AT HANK'S HOTEL

FAINT YELLOW light still lingered in the west, although the moon was shining. It was a hot night; not a breath of air stirred the stiff limbs of the yucca-trees or the fiery cactus-blooms. The stifling heat also seemed to radiate from the baked sides of the small adobe house, and the sandy soil was uncomfortable to walk upon, although the sun had been down an hour.

The men was just beginning to show signs of life. Any one arriving there between the hours of 10 in the morning and 6 at night would feel assured that the place was deserted. Doors and shutters were closed, and the fierce rays of the sun beat down from the burnished blue Arizona skies with malignant glee, baking undisputed away. At sundown, however, humanity began to assert itself. Not that it was much cooled, but the terrible, blinding glare was gone. Men appeared on the one long, straggling street, clad in cotton shirts and trousers, the former turned back from the throat as far as possible. Ponies came loping across the trails from the nearest camps with their swarthy riders, and lights began to flare in the saloons and gambling tents. Sounds of voices were heard, too—true, mostly in oaths and coarse jokes, but they were human—and on this particular night came the wheezy wail of a fiddle and the livelier rattle of a banjo from the upper floor of the single two-story building in the place, a rough structure of unpainted pine boards, with the words "Hank's Hotel" in large black letters over the door.

A dance was evidently in progress, for several ponies were tethered to the yucca trees in front, and out on the still night air came the sounds of a man's voice, shouting orders.

Inside the room it was hot and uncomfortable, made more so by the light of half a dozen lamps. There were perhaps thirty men and one-third as many women, the former somewhat high boots and tucked-in trousers, or red-shirted miners from the camps twenty miles away in the mountains, and all had pistols or knives gleaming in their belts. The women were brazen painted things, who had drifted here when they were "down on their luck," and stayed because their sex was such a rarity that they were tolerated.

"A hard crowd," thought Jack Devore, as he leaned against the door, idly watching the dancers; "all of them toughened with crime, and all of them show it, unless it's that one over there," and his eyes rested on a young girl who had just finished dancing, and stood leaning against the wall panting and exhausted.

Jack Devore, in spite of his travels and dangerous life, did not show his 42 years. Looking at him, one would take him for a gentleman of quiet and retiring tastes. He was remarkably handsome, of the blonde type, and dressed in excellent taste. He spoke good Spanish and purest English, had a knowledge of Shakespeare that many a scholar might well envy, possessed a tenor voice that would have made his fortune on the operatic stage, and a pair of eyes that would win one's heart, they were so innocent and honest. Yet Jack Devore had been put down by more than one as an unmitigated villain.

He was a professional gambler,

"CURSE YOU!"

and had broken more hearts and ruined more lives than any other man in California and Arizona. He was said to be utterly without pity, although some swore to the contrary. At any rate, he was relentless in his pursuit of an object, and a dead shot, two things which made a man whom it would be unwise to offend.

He was well aware of the furtive glances which were cast in his direction as he lounged against the door, he pleased him to hear the respectful invitations to dance which he received, but he felt no desire to join them—Jack Devore was rather fastidious in his tastes, and touching one of the painted women was out of the question, but the girl at whose face his eyes had stopped was different.

"You might look from the City of Mexico to San Francisco," he mused, "and not find another face like hers," and Jack was an excellent judge of beauty.

She stood leaning against the wall in a posture which brought out every line of her rounded figure, from the small foot tapping the floor in time to the groaning fiddle, to the top of her saucy head. She wore a short cotton skirt of some coarse dark material, while a large white handkerchief, leaving her throat and arms bare, served for a bodice. Her hair, which fell in long black curls below her waist, was caught up at the left side of her head with a few brilliant cactus flowers, her teeth shone white through her parted lips, and her eyebrows met in a straight level line over a pair of glorious dark eyes. As if aware that some one was watching her, she stirred uncomfortably, and then looking up met Jack Devore's gaze; for a moment she stared at him, then her eyes fell nervously. Thinking that this was a decided point in her favor, he roused himself and crossed the room to where she stood.

"Will you dance?" he said, in his musical voice.

She gave him her hand and he led her out on the floor.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Inez," she answered. "I—I am not like the rest," and she looked at him half proudly, half apologetically.

"It is easy to see that," he replied; "but that is easy to see why you are here." He did not ask the question, but she answered it—

"I hate the town," she said, bitterly; "but I can't get away. My mother died here; she used to say I was born here, and I suppose that's why I can't leave it."

He looked down into her beautiful eyes, half smiling. "Would you go with me, sweetheart?" he asked, idly.

She looked up startled and hesitating; but before she had time to answer the hasty music stopped with a discordant crash and a rude hand thrust them apart. Jack, turning sharply, found himself confronted by one of the musicians, whom he recognized as the superintendent of the Eagle Bird mine. "Curse you!" the young fellow said, savagely, "what do you want with her? She is the one pure thing in this cursed hole, and you shall not touch her."

Devore laughed in his face, but turned to Inez. "You have not answered me," he said; "will you go?"

She looked into his eyes, half hesitating. He had taken a powerful hold on her, that he could see, and felt sure of victory; but she was flung to one side and his assailant's knife gleamed in the air. For a moment the two glared at each other, while the other men crowded around, silent and loth to interfere, but bound to see fair play.

Inez sprang between them. "Don't, Max, don't!" she cried.

The young man turned to her fiercely. "Choose!" he commanded. "You know I love you and could give my life for you, but I'd rather see you dead than have him touch you, and he shan't!"

She looked from one to the other, afraid and doubting. The violence of one terrified her, and the other was different from any man she had ever known. The chances of a new life opened before her and dazzled her, yet Max had always been kind and gentle. Both were waiting for her answer impatiently, and Devore's hand was on his revolver—he was not accustomed to defeat. She could not choose, and, woman-like, burst into tears.

At this juncture, "Big Jim," proprietor of the "Jack-Pot" saloon, saw fit to interfere. "Quit your bawlin' now, Inez," he ordered. "You've made devil enough. You'd better square yourselves, boys, at 20 paces; a little cold lead'll soon settle the difficulty." And he laughed pleasantly as he marked off the distance with long strides and the men took their places. A duel was the street way, after all.

Devore had his aim with his customary coolness. In reality he cared little for the girl, but he was not used to being thwarted. He could easily kill the young fellow who stood opposite him, but the girl, where would it lead her? His face took on a more serious look than anyone had ever seen there, for he had tired of her, as he surely must, what then? She was so different, could she ever sink to be one of those painted creatures? A curious impulse altered him, and when "Big Jim" gave the word to fire, he raised his arm and fired in the air, receiving at the same time a severe shock in his right arm. "I pass," was all he said.

When Jack Devore recovered his senses, he was lying on a rude couch, and a woman sat beside him. As he looked at her, she leaned forward, and in the dim light he recognized her.

"Jack," she said, softly, "you know me, and I know you, and I reckon there ain't much love lost, but I'm glad you didn't shoot. You remember Lola, your wife."

Jack did, and he stirred uneasily. It had been hard to leave her, and he was forced to leave Sacramento, she was so pretty, and did not speak much English, and she had followed him all the way from Mexico. Poor Lola!

"Yes," he answered, shortly.

"Because," the woman went on, "I knew her. She died here; she loved you, Jack Devore, and Inez is her daughter, hers and—yours."

There was silence for a long time; then, as it began to grow oppressive, he said, in a strangely softened voice:

"Does she—does Inez know it?"

"No," the other answered;

"Don't tell her, then," he said. "And say, Rose"—he reached into his pocket and painfully produced $600 in bills—"give her this, and tell her to marry that feller, and get out. Will you do it?"

"Yes," answered the woman. "Anything else, Jack?"

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "I'm going; get me my pony, Rose, like a good girl."

Half an hour later the sound of galloping hoofs was heard growing fainter and fainter out on the moonlight mesa.—Beatrice Bellidie de Luna, in Argonaut.

Trolley Cars in Rome.

The eternal city, "Rome of Caesar, Rome of Peter," has been invaded again, this time by the trolley car. The road connects the main railway station with the center of the city. It starts from the piazza S. Silvestro and goes up the Via di Capo de Case and then through the Ludovisian quarter to the Piazza di Termini. It is a double track and is nearly two miles long.

The power station is located on the slope of the Sabine hills and the electricity is generated from turbines placed in the waterfalls about eighteen miles out of the city. Power is conveyed to the city by four large cables that run into a transformer house near the Porta Pia. The cars, like all stock on European trolley lines, are mode vehicles. They are flooded with light at night and instead of signaling the conductor when one wants to stop all he has to do is to press a button on the seat behind him. Some of the hills on the line are so steep that special brakes are necessary. Both hand and foot brakes are used, one acting on the wheels directly and the other on the rails. In addition there is an electric emergency brake, which will stop a car in a few yards, even when going quickly, down hill. The principle of it consists in short-circuiting the motors, which are then driven as dynamos by the momentum of the car, which is thus rapidly stopped. An American company strung the overhead wires and equipped the cars.—Buffalo Commercial.

Plungers and the Soothing Weed.

The biggest plungers do not smoke. Whether their success can be attributed to their abstemious habits is a question. Pittsburg Phil neither smokes nor drinks. The silent plunger possesses no bad habits at all. Crimman never was accused of using tobacco in any form, but occasionally opens a bottle. Will Wallace does not enjoy an after-dinner cigar. Beau Brummel Quinn, Sammy Mulford, W. W. Beverley and Barney Schreiber would advise young men to never taste tobacco in any form. Starter Ferguson, Ed Corrigan, G. B. Morris, a dozen other owners could be added to the same list. Hugh Jones smokes an occasional cigarette. George Wheeler when he has time, smoked after dinner. George Rose chews up more cigars on the block than he burns. Johnny Humphreys can be classed among the anti-puffers. Jim Pike has the bild form of the cigarette habit but Bookmaker Hughes makes up for them all. When he has not a Havana in his mouth it is a piece of imported plug. Johnny McCormick can be classed among the antis. Starter Caldwell enjoys his cigar, but is not a great smoker.—San Francisco Exchange.

Consoling to Papoos.

The disposition of the typical young lady to have "a good cry" seems to have been found physiologically proper. Medical authorities assert that crying is the best exercise for young children. One hospital superintendent says that a healthy baby should cry three or four times a day at least, and from ten to fifteen minutes at the time.

Why People Drown.

It has been observed that men cause themselves to drown by raising their arms above water in their struggles.

NOT A SICK DAY
For Over Thirty Years!
RESULT OF USING
AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually from a severe form of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boils and other eruptive diseases. When I became convinced that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, and I find that they never failed, nor did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I rejoiced at the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, prevent all danger of sickness." H. Walpersberg, Byron, Ill.

AYER'S PILLS
Highest Honors at World's Fair.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

HOME-SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

April 20 and 21 and May 4 and 5, 1896, via Ohio Central Lines,

To points South and West at a rate of one fare for round trip, plus $2.00. Stopover privileges allowed on going trip. For further information apply to any agent of Ohio Central Lines.

MOULTON HOUK, G. P. A.
Apr20 Toledo, Ohio.

A Great Country. Another great wave of emigration will sweep over the country, the northwest will receive the greatest benefit from it and every state in that region is prepared for it. From the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean Boards of Immigration have been formed, full of energy and enthusiasm and glad to give the newcomer and inquirer all the assistance possible.

In Minnesota the renowned Red River Valley and the newly opened lands of the Red Lake Reservation attract the home-seeker.

In North Dakota there are rolling hills and rich prairie lands. In Montana, the great Yellowstone Valley, with its new irrigation enterprises, the noted Gallatin Valley and the Bitter Root Valley extend arms of welcome. In Idaho and Washington the Nez Perce Reservation lands recently ceded, and the Palouse, Potlatch and Yakima Valleys east of the Cascades are bound to be rapidly settled. West of the mountains are the fertile valleys of Puget Sound in Washington, and the Columbia and Willamette Valleys in Oregon.

Homes for millions of people are found there. Come and take possession, others are coming, you come too; write to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

ALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.

As Mr. J. E. Quick expects to move from Birmingham the coming spring or summer he offers for sale his beautiful property on Woodward Ave., consisting of the home proper, 140 feet front by 275 feet deep, and two lots adjoining on the south. The home proper is one of the handsomest places in Birmingham with large modern house, beautiful grounds with abundance of fruit and shrubbery of all kinds, good barn, carriage house etc. House has 12 rooms besides closets, pantries and bath room. Hot air furnace, waterworks, good drainage. Was entirely remodeled and rebuilt in 1893 and is one of the most homelike and convenient places in town. Five minutes walk from the depot, and Oakland Co. Electric railway cars pass the door every thirty minutes for the city. There is no doubt as to the increase of value of property in the village and no better investment could be made than the purchase of this property. Mr. Quick puts no fictitious value on this property and will sell at a very reasonable figure as he prefers selling to renting it.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO
How to Cure Yourself While Using it.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco is so inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "Baco-Cura" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, it all its forms, carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Baco-Cura." It will notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case with three boxes, or refund the money with to per cent interest. "Baco-Cura" is not a substitute, but a scientific cure, that cures without the aid of will power and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Cured By Baco-Cura and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the originals of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is given for what it is:

Clayton, Nevada Co., Ark., Jan. 28, 1895.

Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., LaCrosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. For twenty years of that time I was a great sufferer from general debility and heart disease. For fifteen years I tried to quit, but couldn't. I took various remedies, among others "No-To-Bac," "The Indian To-bacco Antidote," "Double Chloride of Gold," etc., etc., but none of them did me the least bit of good. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Baco-Cura" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved of all the numerous ailments of my body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feeling and condition.

Yours respectfully, P. H. MARBURY.
Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark.

Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per box; three boxes, (thirty days' treatment), $2.50, and iron clad guarantee to cure or refund money upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Eureka Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis., and Boston, Mass.

REAL ESTATE COLUMN.

The Following Choice Parcels of Land are for Sale in the Real Estate Department of the Exchange Bank, Birmingham, Mich., Where All Inquiries Will Be Cheerfully Answered.

LOT 1.

Four and one-half acres of land in the southeast corner of the village of Birmingham, with frontage on Woodward Avenue, of 300 feet. Good house, small barn, grapes, peaches, etc., all ready to make home and a comfortable income from. Price $2,000, cash and balance on easy terms and long time. There is no better bargain in farms in this section. Land every way inferior having been sold in the immediate neighborhood in the past two years for nearly double this price.

LOT 2.

House and lot with small barn on Pierce St., in Birmingham. A new brickbat stone walk along the entire front. City water in the house. Buildings in good repair. House insured for $1,000. The owner having moved away, desirous to sell and has put down to the very low figure of $1,200. Terms easy.

LOT 3.

One of the finest farms in Oakland County, consisting of Two Hundred acres of rich loam, two barns, two sheds and a good old fashioned farm house in excellent repair. Everybody knows the "old William Burke farm." It is three miles west of Birmingham, over good roads and the finest location for a stock farm if not for village. Two acres of orchard, 18 acres of Beech and Maple timber and the balance improved. All kinds of fruit and the finest of shade and ornamental trees. The price asked is only $100 per acre and the buildings are well worth $4,000. Terms, half down, balance on long time if desired.

LOT 4.

The old C. W. Jenks place formerly occupied as a cooper shop by A. B. Mills and now owned by him. On north side of Maple Avenue, midway between Woodward Ave. and the Depot of the D. G. H. & M. R. R. One of the best located sites in the village. As the owner is decided to dispose of this property at once he offers it at the remarkably low price of $1,500.

LOT 5.

A 53 acre tract lying next to the village on the south with 15 acres of it well fenced, cleared and comprising some of the best farming land in the country. Price, $4,000. Terms, $2,000 cash, balance on easy terms.

LOT 7.

A farm of one hundred acres within one and a half of the new Electric Railway, 80 acres cleared and twenty in timber. Good house and house in good repair. Insured for $1,000. Four acres of orchard and plenty of fine springs furnishing an abundance of excellent water. Soil, a rich clay loam. Price, per acre. Land in the Immediate vicinity has been sold for nearly double this price for this place. The place is owned by Mr. Goodwin, of Birmingham.

LOT 8.

We have had placed in our hands for sale the beautiful home of Dr. Jewett, as noted for. This place is handsomely situated to perfection without a rival. Contains large living rooms, all bedrooms upstairs, with hot and cold water in the whole house. Two story house, wood shed, all necessary outbuildings. There is no place with the place. Call on Whitehead & Sutton for particulars.

LOT 9.

A farm of 66 acres within one and a half miles of the village of Birmingham, well adapted to dairying. Fifty-six acres cleared, three acres in orchard, balance in good timber. Good house, barn, barn and all necessary outbuildings in good repair. Never failing stream of good water running through the farm. Price, $4,000. Terms, $2,000 cash, balance on long time. Inquire of Whitehead & Sutton.

LOT 10.

The farm known as the "Bailey Farm" in the township of Troy. It was awarded the last premium of many counties at the last fair held in the county of Oakland and there was no better to be had. The owner is a good farmer and realizing that fancy prices are discounting us, has finally concluded to sell. Price, $100 per acre for sale and half of it cleared. Price, $100 per acre. Fine house, barn, hog pen, silo, furnaces an abundance of the best water. Near to the village of Troy, with from 1 to 10 acres of rich, loamy soil, adjacent timber, and magic water within 10 rods of the house. Seven buildings, insured for $2,000. Terms, cash, balance on easy terms. Can be divided partially for Detroit property, which is what the owner desires to do.

LOT 11.

Six acres within half a mile of the village of Birmingham, with good house, barn and other outbuildings, well adapted for small farm and gardening. Possessed of a never failing stream of water. Price, $1,500 cash. Terms cash.

LOT 12.

The Franklin Mills, situated in the Franklin, Oakland county, Mich., for the manufacture of flour, meal, feed, etc. Two turbines house and lot and elevator. Water power will produce 100 barrels of flour. Was formerly in a flourishing condition, the poor health of the owner has caused it to be closed out for cash at the remarkable figure of $5,000, or will sell half interest in the farm. At one time this mill, and the adjoining farm, was the finest property in Oakland county. Has a good name, and with a little energy and capital, it can soon bring it back to its pristine glory and be a paying investment. It is worth building up and is really answer all inquiries.

LOT 13.

Twenty acres of land adjoining the village of Big Beaver and within one mile of the village of Birmingham, with good house, barn and other outbuildings, well adapted for a small farm and gardening. Possessed of never failing stream of water. Price, $1,500 for the place. Terms cash.

LOT 14.

Here's a chance for some one to make a fortune in Birmingham. Do you know what they are all looking after? Well, if you don't you should know that they are looking for a good, up-to-date, well-appointed hotel, that is about to be erected, and which will be started in business with the coming spring. Berth to be leased with business agency, and the finest residence lots in the village immediate vicinity. The proposed hotel will be well adapted to the wants of people from the state, city, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, with few exceptions, for business men. Birmingham could soon bring in its best business people and make a fine place for investment. It is worth looking into. Call and answer all inquiries.

LOT 15.

Twenty acres of land adjoining the village of Big Beaver and within one mile of the village of Birmingham, with good house, barn and other outbuildings, well adapted for a small farm and gardening. Possessed of never failing stream of water. Price, $2,000 for the place. Terms cash.

LOT 16.

A nice little place on the south east corner of Pierce and Brown streets, one block from the village of Birmingham and Depot, and within a few rods of the Electric Railway. Price, $1,000 for the place. Terms cash.

LOT 17.

The "Wooster Farm," 100 acres more or less within one mile of Birmingham, Mich., on River Rouge runs through this highly desirable farm, giving its owner the very finest, most convenient grazing lands in the great state of Michigan. The best land for potatoes and grain raising in any section of the country. Well wooded, good large farm house, barns, in excellent number, good well, cistern and cellar. No better farm could ever be wished for, for a large farm or stock farm. Price for this property a speedy sale at the price offered and will be greatly pleased at any time to visit the premises and show it thoroughly to any seeking for a location.

TAKE NOTICE.

All the land advertised herein is in our hands and we are authorized to sell at sacrifice. The commission comes from the seller, invariably, and it is impossible to sell or buy to purchase from the owner any cheaper than you can from us. All the necessary papers will be made free of cost to the parties interested and abstracts examined for customers; by a competent person, free of charge. For any information in regard to the above mentioned property address the undersigned at Birmingham, Mich., and your inquiries will be answered with courtesy and dispatch.

Very respectfully,
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL.

LAUNDRY!

I take this way of informing the public that I visited the laundry work I can get. Capacity unlimited. Collars, cuffs and shirts laundered equal to city work and at less rates. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call at the office, first door west of Exchange Bank, Maple Ave. E. I. Montgomery, proprietor.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republicans of the Township of Bloomfield will assemble at the Town Hall in the village of Birmingham, on Thursday, April 30, 1896, for the purpose of nominating four delegates to attend the Republican County Convention to be held in the city of Pontiac, on Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1896, and for transaction of such other business as may properly come before said caucus.

M. G. JONES,
F. E. LEWIS, Com. Sullen.
H. F. DANIELS,

Birmingham Presbyterian Church.
REV. A. MANN, PASTOR.

Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Young People's meeting Sabbath evening at 6 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. All who are not identified with other churches are invited to come with us.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
REV. J. H. SINDE, PASTOR.

Sabbath services at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Epworth League meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to these services.

AUCTIONEER!
To Farmers and All Others:

I hereby offer my services as Auctioneer for farm sales or for any other Sale that may occur, and guarantee satisfaction in every case or no pay required. Arrangements can be made with THE BIRMINGHAM ECONOMIC and dates decided upon by calling at the office, thereby saving much travel over bad roads.

My Prices the Lowest

All sales of $20 and under only $5. Over this amount 1 per cent, on the amount of the sale.

N. B.—All dates made with THE ECONOMIC promptly filled. No disappointments. Awaiting your orders, I am,

Yours very truly,
Martin H. Blunt.

Harness Shop!

I am ready, willing and anxious at all times to do all kinds of repairing to harnesses and collars. Remember that business. Bringing your harnesses to be repaired and repaired. Prices right and satisfaction guaranteed.

Bicycle Repair Shop.

I take this method of informing the bicycle public that I am prepared to do all kinds of repairs and repair bicycles promptly and satisfactorily. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices Punctures to Tires quickly repaired. Prices right.

F. D. Hoffman.
1st door south of Hanna's Meat Market.

Say! at Whitehead & Mitchell's You can find:

Celery Compound, per bottle 50
Celery Nerve Tonic, per bottle 50
Lambert Kind Beer Extr, per bottle 50
Tiger Low, Quality Excellent, 10 Ls.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD GIVES FRESH VIGOR AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, BIL IOUSNESS AND COMPLAIN. BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION. $50 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

"Antiseptic Laxative and Nervine." Tonic. Sold by druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1 per package. Sample free.

KO NO Dentifrice Tooth and Breath, 25c.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Your Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price 50c., $1. Sold by Druggists.

Do not neglect a Cough, as there is danger of its leading to Consumption. Nutticura Cure will save you much trouble. It is the best Cough Cure and it speedily relieves Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis, and is sold on a guarantee. 25 cts.

Sold by Whitehead & Mitchell.

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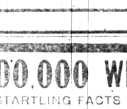
1/2 RATES TO THE GARDEN SPOTS OF THE SOUTH
At 1/2 Cents a Mile



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FENWICK'S LUNCH PARLORS
(LATE CAMPUS LUNCH)
FOR LADIES 77 WOODWARD AVENUE. AND GENTLEMEN. DETROIT, MICH.
Ladies' Waiting and Toilet Rooms.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!
STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.
CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU?

WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

MANLIN, JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the most miserable victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I had lost all vigor and ambition, I suffered from nervous weakness, was nervous, weak, bashful, shunned the ladies, lack of confidence, was easily fatigued, sallow and irritable, had pimples on my face, was constipated, had a weak back, lame joints, had lost hope, had frequent blotches on my face, was weak in the legs, had lost my hair, was troubled with dizziness, was