

TRI-WEEKLY PIONEER.

HOW TO STOP BLEEDING.

Some persons have a tendency to bleed, no matter how slight the cause. A small cut, scratch or the extraction of a tooth...

Bleeding from the nose is seldom serious, except in old persons. It is often fatal for children, if not too copious...

THOROUGHNESS. A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep...

The question answered, others felt. I repeat to you, I struggle to reply with respect for information at his command...

"What is the name of the school?" he began, and he had the information he could command on shape, structure and use of the school.

"It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar and afterward lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman."

THE RIGHTS OF INVENTORS. When an inventor brings out something that accomplishes a useful purpose...

When an inventor brings out something that accomplishes a useful purpose not before accomplished, or does better or more economically than it has been done, it is reasonably certain he has invented something in the value of which he has an interest, and this is the one that is overlooked by those who declaim against the rights of inventors in favor of some one who tried to do something twenty years

before. The very fact that the party who tried first did not succeed is fairly good evidence that he did not make the invention. All recent construction of patent law favors sustaining the inventor who accomplishes something, as against the man who has tried and failed...

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who occupies the pulpit made famous by Henry Ward Beecher, is as busy as ever with his pen endeavoring to show society where it is out of joint and the way to reform. In a recent paper the renowned gentleman seems to locate the origin of social distemper in the multitude of professional men who profess what they don't teach...

Eight private pension bills were vetoed by the President.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. LAURENCE A. CURRIE, CLERK.

SIR: You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this State on the 27th day of November, according to the first Monday of November next, the following districts are to be held, viz: Thirteen electors of the local and five electors of the State...

An amendment to Section 4 of Article 4, relative to Circuit Courts provided for by Joint Resolution, No. 11, Laws of 1887. Section 4. The State shall be divided into judicial circuits, in each of which the electors thereof shall elect one circuit judge, who shall hold his office for the term of six years, and until his successor is elected and qualified. The legislature may provide for the election of more than one circuit judge in the judicial circuit in which the city of Detroit is or may be situated. And the circuit judge or judges of said circuit, in addition to the salary provided by this constitution, shall receive from their respective counties such additional salary as may from time to time be fixed and determined by such board of supervisors.

You are also hereby notified that at said election there will be submitted to the people of the State for their adoption or rejection a Revision of the laws authorizing the business of banking, provided for by Act 25 of the Laws of 1887, in accordance with Section 2 of Article 15 of the constitution of this State.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Michigan, at Lansing, this day and year first above written.

F. B. EGAN, Deputy Sec. of State. Attest: HENRY McCANNA, Sheriff. SCHOONER COUNTY. OFFICE OF SHERIFF. SCHOONER COUNTY, MICH. AUG. 26, 1888.

NATIVES HEREBY GIVEN THAT at the general election, to be held on the Thursday succeeding the first Monday of November next, there are to be elected the following county officers: One Judge of Probate, one Circuit Court Commissioner, one Sheriff, one County Clerk, one Register, one County Treasurer, one County Assessor, one County Attorney, one County Surveyor and two Coronors. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Michigan, at Lansing, this day and year first above written.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and Positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money returned. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. W. AVER & CO., N. Y. City.

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SHORTEST ROUTE. Between the Atlantic and the Northwestern States. J. S. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

DOUBLE DAILY LINE OF Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars. Via this Popular Route BETWEEN HOUGHTON-BARRAGA CANSE-MICHIGAN AND CHAMPELON - ISHPEMUNEE SAGAENE - MARQUETTE AND SAULT STE. MARIE, ST. IGNACE - MACKINAW CITY.

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has plenty of NEW GOODS, DRUGS, MEDICINES. A NEW LINE OF Paperery, and other Stationery; standard base ball fixings.

The finest cigars in the market at cost. Everything You Want, AT Prices too low to grumble about. Call and see for Yourself.

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Is prepared to respond to the calls of the friends of the deceased in the surrounding country in every and every manner, in the best possible manner. Having on hand the following: C. L. COHAN'S FURNITURE STORE. A bargain I will selected stock of UNDERTAKERS' GOODS.

BUHAL: CASES. From the Hospital Coffin up to 100. Velvet Paneled Casket; BURIAL ROBES, White and Black. From the infant to the full-grown size. We have on hand our Furniture Rooms, the largest and best Stock of Furniture that has ever been our condition in the upper peninsula, consisting of Parlor and Bed-Room Suits, CUPBETS, TABLES, CENTER-TABLES, BED-SPRINGS, CHAIRS, PILLOWS, Mattresses and Brackets.

Charge You Nothing!! To Show Our Goods. And if you buy we will give you Value (interest) for your money.

White Lead, ONLY 6 cents per Pound. Dean Domestic Quick Drying Ready Mixed Paints. Small Cans For Household Use. (Paints and Half-Pints.)

C. L. CO., Furniture Store, Manistique, Mich.

CLOTHING AND DRY GOODS, ETC.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE.

PHRAIM & MORRELLS Selling Out Sale. Our trade in men's goods has increased so enormously within the past few months that we find it impracticable to get more room for the business. We have therefore determined to have a GRAND SELLING OUT.

This is no scheme to catch the public by selling out old stock of Dry Goods to get in a new stock. When we say that we are selling out we mean it absolutely. Elegant New Dry Goods Stock! For ladies we shall have for the next few weeks some of the GREATEST BARGAINS Ever offered in Manistique in domestic articles and articles of dress. PHRAIM & MORRELLS.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY. DUNCAN G. CURRIE, Practical Watchmaker. WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS & SILVERWARE.

With 13 years' practical experience, I am prepared to do all kinds of work pertaining to my business. All Work Warranted. Down McKimney Block.

WATCHES WALTHAM, ELGIN, HAMPHDEN, ILLINOIS, AND ROCKFORD WATCHES. SOLID GOLD, GOLD FILLED, AND SILVER CASES.

CHATELAINE WATCHES LADIES' WATCHES, RINGS, CHAINS, CHARMS, LACE PINS, CUFF BUTTONS, EARRINGS.

Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen, Best in the World. SILVER PLATED WARE, COMPASSES. Watch and Jewelry Repairing and all such work done by us is guaranteed. Fred. B. Carpenter, Manager. At Company Store.

THE ARTICLE WAS GOOD.

But somehow or other it didn't please the Man It immortalized.

Robert J. Burdette, whom every body knows, whether they ever saw him or not, used to run a little daily paper in Evans, Ill. writes E. C. Carter in the New York Tribune, I believe it was Evans—anyhow, it was the paper he enjoyed running so much, because there was never any uncertainty about it. He knew positively every Monday morning that there wouldn't be enough money to pay the compositors Saturday night.

He hadn't written so much good humor then as he had since, but it used to crop out once in a while—he couldn't help it. One day a prominent citizen of Evans got into trouble with a hackman about the amount of his charge or something, and took off his coat and fought him all around the block. He made it a red day for hackmen, too. The next morning Burdette had nearly a column about it. There had been so much space to fill and he turned his fancy loose and filled it. He had laughed about it quietly to himself all the way home that night, after he wrote it, and in the morning read it over to see if the boys had got it set up all right, and smiled sort of inwardly to himself again.

About the middle of the afternoon the man who had the trouble came in. Burdette trembled a little at first, because he didn't know how he might have taken it, but the man wore a broad grin on his face and seemed to be very tickled over it.

"That was a good one on me in the Journal this morning," said the man.

"By—yes—do you think so?" said Burdette.

"Oh, capital!—you look off first-class did you write it?"

"Oh, yes, I scratched it off in a hurry last night. We have to take some thing to fill up."

"Of course. But it was really good. I didn't know you could do so well as that," went on the man enthusiastically.

"Oh, I didn't think much of it. He sort of begrudged me the honor, but I had only a little more time perhaps I might have made something out of it."

"Oh, you had time enough—plenty of time, I assure you. It was fine. Of course I didn't really do you any good, I did."

"Oh, of course not. Certainly not. Got to have something lively in a newspaper, you know."

"I see—especially in a live local paper."

"You understand it?"

"I think so. Of course I didn't yell like a man with his fist in a jawbreaker all the time I was having the controversy."

"Oh, no—we have to exaggerate a little."

"I see. And then I didn't raise the hackman up and pound the face of the earth with him till the police stopped me for wanting out the paving."

"No, not at all—had to make it lively, you know."

"Of course. Then I didn't chase him into the country half a mile, did I now?"

"I never heard that you did. I just slipped that in. You know a local paper."

"I understand. Then of course I didn't roar so coming back that people thought there was a hail-storm coming?"

"Oh you didn't roar at all. I made that part up to make it lively."

"I thought so. When I didn't stand on the corner and howl till I was tired and say I could lick any hackman who ever looked through a collar, and go around the streets cracking my heels together and saying I was from Evans, or creek where it wasn't more than a foot wide."

"Of course not—nothing of the kind at all. I just put them in—got to in a small town with a daily paper, you see."

"I notice you have to. It was a funny piece, take it altogether."

"Yes, I thought perhaps it was a little funny," admitted Burdette, a little uneasily.

"You say in it the hackman was a small man?"

come in just then, with his sleeves rolled up and ink on the side of his nose, and relieved him. The pressman fought the man ten minutes before he managed to tear a coat and shirt up both his eyes and fire him down the stairs and half way across the sidewalk. He accomplished it at last, however, and went back to work. Burdette afterwards himself together and wrote up a solemn account of the death of the editor. From Evans, who had just passed away.

Incautious Observations.

A lady whose garden happens to overlook the garden of her next door neighbor was out looking at her flowers the other morning. Her little dog, Rags, had accompanied her, and took it into his head to lie down picturesquely by the fence. His mistress, looking down at him as he lay curled up there, with his blue ribbon about his neck, clasped her hands in mock admiration, and exclaimed, looking steadily at him:

"Oh! don't you think you look awfully nice in your blue ribbon down there?"

Just as the words "down there" were out of her mouth, she noticed, to her horror, that the lady next door, whose acquaintance she had not the honor of, was exactly in the line of her vision, in the next yard, and that she wore the same ribbon on her hair.

The lady next door looked up in indignation. Rags was invisible from where she stood, and she had no doubt the remark was addressed to her. She fixed about with a fierce movement, rushed back to her house and slammed the door after her. The unintended author of the insult in the meantime stood against his hipboles.

Another incident of which this one reminds the Listener is as follows: Up in New Hampshire, some few years ago, there lived a family who were engaged in farming, and who had employed a mysterious hired man, who gave no other name than "Mr. Smith."

He was never called otherwise. He sort of begrudged the family, and he departed one day behind him, in a pretty kitchen which he had picked up somewhere, and which was named by the family in his honor, "Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith" grew to be a well-to-do man, and was a greatly esteemed member of the family, being affectionate and faithful, possessing all the noble virtues, so that when the family finally left the farm and moved into a city, they brought Mr. Smith along with them.

One Sunday morning, after they were settled in their new home, which stood upon a noble house, the head of the house stepped to the back door, and seeing the cat, saluted him familiarly:

"Alas, Mr. Smith! Taking your air—ugh, igh! Your a fine animal, Mr. Smith!"

He noticed that a spruce looking man in the next yard looked up in some surprise at this remark, but said nothing.

Another day, later on, having gone out to call the cat, he again saluted him thus:

"Well, Mr. Smith, how do you like it down here? Do you get plenty of rats to eat?"

Glaning over he saw his neighbor again, and this time the neighbor appeared to be regarding him very intently, with a queer expression in his face. So he thought to propitiate him by a friendly salutation—

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning. But why in the world do you ask me whether I get rats enough to eat, and why do you call me a fine animal?"

"I—I didn't know I did, sir."

"Well, you did. I am the conductor on the Boston & Blank Railroad, and my name is Smith. And you are always coming of your foot and calling 'Mr. Smith Mr. Smith' or making some such confounded remark as you did just now. I want to know what it all means."

The explanation wasn't particularly fluent, but out of consideration for his neighbor's feelings, the owner of "Mr. Smith" has given up the use of that name for the animal out of doors.

Bussell Sage's Munificence.

The citizens of Calais were presented with the rare sight last week of a New York millionaire in the person of Russell Sage, a gentleman reputed to be worth between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000. He came to attend the sale of the Grand Southern Railway, which was advertised to take place on Wednesday last. He hit it off for the bondholders at \$101,000. Mr. Sage stopped at the Border City Hotel during his sojourn here. During the time, Stephen Gardiner, one of the landholders, put a span of nice horses in a handsome two-seated carriage and took the old gentleman out for a drive over the city so that he might see what a fine country he had. He was very much pleased with the appearance of things generally and the attention paid him in particular. When they had returned to the city he was made land on the piazza of the hotel, to show the high appreciation of the courtesy he drew forth his purse and handed the young man a five dollar note, which he took and put in his pocket, not that he expected or desired any recompense for what he had done. He is going to have "Mr. Sage" as a memento.—Calais (Me.) Advertiser.

Lived a Better Life.

The strange story comes from Lawrenceville: A few days ago a Georgian died in Hot Springs, Ark.,—died and was buried there. He had been for some years a trusted and honored citizen of that place. He had married there, had become rich, holding various positions of honor and trust, and was generally respected and esteemed of all who knew him. Yet the man who was living in the shadow of a crime—was an outlaw from the state of his birth. It was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The mention of his name will recall to the oldest citizens of Georgia, and especially of the county, the particulars of a sensational tragedy.

It was in the winter of '64-'65 that Bill Orr, a prosperous farmer near Lawrenceville, was shot and killed by Charles Ambrose. Both were high in the community and the killing aroused a strong feeling. The cause of the killing was understood to be an insult offered by Orr to Ambrose's sister, and this, of course, tended to counterbalance the fact that the shooting was in cold blood. Orr had been sleeping in broad daylight. The weapon was a gun heavily loaded with buckshot, found subsequently just where it had been fired, and leaning against a tree.

A reward was then offered of \$100,000, immediately filed the state. The story goes that the young man went, immediately after the shooting to a certain place, where he explained to him what had been done.

"I need money," said I have not got to go home after it. Will you let me have money now and risk the chance?"

A minute later the young man, already mounted on a fleet horse, was heard a cloth bag containing \$1,000 in gold. With a nod he disappeared toward the old homestead the young man dashed off, and from that day to this he never saw Lawrenceville again. At least every body thought.

A reward was offered by the governor and this supplemented by rewards from other sources. Search was made far and near, but no trace was ever found. The story of the shooting became a part of the tradition and descended as such to a new generation.

Eighteen or twenty months after the shooting the father of the boy from Louisville, Ky., carrying his wife with him, on a business trip. Six months later another trip was made, and four months later another. Upon these visits the father and mother saw their son, and the son returned the visits, at least the story goes that he had made frequent visits to his own home in Louisville, but his immediate family were aware.

But the visits have ended. A few days ago Charles Clinton, a wealthy and highly respected citizen of Hot Springs, Ark., died in his bed, surrounded by a loving family. This was Charles Clinton Ambrose.

The Arkansas side of the story is briefly told. A man of excellent dress, young and energetic, came to Hot Springs at the close of the war. He developed into a highly successful life, died at the age of forty-two, leaving his wife and children a snug fortune.

And this is the story which comes from Lawrenceville.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Physiology of Pleasure.

The question has often been asked as to what constitutes the greatest pleasure, and who is the happiest man, but it is obviously one that does not admit of a solution. The intensity of the pleasurable sensation is a matter of temperament and surroundings, but, generally speaking, the man who has the most powerful imagination, the strongest will and the least number of prejudices, the man who has the most by an effort of the will, the most oscillations of sorrow and allow only chords of pleasure to vibrate. Pleasure is the mode of sensation, never the sensation itself, and it is the paradox, but an incontestable physiological truth, to say that no pleasure exists which is essentially or necessarily a pleasure. The ideal of perfection in humanity would be to offset pain from the list of sensations, and to give all men the maximum amount of pleasures. All the rest, as the philosopher says, is but a dream and vapor.—Medical Press.

Offered to Pull It Himself.

At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vast theater being ruinous, Charles Mathews one morning saw a party getting in a dark corner of the stage, crying bitterly and entreating him to help. The over-grown comicalist at once jauntily approached her (for nothing, seemingly, could dash his spirits), and said cheerfully to the mator, "My dear girl, the girl who has the red hair, the girl who has the red hair, the girl who has the red hair, I've got such a dreadful toothache!" "Toothache," said he, "pore thing, I'll go and see a doctor, but I'll go and have the tooth out." "Can't Mr. Mathews," "Can't; why not?" said he. "I can't afford it," blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it? Non-sense, answer me, what's the matter with you?" "The girl who has the red hair, the girl who has the red hair, the girl who has the red hair, I've got such a dreadful toothache!" 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TRI-WEEKLY PIONEER.

Stand. Katherisa Syrtan.
Cath. congress at Freiburg, Germany, unanimously adopted resolution in favor of temporal power of the Pope...

Stadinovitch Baptiferes
from anti-episcopal affairs...
Charles Ford, Editor.

Old Howard has been out this week taking views. A letter or more containing photograph Manistique never had.

Old Fellows' encampment next Tuesday evening and it is important that all members of the order be present...

Life insurance is a good thing if the policy is issued by a reliable company, such as the Washington or a few others...

The eye all over the state for rain is very bad.

Shedden and East Tawas are reported surrounded by dangerous forest fires.

There are at present thirty-seven inmates in the Saginaw County poor house.

Howard Meyer, son of the late New York millionaire, has been adjudged insane.

An elevator is being built at Gladstone which will have a capacity of 250,000 bushels.

Mrs. Wm. Lawrence, of St. Clair County, has just completed a quilt containing 2,925 pieces.

The North German papers are generally stilling with King Milan and are every one quite Natalo.

Part II ornaments are dispensed because the electric lights go out almost every night, for a short space of time.

Louis Parkard has been arrested at Cleveland for a criminal assault upon a girl aged 11 years at Wauson, Ohio.

Senator Silvestra Garcia, kidnaped from Patnamas, Cuba, is said to have been released by paying \$25,000 in gold.

Floods in the south part of Spain have caused the loss of many lives and done enormous damage to property.

Eminent Doctors, say WARNER'S WHITE WISE OF TAIL will never be equaled as a Cough Medicine in use. For Sale by E. N. Orr.

Capt. Anderson, who started some weeks ago from Boston for Quezestown, in the dory Dark Secret, abandoned her at sea, and has arrived at New York in the Norwegian bark Nora.

All those old gentlemen who have been boasting of having voted for Tippecanoe are now outdone by a veteran of Royal Oak, who says he voted for old Tip in the 'way back times, and has been voting for him ever since.

Senator Sherman's substitute for his bill against trusts reported from the finance committee is very stringent in its prohibitions, and provides a fine of \$1000 for infraction of its provisions, or imprisonment in the penitentiary for five years or less.

A Marquette man says there is a tradition in the Grand Parole hotel in Chicago, to the effect that whenever a man comes to the office and says, 'I want some cards, some chips and some money, I'm going to play poker,' you can bet your life the chap is from the upper peninsula of Michigan.

The Grand Rapids World professes to support the Republican National ticket and the Republican candidates for state officers, except Gov. Luce, upon whom it is making vicious attacks. What interests the World to aid Mr. Burt the Tribune does not attempt to say. The readers of the World will probably judge of that, but certainly it is guilty of a very disreputable piece of campaign work when in its last issue it publishes what purports to be a speech delivered by Mr. Luce at a meeting of the state senate. We have the authority of Gov. Luce for stating that the speech attributed to him is a forgery from beginning to end. It is wholly spurious and there is no foundation for it.—Tribune.

Port Huron undertaker will erect in future large tent over graves at funerals during inclement weather.

Catholic congress at Freiburg, Germany, unanimously adopted resolution in favor of temporal power of the Pope, condemning Italian penal laws affecting the clergy.

New York, Sept. 12.—The Tribune says: "This letter will take a high place in the literature of our politics. It is in such effective contrast to the dull, laborious, verbose and egotistical letter of the Democrat candidate that it seems almost unkind on the part of Gen. Harrison to bring these before the people in close juxtaposition. It is courageous, frank, simple and unforced. Many of its phrases pierce the Democratic armor like sword thrusts. It is a letter that will make votes." * * * Nothing in the letter is better than the dignity with which the demagogue cry of "Free-whiskey is dismissed," * * * The letter is worthy of the leader of a great party and demonstrates his fitness for the Presidency, as well as the public need that the principles which he represents shall prevail. It is the letter of a good fighter."

WHO IS THE LIAR?
Rev. Mr. Brooks candidate for vice president on the prohibition ticket, has tangled himself up in such a network of assertions, denials and contradictions, that he cannot extricate himself. Chaplain Lutzer, ex-prohibition candidate for governor in Iowa, thoroughly exposes his tergiversations in the EVENING OCEAN of last Wednesday. In his Rockford speech Brooks became excited and denounced those who intimated that he had been a rebel or attributed to him in terms of substance the much quoted "Declarator utterance," as "a liar, perjurer and scoundrel." Now the EVENING STAR, T. U., and a Fish and Brooks paper, the Letter, a Fish and Brooks paper, and the New York Tribune, a Fish and Brooks paper—all contain reports of his speeches reported. For a prohibition paper by prohibition editor, which contain the substance of his Declarator utterance repeated in speeches in Chicago and New York. According to Mr. Brooks' Rockford utterance, therefore, the prohibition editors of the UNION STAR, LEVER and PROVERB are "perjured scoundrels, liars and British double-dealers." It makes us sick. General Fish is a gentleman and a man of integrity and honor, who would not lie to be president of the United States, and whose record for patriotism is unimpeachable, however mistaken he may be as to what is best to secure the suppression of the liquor traffic. But Brooks, though a preacher, has the instincts of a border ruffian, and is convicted of lying by the three leading organs of the prohibition party. Mr. Brooks, therefore, hangs like a millstone around the neck of General Fish and will drive away the votes of many loyal and honorable men.—Petoskey "Reverend."

A Sound Legal Opinion.
E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., Clay Co. Tex., says: "I have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother was also very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Whetson, of Horse Cave, Ky., sends a like testimony, saying: "He positively believes he would have died had it not been for Electric Bitters. The great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders should be resorted to. Price 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. E. N. Orr."

Rev. Frank B. Crossy, late editor of the Centor, is not likely to settle down as a baptist pastor at Genoa, Ill.
A Shelby man offers suitable land and to put in \$1000 to erect and run a basket factory. There is a demand for it.
A great Sunday school union meeting is to be held at East Saginaw, December 3, and several days thereafter.
The Harbor Springs wooden toothpick factory makes 1,000,000 picks a year, and only runs during the summer at that.
Grover Cleveland has done more to advance the cause of free trade than any other minister of England has ever done.—London "Spectator."

Water in Calumet & Hecla mine has been lowered to 30 feet below twenty-ninth level. One month more of work will see mine well unwatered.
Down in St. Joe county, where great quantities of sweet corn are raised for the canning companies, the crop is so heavily dried up by the hot weather that the farmers will not put it out.
A Battle Creek man is accused of having procured a license to marry, and of getting forth in his application thereof that the intended partner of his joys and sorrows was a white woman; but that on the contrary she was like Solomon's "Charming" "slender," but rather "fair" justice was performed the ceremony says she had her face liberally powdered and wore a veil.

Prohibitionists are leaving the third party here and there in goodly numbers and coming back to the Republican party, and some times out of both the reasons given for the change is that the third party is serving the cause of the Democrat party and not the cause of temperance. And that is a stubborn fact.—"Tribune."

Don't Experiment.
You cannot afford to waste any time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to induce you to buy any cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit, he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at E. N. Orr's.

REASONS
Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is preferable to any other for the cure of Blood Diseases.
Because no poisonous or deleterious ingredients enter into the composition of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only the purest and most effective remedial properties.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by leading physicians.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical Blood Medicine in the market.
—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of nearly half a century, and was never so popular as at present.
—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

BUSINESS PROSPEROUS
AND ALL BECAUSE
R. D. ROBINSON
without making any noise about it, sells BOOTS and SHOES Cheaper than any other House in northern Michigan. Few are aware that he carries his shelves and counters with the very latest styles of goods. He bought to sell again and quality and price are making the trade easy one. PEOPLE WILL BUY!
Home Manufactured Goods.
Competent workmen employed in this department and all work warranted. All kinds of repairing done on short notice.
REMEMBER THE PLACE,
Bowen-McKinney Block.

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

SALE! SALE!!
Great CLEARING OUT SALE of our entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.

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AT ANY PRICE

FALL and WINTER STOCK

Ladies' & Gents' Furnishing Goods, Etc.

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New Goods! New Goods!
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Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Brushes, Alabastine,

Diamond Wall-Finish, Wall Paper, Sash and Doors,

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Frames, Looking-Glasses, Window Shades, Rollets, Cornices, Stationery, Notions, Purses, Pocket-books, Bill-Books, Tablets, Pencils, Pens, Box Papers, Combs, Brushes,

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