

FAUSEL
e River for Your
cks, Jewelry,
Plated Ware
AS LOW I

the Lowest

Attention !

and Satisfaction

anteed.

AUSEL.

SIDE

Store of

EHN

and

Back Meal
 Latest Improvements
 currently 1 sold
 Year
ALL YOU
 are and can
 variety.
re,
 Also the
FULL PLO
 ners work done
 Notice
SEE ME
 gals
CH
 ger, Manch

HYDRO
OTHERS,
and Builders!
Instructions for buildings
with our new
ing Mills
manufacture on
ice
ings, Etc.
g,

Sawing, Etc.

s Style.

Yard, near Lake

1905.

REEN

Bring home! Go to

RUG STORE

Prices always on

's, Kings and

er

Makes!

and Extracts of
bulk and as
are else

mes!

and Toilet Articles
at reasonable
Wall Paper,

PAPER!

Window Curtains
see them
Call and
gains
a, 40 and, 50c
Oils

z OILS

ment

SSLES.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1886.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD.

Patience and Perseverance, Demanded of Those Who Search for It.

The life of a prospector is a hard one. writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, and to follow it a man must have patience and perseverance, and endure many hardships. He is generally on the move, going from one camp to another, adopting any vacant cabin he may be fortunate enough to find, or hurriedly constructing his temporary dwelling-place of the simplest kind from material most convenient. One end of a cabin is almost always monopolized by a huge mud fireplace and chimney. On the side is a door, and opposite a window, the latter generally consisting of a square hole provided with a wooden slide. A small prospector sometimes has a half-window, with some of the panes actually unbroken. The possessor of such a luxury generally moves it about with him and adapts it to various structures. In one corner of the cabin there is a bunk, generally constructed of poles, sometimes of boards; the other furniture usually consists of a table, a stool, or cracker-box, a few tin plates, "panes," etc. The prospector is seldom at home, except in severe weather, and then his most comforting solace must be either a roaring fire in the big chimney, his pipe, an almanac, or his hopes of striking it rich on the morrow. According to theory, a good quartz prospector should be also an assayer. He should know in what formations of earth or rock to expect ore, and then be able to test it scientifically by fire and acid assays. It is reasonable to suppose that such a man would be most successful, but it appears that it is not thus. Any old prospector will tell you that "scientific" fellows never find anything. They can't see into the ground, and it is where you find it, not where it ought to be, according to theories. Some greenhorn, tenderfoot, or immigrant always finds the bonanza, and he is observed to be frequently the case. Many quartz prospectors, after finding a ledge, select fragments from various parts of the rock, and after pulverizing it in a hand mortar, wash the ore in a horn or saucer, and if no free gold is obtained it is considered worthless. Some, containing sulphurets, silver, etc., are, of course, of no value, but are tested by fire or acid assays. A prospector is a comparatively poor fellow in the country, and only appears during the last half of the year. He too, is a prospector, and despises quartz. He prospected for good only, and does not desire a little of it to dig masses of quartz rock. He expects to dig a hole in the earth the size of a barrel and take therefrom a fortune in the pure article. He hopes for neither groundless nor without precedent. A number of pockets and seams deposits have been found, some containing a few ounces and others thousands of dollars. I was shown a hole a yard square from which was recently taken (I was asked to see the receipt for the dust). A deposit was found within a foot of the surface on a hillside. These pockets are found in various formations, "scientific" fellows don't succeed in locating them, either. They usually find in decomposed quartz, clay seams and sometimes in wash gravel. The mode of prospecting for pockets is simple, but it too, requires hard work and faith. The pocket-hunter selects sections where extensive placer-mining has been done and where the yield was rich. He conjectures that the gold came from somewhere, and he follows the gulches up stream as far as they have been worked, and there takes pans of dirt from the surface and hill-sides. If he obtains a "color," or speck of gold from the surface it is a fine prospect, and he follows the trace carefully, taking the next panful of dirt, to be washed from higher ground, and so on until the prospect fails; then he digs for the deposit. Occasionally it is there. Indications are often found where weeks of panning fail to locate from whence they have been washed or thrown; and again, pockets are found by mere accident that have thrown no trace to the surface. A good prospect may be obtained from every spot on a hillside, and yet nothing be found beneath the surface. A pocket-hunter will carry a wash dirt for days without obtaining a color. When he obtains a speck of gold, however, and if it is the rough, unwashed pocket metal, his chance is fair of finding a deposit—perhaps a fortune. The winter season is the most favorable for prospecting in this manner, as every gulch then contains sufficient water for panning, and during the summer the prospector must either follow creeks, or carry dirt long distances to springs or streams, and there pan it. There are those who frequently find pockets, and even though the deposits are not large, they find them often enough to prosper moderately well in the uncertain occupation, and appear cheerful, confident, and always possessed of a little money. I am inclined to think, however, that considering the number engaged, the fortunate ones are few, and for the amount of labor performed I am forced to believe that both spectators and pocket-hunters are scantily paid.

Lamar as a Manher.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes:

Secretary Lamar is a large, rather powerfully-built man, with strong but coarse features, a quick eye, and a manner at times cold and abstracted or exceedingly warm and genial, according to the mood he is in. He is a man who finds it extremely hard in his official position to say no, especially to a woman, and more especially if that woman be a pretty one. Apropos of this, he made the remark the other day, that before his appointment as secretary of the interior he held in common with most people, the idea that Tom Ochiltree was the biggest liar in America. "But," said Mr. Lamar, "since I have been in office I have told more lies than the Texas cotton in his illustrious career."

I heard a lady remark the other day that Lamar looked like a sublimated lion. Certainly, does a good deal of gentle roaring among the "cows," and is known as the male flirt of the present administration. It has been said of him that he only asks ten minutes to make a conquest of a weak and twenty minutes of a strong minded woman. This seems all the more singular as the secretary's thirty years of married life has been pronounced by his friends a poem. Some of his discreet nation friends say it is a pity that the great Mississippi does not concentrate his affection

and lay it at the feet of some charming southern woman who would make him happy. They regret the frivolous turn he has taken of late, and hear with amazement the tales which are floating around of the pretty secretary's infatuation with the lady callers and the numerous pretty clerks in his department.

"Madame," said the poetical secretary to a lady applying for a position in the interior department, "I have but one thing to give," and bowing low he placed his right hand upon his heart. The gentle applicant went away as flattered as if she had shaken hands with the president. When the ears of office and the pressure of office-seekers got unbearable Lamar escapes from the back door of the interior department, mounts a horse that is waiting for him, and is soon beyond the confines of the capital. Absorbed in thought he will often ride for miles. He is indeed a dreamer.

EGGS.

The familiar statement that each egg is equal to half a pound of meat must be taken with several grains of salt. No, it is a question whether a laboring man would find himself as fully equipped for hard work by eating two of them as he would by a meal of a pound of beefsteak. One may admit this without going as far as did the serving-maid who patetically lamented to her mistress that meat three times a day was necessary to her comfort, adding that although she had disposed of six eggs for her breakfast that morning, she still had a hollow feeling, because "the meat corner was not full."

Much of the value of eggs depends upon their absolute freshness. In cooking, except in severe weather, and then his most comforting solace must be either a roaring fire in the big chimney, his pipe, an almanac, or his hopes of striking it rich on the morrow. According to theory, a good quartz prospector should be also an assayer. He should know in what formations of earth or rock to expect ore, and then be able to test it scientifically by fire and acid assays. It is reasonable to suppose that such a man would be most successful, but it appears that it is not thus. Any old prospector will tell you that "scientific" fellows never find anything. They can't see into the ground, and it is where you find it, not where it ought to be, according to theories. Some greenhorn, tenderfoot, or immigrant always finds the bonanza, and he is observed to be frequently the case. Many quartz prospectors, after finding a ledge, select fragments from various parts of the rock, and after pulverizing it in a hand mortar, wash the ore in a horn or saucer, and if no free gold is obtained it is considered worthless. Some, containing sulphurets, silver, etc., are, of course, of no value, but are tested by fire or acid assays. A prospector is a comparatively poor fellow in the country, and only appears during the last half of the year. He too, is a prospector, and despises quartz. He prospected for good only, and does not desire a little of it to dig masses of quartz rock. He expects to dig a hole in the earth the size of a barrel and take therefrom a fortune in the pure article. He hopes for neither groundless nor without precedent. A number of pockets and seams deposits have been found, some containing a few ounces and others thousands of dollars. I was shown a hole a yard square from which was recently taken (I was asked to see the receipt for the dust). A deposit was found within a foot of the surface on a hillside. These pockets are found in various formations, "scientific" fellows don't succeed in locating them, either. They usually find in decomposed quartz, clay seams and sometimes in wash gravel. The mode of prospecting for pockets is simple, but it too, requires hard work and faith. The pocket-hunter selects sections where extensive placer-mining has been done and where the yield was rich. He conjectures that the gold came from somewhere, and he follows the gulches up stream as far as they have been worked, and there takes pans of dirt from the surface and hill-sides. If he obtains a "color," or speck of gold from the surface it is a fine prospect, and he follows the trace carefully, taking the next panful of dirt, to be washed from higher ground, and so on until the prospect fails; then he digs for the deposit. Occasionally it is there. Indications are often found where weeks of panning fail to locate from whence they have been washed or thrown; and again, pockets are found by mere accident that have thrown no trace to the surface. A good prospect may be obtained from every spot on a hillside, and yet nothing be found beneath the surface. A pocket-hunter will carry a wash dirt for days without obtaining a color. When he obtains a speck of gold, however, and if it is the rough, unwashed pocket metal, his chance is fair of finding a deposit—perhaps a fortune. The winter season is the most favorable for prospecting in this manner, as every gulch then contains sufficient water for panning, and during the summer the prospector must either follow creeks, or carry dirt long distances to springs or streams, and there pan it. There are those who frequently find pockets, and even though the deposits are not large, they find them often enough to prosper moderately well in the uncertain occupation, and appear cheerful, confident, and always possessed of a little money. I am inclined to think, however, that considering the number engaged, the fortunate ones are few, and for the amount of labor performed I am forced to believe that both spectators and pocket-hunters are scantily paid.

An Essay on Columbus.

The following story comes from a school in the Midlands. The master told the boys of the "third class" to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without the aid of a cork. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' Then the King of Spain said to Columbus, 'What land?' Columbus said, 'It is this America.' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the Nigger?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it, we are discovered at last.'"

The gentleman who commented on the other day in the Quarter St. German called the attention of his servant to the fact that he was about to leap through the open window. Just when he had done so, there came a knock at the door. A friend came in and asked the servant, "Where is your master?" "He has just gone out," was the calm reply of the valet, pointing to the window. *London Probe.*

"May I dance this evening with you, Miss Esmeralda?" asked Koscisko Murphy at a recent ball. Miss Esmeralda Longdon, one of the loveliest of the American girls, replied to him, "Mr. Murphy, do not dare to wait." "Then allow me to conduct you to a seat, and entertain you with my conversation," "Graciously Heaven! No! Let me wait," exclaimed Esmeralda. *Texas Syllabus.*

MR. RUSKIN'S FIRST LOVE.

A Story that is told in His Autobiography.

The early love of great men is a favorite topic in these days of the "manner" of literature. Mr. Ruskin is a man of letters, and at least one opportunity, for he is himself telling his first love story. In the new chapter of his autobiography, he turns from music and dancing to love. Mr. Domey's four daughters came to stay at Herne Hill. They were Charlotte and Elise and Cecile and Caroline. "A most curious galaxy, or southern cross, of uneducated stars, floating on a sudden into my obscure firmament of London suburbs."

How my parents could allow their young novice to be cast into the fiery furnace of the outer world in this helpless manner, the reader may wonder, and only the facts know; but there was this excuse for them, that they had never seen me, the least interested of any about girls, never caring to go to the promenade at Cheltenham or Bath, or on the parade at Dover; on the contrary, growing and mewing if I was ever kept there, and off to the sea or the fields the moment I got leave; and they had educated me in such extremely orthodox English torism and evangelism that they could not conceive their scientific, religious, and George III-revering youth wavering in their constitutional balance toward modern Catholicism. I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls—who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes but the "Mermaid" desecrated last four years.

It was in Charlotte ("Adele" Clotilde in full, but I called her Adele because it rhymed to shell, spell, and knell.") who reduced the poor boy to ashes; and here is the description that he gives of his love-making:

In my social behavior and mind I was a curious combination of Mr. Trades, Mr. Toots, and Mr. Winkle. I had the real fidelity and single-mindedness of Mr. Trades, with the conversational ability of Mr. Toots, and the heroic ambition of Mr. Winkle—all these illuminated by imagination like Mr. Copperfield's at his first Norwood dinner. My shyness and un-presentableness were further stiffened, or rather, sanctified by a patriotic and Protestant conceit, which was tempered by a certain sympathy for the cause that, while it made me a little less like a stock fish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium trying to get up the glass), on any blessed occasion of festive I endeavored to enter, as my Spanish-born, Paris-bred, Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of transubstantiation.

To these modes of recommending myself Mr. Ruskin did not fail to add an imposing display of his literary powers, and it is to his early love that we owe most of those scattered poems which were originally intended in "Friendship's Offering" and other annuals, and are now so highly treasured by the human bibliophiles. The first of these was "The Last Sun," and a prose poem (containing a song) called "The Bandit Love," which I represented as typical of what my own sanguinary and adventurous disposition would have been if I had been brought up a bandit. These appeared in the "Friendship's Offering" in 1837, and as late as 1840 we see there was a poem "To Adele." It may interest the reader to see some specimens of the stuff, which we accordingly reprint from the 1837 annual.

"THE LAST SMILE."

She sat beside me yesternight,
With lips and eyes so blandly smiling;
So sweetly, so sweetly smiling;
That she had almost made me gay.
But I had never heard the thought away—
(Which, like the poisoned desert wind,
Came sick and heavy, o'er the night,
That memory's agonies would be,
And she would smile no more for me.)

"SONG IN LEON."

Full broad and bright is the silver light
Of moon and stars on flood and fell;
But in my heart there is a light
For I am come to say farewell.
I do not ask a tear, but while
I linger where I must not stay,
Oh, give me but a parting smile,
To light me on my lonely way.
To shine a brilliant light afar,
To my reverend glances afar,
Through midnight, which can have no more
O'er the deep, silent surge of sorrow.

The fair Adele accepted the verse—not, alas! at all in the spirit in which they were offered. Over the "Maiden Guletta," in which all her perfections were portrayed, she laughed in rippling scorn, of derision of which I bore the pain bravely, for the sake of seeing her thoroughly amused; and when her seven quarto pages long, descriptive of the desolations and solitude of Herne Hill, her sisters wrote to say that "she had really read it, and laughed immensely at the French." As for the old people, they took it all very quietly.

Mr. Domey, who was extremely good natured, and a good judge of character, rather liked me, because he saw that I was good natured also, and had some seedling brains, which would come up in time to the interests of the business he was perfectly ready to give me any of his daughters I liked, who could also be got to like me, but considered that the time was not come to talk of such things. My father was entirely of the same mind. My mother—who looked up upon the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic as too monstrous to be possible in the decrees of heaven, and too preposterous to be even guarded against on earth—was rather annoyed at the whole business, as she would have been if one of her clung up had begun smoking, but had not the slightest notion her house was on fire.

With the boy himself it was very different. He was just a white dashed back out of his daily swelling foam of furious dovit, and he had at any rate gained a true and glorious sense of the newly-revealed miracle of human love in its exaltation of the physical beauty of the world he had till then sought by its own light alone. But for the rest he sat under the mulberry tree in the back garden writing a Venetian tragedy in which the sorrows of his soul were to be embodied in immortal verse. Mr. Ruskin forgets all else that took place in that year. "It is now all blank to me except looking out over Shooter's Hill, where I could see the last turn of the road to Paris." Here is his frank summary of the situation: "I had neither the resolution to see Adele, the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, nor the grace to think how I might have made myself useful at the time to everybody about me. There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me than in a just-fledged owl, a just-opened puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon." *Full Mail Gazette.*

Making Plate Glass.

"There is a pane of glass 66 1/2 inches, which is the largest size made in this country," remarked a prominent glass merchant of this city to a reporter as he was engaged in superintending the unpacking of a large box.

"It was made in a Pittsburgh manufactory with natural gas as fuel, and is much superior to that made by coal, since the sulphur even in the best and purest coal bings and coats the glass with patches, while it smokes comes in contact with it in the soft state a permanent stain is caused. Besides, when coal fuel is used the best of care can not prevent ashes, dust and solid particles from the furnace falling onto the molten glass and making flaws."

"Gas fuel, however, has changed all of that, and has given Pittsburgh a great advantage, and glass can be made so much better and cheaper there that all of the 'go' to Pittsburgh or go to pieces." In a short time America can compete with French or German plate-glass, where manufactured gas is used."

"How is this glass made?" asked the newspaperman.

"Well, the hardest and most interesting part is the 'blowing' was the reply.

"The entire mass of molten material must be blown into shape by the breath. Messrs. Appert, of Clichy, France, claim to have discovered a process that will make glass-blowing by the mouth unnecessary, and it is to be hoped that they have as the process is very painful and the men after a few years become pale-faced, with their cheeks hanging limp in folds, and some cases have been known where their cheeks have worn so thin that they actually crackle."

"What are the materials used to make the glass?" was the next question of the reporter.

"One hundred parts of sand, thirty parts of lime, forty parts of alkali, and some pulverized charcoal are put in a fire-brick pot, which is set in a furnace heated by gas and are brought to a molten state. A workman then plunges a long wrought-iron tube with a wooden handle and mouthpiece into the white-hot mass, and by alternately cooling and rolling it finally has a ball of glass many pounds in weight adhering to the end. He turns it about until it becomes pear-shaped, and then hands it to the blower, who blows gently into it at the same time constantly turning it, until it becomes the shape of a large bottle. It takes a very strong man to do this, since for a plate of glass of this size the molten material will weigh thirty pounds."

"After it has been blown into the right shape," the speaker went on, "the end of the pipe is closed up, and the air, expanded by the heat, breaks a small hole in the end of the bottle, which the blower enlarges by twisting his tube around and pulling his breath into it until at length the bottle becomes a cylinder. A string of red hot glass drawn over the upper part of the cylinder breaks it off evenly, and it is then cracked open lengthwise by a red-hot iron. Each side is heated, flattened out, tempered and polished, and finally becomes a great sheet of clear plate glass." *Continued Sun.*

Grape growers in Riverside, Cal., are complaining of the depredations of their orchards by Eastern tourists.

Miscellaneous.

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 15th,
We Secured from the Celebrated Clothing House
of Theo. Dised & Co., Syracuse,
several big bargains in
JOB LOTS OF SUITS
And odd Pants By taking advantage of this sale for
Cash, we can offer them
To Our Customers
At Prices other dealers had to pay for the same quality the
forepart of the season. All those
In Need of Anything
In the Clothing line will find it to their advantage to give our
Go to a thorough inspection before making their
purchase. To our friends from
**Brooklyn, Napoleon and Norvell we will make
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.**
Do not fail to visit the DAYLIGHT CLOTHING HOUSE when
in Manchester.
ROBISON & KOEBBE.
LUMBER!
ALL KINDS OF
LUMBER!
TEMPLE, McCURE & CO.
(Successors to Wolcott, Temple & Co.) Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.
Planing Mill and Yard north of Lake Shore Depot,
TECUMSEH!
A full line of Dry Lumber of all kinds always on hand.
Special Figures made to order.
CAR LOAD LOTS!
With Parties in
Manchester, Brooklyn, Bridgewater Station and Norvell.
Call and see us or write for Estimates.

Miscellaneous.

Want Column.
Advertisements in this column under this head
insertion. Nothing less than 10 cents accepted
for an advertisement.
Help Wanted, Situations Wanted, Real Estate
for Sale, Houses to Rent, Wanted to Rent Houses,
Rooms for Rent, Boarding, Wanted to Rent
Rooms, Wanted Board, Wanted Agents and Can-
vassers, Lost and Found, For Sale, Miscellaneous
one-cent a word each insertion.
Advertisements must be handed in as early as
Wednesday morning, with cash.
Advertisements by letter will receive prompt
attention. Address "ENTERPRISE," Manchester,
Michigan.
WANTED.
WANTED—Bicycle, 48 inch, must be in good
order. Also desired in good repair. Ad-
dress "A," ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
WANTED—TO EXCHANGE. a number of
presents for good cord wool. Address Box A,
this office.
FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—A new prize Holly Scroll Saw at
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
FOR SALE—A good iron-side Row Boat, same
pattern and make of those used by C. W.
Akin at Wampum and Wolf Lakes. Will be sold
at a low price in good repair. Address "B," EN-
TERPRISE OFFICE.
JUST RECEIVED
A New Lot of
JAPANESE NAPKINS!
Of the latest Designs and Patterns at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE
IF YOU WANT
A Beautiful
Birthday Card!
Call at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
TEACHERS
Will find an assortment of
SCHOOL CARDS
To please them at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
CLOSING OUT SALE
OF
PIANOS AND ORGANS.
Expecting to change my business location,
I offer my entire stock of new and sec-
ond hand pianos and organs
at very low prices.
PIANO AND ORGAN STOOLS
From 30 cents upwards.
Bargains Will Be Given!
As I am going to
SELL THE GOODS
Quintet, Violon, Piano, Accordian, Etc.
at reduced prices. A large amount of
short music at 10 cents per copy.
ALVIN WILSY

Miscellaneous.

THE GUARANTEED Remedy
for the Cough, Croup, Hoarseness, and all Throat
and Lung troubles. It is a new and safe
size free at Stenholm's, in Manchester.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? We are daily
guaranteeing Remedy to the people
for clearing the throat and giving a new lease of
life. Price \$1. Sold by F. Stenholm, Manchester.

REGET CARDS.
Colored Lithograph!
and Photo at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
BEAUTIFUL
And Cheap
Invitation Cards
With Plan, Gift, Bowl and
RAGGED EDGE
—at the—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
LADIES!
We have a new and elegant assortment of
Plush Card Cases!
Various shades
SHAPES AND COLORS
Call and see them at the
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
GOLD FRINGE
FOR
Banners, Badges,
and
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
IF YOU
Intend to
GET MARRIED
Call and see our
Wedding Invitations!
We have many that will suit you to a T.
THE LATEST STYLES
—at the—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.
A WORD
TO THE
Patrons
OF THE
Enterprise Office.
CALL AND SEE
OUR STOCK OF CARDS
Which we offer to you at a big bargain
also a large line of Fine Wedding
Cards, etc., etc.

DELAND & CO'S
SALE RATUS
SODA
Best in the World.
DeSanto's
CALIFORNIA
FRUIT
TONIC
This most invigorating Remedy is
justly celebrated for its PURITY,
EQUILIBRATED FLAVOR, and
VIRTUE. The only FRUIT-TONIC
for General Use EVER MADE from
PURE JUICES OF CALIFORNIA
FRUIT. It is the most
KNOWN. A Sure Cure for
and AGUE, SWAMP FEVER,
and general derangement of the
system. For the WEAK and DEBIL-
ITATED it has no EQUAL. It should
be in every household as a FAMILY
Tonic. LADIES and CHILDREN, as
well as MEN, OLD or YOUNG,
should never be without it. Consider
nothing that could interfere with the most
delicate patients. (Ladies in a delicate con-
dition should use caution in taking.) This is
no cereal, but an excellent Family
Medicine and Tonic.
For Your Druggists, Grocers,
and Dealers for DeSanto's California
FRUIT TONIC CO., DETROIT, MICH.
GEO. J. STAEUSSLER.
Manchester, Mich.