

A DETROIT BUILDER. HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Came to Detroit About Forty Years Ago. LEVI ELEY'S EXPERIENCE WORTHY HERD'S ATTENTION.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Gratiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The interesting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of the industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and homelike comfort than that of Mr. Levi Eley, the well-known builder and contractor, at 71 Moran street, just off Gratiot.

Mr. Eley is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMillan and Campau blocks, in which he displayed his ability as a superintendent.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends."

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blistering day I was down town and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact it was so severe that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of thirty degrees. Pills I had to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attend me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around a little, but I knew very well, having built his home out Woodford Ave., and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvellous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before trying the Pink Pills I had used almost every amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me and I was myself again."

"When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apt to praise himself and engage to another attack of illness. Some three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I received my habit of taking them with the most beneficial results which I met formerly. I am again nearly as strong as ever, although I am now about fifty-six years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine, and if they do as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unsurpassed specific for such ailments as anæmia, stasis, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatia, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and yellow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (20 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.00) they are never sold in bulk. Write to the address, Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Money Value of St. Louis.

When Louis IX., the saint, surrendered with his whole forces to the Saracens at Mansura, on the 5th of April, 1250, 1,000,000 golden bezants—equal to half that number of the lives of the day—were demanded for his freedom. But the Moslems came down to 800,000 bezants, and, in the end, by surrendering Damietta, Louis got off for 100,000 marks—equal, roughly, to over £1,000,000 sterling to-day.

These golden bezants contained about 308 worth of our gold, but to go to market with would buy as much, probably, as 75 sovereigns now would. Were the scorer allowed to break forth here, he would probably tell how this high-priced and saintly carcass was created by his people when Louis died, at the siege of Tunis, twenty years later. Being hard up for embalms, they had (according to the Journal of Aubrey) to quarter and bill him down in separate caldrons, and so sent out his whitened skeleton to France.—The Saturday Review.

Grisly Legislation.

Two most extraordinary bills were introduced in the Ohio Legislature. The first bill provided for the abolishment of hanging as a penalty in cases of capital punishment, and substituted the use of anæsthetics and vivisection. The murderer was to be turned over to the doctors, who would deprive him of consciousness by the use of anæsthetics and then experiment with him to their hearts' content. The other bill was similar to the first, but less radical, and gave the murderer the choice between death by electricity and death by anæsthetics and vivisection.

Can't Sleep.

I have a tired, worn-out feeling. This means that the nervous system is out of order. When this complaint is made, Hood's Sarsaparilla is needed to purify and vitalize the blood, and thus apply nervous strength. Take it now. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Narrow Escape."

TEXT: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." Job xix. 20.

Job had it hard. What with boils and bereavements and bankruptcy and a fool of a wife he wished he was dead, and all I do blame him. His flesh was gone, and his bones were dry. His teeth wasted away until nothing but the enamel seemed left. He cries out, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

There has been some difference of opinion about this passage. St. Jerome and Scholasticus and Dr. Good and Poole and Barnes have all tried their forepaws on Job's teeth. You deny my interpretation and say, "What did Job know about the enamel of the tooth?" He knew everything about it. Dental surgery is almost as old as the earth. The mummies of Egypt, thousands of years old are found to-day with gold filling in their teeth. Ovid and Horace and Solomon and Moses wrote about these important factors of the body. To other provoking complaints of the body, I think, has added an exasperating toothache, and putting his hand against the inflamed face he says, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

A very narrow escape, you say, for Job's body and soul, but there are thousands of men who make just as narrow escape for their souls. There was a time when the partition between them and ruin was no thicker than a tooth's enamel; but, as Job finally escaped, so have they. Thank God! Thank God!

Paul expresses the same idea by a different figure when he says that some people are "saved as by fire." A vessel at sea is in flames. You go to the stern of the vessel. The boats have shoved off. The flames advance. You can endure the heat no longer on your face. You slide down on one of the vessels and hold on with your fingers until the forked tongue of the fire begins to lick the back of your hand, and you feel that you must fall, when one of the lifeboats comes back, and the passengers say they think they have room for one more. The boat swings under you; you drop into it; temptation until they are partially consumed, but after all get off—"saved as by fire."

But I like the figure of Job a little better than that of Paul, because the pulp of his teeth is out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make a narrow escape for their souls and are saved "with the skin of their teeth."

It is as easy for some people to look to the future and to look to this pulp of their teeth, gentle, tractable, loving, you expect them to become Christians. You go over to the store and say, "Grandson joined the church yesterday." Your business comrade says, "That is just what might have been expected." He always was of that turn of mind. In youth this person whom I describe was always good. He never broke things. He never laughed when it was improper to laugh. He never said an hour's conversation perfectly quiet, looking neither to the right nor to the left, out straight into the eyes of the minister, as though he understood the whole discussion about the eternal decrees. He never upset things nor did them. He floated into the kingdom of God so gradually that it is uncertain just when the matter was decided.

There is another one, who started in life with an uncontrollable spirit. He kept the nursery in an uproar. His mother found him working on the edge of the house roof to see how he could balance himself. There was no horse to dare not risk, so he could not be called by the name of a martyr, but Christian men who went up in spirit from the contaminations and perplexities of Wall street, Water street, Pearl street, Broadway, State street, Third street, Lombard street and the bourse. On earth they were called brokers or stockjobbers or retailers or importers, but in heaven Christian heroes. No signs were heaped about their feet, no votive tablets from the gods, no medals, no soldier had a spike at their heart, but they had mental torture, compared with which all physical consuming is as the breath of a spring morning.

I find in the community a large class of men who have been cheated, so lied about, so outrageously wronged that they have lost faith in everything. In a world where every violation demands from them to know how there can be any God, they are confounded and frenzied and misanthropic. Elaborate argument to prove to them the truth of Christianity or the truth of anything violated demands from them to know, all such men. I preach to you no long periods, no ornamental discourse, but I put my hand on your shoulder and invite you into the path of the gospel. Here is a rock on which you may stand. The waves dash against it harder than the Atlantic, pitching its surf clear above Edgewise lighthouse. Do not charge upon God all these troubles of the world. As long as the world stands, God stands. To the world, but the earth seeded from His government, and hence all these outrages and all these wrongs. God is good. For many hundreds of years of the world's history, He has been at the back of it, but the more He has coaxed the more violent have men been in their resistance, and they have stepped back and stepped back until they have dropped into the sea.

Try this God, ye who have had the blood-hounds after you, and who have thought that God had forgotten you. Try Him and see if He will not help you. Try Him and see if He will not save you. The flowers of spring have no bloom so sweet as the flowering of Christ's affections. The sun hath no warmth compared with the glow of His heart. The fountain has no refreshment like the fountain that will shake the thirst of your soul. At the moment the reindeer stands with his lip and nostril thrust into the cool mountain torrent, the hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cranking a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing tumbles. The hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cranking a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing tumbles. The hunter may be coming through the thicket. Without cranking a stick under his foot he comes close by the stag, aims his gun, draws the trigger, and the poor thing tumbles.

Learn to Listen.

Would you be popular? Learn to listen while others talk. Our friends do not care much about us and our affairs. They are absorbed in their own concerns. He must have the art of story telling, and then must tell only the best stories, who is destined to "hold forth" in a tele-tete or a larger assemblage. To the man or woman who wants popularly, the motto should be always: "listen! listen!" It shouldn't be "Talk."

A Victim of Circumstances.

"I am just a unfortunate victim of circumstances," explained the bullet-headed gentleman to the city missionary who wanted to know how it happened that he was in prison.

Victim of circumstances?

"Dat's what. De night I went fer to do dis job dat I got pinched fer de policeman had a toothache an' couldn't sleep."—Indianapolis Journal.

There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to the late Henry G. Work, who wrote "Marching Through Georgia."

been carried on by members of the church. There are men in the churches who would not be trusted for \$5 without \$100 collateral security. They have their business establishments in the vestibules of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the sweat from their lips, go out and take up their slats where they let off. To save the devil in their regular work; to serve God, a sort of play spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slats all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted iron and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American boy. It is time that we were a law between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

Again, there may be some of you who, in the attempt after a Christian life, will have mixed up against powerful passions and appetites. Perhaps it is a disposition to anger that you have to contend against, and perhaps, while in a very serious mood, you say something that makes you feel that you must wear or die. You are a Christian man who was once so exasperated that he said to a mean customer, "I cannot swear at you myself, for I am a member of the church; if you will go down stairs my partner in business will swear at you." All your good resolutions heretofore have been torn to tatters by explosion of temper. Now, there is no harm in getting mad if you give your anger to the Lord. He will bless and saddle those hot-breathed passions, and with them ride down injustice and wrong. There are a thousand things in the world that we ought to be mad at. There is no harm in getting red-hot if you only bring to the fore the things which need to be mended. A man who has no power of righteous indignation is an imbecile. But be sure it is a righteous indignation and not a petulance that burns and unravels and depletes the soul.

There is a large class of persons in midlife who have still in their appetites that were aroused in early manhood, at a time when they ridiculed themselves as being a "little fat," "high liver," "free and easy," "haill fellows well met." They are now paying in compound interest for troubles they collected twenty years ago. Some of you are trying to look the best in the world. You are rowdy, "as with the skin of your teeth." God and your own soul only know what the struggle is. Omnipotent grace has pulled out many a soul that was deeper in the mire of sin than you are. There are men of heaven, the multitude whom God has rescued from the thrall of suicidal habits. If you this day turn your back on the wrong and start anew, God will help you. Oh, the weakness that is out, and I want to show you, if God will help, that some men make a narrow escape for their souls and are saved "with the skin of their teeth."

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If you are willing to play stepping-stone you have no right to complain of dirty feet.

Half-Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Dr. Kliner's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

With some of us hope never comes to the full bloom.

To marry is to domesticate the recording angel.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts. 1.

Gossip is the bullet in the gun of idleness.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.



Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

SWEET BROWN EYES

How They Were Made to Sparkle, Wink and Water.

The conductor knew the man in the rear seat, and when the tickets had all been punched sat down beside him. They rode in silence for some time. Then the man in the rear seat asked abruptly, "What's the matter?"

The conductor took his left leg off the right knee and crossed the right one over the left. "I keep thinking about a man that travels with me sometimes," he answered.

"What about him?"

"It's what he told me about his wife. She ran away, you know, and he's trying to find her. He says she's a pretty woman, with large, soft, brown eyes, and a sweet, tender mouth."

The woman in front of him had large, brown eyes, but they were hard and cold, and her mouth was very scornful.

"He asked me to be on the lookout for her."

The woman in front seemed to be counting the telegraph poles along the road.

"It breaks me all up when I see him, and he says, sort of despairing, 'So, you haven't run across her yet, have you, old man?' And then it keeps running in my mind all the time what I am to say to the woman if I find her."

The woman in front moved unobtrusively, then tried to count the cattle in a pasture that they passed.

"What is it?" asked a man in the rear seat.

"You won't forget, now, will you?" he said, putting his hand on my shoulder. "You're to give her my love, you know, and tell her that it has been hers all the time. Tell her that the other fellow may tire of her, but I never shall. Tell her that if she'll come home she'll find me waiting for her, and trying to keep things the way she'd like to see them, and then he'll clear his throat and turn away with that wistful look on his face."

"One time he told me to tell her that he was saving up to buy a new carpet for the sitting-room, because she didn't like the blue one, and last time he said to tell her that he'd planted flower seeds, because he knew she loved a garden, and then he always tells me that I am to know her by those soft, brown eyes and sweet, pretty mouth."

"He's a fool," said the man in the rear seat, bluntly.

"Of course he is," asserted the conductor, "though a smart fellow otherwise; but he's clear crazy on that point, for there never was a woman lived worth loving like that."

"They were nearing a station, and the conductor went out on the platform."

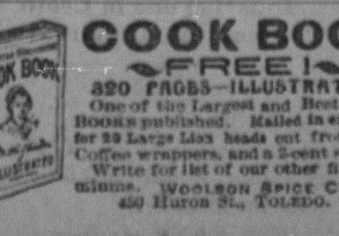
The man in the rear seat took up his newspaper and began to read.

A change had come over the face of the woman in front. She had a sweet, tender mouth, that was trembling with emotion, and she was vainly trying to see the landscape with a pair of soft brown eyes, suffused with tears.—Albany Post.



Aerial View of Chicago

Do we not present a smiling countenance? Why should we not? We are the only one of our kind in the world. We are the only one of our kind in the world. We are the only one of our kind in the world. We are the only one of our kind in the world.



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CHEWING GUM.

Some of the Materials from Which It Is Made.

The practice of chewing gum prevails to a great extent in some parts of the country. Certain of these gums are made of the product of a kind of rubber tree, a native of Mexico. This is a sap about the color and consistency of a maple syrup. How this is made into gum is a profound secret known only to the manufacturer.

More is known concerning the materials and manufacture of other gums. If your favorite brand is white gum your solace is in chewing paraffine—which is a mixture of various carbonaceous materials that has been dissolved in a gentle heat in olive oil and glycerine. It is stirred on cooling and afterward compressed. The glycerine is supposed to keep it soft and to make it sweet at the same time.

If tolu occupies first place in your affections you may indulge in a mixture of balsam of tolu which is made by dissolving orange shellac and gum benzoin in rectified spirit, with an addition of a few drops of the oils of cassia and nutmeg dissolved in a little essence of vanilla—oilmeal and sugar.

There is also spruce gum, made from exudations of the spruce tree. This gum from the manufactory of Nature is regarded as both pure and beneficial.

A Wonderful Bridge of Agate.

"During a trip through Arizona a short time ago," remarked a traveler recently, "I came across a most remarkable natural bridge spanning a chasm about fifty feet wide. The bridge is formed by an immense tree of agate wood. The tree had fallen many years before and become imbedded in the slit of some great inland sea or water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone and the wood gradually passed through the various stages of mineralization until it is now agate. Fully fifty feet of the tree rest on one side of the ravine and can be traced, but how far the other end is buried in the sandstone cannot be ascertained without blasting away the rock. The trunk varies in size from three to four feet in diameter. Where the bark has been torn away all the characteristic colors of agate are plainly seen, and under a microscope the brilliancy of the colorings is clearly brought out in all its beauty."

Now We Marry Late.

It is a very curious fact that the age at which men marry seems to be getting constantly later. Nowadays, indeed, men are still bachelors at an age when their grandfathers were heads of families. At the age of 24 years only twenty men out of 100 are married, and even up to 30 years nearly one-half still remain single. The women do better. At the age of 24 nearly half of them have become wives, and before they reach 30 years nearly three quarters have found their mates.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Comments to public approval the California Liquid Laxative Remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 7/8 Boys School Shoes. LADIES' BEST DONGOLA. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

Sympathy.

None of us are sufficiently sympathetic in our innermost natures. We exhaust our stock upon visible suffering, and have little left for deeper and sadder evils. We need to realize that where we cannot sympathize our right to criticize is questionable. No one is more to be pitied than the wrong-doer, and no one more truly needs the hand of sympathy extended to him. If we cannot do this, if we cannot feel within ourselves that even we might have done as badly, or even worse, under like circumstances, we are in no position to do him good.

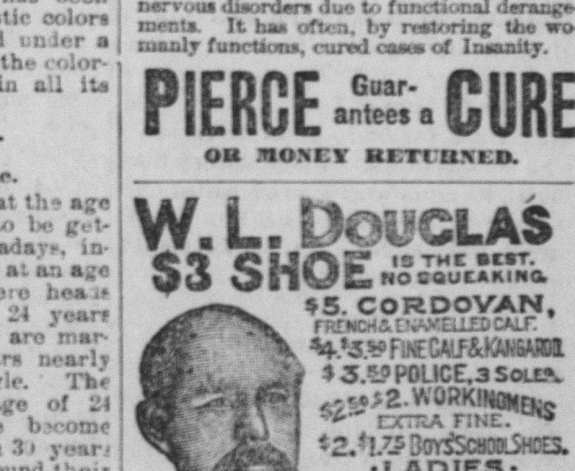
How often do we hear, when another errs, "There is no excuse for him. He knew perfectly well what should have been done, but he failed to do it." Showing that there is still held the expectation that performance will follow knowledge, even though it has thousands of times been proved a fallacy. We must deal with people as they are, not as we would like to find them. There are a few who do their duty at once upon perceiving it, no matter how disagreeable it may be, but most of us temporize if possible, or perhaps absolutely shirk many a thing which we know should be done at once. Therefore, though our line of faithfulness to duty may not be his, let us keep a warm spot in our sympathies for the wrong-doer. Some day we may need his forbearance in some other direction.



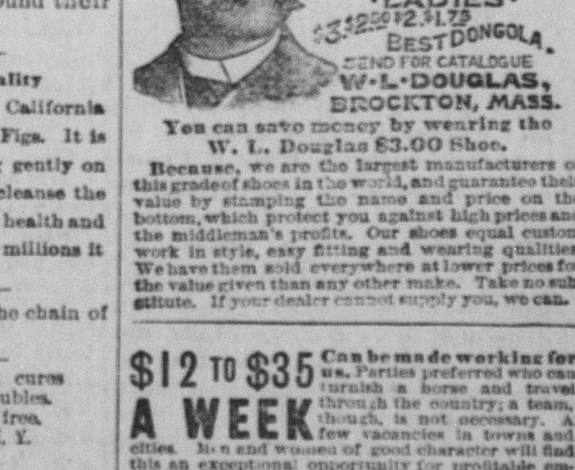
Pierce's Cure

THE WAY IS OPEN

to health and strength, if you're a nervous, delicate woman. The medicine to cure you, the tonic to build you up, is Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription. You can depend upon it. The makers say it will help you, or cost you nothing. They guarantee it.

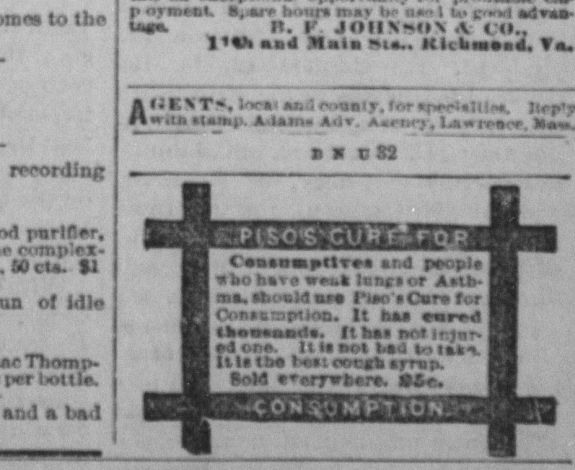


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Pills Cure For

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pills as a Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. BEC.



Money in Chickens

IF YOU KNOW HOW

To keep them, but I is wrong to let the poor things suffer and die of the various maladies which afflict them when a majority of cases a Cure could have been afforded had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the



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