Maine coast the following phrase: "Come, now, don't peeve!" meaning "Don't be peevish" or "Don't fret." Has any reader in New Hampshire or Vermont heard this verb in familiar use? We do not find it in the English dialect dictionaries that are at hand, nor is it in the pamphlets of the American dialect society. Ray says "peevish" in the north country dialect means "witty, subtle," and in certain English countries "peevish" means "foolish, trifling."—Boston Journal.

Tit for Tat.

"They say your father used to drive a mule." "Who told you so?" "One of my ancestors." "Just what I expected. I always told father that mule was smart enough to talk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bankrupt British Peers.

A peer who becomes bankrupt is disqualified from sitting in the house of lords.

"Folks dat is allus lookin' foh trouble," said Uncle Eben, "hab jes' one t'ing ter brag erbout. Dey doan' hardly eber git disapp'inted."—Washington Star.

Husband—"There's one thing I can say for myself, anyway: I have risen by my own efforts." Wife—"Never in the morning, John. I notice that it takes two alarm clocks and all the members of the household to get you up then."—Boston Courier.

A MICHIGAN MAN'S ENTHUSIASTIC ENDORSEMENT OF MR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

He Says He Firmly Believes He Would Be In the Grave To-day Except for the Use of This Remedy—Grateful Praise in Favor of Their Wonderful Merits.

From the Times and Expositor, Adrian, Mich.

Mr. Simpson is the owner of the Simpson Block on Main street and a prominent young man of Morenci, Michigan.

In the spring of 1893, Mr. Simpson's health, which had heretofore been the most rugged, began slowly to fail him. The first symptom he experienced was a loss of appetite. His weight, which had averaged 175 pounds, began slowly to decline. He became subject to the blues and his days were made miserable by an almost constant headache.

As the case progressed he became enervated and depressed, his skin becoming dry and harsh. A heavy dragging pain in the region of the kidneys strongly pronounced the nature of the trouble—kidney disease.

He was treated by expert medical men, and at periods felt better. The encouraging changes, however, were deceptive. His admirable physique resisted for a time the encroachment of the disease. But the struggle seemed hopeless.

Although cognizant of a remarkable cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed in this locality, proving their great efficacy and virtue, he had little faith of their helping him. Nevertheless, he purchased a box of the pills and began taking them. A resume of his complete restoration to health is better told in his words:

"I determined to give them a thorough trial and ascertain their true merits. At the commencement I was fast nearing a physical wreck, pain racked, and strongly tempted at times to end my miserable existence. But after I had taken the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could not help but feel and my friends but notice the change that had occurred. My periods of depression were growing less frequent and I began enjoying instead of dreading my night's rest.

"Could it be possible that a permanent change for the better had occurred? It seemed too good for me to build hopes upon, yet I was surely improving—miraculous it seemed. I continued using the pills and during the succeeding weeks I gained rapidly and with convalescence came joy."

"Do you enjoy as good health now as you did before your sickness?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, sir. I am strong, have a hearty appetite and enjoy sound, refreshing sleep. But I keep the pills ever at hand. I owe my life to them and am ever ready to voice my most grateful praise in favor of their wonderful merits."

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

Pyramid of Cheops.

The great Pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimension at the base were 764 feet square, and its perpendicular height at the highest point, 448 feet. It covers four acres, one rood, and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent English architect to have cost not less than $165,000,000.

Mt. Holyoke college, at South Hadley, Mass., the pioneer institution for the higher education of women, received a severe blow Sept. 27, in the burning of the main building, with a probable loss of $150,000. The building had cost over $300,000, and could not be replaced to-day for less than $300,000. Fortunately, none of the 400 students or faculty were injured, there being ample time for their escape with part of their personal effects.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Call the devil by any name that sounds well, and how quick he will pull in his claws and shake hands with you.

A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterwards.

When any one has offended me, I try to raise my soul so high that the offence cannot reach it.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a hundred page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above named states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. Atmore, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

How tantalizing Heaven will be to the women to see so much gold lying around and no chance to spend it!

Rich and poor alike suffer the tortures that come with that terrible plague, Itching Piles; rich and poor alike find instant relief and permanent cure in Doan's Ointment. Your dealer keep it.

When a boy says "No" at the table it doesn't mean no, it means that he is trying to be polite.

Bicycle riders, football players, and athletes generally, find a sovereign remedy for the sprains and bruises and cuts to which they are constantly liable, in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

We never know the full value of our property until we lose it in a railway wreck.

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup prevents consumption by curing colds, and all similar lung troubles.

Any person can get there, but the question is what he is going to do after he arrives.

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

Half of your worry to-day is due to your neglect yesterday.

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

If you insist on having your rights you will never be popular.

Quercite is a kind of sugar found in acorns.

Lands in Wisconsin

Are now as desirable as any in the market. The lands, particularly in the northern part of Wisconsin, are being rapidly taken up by actual settlers.

The most salable are the timber and meadow lands now ranging in price from $6.00 to $12.00 per acre. A few months hence their value will be greatly increased.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. Wisconsin is one of the banner states of the West.

For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago Ill.

Some men learn enough in a year of travel to bore others for a lifetime.

A Superbly Appointed Train.

Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m., daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. and T. A. Chicago, Ill.

There are few actresses as wicked as their press agent would have the public believe.

Santa Fe Route California Limited.

Leaves Chicago 6 p. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76½ hours. Returns from California Mondays and Thursdays.

Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line.

Another express train carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:25 p. m. daily, for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.

Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, General Passenger Agent, Great Northern Building, Chicago.

Fight your troubles one at a time and those in the front rank will run.

California.

If you will send your name and address we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. Phillips & Co., 91 Adams street, Chicago. John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

It is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another.

Are You Going to Florida?

For rates, time cards and descriptive matter for Florida and all points in the South and Southeast, address the following agents of the Popular Big Four Route: J. C. Tucker, General Northern Agent, or H. W. Sparks, Traveling Passenger Agent, 234 Clark St., Chicago.

Make the little sense you have common sense.

"I am an old soldier of the Rebellion. A year ago I was in bed all winter with chronic rheumatism. Three doctors failed to give me relief. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters put me on my feet. It is worth its weight in gold." W. B. Knapp, Litchfield, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Some people live on the installment plan.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

Attar of roses is worth $100 an ounce.

Blood Pure?

Is it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and keep it so. Isn't it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and make it so. One fact is positively established and that is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify the blood more perfectly, more economically and more speedily than any other remedy in the market. There are fifty years of cures behind this statement; a record no other remedy can show. You waste time and money when you take anything to purify the blood except

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The midss ov mankind never know what iz going on bak ov the footlights and drop-kurtain, and it iz just az well that they don't.

Whenever I see a man with a marked excentricity, I am reddy to bet, and am sure to win, that the excentricity is about all thare iz ov him.

That is sutch a thing az male coquetry, but it iz dredphull spooney goods. In a woman a dash ov coquetry iz az delikate az the tint in a tulip.

Would to God that the sorrows and trials ov life would allwuss cum early, and that the old man's evening would allwuss be peaceful; but, alas! it is not allwuss so.

The person who is allwuss takin medisin for fear he will git sik is more ov an invalid than the one who is allwuss taking medisin for the sake ov gitting well.

Mankind are a set of vain and self-konsaited asses. Show them the finest paragraf ever written, and thare will be improvements enuff suggested by them to take a'l the buty and power out ov it.

Yung man, people will tell yu that you kan't suckceed without genius or tallent; but Josh ses to yu, if yu are honest and earnest, yu are az sure to suckceed as the earth is to turn on its axletree.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life. Every time it will cure **Backache.**

It has cured more cases of leucorrhoea by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. **Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills** work in union with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is of great value for local application.

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