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 GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

Ellys Cream Balm for CATARRH
THE POSITIVE CURE.
 ELY BROTHERS, of Warren St., New York. Price 50c.

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STRONGEST AND SAFEST EXPLOSIVE KNOWN TO THE ARTS.
POWDER, FUSE, CAPS, Electric Mining Goods,
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HERCULES, THE GREAT STUMP AND ROCK ANNIHILATOR.
 HERCULES POWDER COMPANY, 40 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
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DO YOU KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE?

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Will Cure Cramps, Colic, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints.

PRICE, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

DO NOT SEND ANY MORE BEFORE JANUARY 1, 1894.

A list of the people obtaining these prices in this country will be published in this paper immediately after the first of January, 1894.

THE PAIN-KILLER IS THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE MARKET.

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ALPENA ARGUS
 MISCELLANEOUS.

HALF-WAY

The years that steal our youth away
 Come drifting on—come drifting on.
 Like snowflakes that endure a day
 And then are gone.

Upon the heart is blinding bright
 An open fire—let it and dream
 To shed a gleam of flickering light
 Through all the dark that lies before.

And then, within my heart, to-night
 The flame of youth flares up once more,
 To shed a gleam of flickering light
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And all the dead things live again,
 And stomp its ruddy glow doth stream.
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Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was anxious to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine given, I resorted to a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

My fire burns low, but through the gloom
 Comes stealing in the gray of dawn,
 The shadows scurry from the room
 Till all are gone.

And more is here—the storm is past,
 The room is filled with ruddy day;
 But on my head is drifting fast
 The snow that never melts away.

—Kate Field's Washington.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
 Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Promptly acted, sure to cure

KEENAN & JAHN,
 Of Detroit,
 Are right to the front this Spring,
 with full lines of everything in

Furniture
 AND
Curtains,

Parlor Suites, Chamber Sets, Iron and Brass Beds, Folding Beds, Dressers, Chiffoniers, Onyx Tables, Parlor Tables, Cabinets, Side Boards, Silver Cases, Dining Chairs, Desks, Book Cases, Combination Cases.

Particular attention is called to their most magnificent stock of Brass and Iron Beds. Every housekeeper appreciates the advantages to be gained in using these beds.

It was a bright moonlight night.
 Not a word was exchanged on either side. De Beaupre's thoughts had traveled back to that night when the same bright orb, which now guided him and his companion through the mazy windings of the cemetery, had witnessed the chaste vows of two lovers beneath the fragrant orange tree.

The gravedigger silently pointed out a newly raised mound. Silently, yet vigorously, they both set to work, and in an incredibly short space of time lifted the coffin on to the green sward beside the grave. With a few blows of the mallet and chisel the lid flew open, and the pale moonlight gleamed on the ashy countenance of the corpse, untouched by time or decay.

De Beaupre fell on his knees besides it, and raising it in his arms, gazed down sadly on that loved countenance. Suddenly the memory of their last parting, of her last words, flashed across his bewildered brain, and winding his arms around her he pressed upon her dead lips that kiss which she had fondly said would recall her to life.

The next instant he was seized with a fit of trembling; then starting up, still holding up the corpse in his arms, he fled away over the tombs with a cry that thrilled through the heart of his terrified companion.

The gravedigger started in pursuit; but De Beaupre, in spite of his heavy burden, ran with supernatural swiftness, besides being favored with the inequalities of the ground, that he was soon lost to view. All that his unhappy accomplice could do was to return to the grave, horror-stricken at his crime, replace the coffin, and remove, as far as possible, every trace of the sacrilege.

He went home, and awaited what daylight might bring forth with feelings far from enviable. But the next day came, weeks, months, years rolled on, and nothing occurred to justify the grave apprehensions he felt for the result of that memorable night's work.

At regular intervals, the widower, Monsieur Le