

LOVE.

Love is cheap, and I enjoy it.
It is another name for godliness.
It is the only modern swindle easily forgiven.
It is the ingredient that greases the saw of life.
It is a nice cross between religion and happiness.
Like the olive tree, it fertilizes the surrounding soil.
Self-love is selfish. It won't wash and hold its color.
It lifts fifteen ounces off from every pound of sorrow.
It is the first virtue weaned, and begins to root early in life.
Like the small-pox in bad cases, the only way to cure it is to die.
Some natures never succeed in loving anything but new cider.
The love that comes from heaven is that of a son for his mother.
It is just as natural for humanity to love as it is for a frog to jump.
"Unspoken love" is a good deal like sea-sickness—pretty sick, but can't vomit.

It is charity's best substitute, as love is charity, with a pedigree from heaven.
It is the second law of nature, and plays second fiddle only to the law of self-preservation.

Love dates from the beginning of the world, and is therefore the grandmother of creation.

Next to hot whisky, it has probably done more to make a fool of man than any other one thing.

When pure love is the traces to which husband and wife are hitched they make a bully team.

To many love is like measles. It never catches either but once, and that seems to satisfy them.

It has never been truthfully defined. Like the smell of limburger cheese it is hard to describe.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" is a divine injunction, but it isn't every fool that can follow it.

I have read somewhere that whisky is man's only enemy that he ever succeeds in loving to any extent, and I believe it.

Some people are not constituted to love anything, and I pity them as much as I do a spoiled child. They were made in vain.

If constitutional, love would not be any more of a virtue than the itch, but that's just it—it requires more or less self-denial and some charity to succeed. There is the common sense love; the kind that, when its lavished affections are not reciprocated, apparently, throws up the claim and makes love to the younger sister.

"Love at first sight" is generally about as long-lived as a bottle of ginger-pop with the cork out: It is all right enough for poets, but when we get down to common life I advise a second look.

There is a species of love that never comes out of its hole, and is of no more use in adversity than a pump handle in the Sahara Desert. For relieving the pain of the unfortunate it is about as much account as a weak poultice.

Transient love, when the object of adoration is away, is like a bottle of cologne water—pull the cork and in a few days the best part of it is gone. Such natures love for the time being just as pullet hens lay small eggs—because they can't help it.

Young love lives at least twenty-four months each year; but as it is natural for young people, if the object is worthy of love, loving it a good deal won't hurt either of them, for in youth love is generally as harmless as spruce gum, and has no more care for the future than a last year's grasshopper. And I never yet knew young lovers to care for the substantial of life. Bonbons and oranges are generally good enough for them. The pork and beans of everyday life knocks all the romance out of the affair. —Chicago Ledger.

The Smoker.

Sometimes the big world vexes me,
Sometimes dull care perplexes me;
Sometimes on the sea of life
Such storms around me cluster,
And roar and rave and bluster,
I seem to sink in the strife.
No matter! There's always truce
In the heat of the wildest war;
At least I dream or think so,
As I smoke my first cigar.

Sometimes when nothing ails me
Except that the money fails me,
I envy the rich in their pride;
Though their only obvious merit
Is the gold that they inherit
And couldn't earn if they tried;
But quietly after dinner
I banish such thoughts afar,
What do I care for Fortune
As I smoke my second cigar!

Sometimes, in the heartless city
I think it a shame and pity
That cash and virtue are one;
That to swindle for shillings seems awful,
While to plunder for millions is lawful,
If only successfully done.
But why should I mend my morals,
Or call the world to my bar?
I've dined, and I wish to be quiet—
I'll smoke my third cigar!

THE FIELD OF SCIENCE.

According to Professor Langley the inherent temperature of the moon is below that of melting ice.

The exact meaning of "horse-power" is the raising of 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute of time.

Dechlorine, or vandate of lead and zinc, has been discovered in Montana. Ore of this nature is worth \$10,000 a pound.

Had we a railway to the moon it would take but about a year to reach it, traveling at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

Astronomers promise that a bright comet will be visible just before sunrise during the latter part of May. It is the comet "1886," discovered lately by Professor Barnard.

Professor C. Pritchard is about to publish a photometric determination of the magnitude of all stars visible to the naked eye from the pole to 10 degrees south of the equator.

The popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing and the time may yet come when persons 100 years of age will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years at the present time.

Professor Young, in a lecture in Boston, remarked that there is no patch of the moon's surface of half a mile square that is not accurately mapped, while there are immense tracts in Central Africa and the northern part of this hemisphere which have never been surveyed.

VICTORY IS OURS!

GRAND SUCCESS AT OUR OPENING---GRAND DISPLAY OF FINE CLOTHING.

Hundreds Visit Our Establishment---General Expression By All who Visited The TWO SAMS:

They Have Got the Stock.

They have the Finest line, and Best Selected of any.

They have the Lowest Prices.

They are Doing the Business.

They are at the Helm.

These were the sentiments of

Every Farmer; Every Mechanic; Every Citizen; Every Student.

READ! READ! READ!

This Advertisement Will Save our Customers Lots of Money, And that is what they want.

Here Are Our Prices.

\$4.00

An Elegant Workingman's Suit for Four Dollars. These Four-Dollar Suits were made expressly for us, and are the best Workingmen's Suit ever sold.

\$5.00

Our Five Dollar Suits are wonders; They are beautiful in Design, Pattern and Make, and every Workingman, Mechanic and Tradesman should have one of these suits. Farmers, we have the suit you want. It will only cost you Five Dollars. Come and see them. Look at our \$6.00 Suits. See our \$7.50 Suits. Here is a Big Bargain.

\$8.00

Eight Dollar Suit is an excellent all wool fine suit, equal to any \$12.00 Suit that will be sold in Ann Arbor this year. Two styles at \$8.00. Come and see them.

NOW FOR OUR \$9 SUITS.

Nine dollars will buy a fine black suit---all wool, in all sizes from 36 to 42---beautifully made and trimmed. The materials in these suits are from the renowned Globe Mills, and are guaranteed perfect in every respect. These suits will cost you one-half more to buy them elsewhere.

SEE OUR \$10 AND \$12 SUITS.

Look at our \$12.00 all wool Suits, black, brown and blue worsted. You will wonder when viewing these suits. You will ask us. You will ask yourselves. "How is it that the TWO SAMS can sell suits of this character for this price?"

\$13.50.

Thirteen Dollars and Fifty Cents. We shall show this season the finest black, four-button cutaway in large and small waists, all wool. These suits cannot be purchased for less than \$20.00 in any store in the state. Come to the TWO SAMS.

THE GREAT CLOTHIERS.

The only house in Ann Arbor where a child can buy as cheap as the biggest man in the county. THE TWO SAMS are now entering on their third year of business, and during that time, doing several hundred thousand dollars' worth of business. Never, no, never have they, with any purchase, no matter how large or small, deviated One Cent from their price, or thrown in one single article. If any Clothing House in the State can say the same, let them hold up their hand.

ADVERTISING IS ALL NONSENSE

Unless there is something solid to back it. The success of the TWO SAMS is due to the fact that whenever they placed an advertisement before the public they produced the goods and facts as advertised.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS

Our Tailor-Made Suits in four-button Cutaway; our Tailor-made Suits in Sack coats; our Tailor-made Suits and double-breasted Prince Albert Coats and Vests.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that our Tailor-made Suits are not our regular Ready Made, while we have a fine line of ready made, the same as other clothiers carry. Our customers can see at a glance the great difference between the two kinds. Ask for the Tailor-made Suits. Come and see them. At the TWO SAMS

PANTS!
75C.

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We are now having the best workingmen's pants ever sold at 75c. Every farmer, every mechanic, should have a pair of these pants. COME, COME, COME! We have several hundred pairs. Every pair worth double the money. OUR \$2.00 PANTS. The finest pants ever shown. Two dollars only.

HATS.

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Fifty cents buys an elegant hat. One-dollar Hats. Two-dollar Hats. Two-fifty Hats. See our line of Spring Caps. Youmans' celebrated Hats. YOUMANS' HAT takes the lead in Ann Arbor. Youmans' Hat is the best style. Compare them with all others. See the SILVERMAN HAT.

FURNISHING GOODS

At the TWO SAMS. Brokaw's reliable flannel Shirts! Something new. New style of colored shirts; new style of white shirt. Unlaundried shirts. See our handkerchief department. Look at our 50c handkerchief. See our 40c handkerchiefs. Twenty-five dozen fine fancy handkerchiefs at 10c. Look for the TWO SAMS. Buy only of the TWO SAMS.

TREMENDOUS LARGE SALES

Last week, in children's Suits. Children's Suits in all ages, in all sizes, in all prices, all styles, all colors. See our \$1.50 Suits from 4 to 9 years.

CONFIRMATION SUITS AT THE TWO SAMS'

Come and see the only Strictly One Price Clothing House in Ann Arbor

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CHICKEN JELLY FOR INVALIDS.—To a quart of cold water put half a raw chicken cut up fine; let it stand an hour, then boil it slowly till it is reduced to half the quantity; season with salt and pepper, if allowed by the doctor. Strain it through a colander first, then through a cloth into a mold.

MIXED MUTTON.—What to do with the cold roast mutton is often a query with the housekeeper. Here is one way of preparing it. Brown some flour in butter, moisten with the gravy, season with salt and pepper, and let it simmer about ten minutes; then add more butter, and a little marjoram, and the minced meat, and let it heat without boiling. Serve with turnips.

NOODLES.—Noodles fried instead of boiled in soup, are very appetizing with roasted meats. This is the Chinese mode of frying them. Take three eggs, thicken with flour, and roll very thin, cut in fine strips with a sharp knife. Drop all the tiny strips in a kettle of salted, boiling water. Cook for a few minutes, then take and drain. Put several large "spoonfuls," i. e., a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and while heating crumble up dry bread, then fry the crumbs brown in the heated butter, and stir the crumbs in the dish of noodles, and serve at once.

BRAIN FRITTERS.—After washing and ridding the brains of fibres and skin, drop them into boiling water and cook gently for fifteen minutes, then throw into ice-cold water. When they are stiff and white, wipe and mash them into a batter with a wooden spoon, seasoning with salt and pepper. Beat into this egg half a cup of milk and two or three tablespoonfuls of prepared flour. Fry a little in the boiling fat before venturing more, drop in by the tablespoonful, frying quickly, shake in a heated colander, to free them of fat, and serve hot. They are nice.

STEAMED CHICKENS, STUFFED.—Clean and dress as for roasting. Make a stuffing of crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, then mix with a dozen oysters, each cut into three pieces. Bind legs and wings to the body with tape and put into steamer with closely fitting lid. If you have no steamer (which is a pity), put the fowl into a tin pail with a good top and set in a pot of cold water. Heat gradually to a boil and, if the fowl be full grown, cook steadily for two hours after the water begins. Open the steamer at the end of the second hour for the first time and try the breast with a fork. If tender, remove the chicken to a hot water dish and keep covered while you make the gravy. Strain the gravy from the steamer or pail into a saucepan; stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter, four of oyster liquor (also strained), a tablespoonful of flour wet up in three tablespoonfuls of cream and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Bring to a boil, stir in quickly a beaten egg, season to taste and pour some of it over the fowl, the rest into a boat. This is so savory a dish that it should be better known.

BECHAMEL SAUCE.—This sauce, which has long been so popular at the best restaurants, is so easy to make that its use may readily be extended to private families. In making it, if you have no rich, white stock, cut up some cubes and put them into a stew pan. Add one moderate sized onion, 24 inches in diameter, one small carrot cut into pieces, and 6 ounces of butter. Fry the vegetables in the butter 10 minutes, without coloring, then stir in 3 ounces of flour, and continue stirring 5 minutes longer. Add 8 pints of stock, one pint of cream, 5 ounces of sliced mushrooms, a small bouquet garni, which is a preparation of dried herbs, half tablespoonful of salt and a pinch of white pepper. Stir till it comes to a boil, skim occasionally to remove the fat, and simmer for two hours. Strain through a cloth or fine sieve into an enamelled or porcelain stew pan with a gilt of cream. Simmer over the fire till it coats the spoon, strain again through a cloth or fine sieve into a basin, and set till the sauce is cold. This sauce requires the cook's utmost attention.

Yesterday
What makes the king unhappy?
His queen is young and fair,
His children climb around him,
With waving yellow hair.
His realm is broad and peaceful,
He fears no foreign foe;
And health to his veins comes leaping,
In all the winds that blow.
What makes the king unhappy?
Alas! a little thing,
That money cannot purchase,
Or fleets and armies bring.
And yesterday he had it,
With yesterday it went,
And yesterday it perished,
With all the king's content.
For this he sits lamenting,
And sighs, "Alack! alack!
I'd give one half my kingdom,
Could yesterday come back!"

The Tailless Cattle of Florida.
"I noticed yesterday some cattle here in Jacksonville, and thought that, aside from their leanness and diminutive size, there was something else peculiar about them, and studied for some time, until I suddenly discovered there were some of them minus tails; others looked as though they had about half of that useful appendage cut off. In a country where flies and mosquitoes are as plentiful as they must be here I should think it no less than downright cruelty for people to treat the poor creatures in this shameful manner."

My remarks were greeted with a roar of laughter. "Bless your heart, my young friend, the people don't do that; it's the alligators."

"Alligators?" said I, astonished.

"Yes, the alligators."

"How can that be?"

"Oh, they grab them when they are feeding in the water."

"And bite off their tails, I suppose?"

"Yes, they do. You see they creep up so quietly that the cattle do not notice their approach, and the first thing the animal is aware of is a jerk in the rear. He tries to get away, but it is of no use; the harder he pulls the tighter the alligator holds on, until the appendage gives way, and the conqueror swims off happily."

"Highly interesting sight, I should think."

"Well, rather, as the question of ownership is often highly disputed, though I never saw a case yet in which the cattle came off victorious."—New York Tribune.

This is an unusually favorable season for Arizona stockmen.