

Manchester Enterprise

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It is becoming a well established fact that an interchange of views, such as is given in these institutes, of great practical benefit to those who attend them.

The institute law allows teachers, whose schools are in session at the time appointed for the county institute, held under the direction of the state superintendent, to close their schools during the continuance of such institute without forfeiting their wages for as many half-days as they are in attendance at the institute.

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DRESS COOL! As possible, and the question is: Where Can the Best Light Weight Goods be Purchased FOR THE LEAST MONEY? The following prices will help to solve the problem:

Table listing prices for various clothing items: Men's all wool suits, \$5 00 to \$8 50; Men's Chesterfield suits, 2 50; Child's union casmere suits, 2 00 to 3 00; Light-weight all wool pants, 2 50 to 3 00; Imitation mohair dusters, 50; Fine all linen dusters, 50; Fine all linen dusters, 50; Linen pants, 75; Fine white vests, 50 to 1 00; Dark colored stripe coats, 25; Youths' all wool suits, \$3 50 to \$5 00; Youths' linen suits, 2 00; Child's cotton suits, 1 50; Fine mohair dusters, 1 00; Imitation linen dusters, 50; Linen coats, 50; Linen vests, 50; A No. 1 harvest glove, 75; The best 50 ct. overall in town.

TRUNKS AND VALISES! Quality, Quantity and Price, at SILVER'S, THE CLOTHIER. The Stock of is unsurpassed in

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CHEAPEST STOCK OF GOODS! Tompkins' Popular Jewelry Store. GIVE ME A CALL! Particular Attention Given to Repairing FINE HAIR WORK

CASH'S CASH STORE! BOX OF PAPER FOR 10 CENTS. Selling Rapidly! Furniture, Boots & Shoes, Groceries, etc., will be

STYLISH SPRING SUITS! Mahrie the Tailor! He Will Get You Up One Cheap.

Manchester Enterprise TRAVELER'S GUIDE. LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Miles, Rates, Agents. Lists stations from Detroit to Chicago and back, with rates and agents for each route.

LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS. Another train left evening. A party of fishermen went to the lakes yesterday. The huckleberry crop is not as large this year as last.

Brooklyn's new chemical fire engine has arrived. The estate of the late Henry Steacy, of Brooklyn, is valued at \$2,581.

Barney Wade informs us that he and Kimble have sold 21 harvesters this season. Frank L. Hunt, of Chicago, has sent us a copy of the Sunday Tribune.

George Nield has built a fine two seated buggy for Cleveland parties and shipped it yesterday. Farmers' wives have to do most of the marketing now, while their husbands graze the grain.

It seems impossible to get a pound made. These children have been appointed harvesters for the year.

PERSONAL. Bert Ayland was in town this morning. Melvin Case has returned from St. Louis. Mrs. Pettie and children have returned from Sand Lake.

Mr. J. B. Berman went to Jackson on business on Monday. Mr. & Mrs. C. J. Robinson drove to Tecumseh on Sunday.

Mr. & Mrs. Charles Baxter, of Ann Arbor, visited in town this week. Willie Fargo, of Jackson, is visiting his uncle, Henry Gilbert, in town.

Miss Sophie Conklin visited her brother, Dr. E. B. Conklin, in Tecumseh, this week. Mr. R. Short, of Cambridge, has been visiting relatives and friends here the past week.

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THE TENNIS.
A Singular Meteorological Phenomenon on the Shores of the Caspian Sea.
The winters on the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea are generally mild, and even during the severest portions of the year—toward the end of February—the snow rarely lies on the ground very long at a time. But about twice a month they are apt to have sudden and violent storms from the westward, somewhat resembling our Western cyclones. This Caspian storm is called the *tennis*, and is thus described by a recent traveler who spent a winter at Gümüş Tepé, where he experienced its effects:
"The first time I witnessed one I was excessively puzzled to understand the movements of the inhabitants immediately before the onset of the storm. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon the sun was shining brightly, and the sky was without a cloud. All at once I observed persons pointing hurriedly toward the distant Caspian horizon, where a thin, white, jagged line of flying mist was perceptible, which rose higher and higher at each moment, approaching us with rapid pace.
"In the village itself the wind was blowing from an opposite direction, and the mist-clouds along the horizon range were moving toward the west, while the advancing sea was still so very indistinct as to be unobservable by the unaccustomed eye. I saw men and women in frantic haste, slugging ropes over the tops of the *kibitkas*, and lashing the opposite extremities to stout wooden pegs firmly embedded in the ground close to the wall of the dwelling.
"In the meantime, within my residence, old Dourdi, muttering prayers in most anxious tones, was propping his boat-hook and several other poles of equal size against the spring of the dome, and planting the lower one firmly in the ground. I could make neither head nor tail of all these preparations, and was still more confounded by the community rushing to the bank of the river, some carrying a pitcher in each hand, others with enormous single ones strapped upon their backs. These, with feverish haste, were hurrying toward the opposite shore, with water, and hurrying with them to their vessels again issued forth with other vessels for a fresh supply.
"Every one was too busily engaged to give me any further answer to my demands as to what it all meant, than to exclaim:
"The *tennis*! the *tennis*!
"By this time the jagged white mist had risen high above the horizon, and was rapidly veiling the western sky. Flocks of sea-gulls and other aquatic birds flew inland, screaming and shrieking loudly. Ere long I saw that the clouds along the mountain crests veiled, and the movement of the sea, accompanied by a tremendous down-pour of rain.
"The *tennis* into which I rushed for shelter quivered and shook under its influence, and I thought that at each moment it would go over bodily. The westerly edge was lifted some inches from the ground with each fresh gust, and the eagerness with which ropes were hauled, tant, and strings were with all their weight from their upper portions, reminded one of a scene on board a vessel at sea during a violent tempest.
"I was gazing through a crevice in the felt walls out over the plain in an eastward direction, where some camels laden with grass and hay, were hurrying forward to gain shelter before being overtaken in the open. I could see their loads seized upon by the storm-gusts, and sent whirling far and wide, and to a height of a hundred feet.
"This storm continued an hour, but it was only when it had passed, and the inhabitants had leisure to speak to me, that I could make out the meaning of the hurried rush to the river for water. It appears that when the *tennis* blows, the sea-water is forced up into the river, rendering it unfit for human consumption, after four hours together, and it is with a view of securing a supply for household use that a rush is made to the banks as soon as the jagged mist appears upon the horizon."
HARD FACTS.
An Epitome of Many a Fair Woman's History.
To her deft touch the ivory keys responded in tones as sweet as Louisiana molasses, new crop. From her taper fingers fell notes as soft as the undercurrent of a boarding-house pie. When she played "Shells of Ocean" the sounds chased each other in melodious confusion through the circumambient air. In her rendition of "Lone Rock by the Sea, with Variations," her manipulation was like unto that of a barefoot-boy with a check of an equal charge of two hundred and fifty yellow-jackets, and the concordant sweetness rolled pell-mell into the patient ear as if parched peanuts into a paper bag. When "The Racket" rushed out at the bidding of her musical soul, the rattling hilarity caused every nail in the ceiling to vibrate with maddening joy. Miss Julia Cantwork was her name, and her maternal progenitor was a widow who supported her by taking in sewing and washing. Such a flower could not long bluish unscathed. Such an edelweiss, blooming on the putting crag of precarious chance, must sooner or later be plucked by some daring and ambitious hand. And so it was.
She banged her hair, as well as the piano, and these personal and spiritual attractions constituted the loadstone that drew to her shrine of dashing young driver of a delivery wagon. His name was Wolf, but his father had called him Peleg, to distinguish him from the balance of the boys. He did not circulate in the best society, although it is certainly true he made daily visits to many of the most aristocratic families of the West End. He first feasted his green-grocer eyes on her fair form and face one rare morning in June. She answered his knock at the kitchen door and took from his hands a mess of vegetables that had been paid for by her mother out of an average earnings of three dollars and a half a week. Her make-up caught his admiration, and when he heard her pounding the life out of the "Grand March in Norma," he drew away he felt the javelin of love at first sight pierce his soaring soul. They met by chance, and the light of the Chinese lanterns at the park on Sunday night, the clarinet crooned, the violin whined, the flute shrieked, the bass-viol groaned through its nose,

the E flat cornet split the unoffending atmosphere with its piercing blast. At a table beneath an ancestral oak they sat. Upon the polished board he rapped and ordered beer for two. They rapped the foaming beverage and anon he spoke for more. When the clock struck twelve they arose to go, as full of love and larger as only those who've traveled over that road can realize. At the maternal gate they parted, she affianced bride and he a bridegroom in the dim perspective of the adjacent future.
They married, and the union bore its legitimate fruit; the mother has one more charge on her toil-tried hands—her daughter's husband. His precarious earnings go to build up a rickety aristocracy. His wife has "spouted" the piano, and has nothing left except an expired pawnbroker's ticket to call to mournful memory the halcyon days of her maiden prosperity. Her mother still plays on the sewing machine and the young and discomfited wife manages to occasionally manipulate the washboard.
They are not happy, and there is no honest reason why they should be.—*Arkansas Traveler.*
KANSAS SHEEP.
A Woman's Observations on a Great Western Industry.
Sheep there were, indeed; thousands of them, objects of unfeeling concern to the gentlemen and delight to the ladies.
"What is that stone wall?" asked, one afternoon, a lady sitting on the piazza with her opera glass.
"That stone wall, madam," answered a Harvard graduate, politely, "is the sheep coming in to the corral."
To see the sheep go in and out, night and morning, was a never-failing amusement. Sometimes the ladies would descend down to the corral at sunset and have supposed them to be waiting for the Fourth-of-July procession with banners. From the eagerness with which they exclaimed: "Oh, here they come! there they are!" as the first faint tinkling of the bells was heard in the distance. If two herds appeared at once from opposite directions, the one with lambs had the "right of way," and Sly, the shepherd—not the only commander who has controlled troops by sitting down in front of them—would lead the other herd in check till the lambs were safely housed. The lambs born on the prairie during the day frisked back at night to the corral beside their mothers, a lamb four hours old being able to walk a mile.
When shearing-time came, they went into the sheds expecting to see the thick wool fall in locks beneath the shears. Like the golden curls of their own hair, they were the amusement to see the whole woolly fleece taken off much as if it had been an overcoat, looking still, if it were rolled up in a ball, like a veritable sheep, and often quite as large as the shorn and diminished creature that had once been part of it. One very hot day they traveled the best of their way for the sake of going out on the prairie to see how sheep keep cool. Instead of scattering along the creek, seeking singly the shade of the bushes or the tall trees only to be found near the creek, they huddle together in the middle of the sunny field more closely than ever, hanging their heads in the main motionless for hours. Not a single head is to be seen as you approach the herd; only a broad level field of woolly backs, supported by a small forest of little legs.—*Alfred Wellington Rollins, in Harper's Magazine.*
BROKEN GLASS.
Used in Chicago by Builders to Keep Out the Rain.
The following advertisement appeared in yesterday's *Tribune*:
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.—I will furnish broken glass at \$5.00 per ton, in any quantity needed. The glass is suitable for putting around the heavy part of walls of the foundations of buildings.
There is a parable in the Bible of a builder who built a house upon sand, and who is supposed to be the patron saint of modern tenement-house contractors—and there is a record of a New York builder who put up ten-story board structures of veneered pasteboard or some similar material, but so far as is known there is no precedent for the use of "broken glass" for building foundations, whether for the walls of the foundations or otherwise. Therefore a guardian of the public weal in the guise of a *Tribune* reporter, was detailed to investigate this matter. He sought out the man who had the glass to sell and submitted him to a stern examination.
"What do builders want with broken glass, anyway?" asked the reporter, flourishing the advertisement in the advertiser's face.
"To keep rats out," replied the man, not a bit frightened. "You see," he continued, "we do a very large bottling trade, and accumulate about two hundred bottles of private residences and small structures are beginning to use broken glass around the foundations and under the floors of buildings; it doesn't cost much, and it is the only sure preventive of a house being pestered with rats. They run the glass in the walls, and place it in the layers under the floors, and in every other place where rats would be likely to make lodgment. It will probably come into general use by and by; only a few knaves use it at present, so far as I know. We have about one hundred and fifty tons of broken glass in the yards at present. Hitherto we have sold it to the glass-bottle works at Streator and Ottawa; they pay us eight dollars a ton and melt it over. If we can sell it in Chicago at the same price we shall have to peddle it in small quantities, but we shall save freight charges, and the trouble of sorting for glass and loading it on the cars. Our average daily bottling of beer, ale, porter, aerated waters, etc., is about one thousand five hundred dozen, and there are probably thirty to fifty dozen bottles broken every day, which is but a small percentage after all. That's how we come to have so much broken glass."
The explanation was quite satisfactory. Any suspicions affecting the integrity of Chicago contractors which may have been raised by the above advertisement may now be freely dismissed.—*Chicago Tribune.*
The original autograph copy of Lord Byron's "Faithless Well" and "Forever," at a recent sale brought \$85; the original of Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" and "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots," together brought \$70; one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, \$15; thirteen letters of Dean Swift, from \$38 to \$85 each, and one of Charles Lamb, from Paris, \$60.

A SAD MISTAKE.
Some Heart-Felt Meditations by a Housemaid.
I love her deeply and devotedly. Or is it devotionally and deeply?
What matter?
We are all in all to one another. We live but for our love. The occupation by which I gain my bread becomes daily more distasteful to me. I madly plunge at my hat and coat the moment the hour of release arrives.
I can hardly be passively civil to my employer. Happily, though, as yet I have not struck him.
It is the same with my Matilda, so she tells me. She counts the long, leaden, weary hours that we perform must spend apart.
She says her work, too, is hateful to her. She says, though, that it is not only for herself that she has to work, but for her mother, an invalid, for whom the doctor has prescribed a warmer climate.
My Matilda is a postmistress, but her mother's board and lodging in the five poor climate are dreadful drags upon the poor girl. "Courage! courage!" I cry; "what is enough for one is enough for two." Stay—will it be enough for three also? I had not thought of this before.
My employer and I have exchanged words. Nay, blows also have passed between us and kicks. It matters not now who got them. I feel much hurt. I am without employment. The world is before me and the newspapers are full of advertisements, but there does not seem to be any special demand for my services. At present my only means of support are what Matilda can lend me after providing for her mother. It seems what is enough for one has now to do for three.
I can't see anything in the papers that will at all suit me. What I want, it appears to me, is more change of air than anything else. I mention this to Matilda and she weeps. I must say Matilda has not got the cheerfulness of temper.
At the nick of time I fell across some long-lost relatives. They have saved me. I am to have a long rest at their expense. I am to have change of air, a warmer climate, and a new job at a basking in the sunbath. It is a delightful place; such enjoyment and such complete and blissful idleness. I have met a rich English widow—a most charming woman.
After all, it will be very absurd of Matilda if she takes it to heart. Matilda's salary is not large enough. And as for me, I really, positively can not work. I feel I can not, and all efforts are useless. Wedded to the widow, why need I?
I'm an idiot! How could I have allowed myself to be taken in by what she said? I ought to have made sure. Why, the wretched old impostor lives on the charity of her daughter, just as Matilda's do.
Merciful goodness! What was Matilda's mother's name? Not Matilda's I know, for she took a second husband. Is it possible I have—? Yes! I have married Matilda's mother.—*Palmer's Pina Trina.*
WEBSTER.
The Great Exponent's Indifference in Money Matters.
Mr. Augustus Peabody, who was connected with Mr. Webster in the business of his law office in Boston, used to relate that on one occasion Mr. Webster had made all his preparations for a summer tour in his own carriage with his wife, and had drawn the money for his traveling expenses out of the bank the day before his intended departure. The next morning the New York mail brought a letter to Mr. Webster enclosing a check for fifteen hundred dollars as a retainer in a great land case in which Mr. Astor was one of the parties. This letter, with its inclosure, Mr. Peabody took down to Mr. Webster's house, and found him already seated in his carriage about to take the road to Saratoga. He gave him the letter, and asked him to endorse the check. But Webster put the check in his pocket with the remark that he might need it before he returned, and returned out. When he came back to Boston the whole of the fifteen hundred dollars had been spent in addition to the money he had previously drawn.
On another occasion Mr. Webster had invited some friends to dinner. As he left home in the evening he remembered his wife to send John down to the office about ten o'clock to go to market with him. John came down accordingly. Mr. Webster was busy writing. He asked John if he had any money. John replied in the negative.
"Then," said Mr. Webster, "go down to Mr. Burritt and ask him to lend me five dollars." (Burritt was a stationer in the lower story. John came back and reported that Mr. Burritt had not five dollars, but sent him ten dollars, which Webster took and put in his waistcoat pocket. Pretty soon a poor woman came in on an unpleasant errand. Said Webster, still writing, "I know all about it; you've lost your husband and have five small children and nothing to eat. Take this!" and he gave her the ten-dollar note which John had borrowed from Mr. Burritt. By and by he finished his work and remarked to his servant, "Now, John, we will go to market." Down they went through Court and Washington streets and Dock Square to the Quinny Market, below Faneuil Hall. Mr. Webster bought of the butchers at the south end of the market what suited him, but made no payment as he had accounts with them. At last they reached a vegetable dealer, of whom Webster also made a purchase, and was about to pass on as before when the faithful John arrested with the remark: "Mr. Webster, this man is a stranger to us; we never do dealings with him." "True," said the vegetable lawyer, "very true," and put his hand in his pocket for the money to pay the amount. Finding none, he said to his servant: "John, I thought you gave me some money just now." "So I did, sir," said John, "but you gave it to that poor woman who came into the office." "Ah!" said Webster, "so I did, but I had forgotten all about it. Well, John, you must borrow some more money and come down and pay these people; and now we will go home."—*Ben Perry's Poems.*
The pendulum of the clock in Dr. Tyng's church in New York has not stopped since it was first started, nearly seventy-six years ago.—*N. Y. Journal.*

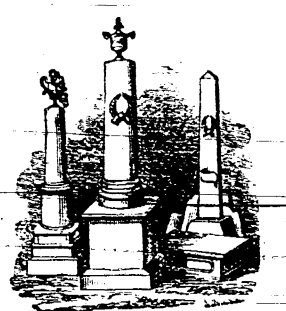
Miscellaneous. **IF YOU WANT THE BEST**
GASOLINE STOVE
Easiest Regulated
BESTOVEN,
"QUICK MEAL!"
HARDWARE!
Stoves and Tinware,
Paints, Oils, Etc.
At the
Lowest Prices!
Sheet-iron, Copper and Tinware made at short notice.
C. LEHN.
ATTENTION EVERYBODY!
CLARK BROTHERS,
Contractors and Builders!
Are prepared to take contracts for buildings of all kinds. With our new
Steam Planing Mills
We are prepared to manufacture on short notice
Sash, Mouldings, Etc.
And do
Turning, Planing,
Scroll Sawing, Etc.
In
First Class Style.
Mills at Case's Lumber Yard, near Lake Shore depot.
Manchester, Mich.
DON'T FAIL
Tobacco
WALL PAPERS!
At
G. W. DOTY'S
Where you get them trimmed
FREE OF CHARGE.
Large Assortment of colors and Prices Reasonable
GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS, CAPS,
NOTIONS, ETC.
Cheap for Ready Pay!
No excuse for rougher chappes hands, whey oucangot
3 Cakes Out Meal Toilet Soap for 10c
IT MAY SEEM STRANGE
To go to a printing office to buy a

FANNING MILL!
But if you can get one there and
Save \$5 or \$10
By so doing it is a good place to go.
WE HAVE THEM TO SELL!
And don't you forget it.
MAT D. BLOSSER,
Kalamazoo Office, Manchester

Miscellaneous. **READ, READ!**
OUR SEMI-ANNUAL
CUT SALE!
All Wool Suits Reduced to \$5.00!
These are no Shoddy Goods, but fine all wool suits, costing \$8, \$10, 12, 13 and \$15.
They Must Go Under This Cut
ALL OUR CUTAWAY AND SACK SUITS,
Costing 14, 15, 16 and 18 Dollars for 8 and 9 Dollars. No such bargains were ever offered by us at any time.
We Beat the World
ON CUT PRICES.
When we begin no Half-way Business with us.
Our \$20, 22 and 25 Suits, Now \$15.
One Hundred All Wool
BOYS SUITS.
Costing \$5, 8, 10, in all ages from 8 to 20 years at \$3.
The biggest cut we ever had in children's clothing.
Hats, Hats, Hats.
We shall offer all our \$2 50, 3 00 and 3 50 hats, all new styles, Derby shape, light and dark colors, at \$1.
Everything Goes!
We shall make it lively again for a few days. All our Summer Coats costing \$4, 3, 2 50, for \$1. These coats are fine alpaca, mohair and pongee.
Attend this Great Cut Price Sale at
THE TWO SAM'S!
BLITZ & LANGSDORF,
The Only One Price Clothiers in Washtenaw Co.
WHAT IS THE EXCITEMENT?
Why, they are all going to
J. H. Miller & Co's
STORE.
What is it that has made the large increase in their trade, of late? We will tell you: They are making such
BIG DISCOUNTS
for Cash on all goods (from 10 to 20 percent) that the
People See it is Better to Pay Cash!
and Get Goods Cheap, of
J. H. MILLER & CO.,
than to pay such HIGH PRICES as they have been paying elsewhere.
WE WOULD INVITE
the few who have not been in and asked
OUR CASH PRICES ON GOODS,
to do so at once, and we will save you money
J. H. MILLER & CO.
PLOWS, PLOWS!
PLOWS!
GALE PLOWS!
BARBED AND PLAIN FENCE WIRE,
MIXED PAINTS,
White Lead, Oils, etc.
J. H. KINGSLEY'S.

Miscellaneous. **REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.**
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw. In the matter of the Estate of William H. Bessant, late of said county, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted in the above entitled cause, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Washtenaw, on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1888, the real estate of said deceased, to-wit: the largest parcel, at the front door of J. H. Miller & Co's store, on Exchange Street, in the city of Manchester, in the county of Washtenaw, in said state, on Friday, the fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1888, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, subject to all encumbrances by mortgage or otherwise existing at the time of the death of said deceased, the following described real estate, to-wit: Village lot number six of block number three and change Place street, from the east side of lot number seven of said block number three, and extending south from said Exchange Street, and extending east from said Exchange Street, to the east side of City Road. Also lot one block fifty, and all of lot two of said block number fifty, lying on north and east of City Road. All in the village of Manchester, Washtenaw county, Michigan. Dated June 29th, 1888.
GEO. J. HARRISON, Executor.

ESTATE OF LEVI JUNE.
STATE OF MICHIGAN, County of Washtenaw. In the matter of the Estate of Levi June, late of said county, deceased. Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order granted in the above entitled cause, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Washtenaw, on the 20th day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, the following described real estate, to-wit: Present William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate, in the matter of the Estate of Levi June, deceased, comes into court and represents that he is now prepared to render the final account as such administrator.
Therefore it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 15th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the said Levi June, or his heirs, or assigns, or any other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, to be held at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, on said day, at the hour and place therein ordered, that said administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the *Manchester Free Press*, a newspaper published in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN, Judge of Probate.
Wm. G. Dorr, Probate Register.

MARBLE WORKS.

F. JACQUEMAIN.
Has a Fine Display of
MONUMENTS AND HEAD STONES!
On hand and those waiting anything in the line, need do but call on him to examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THE BEST
Rubber Overshoes
TO WEAR OVER YOUR WOOL BOOTS, are those now made by the "Candee" Rubber Co., expressly for Michigan trade for the season of 1888 and 89.
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED against coming apart in either sole or upper and guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.
Made for Reputation, giving the wearer more for his money than he can get in any other make of goods. **BEST BOOT STOCKS**, and not of ordinary overcast stock. The soles made in the "Candee" Rubber Boot Sole have a thick sole and then a top sole upon that.
This top sole is thickened in the middle, and is **DOUBLE THICK ON THE BALL.**
This is the great wearing point. The Double Thick Ball and the Boot Stock upper, give a shoe which will positively outwear any other shoe to the market even of the very best brand.
NO HIGHER IN PRICE.
Thousands of Dollars saved to Wool Boot wearers this season. Don't be afraid of the quality.
THE WARRANT SECURES YOU.
Call for the "Candee Double Thick Ball goods." Warranted on every shoe.
For sale in the city of
R. J. CUMMINGS & CO.,
DETROIT.

BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS!
That Ache in Small of Back.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Weary, Aching Bones.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
Cures
Dyspepsia.
Gentle— I feel it my duty to say regarding Burdock Blood Bitters, that it is the best medicine I ever took. I suffered two or three years from stomach troubles and dyspepsia as well as from liver and kidney complaint. I was not able to attend to my business. My wife was afflicted with the same troubles. We read of Burdock Blood Bitters in the papers, and made up our minds that we would try them. The result is my wife and I began to improve at once, and I am now able to do more hard work than before in ten years. It relieved my kidney troubles as well. We both wish you, the makers of it, Godspeed.
JOSEPH LONDON,
Chicago, Ill.

DELAND & CO'S
GALE PLOWS!
GALE SAF
SALERATUS
SODA
Best in the World.