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., Ginger, 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 a medicine which is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena destroys worms.
Castorena allays feverishness.
Castorena is pleasant to take.
Castorena prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castorena cures Diarrhœa 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 herbs and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucous, changes the secretions and allays the fever. The lungs, stated parts, glass strength to the digestive organs, bringing 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 nor any other narcotic, to 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 size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by J. S. Rust & Bingham, Southfield by Chas. I. Johnson, North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong, Royal Oak by L. Shaw, Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton, Troy P. O. by Sammie Jarvis, Beddow 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 LaGrippe Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

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

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

Used With Great Success.

BLACK 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: "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 sore 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 as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

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

OUR SERIAL

THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Although physical strength is an accident, or at the most an inheritance, no man likes to confess that another is immeasurably his superior in muscular power. So, it is with feelings of keen vexatiousness that I am obliged to relate the result of that hand-to-hand struggle. I was certain that had measured my strength with Julius Lorraine on such a physical encounter, I never will be conquered; that right does not always gain the victory. Grant's arms were like bars of iron, the girth of his chest almost abnormal; moreover he stood two inches taller than I did. Had I been told that any man could have lifted me from my feet, carried me through two open doors and finally thrown me staggering into the center of the roadway, I should have laughed the idea to scorn. But Eustace Grant did all this, and shut and bolted the outer door before I could, recover myself.

Mad with the rage of defeat, I grasped the railings and panted for breath. I cursed Eustace Grant. I cursed my faithless wife. I cursed myself and my impotence. Had I was my sword, that I could have obtained a pistol, I would have waited on that door-step and shot the man who had betrayed me, as soon as he had emerged from his place of safety—shot him dead without compunction. Nor was my mind any way soothed by hearing the window thrown up, and seeing my hat tossed out contemptuously. I dared not fail to stop and pick it up, in order to save myself from becoming an object of curiosity to passers-by.

What, mad I do? My mind at present could only grasp one fact—that Grant had, by some diabolical means, induced Viola to leave me and give herself to him. For awhile my course seemed limited to one issue: I must wait here, outside his house, until at last he came forth. Then I must dog his footsteps until they led me to the faithless woman who had ruined my life and brought me to shame. I groaned at the thought of what little more than twelve hours had done. This morning I was the happiest man in England; to-night I was the most miserable!

So for hours I walked up and down in front of the house which held the traitor. I saw the lights extinguished. Once or twice I saw the blind drawn aside, and guessed that Grant was looking out to see if I had left my post. No, you traitor! you villain! I am still there, and shall be there until you come out. Then I will deal you to the hilt my scorn.

The hours went by, the dawn began to break. Still—an object of curiosity. If not suspicion, to the policeman—I kept my post, and should have kept it for hours longer, had it not all at once occurred to me that so long as I was there, so long would Grant remain where he was. I must perforce keep watch until I could find some one to whom the task might be deputed.

At 7 o'clock I was able to gain admission to an old-fashioned family and commercial inn which stood some short distance off. The bay window of the coffee room commanded a view of Grant's house. Here I seated myself, and, having obtained a London directory, wrote and dispatched a letter to a well-known private detective, requesting that a clever, trustworthy man might be at once sent to me. Then, from the window of the hotel, I resumed my watch.

At 9 o'clock the man whom I had summoned arrived. I told him what to do. He was to wait until he saw Grant depart. He was to follow him, and, having ascertained his destination, was to telegraph to me at once. Then I left the accursed spot, went back to my hotel, and tried to sleep.

At 4 I arrived the room which Viola and I had occupied. I could almost persuade myself that I had dreamed the events of the last twenty-four hours. All her personal effects were as she left them, her gloves, her brushes, her toilet indispensables were all there. Even her watch she had left behind her. She broke the spring at the seaside, and there was no time to get it repaired before we started for the continent; besides, I had intended buying her a new one in Paris. To-morrow—yes, to-morrow would be Thursday—to-morrow we had proposed crossing to France. Heavens! what did it all mean?

Sleep with my mind in this whirl was unattainable. Later in the day, hoping for something to do than to pursuance of any hope, I went to Viola's old home, and asked if she had been there to-day. No, not since yesterday morning. This the servants rather wondered at, as Miss Rosalter was very ill; two doctors were with her now.

In my present state of mind, I cared nothing for the old lady's illness; but I knew that the motive which kept Viola from her side when suffering must be a strong one. Yet, little a woman who could leave her husband, as she had left me, would reck for the ailments of a friend!

Curses on her false, fair face!

The hours passed, somehow. At three o'clock a telegraph message was brought me. I tore it open. It was from Folkestone, and ran so:

"Followed him here. He left by Boulogne boat. Was joined on pier by lady. Tall, closely veiled, fair hair. Wore costly ring of diamonds. Seemed ill and upset. Did not follow to France, having no instructions to leave England."

At the last, the very last hope was gone. Viola and Eustace Grant had fled together! I ground my teeth. I bit my lips until the blood came. I cursed the detective's stupidity at not having followed them, if needs be, half over Europe world. Surely I had given the fool ample instructions! For the future I would trust no one but myself. I threw a few things into a portmanteau, I rang for a time-table. Was there a train I could catch, was there a steamer which crossed to-night? Perhaps, at Boulogne, I might get once more on the track of the fugitives.

But before I had solved the doubt about trains and steamers I had changed my mind. Why should I follow? Let them go, and my curse go with them. I will not take, at present, one step in pursuit. I will have vengeance, but vengeance by waiting will be the more complete. See! she must love this man indeedly, even as I loved her, or she would not have done this thing. He, too, must love her. Let my silence, my quietness, lull them into false security. Let them dream their dream of happiness even as I dreamed mine. Then I will find them and strike!

For I swore that sooner or later, by fair means or foul, Eustace Grant should die by my hand!

CHAPTER VI.

HATE the task of describing what manner of life I led during the next two years. I hate the memory of everything connected with that time. I wish it could be blotted out from my mind. Two years which held no action, no thought of my own, to which I can look back with any pleasure. I must write of that wretched time, but I will make its record as short as possible.

Nevertheless, I will be candid, and show myself in as bad a light as truth compels. I do not seek to excuse myself by saying that many another in my place would have acted as I acted. I hope there are few in the world who have passed through such grief and shame as mine.

At first, without for the moment losing sight of the vengeance I meant to take on the traitor, Eustace Grant, I set myself the task of forgetting the false woman who had fled from my side. Even then I would destroy the love, I bore her and learn to look upon her with scorn and contempt, as the basest of her sex. If the thought of suing for a divorce entered my head I banished it at once. I cared not to resume my freedom. So long as I was bound to one woman, there was no chance of my being cajoled and deceived by another, if ever I could be fool enough to love and trust another woman as I had loved and trusted Viola.

Besides, I shrunk from the exposure; I shrunk from the thought of being made a public laughing stock, as a man whose wife had left him a fortnight after her marriage. No; I would teach myself to scorn, loathe, forget her—that was all.

But how to forget? If I cursed her by day, I dreamed of her by night. Then she came to me, sweet and pure as I thought her on the day when I made her my wife. I saw her soft cream, her graceful form; I heard her fresh young loving voice, and in my dreams was happy, for I could never dream evil of her. But again and again, when I awoke, and remembered what she now was, I sobbed as few strong men permit themselves to sob, and then only in the dead of night, when none can hear or see them.

I would forget! I swore I would forget! So, in search of forgetfulness, I plunged into a whirl of fierce dissipation. I became to all appearance the most reckless of a reckless set. I gambled for large sums. I lost or won thousands at a sitting; yet only proved to myself that I was as indifferent to money as I was to everything save the loss of Viola. Curiously enough, I did not ruin myself at the gambling-table. On the whole, I won largely, and so constantly that my luck became a byword. My luck! I smiled bitterly as men spoke of me as "lucky Loraine."

I tried in every way to force the memory of Viola from my mind. For a while—I blush to say so—I drank to excess; perhaps I hoped to kill myself. In these and other unworthy ways I passed half the year.

Then came the reaction—the loathing of self—the disgust of the life I was leading. I sickened at the sight of my boon companions. Everything was weariness; nothing brought the flush of excitement to my cheek or carried me for a moment away from my grief. Suddenly I turned my back upon all my pursuits. I went down to Herstal Abbey, which was now at my disposal, and, with as supreme a contempt for mankind as ever my predecessor felt, I buried myself even as he had done.

And people around said that eccentricity ran in families, and that young Mr. Loraine was following in his father's steps.

Why, why during these months had I not sought the excitement of revenging myself upon the man who had wronged me? Why had I not kept my vow of killing him when his dream of joy was at its height? Simply because I knew not where to look for him. He and his no less guilty companion had left no trace behind them—no clew that might be followed until I brought me face to face with them. I had made inquiries, and inquiries were still being made on my behalf; but as yet I had not discovered Grant's hiding place. He seemed to be a man with, so far as I could ascertain, no friends or connections. Miss Rosalter, with whom he or Viola might have corresponded, died two days after their elopement. Her brother I found, but he could give me no intelligence. Mr. Monck, the solicitor, acting, he said, on instructions, refused to give me any. So I could do nothing but gnash my teeth, and long for the hour when my path might once more cross Eustace Grant's. I was fatalist enough to believe that, sooner or later, this must happen.

I lived on in the dreary solitude of Herstal Abbey. Each day found me more cynical and misanthropical, but each day I renewed my vow of vengeance. Its accomplishment was the only thing in life to which I could look forward. When Grant lay dead at my feet, life for me would be at an end. So the months passed. If the original Julian Loraine could have seen me, as I sat hour after hour brooding in his chair, he would have thought the son of his adoption well worthy of his choice.

So the long months passed. Spring, summer, autumn, winter came and went, making little difference to me. Once or twice I forced myself to quit my seclusion, and pay a visit to London or Paris, in hope of finding distraction and forgetfulness. My efforts availed nothing, and I returned to my home more moody and miserable than when I left it.

I had, for the sake of occupation, performed a task until now postponed. I went through my reputed father's letters and private papers. I found nothing that in any way bore upon myself, except a written account of the birth of a son, and my birth on the barren rock. It was signed by the narrator. Although the existence of this paper made no difference to me, I put it away under lock and key. Yet, for all I cared, the whole world might know that Julian Loraine was not my father. Such trivial things as accidents of birth were now matters of indifference to me.

The other papers I burned. I did not read one-half of them. They clearly showed that manner of man was Julian Loraine before he brought Herstal Abbey and settled down to the life of a recluse. My life, I told myself, was spoiled—spoiled by a woman's treachery! And yet I could not bring myself to hate her. No—let the truth be known—I loved her even now—loved her, although she was living in shame with my enemy. I hungered, I craved for a sight of her face. The touch of her hand would have thrilled me as of old. Although I told myself that were she at my feet praying for pardon I would spurn her and cast her from me, I knew that I lied. I knew that if Viola came to me in my eyes since more met here—I should throw all manhood's pride to the winds, and—such was the strength of my passion—take this faithless woman to my heart, and hold her there until, as I told myself bitterly, some fresh lover robbed me again.

Such being my true feeling, picture my emotion when, one morning, I found a letter lying on my table—a letter addressed to me in Viola's handwriting! I tore it open with a cry of delight; I pressed it to my lips. Had not her fingers touched it? Then I read. It was but a few line:

"If you knew all, you might forgive."

"If I knew all!" What more was there to know? I knew that she had left me without a word or sign of warning; that she had fled, accompanied by a man who had loved her passionately long before I ever set eyes upon her; that they were, somewhere or other, hidden from pursuit. Heaven! what more could I wish to know?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"KILLED BY IMAGINATION.

Thought the Pin Prick of a Joking Friend Was a Bullet.

"In my opinion," remarked the college professor, who rose from the ranks during the last war to the position of colonel, according to the Washington Star, "the imagination of men does more injury to the cause of courage than all the appliances of war yet discovered. I had a remarkable case happen to me during the battles around Richmond. That is to say, it happened to another man, but I was part of it. It was on a skirmish line and I was lying behind a log with two other men—I was only a private then—one of whom was an inveterate joker, and the other was one of the imaginative kind of soldiers. In fact, he was so imaginative that he was almost scared out of his wits and when bullets and shells began flying through the woods, cutting off saplings, clipping limbs all around us and barking the top of the log behind which we lay, I thought the fellow would burst a blood vessel or go crazy or do some other fool thing unbecoming a soldier. Tom, the joker, noticed the man's nervous condition and attention to it. Then he reached out and dragged in a stick cut from the tree above us by a bullet, and, fixing a pin in it, proceeded to have his fun. The man was lying the far end of the log, ten feet from Tom, and I was just beyond Tom on the other side, and, I'm free to confess, was nervous enough to wonder at Tom's manner at such a time. However, I couldn't help watching his movements and actually laughed to see him sidling the pin-pointed stick along toward the unsuspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance, he waited for a smashing volley of bullets and just as it came he prodded the soldier in the back with the pin. Well, it was really funny to see the chap jump and yell and roll over, and we both fairly howled. But it wasn't so funny when the man didn't move after his first startled action and Tom looked around at me in a scared kind of way. His surprise found expression in an oath, and he called the man. There was no answer and he called again, with the same result. Then he crept over to him and gave him a shake. That brought no response either and Tom dragged him around so that he could see his face. It was an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide open, and the man was as dead as Julius Caesar, with never a mark on him save, perhaps, that one pin scratch in his back."

A Bishop "Borrowed" the Book.

Two manuscript volumes of the famous "Paston Letters" presented to George III. by the original editor, Sir John Fenn, in 1787 mysteriously disappeared from the royal library at Windsor castle shortly afterward, and they have been vainly searched for over and over again. These volumes have recently been discovered at Orwell Park, Suffolk, the seat of Capt. Pretyman, member of parliament, who is a descendant of the well-known Bishop Pretyman Tomlin of Lincoln and Winchester (described by Sydney Smith as "a mean, and cunning prelate"). Bishop Tomlin was the tutor and biographer of Pitt, who had intended to make him archbishop of Canterbury. But George III insisted on appointing Dr. Manners Sutton. Bishop Tomlin was often at Windsor, and it is supposed that he borrowed the volumes from the king and never returned them. The transaction might obviously have escaped notice, as shortly afterward George III. had his first attack of insanity and everything was for months in utter confusion. The volumes at Orwell Park were really a part of George II.'s famous library, which was presented by George IV. to the British museum, but he only made the gift because the ministry had interfered with his design of selling it to the emperor Alexander I. of Russia. It was in consequence of this donation that the sovereign has a right to nominate a royal trustee for the British museum, a position now filled by the bishop of Winchester, whose predecessor was the late duke of Albany.—London Truth.

Drinks Were on Cuba.

There was fire in the insurgent's eye. "We Cubans can never be transported under foot," he said. "Even if, by wanton butchery, this insurrection be put down, another will start up immediately."

"Possibly," returned the lukewarm sympathizer, cynically. "But there would have to be wheels within wheels to accomplish that."

The rebel was puzzled, but patriotic. "I do not understand you," he said, hotly.

"Two revolutions in rotation," murmured the other, dreamily.

Notwithstanding his love for his country the Cuban purchased two ponies of pulque.—New York World.

Bestice.

The crime is charged before the bar;
The jury then doth sit
To see which one of them shall hang—
The murderer of it.

—Detroit Tribune.

Men Are Curious.

"It is queer," said Mrs. Blocher, "that a man can take enough interest in his wife's letters to open them, but not enough to mail them."

DEFINITION OF A BABY.

Crying Bull and a Soft Bundle of Love.

A London paper has been taking for definitions as to what a baby is and received a long list of definitions. That which took the prize was "A tiny feather from the wing of love dropped into the sacred tap of motherhood."

Among the definitions were the following:

A troublesome compendium of great possibilities.

The only precious possession that never empties envy.

A bold ascerter of the rights of free speech.

A thing everybody thinks there is a great deal too much fuss about, unless it is their own.

A thing we are expected to kiss and look as if we enjoyed it.

The only thing needful to make a home happy.

There is only one perfect specimen of a baby in existence, and every mother is the happy possessor of it.

The most extensive employer of female labor.

The pulp from which the leaves of life's book are made.

A padlock on the chain of love.

A soft bundle of love and trouble which we cannot do without.

The morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler.

The magic spell by which the gods transform a house into a home.

A diminutive specimen of perverse humanity that could scarcely be endured if he belonged to some one else, but, being our own, is a never-failing treasury of delight.

A mite of humanity that will cry no harder if a pin is stuck into him than he will if the cat won't let him pull her tail.

A crying evil you only aggravate by putting down.

The latest edition of humanity of which every couple think they possess the finest copy.

A native of all countries, who speaks the language of none.

The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to give wings to.

That which increases the mother's toil, decreases the father's cash, and serves as an alarm clock to the neighbors.

A pleasure to two, a nuisance to every other body, and a necessity to the world.

An Inhabitant of Lapland.

LORD CROMER IN EGYPT.

His Success Due to His Having a Few Picked Men.

Lord Cromer's success in particular due to his seeing that the only efficient way to rule Egypt was to have an Englishman at hand to say the final word in every department of state, says the Spectator. He has never wanted to flood Egypt with English administrators after the manner of France in Tunis. Tunis has only a million and a half of people, but there are 3,000 French civil functionaries, besides a large number of military officers. Lord Cromer has always preferred that the English heads should use Egyptian hands. The native cabinet and the native bureaucracy have gone untouched, except to be improved and strengthened, but in the shadow behind every magnificent ministerial fauteuil stands the Englishman, who controls and directs. This means that our work has been done by a minute staff. Except in the irrigation department, where high technical skill and the inability to take bribes make it absolutely necessary to have Englishmen, there are no visible English officials. Taking advantage of a minute staff is that all your men can be picked men. And in Egypt, whether soldiers or civilians, all the controlling men are picked men—men who can be trusted not only to hold on like bulldogs, but who are also certain to win when brain power, tact and adroitness. We do not know whether Lord Cromer ever expressed the thought in words, but if he had said, "I will have no regiment of poorly-paid second-rate Englishmen under me here, but only a few men of the ablest kind in well-paid, responsible posts," he would have exactly expressed the principle upon which he has acted. Another reason for Lord Cromer's success is to be found in the fact that he has always used young men. Egypt is the triumph of young men.

Adulteration in Parisian Coffee.

There has been great complaint of late by foreigners in Paris regarding the quality of the coffee served at the hotels and cafes. Paris has been noted, heretofore, for the excellence of the coffee dispensed to visitors, but for some unknown reason the coffee served recently has been of the very lowest grade. It has always been difficult to obtain a cup of good tea on the continent but no complaint against the coffee has ever been heard before. That the Parisian rolls and butter are up to their former high standard, is no defense against the charges made concerning the degenerate coffee.—New York World.

Vitality of the Snail.

The vitality of the snail is remarkable. One that was glued to a card in the British museum for four years came to life upon being immersed in warm water. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years.

Ought to Be Promoted.

Principal (to commercial traveler returning from the road)—How came you to charge such low prices to Schmidt, who is known to be a shaky customer? Commerical Traveler—I thought if the man happened to fail we wouldn't lose so much by him.—Handelszeitung.

Congressional Way.

Higbee—You women have a queer idea of a debating club. When I looked in last night you were all talking at once.

Mrs. Higbee—We conduct our club on congressional lines, Henry.—Philadelphia North American.

Neat Compliment.

First Poet—"Heard a neat compliment on your stuff about the 'Daffodils' yesterday." Second Poet—"Indeed?" "Yes. Fellow asked me if I wrote it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The New Baby.

Mrs. Bacon—"You haven't seen Mrs. Reddy's baby yet?" Mrs. Egbert—"No." "He has a nose just like his father." "Not as red as that?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Inquisitive One—Did you study your art here or abroad? The Poster Designer—Art? I wouldn't dare study it. I might spoil my style.—Indianapolis Journal.

A GRAND TRIUMPH.

Baffled Many Times but Success Comes at Last.

(From the Grand Rapids Press.)

The following incident would be hard to believe if it did not occurred right here in Grand Rapids, and investigation by our representative has placed it beyond the realm of doubt. The facts are the facts in detail: Mr. J. H. White of No. 25 Hatley Place, has been an instructor in penmanship in different business colleges for the past fourteen years. He says: "In October I was suddenly taken ill. I consulted a physician, who said the pain was from 'gravel' stones; gradually, grew worse; the pain was in my back and side. My back swelled up in a great ridge, and I finally grew so bad that I was taken to bed, as helpless as a child. I passed blood, and when the pain was at its worst I was like a corpse. The doctor injected morphine to give me relief, but further than that he said he was powerless, and nothing would do me any good but a surgical operation. I believe my flesh was literally cooked in the attempts to relieve my agony, everything was used, mustard plasters, turpentine, hot cloths and all such things. I was in this condition, given up by the doctor, and almost out of my mind with suffering. I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills; and really I felt easier in 20 minutes after taking two boxes. I had a passage of urine, and passed blood and some 'gravel' stones which greatly relieved me. I rapidly improved. I took in all six boxes, and I feel to-day entirely well. Mine has been a wonderful case. I feel that I cannot say anything strong enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. My great wish is that they may become well known. They will prove a boon to mankind.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

Buzzards fly so high in clouds in fair weather, but a soldier, no, not fighting, alone is a sign of foul weather, but if crows fly in pairs expect one weather.

Easiest way to kill a chicken is to break the egg before it is hatched. Same is true of consumption. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a positive cure for coughs and colds. Nothing will cure consumption. Does it pay to neglect the cold?

The dangerous thing about saying no to God today is that you may have to keep on doing it forever.

One to five applications of Doan's Ointment will cure the worst case of Itching Piles there ever was. Can you afford to suffer tortures when a simple, never-failing remedy is at hand? Doan's Ointment never fails.

To fill the measure even full is all that God asks of anybody, but when he gives he runs it over.

Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has cured hundreds of cases of deafness that were supposed to be incurable. It never fails to cure earache.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that we are made out of the same kind of clay as other folks.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

It isn't a man's character that makes a woman love him.

No news is not good news in a newspaper office.

Three for a Dollar!

Three what? Three charmingly sentiented books, in cloth, drawn by Mrs. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to the cash value of 25 cents each. All who are afflicted with the "pestle crate" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the books will be issued, and scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Scared by the Judge.

A man in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "guilty" but the jury's verdict was "not guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner: "You do not leave this court without a stain upon your character, for by your own confession you are a thief and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick-Me-Up.

Pittsburg entertained 8,000 Germans, attending the National Saengerfest.

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How good it looks! How good it is! ..... And how it hurts. Why not look into the question of PIH after Pie? Eat your pie and take Ayer's Pills after, and pie will please and not paralyze.

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W. N. U., D.—XIV—25.

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