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Breakfast Cocoa
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Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions used for many years in private practice with success and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are the best of their kind ever used in the world.

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WILL POSITIVELY CURE
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Alpena Weekly Argus

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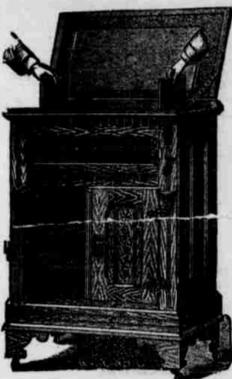
ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 1046.

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Real Estate Agent
Rooms 4, 5, Davison Block.
Will take charge of estates for residents and non-residents, collect rents, pay taxes, place insurance, obtain abstracts of title, etc.
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GARLAND and FAVORITE STOVES,
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Please give us a Call.
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The BEST, and the one we Push, is the
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Finely ornamented, and just the thing for every dining room in the city.
PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.
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Corner Second and River Streets.

A GREAT SUCCESS!
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DR. DUNLOP
devises his whole time to this work and takes the lead of all other dentists in the kind of work.
TEETH WITHOUT PLATES
that will not drop or get loose. Too much can not be said of this work, must be seen to be appreciated. Full and partial sets made. Perfect fit guaranteed and satisfaction in every respect. The doctor and his assistants do their prosthetic and mechanical work in most approved style, at prices that will satisfy you.
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WIT AND HUMOR.
Passing around the hat is one way to get the cents of the meeting.—Ex.

Women may not be deep thinkers, but they are clothes observers.—Texas Siftings.

A man's income should never be judged by the number of dogs he is able to keep.—Texas Siftings.

The vain belle with a cheek like the red side of a luscious peach is devoted to haughty culture.—Dallas News.

The girl with money can have anything she likes. She can also have anything she loves.—Elmira Gazette.

There is always a moral influence associated with a piano. If it isn't upright it is square.—Cape Cod Item.

Teacher—Jimmy, what is the chief product of the Malay peninsula? Jimmy—Malayria.—Harper's Bazar.

One reason why some people are not so wicked as others is because they haven't had so good a chance.—Ram's Horn.

"I'm not in it," sorrowfully sung the mosquito, as he buzzed on the outside of the netting.—Binghamton Republican.

Intellectual conversation at the seaside. She—How times does fly in the summer! He—Ya-as, it's fly time.—Judge.

Penelope (sighing)—Ah, the men are not what they used to be. Tom—'I'd like to know why not? Penelope—They used to be boys, you know.—N. Y. Herald.

Fenderson—Had a great time last night. Was at a donkey party, you know. Bass—Were you? and who were the others?—Boston Transcript.

Force of habit. Blushing girl—Yes, Dick, my heart is in your keeping. Young baggage-man—My own darling. Er—want a check for it?—Ex.

He (seriously)—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you? She—I don't know. If he is anything like me he would.—Brooklyn Life.

He took the hint. Joselyn—"I say, Miss Maud, don't you prefer a sloop rig to a cat rig?" Maud—"Yes; but—but I think I like a smack better than either."—Boston Post.

The modest man. She—I love all that is grand, noble, majestic and beautiful. He—Thank you very much, Miss Boston, but—er—really you embarrass me.—Munsey's Weekly.

Brobsion—What two kinds of men meet in the early morning hours? Craik—I am sure I do not know. Brobsion—Why, the hardy sons of toil and the tarry sons of Hoyle, of course.—New York Herald.

Sunday school teacher—Pharaoh promised Joseph's brethren they should have the fat of the land. What is it to possess the fat of the land? New boy (from Ohio)—To be a member of the Standard Oil Company, I reckon.—Chicago Tribune.

Cadby—Why do you always go away when you see me coming, as if you wanted to shake me. When a girl's engaged to a fellow—Maud—Oh, but Algernon, you know what the doctors say, "Shake well before taking."—Boston Post.

Mr. Oldboy—My dear, that new cook of yours is homely enough to crack the kitchen plastering. Mrs. Oldboy (with much decision)—I'll attend to keeping the plastering in repair, my dear. You won't have to look after it. She's going to stay.—Chicago Tribune.

It's a poor rule, etc. Mind-cure doctor—Make up your mind there is no pain, and there is none. Five dollars, please. Patient (moving toward the door)—Make up your mind there is no pain, and there is none. Good day.—Yankee Blade.

"I hear that your rival has been successful in becoming engaged to Miss Curox," said a young man to his friend. "Yes, I did my best; but he was more clever than I." "Indeed! How was that?" "He knew enough to let her father beat him at billiards and I didn't."—Washington Star.

Father—"Come, Johnny, do as I bid you. Take off your coat this instant." Johnny—"You ain't going to lick me, are you?" "Certainly I am. Didn't I tell you this morning I would pay you off for your behavior?" "Yes, but I didn't think you would do it. You told the butcher and grocer you would pay them off last week and I know you let up on them."—Boston Courier.

Rescuing a Prisoner.
After Sheridan's troops had carried out that order to burn ten square miles of the Shenandoah Valley there was a more bitter turn to the war waged in that locality. Many of the Confederate farmers who had been neutral, or had tried to be, now became guerrillas and bushwhackers and lost no opportunity of killing a Federal.

After that burning Mosby had no difficulty in securing all the men he could handle, and other guerrilla bands sprang into life in the various valleys and scrupled at nothing which would cripple the enemy. I know that scores of Federal prisoners, who would otherwise have been treated as prisoners, were shot down as soon as captured on account of that burning.

Among those who turned bushwhacker was an old man named Humphrey, living about two miles from Strasburg. He was 62 years old, quite lame in one leg from hip disease, and up to the burning was looked upon as a kind-hearted, good-natured and forgiving old man. The Federals burned the houses and barns of his two sons, further down the valley, and one day two or three half-drunken soldiers came to his house and demanded dinner. He refused to give them anything. One of them drew a revolver to shoot him down, but the weapon was accidentally discharged and Mrs. Humphrey was mortally wounded.—After her death and burial old Humphrey disappeared and was next heard of in the mountains. He lived in a cave and became a bushwhacker.—That term is hardly strong enough. He became a man-hunter. While a Confederate in sentiment, he had little to do with them, securing his arms and ammunition from his Federal victims, and his few provisions from the farm houses. In his old age the man became an avenging spirit.—There was something appalling in his tireless, vindictive trailing of Federals. He hung about camps and picket-posts and marching columns, and he took desperate chances to gratify his thirst for blood. If he came across three foragers together two would certainly bite the dust, and he would not hesitate to attack even where the number was five.

In one year old Humphrey killed thirty-six Federals. I make the statement on the authority of people who saw the tally. The old man preserved a relic from each body—knife, ring, watch-chain or button—and there was no chance to mistake the number. One day, in making a scout near Cross Keys, I was discovered by a scouting party of ten Federals, and run into the mountains. The pursuit did not end here. Some of them dismounted and hung to my trail for another hour. It was in avoiding these men that I accidentally stumbled upon old Humphrey's hiding-place. It was a veritable cave, warm and dry, and well hidden, and I had entered it before I knew that it was occupied.—The old man was not at home, but I had scarcely detected signs that the place had an inhabitant when a voice called from the gloom at the rear end: "For God's sake, who is it—Yank or Reb?"

"Reb, I guess. Who are you?" "Then there is no hope!" he groaned. I struck a match and advanced towards him. On a rude bench was a dish of fat with a rag in it for a Wick, and as soon as I had lighted this I could see everything in the cave. On the hard stone floor lay a prisoner, tied hand and foot. He was a Federal, a second lieutenant, and belonged either to the Twenty-fifth New York or the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Having afterwards lost my note-book I am not sure of the regiment.

The cave contained a bench or two, a pile of straw and two or three quilts for a bed, and a lot of trophies in the way of guns and sabers.

"Who are you?" I asked of the man as I bent over him. "Lieut. Johnston, of Sheridan's cavalry," he answered.

"How came you here?" "I was riding with a dispatch last evening when I was bushwhacked and made prisoner. I have a bullet in the left shoulder.

"Who brought you here?" "An old man, who acts as if he were crazy."

"It was the first prisoner old Humphrey ever took, and I greatly wondered over it. His policy was to kill, and how came he to spare this man's life?"

"Who are you?" suddenly asked the prisoner. "One of Gen. Early's scouts."

"Then I have no hope. You may have the heart, however, to band me a drink of water. I am burning up with fever."

There was a gourd on the bench, and the purest, coldest water ran down the rocks at the door. I raised the man's head and he imbibed more than a pint.

His hands were tied together at the

wrists and the cords had sunk deep into the flesh. I severed the bonds with my knife and rubbed his arms until the circulation of blood was restored.

"God bless you for that! I have suffered death twice over!" he said, sort of breaking down like a woman. The wound had not been dressed. I propped him up, cut away his coat and shirt, and washed off the blood and dressed the wound as well as possible under the circumstances. I was finishing the operation when I heard a step behind me, and as I rose up and turned my head old Humphrey sprang upon me. He had a gun with him, and why he didn't shoot me down I could not guess unless it was in the hope of making another prisoner.

The old fellow sprang at me like an enraged tiger, and during his first fury he got the better of me. However, after a struggle of three or four minutes he lost his wind and I managed to tie him hand and foot. Then he broke out in revilings, and such oaths and imprecations I never heard before or since. He boasted that he meant to torture the lieutenant to death, and he called such curses down upon my head as did not seem possible for human tongue to utter.

By and by, when he had exhausted himself, the prisoner asked: "What will you do with me?" "That was a puzzle. I had no show to get him into our lines, I could not remain there and guard him, and as for leaving him in the hands of old Humphrey it was not to be thought of. The old man had endured privations and brooded over his wrongs until he had become insane. His raving showed that.

"I'll tell you," I replied to the prisoner, who was on his feet to try strength. "I am going away for a few hours. When I return I shall tell you to Port Republic. Be ready."

With that I walked out. It was hours before I returned. The prisoner was gone. The old man lay on his back just where I had seen him last, and as I bent over him I saw that he was dead. A day or two after a prisoner whom we captured stated that the lieutenant got safe into Strasburg.—Ex-Rebel.

Selecting a Profession.
"Say, ma," began Pete Hochstetler, addressing his wife, "hev yer ever thought what we air goin' ter make outen Jim, thar?"

"No," responded Sally, "but he ain't but goin' on 10 yet, an' I think there's er lot er time fer hit."

"But his time ter be considerin', I says," insisted Pete. "Let's make a preacher outen him."

"Preachers is good," quietly returned Sallie, "but somehow they allus seem dependin' like."

"They's allus gott'er plenty ter eat an' good clothes all week."

"That's convinchin'."

"Yes; an' another thing I've been considerin' is, he orter be learnt sumthin' erbout makin' pine top, ter sorter he'p make er livin'."

"But moonshine an' preachin' don't go together, Pete," interposed Sallie, "an' I object to hit."

"That's no odds, Sal; ye jes' said yere'f thet preachin' war a mighty pore susteinin' bizness. Ef yer on'y say hit, we kin make a great man outen Jim."

"All right, Pete, I'm ergreed."

"Thet's er good gal. Now I jes' as well tell yer thet Jim's over to Deacon Farlow's, learnin' ter make moonshine er week days and er goin' with the deacon ter meetin' er Sundays. I didn't wanter 's'prise yer, but Jim's begun all satisfactorly."—Free Press.

The Parent of Insomnia.
The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrop, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore the equilibrium to the great center. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hooper's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to that all important organ, and their beneficial influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in strength.—Ladies' U. S. Government Food Report.

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