

EXAMPLE. We scatter seeds with careless hand, And mean to reap the harvest therefrom. But for a thousand years, Their fruit appears. In weeds that mark the land, Or fruitful store. The deeds we do, the words we say— Into Bill air they seem to float. We count them ever as they pass, But they shall never pass. In the dread judgment they And we shall meet!

RUTH'S ROMANCE,

CHAPTER VI.

Rachel Nugent received this letter from her sister-in-law, in reply to her inquiries regarding Ruth:

"MY DEAR SISTER: I think I understand fully the position at present. Ruth has been on quite friendly terms with Robert Haviland, a young man with one arm, and not a dollar in his pocket beyond the amount which the actual necessities of life call for, from day to day. It is impossible for him to earn more, unless he has a streak of luck, and luck can not be depended on. Aside from the fact of his being poor, there is nothing to be urged against him, and this fact Ruth has been keenly aware of. She knows well enough what I think about her marriage with him. But there is no prospect of such a marriage taking place. Mr. Haviland has been here, I shall tell him frankly, on the matter stands, and I am happy to say that he is very considerably steps aside, and is not only willing, but anxious, that Ruth shall consult her interests, and do as you direct. I shall let her know to Ruth, and she will understand, when she receives his letter, that she renounces all claims upon her, and thus puts an end to the intimacy heretofore existing between them. For Ruth, she has no fear I will comply with your wishes. So far as I am concerned, I matter little whether she does or not, for the property my husband left is sufficient to amply my requirements, and as I have said, for her sake, I trust she will act sensibly in this matter. I think she cared a good deal for Mr. Haviland, and his attentions have been so marked that he could not possibly have been so ignorant of them as a tacit agreement, on her part, to that which he, on his part, declared by his actions, if not in words. This is probably why she told you that she could not marry him. But, as I have said, Mr. Ford is surprised at Mr. Haviland's withdrawing from the field as he did. Perhaps, on sober second thought, he came to the conclusion that he could not support her, when she was as much as he can do to take care of himself. Perhaps, he should be given credit for higher motives. He may have felt that Ruth's interests demanded that he should give up all idea of marriage with her. This much is sure, he has given up that idea, and told her so; and yesterday he left for Chicago, where he accepts a situation on a newspaper. I shall send you a copy of the paper, and enclose her Haviland's letter. You will oblige me by saying nothing to her of what I have written. If she would not tell you herself, she would blame me very much for doing so."

"Hopng that your plans may terminate successfully, I am

Your brother's wife,

Aunt Rachel read the letter through carefully.

"It is plain to see that Jane would like to have Ruth marry Arthur," she said, musingly. "She cares very little for Ruth's interests, but she looks at through the spectacles of her own. It was Jane Nugent first, always, with her. If what she says is true, and it seems that it must be, if Haviland has written to Ruth to that effect, then I think I shall succeed in carrying out my wishes after all. But she must not know what I have done, or that I knew her secret. Will you, and wait."

That day Ruth received a letter from her stepmother, enclosing Robert's.

She read this sentence at the close of Mrs. Nugent's letter:

"Robert Haviland called last night, and told me that he was going to Chicago. He leaves to-day. He spoke of you, and said he would be glad to see you before he went away. As that was one of the questions he had asked me, and requested me to enclose it to you."

That was the only reference to Robert in Mrs. Nugent's letter. It told nothing to Ruth of what had taken place in plain terms, and that was all. Robert was going away—had gone already—and when she went back home to the place would seem drearier than ever, because his face did not meet her, and his voice was missed in the old songs.

These thoughts came to Ruth before she had read what Robert wrote. "So full" sure that within the yet folded pages was a message, she drew them out—her—tender thought for remembrance.

She went to the window to read his good-bye, so that no eyes might see her tell-tale face. She opened the white pages, saying softly to herself:

"Dear Robert; he has never written to me before!"

This is what she read:

"Miss NUGENT: I am going away. I don't know when I shall come back. Perhaps never. If the paths that part here never meet again, be assured that you are not entirely forgotten by me."

ROBERT HAVILAND.

She read the baffling message through with frightened eyes. She felt herself gasping for breath, yet not daring to conscious of it. She knew that she was pale as death. She crumpled the letter in her trembling hand, and went out of the room and into the garden, like one walking in a dream. She drew away behind a great lilac-bush, where no one would be likely to find her, and sat down.

She spread the crumpled paper out upon her knee, smoothing the creases with fingers that shook as if from a winter's day was upon her. Then she read it over slowly:

"Miss NUGENT: Not even my friend. He had used the most formal of all terms. Could anything be colder? The words seemed to thrust their way into her, thrusting her away from the man she had loved. 'I am going away. I don't know when I shall come back—perhaps never.' Not a word of regret at going, seemed as if he had written it from a sense of duty. She would expect him to do as much—or as little—as that, because they had been friends. 'Perhaps never.' From that she was to understand that he had written it from a sense of duty. It mattered little where he went. One place was the same to him as another. If he came back, it would be because his aimless roving brought him there, not because there was anything to come to. If the paths that part here never meet again, be assured that you are not entirely forgotten by Robert Haviland." Not a word of regret that the paths must part—not a word to him that he had ever cherished a hope that they might run on together. And then the cold concluding words, every one of which was an icicle to stab her heart.

She was left alone, and she was tiredly forgotten by Robert Haviland. She was to believe that he would never remember her, as we look back, perhaps, and think of places where we have been, or books we have read, or things which is all that stands out distinctly in

memory. He would think of her as a woman he once knew. Not as Ruth, and never as she who loved him so. I had loved him, simply as a woman he had known, Ruth Nugent by name. He had not even subscribed himself her friend. Simply as Robert Haviland. It all would be told her in a letter, as words, that the friendship between them was ended. Henceforth they were to be nothing to each other.

"Can it be?" she said in a voice so strange and hollow that the sound of it startled her. "Have I been so mistaken in him? Or am I in a dream—a horrible, night-mare dream?"

She pulled the stem of pinks from the grassy border at her feet. Yes, the pinks were real flowers, who could feel them, smell them. She was not dreaming, then.

"There must be some mistake," she said, slowly, refusing to be convinced. "He could not have deceived me so. I would have known that he was truth itself—the soul of manhood. But—"

Then she let her eyes wander back to the letter on her knee. From its crumpled pages the words seemed flashing at her like ice in the last weary of winter's day. Ice sometimes gives a sensation of heat. It was so with these icy letters. They burnt themselves into her brain.

"I have been so shut there she never knew," she said, with a vague consciousness that the sun was going down the western sky—that it was lingering for a moment above the hills—that it was gone. She remembered that a bird sang in the lilacs as the dusk of twilight fell, and she was conscious of wondering whether it was a robin or a lark, and if its nest was somewhere near.

"Across the river, in the meadows, where the clover had been gathered, she heard the tinkle of bells. Then, coming close behind these sounds, she heard Aunt Rachel and Arthur calling to her. She went to the door, and when she searched for her in vain. When it was dark, she went up to her room. Presently, Aunt Rachel opened the door and looked in.

"You are here, are you?" she said. "We have been frightened about you. Are you sick, Ruth?"

"No, no!—only leave me to myself," Ruth said. And Aunt Rachel, who felt sure she knew what the trouble was, shut the door and went away.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a long and sleepless night to Ruth. Over and over to herself she repeated the words of the letter which had come to her like a thunder bolt out of an unclouded sky.

"I am sure that no Robert to have been 30 sure of what Robert's intentions were, she told herself, in a vain attempt to extenuate his conduct. Perhaps no woman ought to take it for granted that she could not support her, when she was as much as he can do to take care of himself. Perhaps, he should be given credit for higher motives. He may have felt that Ruth's interests demanded that he should give up all idea of marriage with her. This much is sure, he has given up that idea, and told her so; and yesterday he left for Chicago, where he accepts a situation on a newspaper. I shall send you a copy of the paper, and enclose her Haviland's letter. You will oblige me by saying nothing to her of what I have written. If she would not tell you herself, she would blame me very much for doing so."

He had deceived her. He had lied to her in every tender little speech that he could not possibly suppose she meant so much, and meant simply nothing. He had lied to her in loving glances that had stirred her heart to swifter beatings and very likely he had laughed at her credulous belief that he had been thought brought a hot wave of anger to her face.

"He is unworthy my regret," she said, with a passionate gesture of her hand. "He is unworthy of any woman's regret."

She dropped her head upon the table, and bitter tears came. And yet, unworthy as he was, she had loved him—God pity her—she loved him still!

Ruth Nugent, an eye for an eye, she cried, angrily, dashing the tears from her eyes, and raising her head with a defiant look in her face. "Will you take this man's conduct—this man's cowardly treatment of you—so to heart, that you shun other men and women, like one who has received a death wound, and cares only to creep away and die? Not bear it as a woman should, who has pride enough to resent such treatment."

Ruth had all a trusting woman's tenderness of nature, and she was proud of pride. Once aroused, it would tide her over the flood which had swept so suddenly about her feet, and for a time threatened to overwhelm her. Feeling a sense of cruel wrong at her heart, she called upon that pride, and it came to her rescue.

The next morning she came down to breakfast with a face a trifle paler than usual. Her eyes were bright, but they were all that told of the struggle she had passed through, except, perhaps, that she was graver and quieter than usual.

"Aunt Rachel looked at her keenly. 'She has fought it out with herself,' she thought. 'Ruth! You are not the first woman who has been obliged to fight such a battle.' Then Aunt Rachel sighed, and Ruth, looking at her across the table, saw such a long-gone look in her face that she felt sure she knew what the sign had been, and what the woman was thinking of just then.

"What do you say to a row on the river?" asked Arthur, when breakfast was over. "My arms are for you, but I don't do it. Handling a pair of oars would afford relief for accumulated energy."

"I would like to go," answered Ruth. She felt that she was safer from her own thoughts than not alone. They did not disturb her, but they were the presence of others, and what she wanted now was to get away from herself.

So they went up the river and drifted back. To Ruth, the trip was typical of her life, as it had been yesterday and the day before. Yesterday had been like today, the river, full of energy, and purpose, and intense expectation of an accomplished desire; to-day it was like the homeward journeyman spiritless, idle waiting. She felt suddenly aimless. That which she had set her heart upon was gone. Unconsciously all her plans had centered about the possession of the lost thing; now that it was lost, what was there left to weave plans about?

When she thought that this spiritless feeling came because she had counted upon the love of a man who had never told that love in words, a kind of swift shame would take possession of her. It seemed to her boldness, to count on love before it had been given. And yet—always like this her heart cries out when she upbraided herself for what she had done—and yet, was it bold and unaiming—believe that which an eye told in a language all lovers know? Had she been a silly fool in considering that love was uttered when every action spoke of it? No! she had believed him to be the man who professed to be, and he had deceived her. She had not been bold or unwomanly! She had taken the false for the true, and that she had believed in him and his regard for her, had boon her misfortune, not her fault.

As she sat there in the boat, and looked at Arthur, whose hand was on the oar to keep the craft from drifting into shallows and eddies, she caught herself wondering if it was a man capable of such deceit as Robert Haviland had been guilty of. Not if his face could be trusted, she thought. But then! Robert had had an honest face. She would never trust faces again. All men were alike. They said tender, beguiling things, but never meant them.

"Poor fool!" she told herself, rousing up from the cynical mood, to say that all men are false because one has proved to be! You know better. Don't let this event sour you, and make you skeptical of honesty and trust in men."

Ruth had a healthy nature, and one that meant to be just to all. Because she had reason to condemn Robert Haviland, was no reason why she should condemn others who might be all that she had claimed to be.

You understand how it was with her. I take it. Beating back and forth in all her thoughts was the bitter fact of her lover's treachery, while she tried to think of other things. It was so hard to get away from the truth. She might put it out of her mind partially, in time, but she could not out. Pride could not force it out of sight. She must grow familiar with it, and perhaps the indifference which comes with most familiarity would make it easier—even easy—to bear. Drifting down the stream," sang Arthur, in his soft, clear tenor. It would be pleasant to drift always, if those, who love drifted with us."

"But if we must drift without them?" asked Ruth. "What then?"

"Then I should prefer to row against the current," answered Arthur. "One has something to think of when he rows. Perhaps one would drift in any way. But to have those he loves with him—he would never tire of that."

"I will not drift," thought Ruth, and the resolution had in it a kind of tonic that brought strength. "I will go back to work, and in work I will learn to forget. Other women have—why should not I?"

"We have known each other a week," said Arthur, letting his hand dip the water and leave swift-fading ripples behind it as the boat went down the stream. "Only a week. It seems as if I had known you for years, Ruth."

His laughing, honest eyes were on her face, but with a graver light in them than she often saw there. "I am glad, I am glad," she said, turning her face away from his eyes. "I am glad. I am tired of drifting."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

King George III., and Bob Sleath.

From Notes and Queries.

When King George III. was residing at Cheltenham he paid a visit to Worcester. At that time the keeper of the "Shoreham" was a man of a peculiar character, known as Bob Sleath, who declared that his Majesty should not pass through his gate unless he paid the toll like any other person. "The 'Shoreham' keeper might tell him to pass free if they choose—more fools they for doing so; but he wasn't going to do so. If the King came at the head of an army, then he would throw open the gates and let them pass through without paying; but so long as he was there as a visitor he must pay the toll like other folk." Such was Bob Sleath's resolve; and, though the people who followed him said that he was making an empty boast, and that he would not dare to shut his toll-bar in the King's face, yet Bob Sleath declared that he would most certainly do so if he had the chance.

The chance was offered him, for the King came that way; and, true to his word, Bob Sleath closed the gate, and made it fast with lock and key. The outrider ordered him to throw open the gate, and he refused to do so, and, with a considerable retinue, followed by a loyal throng. But Bob Sleath refused to comply with the request until he had been duly paid for the carriage and horses. The King's secretary then rode up, and was informed of the state of affairs, the royal coach being then close at hand. The equerry explained to the toll-gate keeper that the King's secretary came last in the procession, and would pay for all who passed through the gate if Bob Sleath carefully counted them as they went by him. With this promise Bob Sleath opened the gate, and without any attention having been made to the royal progress, the King and his attendants passed through the gate. But, although the toll-gate keeper went up to more than one of those who followed the King, no one would confess to being the bearer of the King's purse, or to being authorized to pay the toll. So every one passed through free, as did also the royal coach, which pressed forward after the carriage before the toll-gate keeper could close the gate.

Bob Sleath felt that he was tricked; but he was resolved that this should not occur a second time. So the next day, when the King returned and wished to speed by Barrowgate gate, he returned back to Cheltenham, Bob Sleath securely locked the gate, and refused to open it to the outrider. Then came the equerry, who endeavored, as on the previous day, to secure the opening of the gate by the promise of payment of the toll by the King's secretary. But Bob Sleath plainly told him that he did not believe in the existence of that courtier, and that he would not open the gate for the king's coach until the whole of the toll for both yesterday and to-day was paid to him. The equerry endeavored to frighten him into compliance by representing that the King would be felt by his Majesty; but Bob Sleath would not relent or abate one jot of his demand; so, as the King's coach was then brought to a standstill, and his Majesty was inquiring into the cause of the delay, the equerry paid the toll-gate keeper the whole of the money that he demanded, at the same time threatening that he would have him beheaded if he did not make him pay the sum. Then Bob Sleath opened the gate, and made his best bow to the King as he passed through; but he never again saw George III., and never saw any more of the toll that he had taken from him.

Sir HUGH ALLAN'S WILL.—The will of the late Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal, P. Q., divides the estate among his own family. Eight daughters receive \$150,000 each on attaining majority. During their minority they receive an allowance of \$1,600 per annum. The married daughters receive the interests on their portions from the present until the entire estate is finally wound up, which will be when the youngest son attains his majority. Hugh Montague and Boyce J. Allan will be made partners in the firm as their portion. Alex. R. Allan gets \$50,000 and the deeds to the property he lives in at Brockville. Hugh Montague Allan is made heir of Raven's Crag, with \$400 a week to keep it up in its present condition and style. At the time of Sir Hugh's death, Hugh Montague gets one-half, Bryce James one-fourth and Arthur Edward one-fourth of the net residue. None of the ships will be sold to pay legacies. The amounts are to be paid in the residue. The executor directs that the firm be carried on as at present. The trustees are Andrew Allan, brother of Sir Hugh, Jackson Rae, Thos. Milburn and Alfred H. White. Two sons will be added when they attain their majority. The assets are estimated all the way from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

A new agency: It is quite the propoidea for a young lady to paint a bunch of pansies on a fresh laid egg and forward it by special messenger to her dearest and truest friend. This signifies "Pa is hatching another scheme against you. Come over the garden wall" this evening. The interest now begins.

A hotel keeper may be entertaining an angel unaware; but an empty trunk, all the same, can not be left as security for a board bill.

JAMES TOLBERT, PROP.

J. KHEC. Bmt. Feb. 6/79

The Rattlesnake Saved His Life. The Toledo Bee.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range, by way of the Devil's Pass, in the West. Failing of that, spring-time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men, to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best, perhaps, that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared myself for the journey, and, thoroughly armed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, I bade good-by to my comrades and started. Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by the star, and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for Indian signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unmolested and untroubled, I marched on, as the chill shadows began to creep across the great white plain behind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge—the Devil's Pass. Once through that horrible gash—for it was little else—and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot, I soon gathered a heap of dead limbs beneath an overhanging rock where the snow had not yet come, built a roaring fire, which I tended and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frowning canyon walls would hide the right of my fire from all the plain country. The only danger which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened, but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow-water, lit my pipe, and rolled myself in my blanket, crowded close to the rock, and I went to sleep, now well warmed by my fire. And so, in the flickering light, protected upon all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I awoke with a sudden chill. I was as if someone had touched me with a cold and clammy hand. I sat up, and I saw a pair of eyes, and I opened my eyes slowly, and didn't move.

The fire was all but out and the ghostly light from its dying embers touched the snow and the rocks, and threw a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote fall up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly, from just beyond my smouldering fire the sound of a step startled me, and before I had time to move that step was bending over me, a high pointed face—the face of a savage. And in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping-knife.

To describe my sensations is impossible. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me, and I was facing the danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was merely a man, and he should spring upon him I might kill him, and so be free, but although the reasoning was all right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible hand drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and I knew that he was about to strike, and would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snakey body shot out to meet the dusky oncoming arm. There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Uncomprehending man, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and the blood dripping slowly from his parted fingers, with a long, wild death shriek turned and disappeared in the darkness. The rattler which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters had saved my life and the lives of my companions.

A week later, with a party of thirty good fellows I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians; and it is because of that that snake incident in the Devil's Pass, nigh on twenty years ago, that I let the critters live to-day.

"Mrs. Henry," said John to his wife the other morning, "if you give me a Christmas present this year, please arrange it so that the bill won't come in the next morning. I will, well, I will keep up the illusion for a short time."

"Women ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently talking over the back fence to the woman next door is not considered open air exercise.

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