

A BACHELOR'S OPINION.



OOH, pooh! It's nonsense, boys, I say. To think the birds should choose this day for mating and for cooing. Its only silly folk, like you, who have no better work to do, than waste their time, in such a senseless wooing.

You'd better save your precious dimes.

Instead of sending silly rhymes, Just like a pack of minnies. But not you need mind your brains And have your labor for your pains, Inditing sentimental stratus To Polites, Kates and Minnies.

And as for what they send to you, Dear, dear, it's stuff and nonsense, too. With more of rhyme than reason. It'd better far be at their heels, Or learn to be good, useful coos, Then sending valentines, oozooks! Both in and out of season.

What, what a valentine for me? Do hurry, boys, and let me see— Who sent it now, I wonder? I've often seen her look this way, Well, well, I'll let her name the day— A comic one, by thunder!

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Good Housekeeping.

ZOE'S VALENTINE.

The Happy Ending of a Disastrous Beginning.



DON'T see what Cousin Zoe wanted to send a valentine for, anyhow. She's awful old! Most nineteen, I guess. When I get as old as that, I'm certain I won't care about sending valentines. But she did, and she asked me to post it on my way to school. I had a good mind to refuse because she wouldn't let me see the valentine she got the day before.

I thought it was real mean of her, when I showed her all mine. But I got to see it, anyway, for Cousin Zoe sent me to get a ball of blue Germantown zephyr out of her drawer the same day, and there was the valentine right beside it. I suppose I hadn't ought to, but I couldn't help taking just one peep at it; and then I knew why she wouldn't show it to me, for it was a comic one—the very comical one I ever saw.

It was a picture of a big, stout woman, with a long, red nose.

Cousin Zoe's nose is a little long, and she is sort of stout, too. I know she hates to be stout, too, for she wears her dresses just as tight.

But I didn't tell her I looked at the valentine. I knew she felt mortified about it. And she said if I would post the valentine for her, and not tell a single soul about it, she'd give me a whole boxful of silk scraps for my crazy-quilt.

I was real glad to get them, for I was afraid Susy Dawe would finish her quilt before I did. Her sister Cassy is a dress-maker, and so she gets lots of scraps.

So I said I'd take it, and I tucked it under my arm and started. But when I got to the post-office, it wasn't there—the valentine, I mean—and I went back three blocks to look for it, but couldn't find it, and I came near being late to school on account of it.

I felt so worried about it, too, that I missed my spelling lesson, and got kept in all recess. I told Susy Dawe about it at dinner-time. Of course, Cousin Zoe wouldn't mind Susy knowing it. Only she didn't want grandma and Uncle Dave and brother Robbie to know, because they'd be sure to tease her.

And Susy asked right away who the valentine was to.

"Jo Hazard," I told her.

And then she said:

"Why don't you buy another and send him, Bab?" (My name is Barbara, but everybody calls me Bab.) "He won't know but what it's the same one," she says.

Sure enough I hadn't thought of that. Susy always was smarter than me. So I asked her if she would go to the store with me to buy one, and she said she would.

The store was right around the corner on Prairie avenue, so we had time enough to go before school began again.

"Was it a pretty one or a comic one," she asked, as we hurried along.

I hadn't seen it, of course, but I was most certain it was a pretty one.

Jo Hazard and Cousin Zoe used to be great friends, and he was always coming to our house, and talking her to sing-

silk fringe all round it, and a tiny little looking-glass in one side, framed in gold, with a verse under that said:

"Lost in the glass and you will see The dearest one on earth to me."

But I didn't exactly like that, and, besides, I had found a prettier one.

It was bordered with a wreath of forget-me-nots, and in the center was a silver dove, holding out a leaf, and on the leaf was written:

"Forgive and forget."

I thought that would be very appropriate. And Susy thought so, too.

So I bought it, and a big envelope to put it in; and before I sealed it up I put in one of Zoe's cards that I happened to have in my pocket, so he would be sure it was from her.

And then I got the lady we bought it of to direct it to Mr. Jo Hazard, because I always run the words down hill when I am directing an envelope.

And then we dropped it in a letter-box, and ran to school just as the first bell was ringing.

I didn't feel quite right about it, though, and I kept out of Cousin Zoe's way as much as I could when I got home.

I had half a mind to tell her what I had done, but then I was afraid she would be angry, and not give me the quilt-pieces. So I made up my mind not to say anything about it.

Cousin Zoe was in the kitchen, helping grandma get supper, when I got home, and I slipped into the parlor and went to practicing my music-lesson till it was ready.

I believe I would have stayed away from my supper if I had dared. But I knew that wouldn't do. Grandma would be sure I was sick, and give me a dose of medicine and some gruel—and I hate gruel almost as bad as I do medicine.

So I went to supper, and ate quite a good deal, considering my conscience was troubling me so. But I couldn't help quaking every time Cousin Zoe looked at me.

She did not say anything about the valentine that night, for I took good care not to give her a chance.

But the next morning, just as I was starting to school, she pounced out of the parlor, with her sweeping-cap and gloves on, and said:

"All right, Bab?"

"All right."

I hoped, away down in my heart, that it was all right, and I thought it was. I'm sure, anyway, I had done the best I could to make it right.

But I couldn't get rid of a guilty feeling all day.

Even at recess, when Susy and the other girls were playing "King William" and "Oats, peas, beans and barley grows," I sat at my desk, with my head on my arm, thinking how wicked I had been to lose Cousin Zoe's valentine, and then tell a story about it.

But that night, when supper was over and I was studying my history lesson, Zoe came in with a big band-box full of the prettiest silk scraps, and emptied them out on my lap.

And then I broke down and commenced to cry and told her the whole story.

"I won't take one of your pieces," I said, "if I never finish my silk quilt."

And Cousin Zoe! I'll never forget how she looked. But at that very minute the door-bell rang, and she hurried away to open it.

I didn't learn much of my history that night, though I sat up later than common studying it.

But when I had put away my books and gone upstairs to go to bed, Cousin Zoe came in and kissed me, and I looked so bright and happy I couldn't help asking what had happened.

And her cheeks got as red as if she was ashamed of something, but she said:

"Nothing has happened, only Jo Hazard has been here, and—and it's all right, Bab. And I'm so thankful you didn't send the one I gave you, for it was that comic one I got the other day. I thought he had sent it to me, and I was going to send it back again. But he hadn't sent it after all—and we are both thankful to you for what you did."

"Oh, Zoe, did you tell him?" I cried.

"Why, of course I couldn't let him think I sent it, when I didn't," she explained. "But it's all right, Bab, and he told me to thank you for him."

I didn't see why he should thank me, and I couldn't imagine what Cousin Zoe meant by looking so happy, and saying it was all right.

But I was glad it was, and my heart felt lighter than it had for two days.

When I went to school the next morning and took out my atlas to study my geography lesson, I found the valentine that I thought I had lost. And then I remembered that I had put it there after I started, so it wouldn't get crumpled and had forgotten all about it. I hadn't used the atlas the day before, because we only have map-questions twice a week.

I took the valentine home and gave it to Cousin Zoe, and she burnt it up.

She has got two new silk dresses lately, and she gave me the scraps from both of them, and Jo Hazard gave me a pretty work-box with a silver thimble, "to pay for his valentine," he said, and to use in making my crazy-quilt.

Last night, when I came home from school, I found grandma and Cousin Zoe had tacked down a new carpet in the parlor, and were putting up some new curtains to the windows.

I asked grandma what they were fixing up so nice for, but she only said school-girls mustn't ask questions. But I think I can guess what it's for.

Jo Hazard comes here often than he ever did, and Zoe wears a brand-new gold ring on her finger. And, besides, I saw her reading a recipe for wedding cake, the other day.—Helen Whitney Clark, in Golden Days.

—Do you remember my first love letter to you, dear?" she asked. "Yes," he replied, "I remember you spelled hoping with two p's."—Yonkers Blade.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

Health in Michigan.

Reports to the State Board of Health by sixty-eight observers in different parts of the State for the week ended January 31, indicated that cerebro-spinal meningitis, inflammation of the bowels, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and intermittent fever increased, and membranous croup and remittent fever decreased in area of prevalence. Diphtheria was reported at forty-three places, scarlet fever at forty-five, typhoid fever at seventeen and measles at thirty-two places.

Governor Winans' Staff.

Governor Winans has completed his military staff by the appointment of the following: Edwin F. Conoley, Detroit, and E. P. Hyerley, Owasco, members of the State Military Board, with the rank of Colonel; John Mitchell, Ionia; Ira G. Humphrey, Monroe; James A. Leissner, Menominee, and John G. Gerling, Jackson, Colonels and aide-camp on his personal staff, and Patrick H. Phillips, Port Huron, Judge Advocate.

Michigan Confectioners.

The Michigan Confectioners' Association in session at Lansing elected officers as follows: President, J. S. Gray, of Detroit; Vice President, J. W. Symons, of East Saginaw; Treasurer, A. E. Brooks, of Grand Rapids; Executive Board, D. D. Thorp, of Detroit, B. W. Putnam, of Grand Rapids, W. H. Marple, of Lansing, M. E. Cottrell, of Jackson, J. E. Doyle, of Kalamazoo; Secretary and Commissioner, C. L. Fox, of Bay City.

Central Michigan Agriculturists.

In annual session at Lansing the Central Michigan Agricultural Society elected officers as follows: President, Cyrus Alsford, of Lansing; Secretary, H. B. Baker, of Lansing; Treasurer, D. F. Woodcock, of Board of Managers, A. M. Willett, of Muir, L. W. Barnes, of Byron, John Russell, of Grand Ledge, A. J. Wilson, of Leslie, Charles Fishbeck, of Howell, H. I. Kingman, of Battle Creek, N. B. King, of Parma.

Counterfeiters Captured.

Detective Mulhall, of the United States Secret Service, who has been out on the trail of Northern Michigan counterfeiters for some time past, has captured his game. He arrested at Luther A. bel D. Thayer, of Kalamazoo, and George and Fred Lathrop, of Luther. He found with them a large lot of counterfeit money, and molds, and also seized their complete counterfeiting outfit.

Partial to Widows.

An old man named William Robinson, alias James Reed, was arrested by Federal officers at Grand Rapids for alleged pension frauds, and at his examination it was shown that Robinson had a very soft place in his heart for soldiers' widows, he having married no less than twelve, without securing a divorce from any of them, in order to secure their pensions.

A Busy Office.

The following is the report of business transacted at the Secretary of State's office in January: Letters received, 4,475; papers, 1,498; books and packages, 30; postals, 62; letters mailed, 3,328; books and papers, 4,083; postals, 80; sent by mail books and packages, 4,082; by express, 6,882; commissions issued, 1,406.

Big Copper Deal.

The Pewabic copper mine in Houston County was sold by the special master in chancery to Mason and Smith, of New York, for \$700,000, of which \$71,000 was paid cash down. This practically adds the Pewabic mine to the Quincy adjoining it on the west and makes the latter one of the largest copper mines in the world.

Mixed Up in a Murder Case.

Reuben Montgomery, a young farmer of Chippewa County, who went with William Coulter to "see him through" at the time he killed his father, was arrested as an accessory to the brutal murder. Montgomery belongs to quite a prominent family. The evidence against him was strong.

A Sudden Death.

A sensation was created in the Kalamazoo Insane Asylum by the sudden death of Miss Jennie Barth, of Spring Lake, who went crazy over religion. She was taken to a bath-room by attendants, and while there was severely scalded, the shock causing almost instant death.

Short but Newsworthy.

Jackson prison will cool off its several hundred prisoners next summer with 500 tons of ice.

Leander Sabins, an old resident of Traverse City, died suddenly at his home of apoplexy.

The Central Church of Christ at Detroit, just completed, was burned, causing a loss of \$35,000; insured for \$10,000.

Rev. Dr. Theodore Nelson was elected president of Kalamazoo College at Jackson, vice Munson A. Wilcox, resigned.

Fire broke out in the Chapin mine at Iron Mountain and eight miners were imprisoned below, but all but one were rescued.

Nearly 1,000 young women are employed in the corset factories at Jackson.

The farmers and Patrons of Industry in the vicinity of Marlette have decided to raise a bonus to rebuild the mill of H. W. Wilson, of Marlette.

A Genesee County young lady who was awarded \$1,800 in a breach of promise suit has rewarded her chief witness by bestowing her injured affections on him.

Mason County claims the cake for adipose tissue. Charles Johnson, a 10-year-old lad in Amber township, drops the scales to 310 pounds and a man in Rea township has a 6-year-old son who tips the beam at ninety-two pounds.

A. R. Littlefield, of Cheboygan, says he could fence in 100 acres near the new town of Ogeueque, Presque Isle County, and in the inclosure have 100 deer. The animals have been driven into the tract by the wolves that infest that district.

Fowler & Bishop's saw and planing mill was burned, causing a loss of \$4,000; no insurance.

Joseph Duganette is the oldest prisoner at the Jackson reformatory. He came there thirty-two years ago and is 63 years of age.

Low wealth caused an explosion which killed two men and injured many others.

Hon. W. H. Swan, the new Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern district of Michigan took the oath of office at Detroit and assumed his duties.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger and Providential Escape.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot exercise ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers in entire.

THE EDITOR, BOSTON (N. Y.) Democrat.

Sir, On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. I have only known the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and had a keen, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very few people who read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tall and cannot account for it. They feel that pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malarial fever fastened itself upon me. I was not ill. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain on one side of my head, but as it would come and go, and be gone the next day, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach got out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fasted I was suffering from malarial fever, and doctoring myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a feeling of growing worse. I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said it was malarial fever, with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had.

In this way several years passed, during which time I grew steadily weaker. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could rest no more, no sleep, no food, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain, and at night I lay in agony, the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foot, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foot detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the school of medicine, he derived the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So, solicited, however, was Dr. Foot, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and at once it began to work. At first it sickened me, but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I was able to change my food, and also to do my work and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would publicly and privately declare the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 25 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe have my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly investigated the subject of kidney diseases, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinct features of its own, indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity, but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose deaths are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and few people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hearty as consumption, quite as common and only as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have taken, and I am confident that I have done so. I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

When the pretty type-writer goes so far as to put her arms about her employer's neck she is apt to say of the process: "It is the manifold."

"Go to the ant," said Solomon to the needy sluggard of old. But the needy sluggard nowadays generally goes to his uncle.

"Ah!" remarked the manipulating book-keeper, when he saw the words "Post no bills," "I am anticipated."

The easiest way for a prisoner to escape from jail is by filing his objections.—Binghamton Republican.

It is not that we serve two masters in the days, but nowadays sailors often serve two masters.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

GATHERED FROM EVERYWHERE.

MATCHES have been in common use since 1820.

At the Salvation Army's food depots in London a basin of soup is sold for a cent.

In fashionable marriage notices in the newspapers the name of the bride precedes that of the bridegroom.

Two Portuguese pugilists recently engaged in a prize fight of 1,137 rounds. They fought six hours a day, stopping at noon to eat and smoke.

A PRIZE worth winning has been offered by the East Indian Government. The prize is \$25,000 for a practical machine for decorating rams.

A MEMORIAL to Lieutenant DeLong, who perished in the Jeannette expedition, will probably be erected in the chapel of the naval academy at Annapolis.

CO-EDUCATION is a success at the Missouri University, forty-two marriage engagements having been reported thus far between the boys and girls of that institution.

"Boxing the compass" is naming the thirty-two points in order. Thus: North, north by east, north-northeast, northeast by north, northeast, north-east, east, east-northeast, east by north, east, and so on "around the box."

One of the essentials to a good photograph is a clean face—not a relatively, but an absolutely clean one—and it is said that photographers have much trouble because they do not like to make a suggestion which might be resented by their sitters.

E. A. SWEET, who works as a telegraph operator at Helena, Mont., in winter and prospects in summer, recently located a placer claim in Lemsi County, Idaho, and bought up adjoining claims till he had acquired 1,600 acres. He has sold all to ex-Senator Felt for \$100,000. It is now reported that the property is worth \$15,000,000.

California.

There is no doubt about the real value of that extraordinary country. Thousands are going. By taking a seat in a Palace car at Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or San Diego without changing cars, you can go to San Francisco, Los Angeles, or San Diego without changing cars. This provided you take the Santa Fe route. You do it without changing cars. It is a twenty-four hours less time than by any other line.

"Just state this," said the customer to the coal dealer, and the dealer did so to the extent of about one-third.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbin's Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

MANY a youth tries to surmount the obstacles in life in jumping his board bill.—Elmira Gazette.

Don't wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. Fike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

THERE is one very pleasant feature about a sleigh-ride on a cold night—and that is the arrival home.—Norristown Herald.

NEVER fail to cure sick headache, often the very first dose. Write for what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

No Optum in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 35c.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle—\$10.10 to \$10.25. Sheep—\$4.00 to \$4.10. Hogs—\$3.75 to \$3.85.

WHEAT—No. 3 Red—\$1.00 to \$1.05. COIN—No. 3—\$1.00 to \$1.05.

GRAIN—Mixed Western—\$1.00 to \$1.05. OATS—Mixed Western—\$1.00 to \$1.05.

RYE—Mixed Western—\$1.00 to \$1.05. LARD—Western—\$1.00 to \$1.05.

BUTTER—Western—\$1.00 to \$1.05. EGGS—Fresh—\$1.00 to \$1.05.

POULTRY—Hens—\$1.00 to \$1.05. CHICKENS—\$1.00 to \$1.05.

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STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 10th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. V. GLENN, Notary Public.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"Do you follow me?" said the cable to the grip, "I catch on," replied the grip, "though you do stretch it out a good deal."

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her. Now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

MANAGERS are said to be close and grasping; still, if you take a fancy to a play they will take pains to have it presented to you.

