BIRMINGHAM ECCENTRIC.

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Mr. Andree is unavoidably postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather.

They tell of women who are habitual cologne drinkers. Perhaps the poor things are not aware that cologne is intended solely for outward application.

When Shakespeare wrote, "Farewell the neighing steed," he was not thinking of the displacing bicycle, but his prophetic spirit could not better have foretold the decision of many an enthusiastic wheelman.

"Every horse swapper in Georgia" was invited to attend a Horse Swappers' State Convention held in Covington, Sept. 21-23. We do not learn that the politicians made any protest; but in some states such a call would indicate that the projector planned to unite all the financiers, orators and statesmen, and start a winning political party.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has dismissed the princeling picked out by her mother, and affirms that she means to wait until 1899—when she will be nineteen years old—and then choose a husband for herself. What the Dutch statesmen think, is not reported, but all young ladies of Wilhelmina's age are convinced that, under such a queen, Holland will be a good country to live in.

There has been a meeting of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy at Homburg, with the usual accompaniment of banquets, toasts and military reviews. Emperor William's speech was noticeable for the emphasis which he placed upon the Dreibund—the alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy—and his declaration that it stands "unshakable and firm." King Humbert's reply was cordial, but less emphatic.

Another tribute to American manufacturing superiority is conveyed by the announcement that Japan is about to abandon the English steel rail on her imperial railway, and substitute for it the heavier American rail, known as the Pennsylvania standard. Japan is a wide-awake country, with keen commercial instincts, and her preference for American manufactures, if sufficiently encouraged, may do much to change the existing trade relations in the far East.

The late Sir Isaac Holden, who died recently in England at the age of ninety-one, had an interesting career. He was the son of a working miner, and began work himself at the age of ten, but his thirst for knowledge led him to seize every opportunity of study. He invented the lucifer match while teaching in a school at Reading. Before he was thirty he had made important inventions in woolen machinery, and he soon became the head of an enormous manufacturing business which now employs four thousand workmen in its factories in England, France and Belgium. His habits of life were simple, and his conduct was shaped by strong religious convictions.

The official figures of the working in Germany for the year 1895 of the system of compulsory co-operative insurance have made their appearance, and they show the number of persons so insured to have been 18,389,000, of whom 3,409,000 were employes in shops or factories, 12,290,000 were agricultural laborers, and 690,000 employes were of the state. The number of accidents to the insured was 74,897, of which 6,341 terminated fatally. The expense of the co-operative system during the year was 67,000,000 marks, or $13,400,000. Whether on account of the growth of the manufacturing industries or for some other reason, the number of accidental deaths in a year is larger in Germany than in any other country of Europe, and presumably, though there are no authentic figures in connection with the matter, the number of accidents not resulting fatally is larger in Germany than in any other European country, too. Under the German system a workingman who pays the equivalent of 40 cents a week for three years, if he begins before the age of 20, receives, on attaining the age of 65, the sum of $77. The German compulsory insurance system divides the annual premium into three equal parts, one paid by the workman, one by his employer and one by the state. In other countries in which efforts have been made to establish the system of co-operative accident insurance the returns have not been so favorable as in Germany. In France, for instance, where the number of employes in factories is large, though not so large as in Germany, the total receipts from premiums from accident insurance policies last year were only about one-quarter of the sum realized in Germany.

One who heard Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister at the late meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science, was struck with their gentleness of voice. There was a restfulness in the tones. No "fine frenzy" helped the spectator to imagine for a moment that he was listening to one who made declamation take the place of demonstration. How well this simplicity symbolized that true science will never mistake vociferation for verity! Quackery loves the "sounding brass" of long words and a loud voice.

The newspaper man who is looking for a foundation for a fortune should turn toward Utah. In the state there are twenty-one towns with from 1,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, none of which enjoy the luxury of a home paper. Nine of these places are county seats.

Nine-tenths of the people consume about one-tenth of what they need. One-tenth of the people waste nine-tenths of what they do not need. What secret vice sustains these conditions? There is a place in history for him who shall answer correctly.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CORN HUSKING TIME," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: Job, Chapter V., Verse 26: "As a Shock of Corn Cometh In in His Season."—The Harvest Waiting for the Lord.

GOING at the rate of forty miles the hour a few days ago I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Sometime during the latter part of next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time. We waited for it as for a gala day in the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or threshing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke, and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods, in an evenside, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly, and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the delicacies have come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears as, we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I behold it, just as you and I husk it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruitage. It is a change from bleak March to roseate June. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party; or to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadness, and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of revelry. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun was high up, and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." * * *

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer. Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear, and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was mice nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So we go around in there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfilment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins.

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain in the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is not complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

Now in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all lawgivers. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over bed of pearl, under arch of chrysoprasus, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stand at the gate of the granary and see the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the king's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner, whispering about a clique in another corner. David talking none of the sins of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he should get a good doctor. O! my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The neediest house a palace. The shortest life time eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you, "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you can not expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at the corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one man drove home a roan span, so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father, that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him, he is as young as any of us." And some one will say, "Here is my darling child, that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute. Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Milton sit down on one side, and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sit down on one side, and Hannah More sit down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why he embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why he embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

RAISES MINT.

This is the Queer Business of a Woman in Michigan.

Buffalo Express: A little woman up in Michigan carries on a very remunerative business raising mint. She is Mrs. Mary Weber, and she inherited the business from her father. Some of the mint is raised in hot beds, and these are the objects of constant care by the family. The botanists of the widow and a grown-up son and daughter of 16 years. The profitable season is between the months of May and October, and June, the best month of all. The mint roots are set out in May, and the proprietress time is given to them from that date until late in the autumn. She clips and bunches the mint in the afternoon and evening, and the morning is given to sales. She drives to the leading hotels and makes the sales herself. It is not necessary to solicit custom. Most of it has been inherited with the mint bed. The men who patronized her father give their patronage to the daughter. She is not without competitors, but they are all of the male sex and are not as gallant as might be expected. Mrs. Weber like the wise business woman she is, refuses to say how much the profitbed yields, but it is safe to say that she keeps the big house "going," and puts aside the desired sum in provision for a "rainy day." She has supplanted her income by dealing in lemonade and straws. Every summer she drives into the country for a radius of twenty miles in search of rye straw that will serve that purpose. If she finds the kind she desires she buys it in the field. But she is very hard to please in the matter of the quality of the straw, and has finally settled to the patronage of a farmer named Black Jack, who has a yearly contract with her. Womanlike, she cannot tell what is most desirable in the straw, but she "knows when she sees it," and after all that is quite sufficient.

Gibbon in Parliament.

Edward Gibbon, the great historian, sat in parliament for many years, but achieved little success in the house. One morning, he tells us, "as he was destroying an army of barbarians," a knock came to the door, and the temptier appeared in the shape of a friend offering to secure him a seat in parliament for the borough of Liskeard. Gibbon represented the borough for ten years (1774-1783) without ever opening his mouth; and once when moved to do so he lacked the confidence to carry him through. The great speakers filled him with despair, and the bad ones with terror. He grew heart tired of "this parliamentary prattle" and of "the noise and nonsense of the Pandemonium," as he terms parliament in his letters.

LATE SERMONS.

Individuality.—The whole process of nature is to individualize, picking out this man, this class, this body, and cultivating it.—Rev. B. O. Aycsworth, Christian, Denver, Colo.

True Wealth.—Christ was humble and poor, yet He was the living incarnation of all true wealth and chastity and holiness.—Rev. Dr. Rader, Congregationalist, San Francisco, Cal.

Immortality.—In every man's life there are indications of an indeterminate future, for if there is no immortal life, the moral part of man is stripped of all significance.—Rev. J. H. Merchant, Methodist, Akron, O.

National Hope.—The hope of our nation is in our womanhood, because women train our children. Again, the hope of our nation is with the young manhood, that follows this maternal training.—Rev. Dr. Hancher, Methodist, Kansas City, Mo.

A Remedy for Ills.—The gospel of the church is the remedy for the ills of mankind. When we hear of people in distress let us do our best to minister to their sufferings and help them in the struggle of life.—Rev. John Stephens, San Francisco, Cal.

Changeable Men.—Some men are so unstaple and fickle that you can never predict what they will do next, or where you can find them. They are Christians to-day and worldings to-morrow.—Rev. W. P. George, Presbyterian, Kansas City, Mo.

Politics.—What are we doing for the common good of the community? The men who hold the franchise make our laws and the administration of them and our institutions. They are what the voter makes them. Rev. George W. Mead, Presbyterian, New York City.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGripe 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 la 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, Bad 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.

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 reputotion 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. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold in Birmingham by Whitehead & Mitchell.

Reliable Head Ache Cure!

Cures While You Wait!

A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!!

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 where children where medicine is needed. It is compounded when rendered absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiates and is a certain cure for consumption, disordered stomach and the many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion corrects our stomach, regulates the bowel 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 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 roots and plants which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal qualities.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sedorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which makes 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 of the blood, heals the lungs, strengthens the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few hours' time, if not of too long standing. It is warranted to give entire satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption. It is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the head or produce costiveness. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system.

This

popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by A. A. Rust & Bingham. Southfield by Chas. I. Johnson. North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong. Royal Oak by L. Stors. 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.

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30 TO 70 PER CENT. OFF
ONE THOUSAND DIFFERENT ARTICLES
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The "Little Detective," $3.00
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Farmers sands off jobs, saving time and money. Anvils, Vises, &c., &c.

WAGON SCALES.
Only manufacturers in America using nothing but the best of English Steel for bearings of all scales.
2-Ton (6x12) $40.
3-Ton (7x13) $50.
4-Ton (8x14) $60.
Beam Box and Beam Rods in each scale, $30 other varieties. Also Tiffany's Needle Stoves, Sausage Stuffers, Feed Mills, Cider Presses, Monarch Grinders, Fodder Cutters and Wringers and all Farmers' Supplies.

SAFES OF ALL SIZES.
No. 4, weight 1,100 lbs., $35.

SEWING MACHINES,
PRICES REDUCED
FROM $25 TO $10.
A beautiful Machine, perfectly finished, Improvement on the Singer pattern, Black Walnut Furniture, Drawer containing a full set of latest improved Attachments. Warranted perfect. Save money. Send for Circular.

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KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
PURIFIES THE BLOOD
GIVES FRESH VIGOR AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.
$250 FOR ACASE IT WILL NOT CURE.
An agreeable laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per package. Sample free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

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

Do not neglect a Cough, as the "Grippe" is leading to Consumption. SUTTON'S CURE will save you a severe Lung Trouble. It is the best Cough Cure and speedily relieves Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis, and is sold on a guarantee. 25 cts.

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"DOMESTIC"
is the most perfect Sewing Machine ever invented. Correct mechanical construction, elegant artistic effect, work, and best improvements.
Rapid Noiseless
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