

What is this? Nox-pull-out. Every Attempted Bear Raid Met by Watchful Bulls. MONEY IS MUCH EASIER. By Afternoon Wall Street Became Quiet and the Buying Through the Last Found Better Prices.

Heart Failure. HOW TO AVOID IT. The epithet on many a tombstone is "heart failure." No wonder, when we consider the immense strain which is put on that small organ.

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP. That's one of the peculiarities of KIRK'S Soaps. Clothes washed by them always attract attention by their purity and brightness.

None Such Mince Meat. Makes an everyday convenience of an old-time luxury. Pure and wholesome. Prepared with scrupulous care.

Complete Manhood. and how to attain it. At the end of each bottle is the name of the doctor who has cured the patient.

TOOK A FIRMER TONE. Every Attempted Bear Raid Met by Watchful Bulls.

MONEY IS MUCH EASIER. By Afternoon Wall Street Became Quiet and the Buying Through the Last Found Better Prices.

New York, May 16.—Money on call has been easy, ranging from 3 to 2 per cent. last loan at 2 per cent, and closing off at 2 per cent.

It is the only bow (ring) which cannot be pulled from the watch. To be had only with Jas. Boss.

Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA. The stock market was extremely erratic in its course early in the day and as a result lower prices were touched.

How to avoid it. The epithet on many a tombstone is "heart failure." No wonder, when we consider the immense strain which is put on that small organ.

Chicago Livestock. Cattle—Stock Yards, Chicago, May 16.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000; market firm; common to extra steers, \$4.15 to \$4.25; cows and calves, \$3.00 to \$3.25.

LOCAL MARKETS. Garden produce is growing more plentiful and prices are a little lower. Planting and asparagus are cheaper and in good demand.

PHARO'S CURE. At the end of each bottle is the name of the doctor who has cured the patient. This medicine is a great relief to all who suffer from the various ailments mentioned in the advertisement.



ROMEO and JULIET. By Mrs. Mungford. HERE are you going, Letitia? "Julia," demands Miss Banbridge, severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out today of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"What have you done?" she asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the meadow. "I refused to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather—my," with a sigh, "sainted father. If you are going out, I trust that if you meet the present owner of the Court, you will not so much as acknowledge his presence."

"What a lovely speech!" No wonder I love you, says Letitia, naively; "but," collapsing into gloom, "what's the good of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me." "Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closer to him, and entreats his wistful bravado to do so. It doesn't go half way round; but that doesn't matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so.

Jack, laughing. "Well, good-by—for awhile. I suppose if I come back again this evening I shall find you here?" "Yes! Oh, yes! Jack, do take care; the men will see you!" "Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you; what are you going to do while I'm away?"

Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as she gets over the wall to blow a last kiss to him. Then coming out from the shelter of her trusting-place she walks into the old meadow, now beaten down save where the tall, coarse tufts of grass are growing. Lightening one of her matches she kneels down and sets fire to the tuft nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood, and she is not yet so far removed from those days as to have lost all childish fancies. Sitting down on the side of a tiny hillock at a distance, she watches the dancing flames—so small, so flickering, so harmless.

Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over her soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here. How cozy. Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. She sees the little insects run to and fro over her white frock as they come to the front, all in search of the great want-food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.



She shivers to her feet. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The man at the fence. Where are they? Alas! they have all gone to dinner. Once again a frantic cry bursts from her lips. It is answered. At this moment Harding reaches her, and flinging off his coat he catches her in it. Folding it round her, he holds her as in a vice.

FINANCIAL. THE OLD NATIONAL BANK. CAPITAL - \$800,000. THE NATIONAL CITY BANK. CAPITAL - \$500,000. GRANDRAPIDS NATIONAL BANK. Capital and Surplus - \$600,000.

THE NATIONAL CITY BANK. GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY. CAPITAL - \$500,000. GRANDRAPIDS NATIONAL BANK. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - \$600,000.

THE GRAND RAPIDS NATIONAL BANK. CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - \$600,000. CITY REPOSITORY. KENT COUNTY SAVINGS BANK. CAPITAL PAID UP - \$50,000.

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