

## ... Disappointed ...

For the benefit of those who came during the week for opal prices, John McConnell will sell, on

Saturday, April 27th

Inst. at the same price as we sold on the 20th of April. Remember, after a week's advance to the usual retail price. We will also sell during the day dinner sets, tea sets, and chamber sets at cut rate prices.

## Groceries for the Day

2 lbs. cooking figs, 25c.  
Dried peaches, 10c per lb.  
15c. glass jar baking powder, for 10c.  
Six bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.  
Corn starch, 6c. per lb.  
1,000 parlor matches for 5c.  
1 lb. fresh ground coffee, 15c.  
1 bottle good pickles for 5c.  
1 lb. baking powder with meat saw for 35c.  
Extra value in T. of all kinds.

## John McConnell

Park Street East. Phone 190



## Dr. Spinney & Co.

Detroit's Old Reliable Specialists  
Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century. Whose successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

**WOMEN** weak, pale, tired, nervous, dependent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves unstrung, sleepless nights, hums (trouble), faint feeling, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAMOUS PRESCRIPTION.

**YOUNG MEN** led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Rashness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Eruptions on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-fortunings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad taste in the Mouth, Dream, Night Losses, Deposits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUARANTEED.

**VARIICOLES and PILES**, and **KNOTTED VEINS** of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and permanent. \$1,000 for Failure.

## RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED.

**THE SIGNS OF SPHILIS** are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loose, pimples on the back and watery growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs.

Have you the seeds of any past disease working in your system? **IMPOTENCY** or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate **MARRIAGE**? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You can't afford to take any risk. Like father, like son. We have a never failing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power.

**MIDDLE-AGED MEN**.—There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits a rosy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen and color of a thin milky hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

**BOOK FREE**—Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cured at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to every patient.

## Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m.: Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.  
290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

## NOTICE

Parties wanting mineral water from the Chatham Mineral well on McGregor's farm, can procure the same from Mr. E. S. Bromfield, at the well, between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m., or in small quantities at Room 9, Victoria Block at any time.

Chatham Mineral Water Company, Limited

## POLLY MAKING TEA

The china gleams in blue and white. The twilight hour is swift approaching. Entranced I note with shy delight. No other callers are succumbing.

A cup she designates as mine. With motion of her dainty finger. The kettle boils—oh, drink divine. In meekly shall thy fragrance linger.

Her kerchief's made in style of yore. Some fairy surely put the hem on. Field sugar such a charm before? Was e'er such magic in lemon?

She turns away with manner coy. The delectable shows her beauty clearer; Oh, why is teasing such a joy? I wish she'd come a little nearer.

We stand sip—the time flies fast. My cup needs filling—project clever! She comes, and I—grow bold at last—May, "Polly, make my tea forever."

—Florence Scollard Browne.

## IN THE ROCKIES.

I left New York in the spring of 1880 for Denver. The population of that city was at that time only 20,000. It is now 100,000. I had then only one railroad depot, a crumbling wooden structure, belonging to the Kansas Pacific Company. To-day it has seven depots of brick and granite, vast in space, where trains arrive from all points in the compass in the States.

I was only a week in Denver, when an old friend of mine, Mr. Smyth, invited me to accompany him to a Music Hall in Chestnut street. When I entered the bar room, swarthy and stalwart miners were dancing with comely women. Others were playing cards. A group of six men stood at the bar, drinking between them half a gallon of rye. Having become intoxicated, they quarrelled. Pulling out their revolvers from their pockets, three of them fired on the other three. In the confusion of the moment, one of them aimed the muzzle of his revolver at me, but luckily I was standing behind the big stove at the time, and stooped thus avoiding the shot, which struck the wall behind me. Smyth, who was with me at that moment, suggested that we beat a hasty retreat from the music hall. When we reached the street, we were told by a guardian (policeman) that one of the miners was killed, and three wounded. The row was put a stop to by a dozen guardians.

My first experiences of mining life occurred at Alpine, situated on a level embedded on the summit of a very high mountain, sixty miles from Denver. We worked in the mine eight hours a day. Our wages were \$5 a day. The owners of the mines were the Mary Murphy Company. No vegetation save that of trees was possible on these rock-bound heights; yet after the shaft went down 200 feet, in the course of which we had to blast the rocks with gunpowder, we discovered what is called in the miners' slang the flank vein, where we dug up large quantities of silver. We were sixty miners working in a desolate wilderness. Ten small log cabins, the bed rooms of which we had to bunk similar to those in transatlantic steamers, sheltered us.

A lighted stove stood in the centre of the room during the spring, fall, and winter months, when it is terribly cold on the summits of the mountains. Our log huts were situated twenty yards inside from the confines of the forests. I could not sleep at first, listening to the howlings of the large wolves that infested the woodlands in the Rockies; but I soon got accustomed to the cries, and I could slumber once more.

On a wild night in December, a colossal snowslide precipitated itself against the edge of the forest, and swept down on the valley to the east. If our log huts were outside the limits of the forest, we would have been buried in snow. Twice a month three of us, mounted on mules, descended the mountain to Alpine, a small village, and purchased a herd of cattle which we drove up the slopes of the uplands to the site of the log huts. These animals were killed by a butcher's knife, and were roasted on a fire of lumber. We purchased other provisions, too.

I left the mountain for Garfield in the spring of 1881, where in the uplands, between two huge crags, 100 miners, including myself, excavated a huge pile of "floats" (silver) from the pile.

The company's directors, who were running this mine, imagined that beneath this mountain of Garfield were veins of silver. They gave instructions to the superintendent to construct a tunnel through the mountain. When this work was accomplished there were no veins discovered, and the company became bankrupt, having lost \$2,000,000 in the venture.

The atmosphere upon these rocky heights is so keen and light that our lungs could barely endure it, and we sometimes became dizzy and faint.

One winter's night, while we slept in our log cabins, ten mounted men from an adjoining camp woke us up, and told us to get ready and come along to lunch two Dakota desperadoes. —James Louk and Dennis Wise—who had arrived at their camp that night and shot two of their comrades. One, a Swede, was robbed of his earnings, \$500, and shot dead afterwards. The other recovered from his wound. This murder was perpetrated on the slopes of the Rio Grande, where our visitors had their camp. "Curly Bill," the leader of the camp, organized a posse of the townsmen of Garfield, who pursued and captured the desperadoes, and returned to Garfield, where they locked them up in a calaboose, a double-legged cabin prison.

Afterward, ten of the men visited us. When we had put on our clothes, and met our fellow-miners, I was the only man among sixty who refused to join in what I considered a murder. Curly Bill, the leader of the ten men, put the muzzle of a revolver to my forehead, exclaiming: "If you don't join us, smoking guns! I'll blow your brains out."

I, of course, consented to join them, as I could not relish the idea of dying in my early youth.

Between the hours of midnight and 10 A. M. we entered Garfield. Two deputies of the State, who were armed and were guarding the two prisoners in the calaboose, were quickly disarmed by five miners of our group. These were ordered by "Curly Bill" to keep the deputies in prison for three hours, during which time they would have an opportunity of hanging the murderers.

Two of the miners put ropes around

the bodies of the criminals, while "Curly Bill" appointed Andy Crawford to shoot or hang them. It was finally, however, decided by the miners that they should be hanged from a tree. Accordingly they proceeded to a wood where one of the Dakota prisoners broke down, and, weeping, asked for mercy. His comrade turned on him a gleam of indignation in his eyes, and poured from his tongue a volley of curses on the miserable coward. After they were hanged, twenty miners riddled their bodies with bullets, but I was not of the twenty. The prisoner who was indignant at the cowardice of his friend died game. The two desperadoes enjoyed the hospitality of our camp a week before the murder. The

In the summer of 1881 I went to Denver, where an official of an engineering company, Mr. Barr, employed me to join the men who were going to exploit the Black Canons, situated 600 miles west of Denver on the Pacific side of the Rockies, and 250 miles distant from Gunnison City. Packed trains, yoked to burros (asses), were laden with mining implements, stores, and provisions. Twelve of us climbed the mountain the first portion of each day, and mounted the asses in the afternoon. We were sent by the Rio Grande Railroad Company to survey this part of the mountain. The company desired to take possession of the canons before its rival, the Denver South Park Company, could lay their hands on them, for they were the key to Salt Lake City.

These canons were eighteen miles long, five to 600 feet wide, and were flanked by mountains 400 feet high. During the three months of summer we never saw the sun. The canons were never dark abysses that we had to use our lanterns in exploring them. The cost of tunnelling the mountains on the Pacific side of the Rockies was \$1,000,000; 6,000 workmen, of whom I was one, finished the tunnel in six months, so that the company held possession of the only route to the Mormon capital.

In the winter of 1881 I proceeded to Leadville, and worked in the iron silver mines on the Iron Mountains, two miles north of that city. I was not a long time here, when I began to suffer from lead poison. I was ill with the colic and could not eat food. One night, provided with a lantern, as I was promenading down the incline of a tunnel, my head struck against a pair of human legs sticking out from a mass of lumber. I hurried back to my room, and, when I reached the surface, and told the superintendent that there was a dead miner in the ruins of one of the entrances to the tunnel which had caved in. He sent two men to look up the entrance, and the remains of our comrade. When we lifted the timbers from his frame we found that all his bones were broken, and he presented a ghastly appearance. His corpse was terribly mutilated, and blood was issuing from its every vein, while his face was livid.

Soon afterward I was running a level (digging in a level tunnel for a distance of 100 feet) on the Iron Mountains. I was so lucky that we had to work with giant powder in blasting this impediment to our mining labors. Shea and I had reached the heading of a level, when a small explosion took place, and a large boulder from the roof of the tunnel fell on my comrade's head and killed him. This was my third escape from death.

My next adventure occurred in the spring of 1882. I was working on the Helvetic mines on the western flanks of the mountains. The shaft was 650 feet deep. One morning seven of us embarked from the surface in a bucket attached to a rope held by the engineer and his subordinates. The engineer imagined we had reached the end of the shaft. So he dropped the bucket when it was fifty feet above the ground, and it fell with an appalling swiftness. When it touched the soil a loud crash was heard, and the bucket was smashed into atoms. One miner had his chin broken, another broke his leg, but escaped with a few scratches. I fancy I must have had a charmed life in the Rockies.

In the spring of 1884 I proceeded to the Iron Mountain. I was asked to work on the top of the shaft on a stormy night, when a sleet swept the hills, and it was pitch dark, despite the light of the two lanterns. The bucket lay in a four-wheeled car, and was covered with snow. When, pushing the car before me to the edge of the shaft, I slipped on an ice-bound rock and lost my hold of the car. When I got on my feet, that car was perilously near the brink of the shaft. I realized instantly that there were three men at the bottom of the shaft. I made a furious effort to catch the bucket's rope. The car pulled me down twenty feet of the shaft, but I held, fortunately, the rope of the bucket, when the car fell down with a crash on the mine. With the aid of the rope I finally reached the surface.

My friends must have been killed by the fall of the car, I imagined, but then I reflected that, as they were working a few feet from the shaft in the interior of the mine, the fall of the car could not have killed them. I loved the bucket, and pulled it up with all my strength. It was occupied by three live men who reached the surface safely. A great load of sorrow was lifted from my heart when I grasped their brawny hands. I got weary of my four years' mining, and proceeded to Brooklyn, where I started a business establishment.

## Demand for Ivory.

Ivory is becoming scarcer every year and the demand for it is increasing. The supply will be absolutely insufficient to meet the demand. The entire supply for 1894 amounts to \$355,000 pounds against nearly 10,000,000 pounds for 1893. Owing to the increase in exports from the Congo Free State, Antwerp heads the ivory markets of the world with more than half of the entire supply, or 4,862,000 pounds. London imports 2,400,000 pounds, and Liverpool about 1,500,000 pounds of the costly tusks. The small balance was scattered among other ports. A substitute for ivory, artificial or natural, is badly wanted.

"Bein' funny," said Uncle Eben, "am sumpin' dat er man hes ter be mighty kyahful 'bout. 'Tain' so much in knowin' how ez it is in knowin' when."

## MAN'S LIMITATIONS.

To the Average Man "Cosmetics" Has This Distike.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the November Woman's Home Companion discusses "Man's Limitations" when he attempts to discourse on the secrets of beauty. She says:

"To the average man the word 'cosmetics' has the effect of a red rag shaken in the face of a bull. Yet the word does not mean paint or pigment. Trace it back and you will find it signifies a preparation to restore harmony. This is the age of specialists. In days gone by whatever evil befell the human body the family physician was expected to relieve. Now we have the dentist the surgeon the oculist the artist, the pedicure, and still others skilled in the treatment of scalp and skin. A good complexion is the background of a woman's beauty. Nature's most beautiful grouping of features is ruined if the background loses its tone or becomes seamed or spotted. To avoid such disaster with the flight of years requires knowledge and patience. There are specialists in this line who are just as expert as the dentist or the oculist. No man is indignant or disgusted if his wife consults the dentist. He does not tell her that a cheerful disposition will preserve her teeth. Yet the complexion feels the ravages of indigestion, time and inheritance quite as much as the teeth or eyes, and needs quite as skillful treatment. Yet the majority of ladies must keep their methods a secret because of the intolerance and unreason of man upon this subject.

"If a woman goes abroad with visible rouge on her cheeks, powder on her nose, or pencil-marks under her eyes, a man has a right to utter a protest and voice his disgust. But he never protests at that. He immediately proceeds to air his ancient theories about a cheerful disposition and soap and water as the only cosmetic proper for a respectable woman to use. Meantime the deadly, scented soap-cake has ravaged more complexions than any pigment on the market."

## Affections

While a few persons are affected through and through, and can do nothing naturally, most of us are caught here and there by affection. The affection of possessing knowledge which is really wanting is one of the commonest forms of the falling. Do you suppose that half the people who talk enthusiastically about music understand or love it? It is the same with art and its fashions. A run on a particular set of books is, to a large extent, a similar pretence. Many readers will say honestly what they have thought as they read, but a very large number wait on public opinion—or rather what they conceive to be polite opinion—and follow that into paths that they would never tread of their own free will.

As to affections of manner, is there not a tendency in some quarters to regard gruffness as a sort of virtue, to think that plainness and bluntness are the signs of sincerity and to cultivate a direct, blurring for of speech, which is supposed to imply truthfulness and thoroughness? Yet men who speak in this way are not necessarily more straightforward than those who gave more play to the graces of conversation. There is an affection of honesty, which may be a cloak for as much double dealing as if speech were oily and looks humble. And then there is the opposite, and even more inexcusable, affection of humility by those who wish to curry favor. They fall into mild speech and adopt downcast looks when the style will serve their purpose, though they do not really entertain any of the sentiments which they bearing and demeanor represent. What of the women who cultivate a fascinating delicacy and fineness, a timidity and appealing innocence? It is usually as much a pose as is the fraggledoc of the men who boast of their courage and daring and feats, and very plainly hint to the world that they are mighty fellows. All such poses are the signs of affectation, and they admit of no defense. Be what you are. That is the antidote to every form of affectation.

## Little Health Hints.

Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dropsical swellings.

Try buttermilk for the removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew frequently.

Try taking cod liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.

## Handsome Table.

What do you do every week with the pictures that are printed in this newspaper? Did you ever examine them closely. Some of them are works of art for which the artist was paid a large sum.

If you have a little old plain wooden table, you can preserve these works of art and make an ornament at the same time. Select a pretty figure of course a woman—and place it in the middle of your old table, having previously prepared it by a good scrubbing. Paste securely and, when finished, treat to a coat of this varnish specially prepared for the purpose.

You will be pleased with the effect which is very like that of enamel. Beware of the Spanish sounce or any shaped sounce not put and hung by the experienced hand. Unless it sets well it is an abomination. To set well it must be cut by a pattern which is perfectly accurate.

## ALL PURE TEA NO ADULTERATION

# "SALADA"

Ceylon GREEN Tea draws a prize in Richness, Flavor and all round Goodness. It is as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas.

## Woolens for Spring 1901

men of taste and discernment to call on us and become intimate with all that is most stylish and novel in the high art of good dressing.

Albert Sheldrick, Merchant Tailor and Direct Importer.

## Say Papa

Where is my savings bank key? What do you want it for, I hope you are not going to spend your money foolishly? No papa, but then at Jordan's Jewelry Store they are selling

Solid Gold 10k Set Rings for 75c and \$1.00

and only for 30 DAYS, just the same as you paid \$2.50 for

A. A. Jordan, Sign of The Big Clock

**400 SHADES**

You have the most complete palette of shades and colors in Brainerd & Armstrong wash embroidery silks.

Out of the 400 shades you can select exactly the one you want with the same nicety that an artist mixes his colors.

Asiatic dyed, in patent tangle-proof holders. Sold everywhere.

**Brainerd & Armstrong**

**The Indoor-bicycle Shoe.**

A light, comfortable shoe that looks like a dress shoe and feels like a bicycle shoe. It is the only shoe that's as easy as a bicycle shoe and doesn't look like one. Made of fine kid with noiseless, slipless Elk sole and heels. A perfect shoe for men or women to wear indoors—especially adapted for those who stand—salespeople, nurses, housewives—anyone on their feet. Can be worn all winter with overshoes. Price, \$3.00, \$3.50; men's or women's. Stamped on the sole,

**"Sovereign Shoe."**

Sold by D. Turrill and J. L. Campbell.