Rich Red Blood

In the body of an adult person there are about 18 pounds of blood.

The blood has as its most important elements, small round corpuscles, red and white, in proportion of about 300 red to 1 white one.

If the number of red corpuscles becomes diminished and the white ones increased the blood is impure, thin, lacking in the nutrition necessary to sustain the health and nerve strength of the body.

Then That Tired Feeling, Nervousness, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or others of the long train of ills, according to the temperament and disposition, attack the victim.

The only permanent remedy is found in a reliable blood medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts upon the red corpuscles, enriching them and increasing their number. It thus restores the vital fluid to healthy condition, expels all impurity, cures Nervousness, That Tired Feeling, Scrofula and all other diseases arising from or promoted by low state of the blood.

That these statements are true we prove not by our own statements, but by what thousands of perfectly reliable people say about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the testimonial in the next column from a beloved clergyman. Then take

"In view of the benefit I have had from Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to give the following testimonial. I have several times been badly

Poisoned With Creeping Ivy.

As the old school of medicine simply tried to remove the symptoms instead of the sources of them, much of the poison was left in my system to appear in an itching humor on my body with every violent exertion in warm weather. At all times there were more or less indications of poison in my blood, up to a year ago last winter, when

Large Sores Broke Out

on my body. I then purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using that and a half of another bottle, the sores and humor disappeared. I attended the Christian Endeavor Convention in Montreal and also visited the World's Fair in the hottest weather of the summer. Was on the go all the time, but

Had No Recurrence

of the burning and itching sensation which had marred every previous summer's outing. I have reason, therefore, to be enthusiastic in my praises of Hood's Sarsaparilla." SAMUEL S. SCHNELL, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Apalachin, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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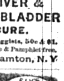

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In our adv. two weeks ago we told of our very superior all-steel hand and power feed cutter to be offered at

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Last week we told of the process of galvanizing and its indispensable preservative qualities. Next week we will give you [illegible] ... THE AERMOTOR COMPANY HAS FOR THE YEAR 1894 BEEN COMPELLED TO RAISE ITS PRICES ON REPAIRS [illegible] ... TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IN ORDER TO HAVE NOT ONLY ITS GOODS EASILY ACCESSIBLE, BUT TO HAVE ITS REPAIRS WITHIN EASY REACH. [illegible] Aermotor Co., Chicago.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

The walls of Babylon were 350 feet high and 100 feet thick at the base.

Greek ladies had steel and brass mirrors, parasols, fans and smelling bottles.

Bricks from what is believed to be the remains of the old tower of Babel are still found in great profusion at Birs Nimrud, Babylonia.

Wire hairpins were invented in England in 1545. Before that time the female coiffures were held in place by fine wooden skewers.

Hoopskirts first appeared in 1530. An iron cage was prepared and the skirts were stretched over it. The cage was tipped to one side, the lady crawled underneath and the cage was fastened to her waist by a strong leather belt. The contrivance often weighed as much as forty pounds.

The bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian institution, under the direction of Major Powell and Dr. Cyrus Thomas, has been for the past five years making special study of the mounds in the Mississippi valley. The evidence they have found leads the investigators to the belief that the mound builders were the progenitors of the modern Indians.

There is a citizen of Portland who claims that for twenty-three years he has never let out a fire in the kitchen stove but once. He runs it night and day, claiming that it is less expensive than buying kindling.

Nearly all the children kept by the poor law in Scotland and Ireland are boarded out, and in England it is to some extent adopted. Dr. Bernardo, who boards out 15,000 or 16,000 children yearly, considers it the best plan of dealing with pauper orphans.

Gotham is likely to have a surplus of theaters next year. No less than six new houses of amusement are either building or in process of development. The latest venture in the line of theaters is to be a costly structure on Broadway, in the vicinity of Thirty-second street.

"Married women," said Mr. Jason, as he watched his wife clearing away the supper dishes, "married women ain't treated half as bad as they think they are." "I'd like to know the reason they ain't," snapped Mrs. Jason, dropping the dishcloth on the floor. "Why, it's just this way: They git to thinkin' over the way they was treated in the courtin' time an' for a few weeks after the weddin', an' common, ordinary treatment looks like cruelty to them."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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THREE PAIRS OF HALF SOLES.

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25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE

CHAPTER IV.

The scene changed. I saw myself, but in another guise. My hunger had vanished; I felt it no more.

This time I was happy, light-hearted and cheerful. I remembered scenes of misery through which I had just passed, and the recollection added more sweetness to my present enjoyment. It seemed as if I should never be hungry any more, and never feel the want of food. I was like a Greek god in my exemption from the common weaknesses of humanity. I was rich, too, and knew that I had the command, somewhere, of all that money could buy.

I was sitting in a garden, and around me were troops of girls. I heard the rustle of their dresses, caught the laughter from their lips, watched the luster of their eyes, saw the moon dance among their waving locks as they ran and played among the trees and flowers. One of them sat by me and sang to a guitar—

> Life is made for love. Ah! why
> Should its sweetness e'er be marred?
> List! the echoes will not die,
> Still the sweet word "love" to guard.
> Naught but love. Oh happy youth,
> Free from need of baser thought,
> Stay with us, and learn this truth,
> Set with song, with music wrought.
> Thine is love, an endless feast;
> Beauty—sweeter far than wine;
> Joy from lower cares released—
> Never star rose bright as thine.

I knew, somehow or other, that this was allegorical, and, as if I expressed my thought, the scene changed, and I was in real life.

Chambers in London, such as I had read of, overlooking St. James Park. I sat in them in the midst of books and pictures. I had no business to call me away from my indolent ease; I had no anxiety about the future. I got up and strolled about the streets, looking at the shops. If I fancied a thing I bought it. I went to picture galleries and saw the latest works of art; I went to the theater and saw the performance from a comfortable box; I went riding in the park.

Then my fancy returned to my first love, and I saw myself walking in a country lane with Juliet. She was sweeter to look upon than ever, and more delightful in her frank and innocent love for me. We rambled along under the hedges while I gathered flowers for her and talked of the happy days when we should be one, soon now to arrive, and of the sweet, loving life which should be ours far away from the troubles of the world.

Dreams, idle dreams; but sweet to me, after the agony of the last, as a draught of water to a parched traveler on Sahara.

The pictures changed as fast as my fancy wandered from one thing to another. In all I was the same—free from the downward and earthly pressure of want and hunger, relieved from anxiety, with plenty of money, and full of all sweet and innocent fancies.

Lies again. But by what power could this necromancer so cheat and gull my brain?

"Very different scenes these, my dear young friend," he said, in a winning voice, "are they not? Now," he went on, and his voice was quite close to me, "you have had your five minutes."

The cloud passed from my eyes. I was sitting again in the octagonal room, the old man before me, watch in hand, as if he was counting the seconds.

"Five minutes and a quarter," he growled. "Now choose."

"I have chosen," I replied. "I accept your offer."

The influence of the things I had seen was too strong upon me. I could neither reason nor reflect.

"I accept your offer."

"Why, that's brave," he said, with a gigantic sigh of relief. "That's what I expected of you. Boule-de-neige—Boule-de-neige!"

He clapped his hands.

Instantly the horrible old negro appeared behind his master's chair, as if he had sprung up from the ground. I believe he had. He looked more like a devil than ever, grinning from ear to ear, and his two eyes glowing in the candlelight like two great coals. The light fell, too, upon the seams and wrinkles of his face, bringing them out like the hills and valleys in a raised map. Strange as it all was to me, this ancient servitor produced the strangest effect upon me of anything.

"Boule-de-neige is witness for us," said the old gentleman. "Boule-de-neige, this young gentleman, Mr. Luke Lucraft, is about to sign a little deed, to which, as a matter of form, we require your signature."

"Cluck," said the negro. "Dis young gegleman berry lucky—him berry lucky. What time massa take him dinner?"

"When do you think you shall be fairly hungry again?" he asked me. "Now, no boastings—no false pretenses and pride—because it will be worse for you. Answer truthfully. It is now six."

"I should say that at nine I should be able to take some supper, and at ten I shall certainly be hungry again. As an ordinary rule I should be ready a great deal earlier, but I have taken such an immense dinner."

"Good." He turned to Boule-de-neige. "You see the young man is modest and promises fairly. I shall have supper—a plentiful supper—at ten punctually. Mr. Lucraft will now sign."

I advanced to the table and took up the pen, but there was no ink.

"Cluck!" said the infernal negro, with another grin—"cluck! Massa wait lilly bit."

He took my left hand in his soft and cold paw. I felt a sharp prick in my wrist.

"You will dip the pen," said the old gentleman, "in the blood. It is a mere form."

"Cluck," said Boule-de-neige.

"A mere form because we have no ink handy."

"Cluck—cluck!"

I signed my name as desired, and, following the directions of the old gentlemen, placed my finger on the red wafer at the margin, saying: "I declare this my act and deed."

Then I gave the pen to Boule-de-neige. He signed after me in a firm, flowing hand, "Boule-de-neige." As I looked, the letters seemed somehow to shape themselves into "Beelzebub." I looked at him with a kind of terror. The creature grinned in my face as if he divined my thought, and gave utterance to one of his hideous "clucks."

Then I began to feel the same faintness which I had at first experienced. It mounted upwards from my feet slowly, so that I heard the old gentleman's voice, though I saw nothing. It grew gradually fainter.

"Supper at 10, Boule-de-neige," he was saying: "I feel getting hungry already. What shall I do with myself till 10 o'clock? I am certainly getting hungry. I think I can have it served at half-past nine. Oh, blessed day! Oh, thankful, blessed day! Boule-de-neige, it must be supper for three—for four—for five. I shall have champagne—the Perrier Jouet—the Curacoa punch afterward. Curacoa punch—I haven't tasted it for three months and more. Oh, what a blessed—blessed—blessed"—

I heard no more because my senses failed me altogether, and his voice died away in my ears.

When I came to myself I was leaning against the post in Bucklersbury, where I had met the old man.

A whiff of stale cooked meat from the cookshop, which caught me as I opened my eyes, produced a singular feeling of disgust. "Pah," I muttered, "roast mutton!" and moved from the spot. My hunger was gone, that was quite certain. I felt a quietness about those regions, wherever they may be, which belong to appetite. I was almost dreamy in the repose which followed a morning so stormy. I walked quietly away homeward in a kind of daze, trying to make out something of what had happened. The first thing I found I could not remember was the name of the old gentleman. When that came back to me and under what circumstances I will tell you as we get along. Bit by bit I recalled the whole events of the afternoon, one after the other. I saw the old man, with his purple face and bloodshot eyes and white hair; I saw the wrinkled and seamed old negro; I saw the octagonal room without doors or windows; the splendid dinner; the host watching my every gesture; I remembered everything except the name of the man to whom I had sold—my appetite.

It was so strange that I laughed when I thought of it. I must have been drunk; he gave me a good dinner and I took too much wine; but, then, how was it that I remembered clearly everything, even the smallest detail?

On the bed in one room which constituted my lodging I found a letter. It was from a firm of lawyers, dated that evening at half past six—only half an hour after I signed the paper—stating that they were empowered by a client whose name was not mentioned, to give me the sum of £30 monthly, to begin from that day, and to be paid to me personally. How did they get their instructions then? And it was all true!

I was too tired with the day's adventures to think any more; and, though it was only 9 o'clock, I went to bed and fell fast asleep. In an hour I awoke again, with a choking sensation, as if I was eating too much. I knew instantly what was going on, and by a kind of prophetic insight. The old man was taking his supper, and taking more than was good—for me. I sprang from the bed, gasping for breath. Presently, as I gathered, he began to drink too much as well. My brain went round and round. I laughed, sang and danced; and soon after, with a heavy fall, I rolled senseless on the carpet, and remembered nothing more.

It was early in the morning when I awoke, still lying on the floor. I had a splitting headache. I had fallen against some corner of the furniture and blackened one eye. I had broken two chairs somehow or other. I was cold, ill and shaken. I got into bed, and tried to remember what had happened. Clearly I must have made a drunken beast of myself over the dinner, and reeled home with my head full of fancies and dreams; perhaps the dinner itself was a dream and a hallucination too; if so, the pangs of hunger would soon recommence. But they did not. Then I fell asleep, and did not awake again till the clock struck 12. How ill and wretched I felt as I dressed! My hand shook, my eyes were red, my face swollen. Surely I must have been intoxicated. I had been, up to that day at least, a temperate man, partly, no doubt, from the very wholesome reason which keeps so many of us sober—the necessity of poverty; but of course I had not arrived at four-and-twenty years and seen so much of the world without recognizing the signs of too much drink. I had them, every one; and, as most men know too well, they are all summed up in the simple expression, "hot coppers." Alas! I was destined to become only too familiar with the accursed symptoms. Involuntarily, when I had dressed myself, I put my hands in my pockets, those pockets so often empty; there was money, gold—sovereigns—my pocket was full of them. I counted them in a stupor. Forty-nine, and one rolled into the corner—fifty; it was part of the sum for which I had sold my appetite; and on the table lay the letter from Messrs. Crackett and Charges inviting me to draw thirty pounds a month.

Then it was all true!

I sat down, and, with my throbbing temples and feverish pulse, tried to make it out. Everything became plain except the name of the purchaser—Mr.—Mr.—I remembered Boule-de-neige, the house, the room, and the dinner, but not the name of that arch-deceiver, the whole of whose villainy I was far from realizing yet; and until it was told me later on I never did remember his name.

It was strange. Men are said to have sold their souls to the devil for money, bartering away an eternity of happiness for a few years of pleasure; but as for me, I had exchanged, as it seemed at first sight, nothing but the inconvenience of a healthy appetite with nothing to eat, for the means of living comfortably without it. There could be no sin in such a transaction; it was on a different level altogether from the bargain made by Faust. And there were the broad, the benevolent facts, so to speak—by pockets full of sovereigns; and the letter instructing me to call at an office for thirty pounds monthly.

Benevolent facts I thought them. You shall see. You think, as I thought, that no sin could be laid to my door for the transaction. You shall judge. You think, as I thought, that no harm could follow so simple a piece of business. You shall read. On my way out I met the landlady, who gave me notice to quit at the end of the week.

"I thought you were a quiet and sober young man," she said. "Ah, never will I trust to good looks again. Me and the lodgers kept awake till two in the morning with your singing and dancing, let alone banging the floor with the chairs! Not another hour after your week's up, if you was to pray on your knees, shall you stay. And next door threatening the constables; and me a quiet woman for twenty years!"

My heart sank again. But, after all, perhaps it was I myself, not the good old gentleman, my kind patron and benefactor at all, who was the cause of this disturbance. It was undoubtedly true that I had taken a great quantity of wine with my splendid dinner. I begged her pardon humbly and passed out.

It was now nearly 1 o'clock, but I felt no desire for breakfast. That was an experience quite novel to me. Still, I went to a coffee house, according to habit, and ordered some tea and a rasher. When they came I discovered, with a horrid foreboding of worse misfortune behind, that my taste was gone. Except that one thing was solid and the other liquid, I distinguished nothing. Nor did my sense of smell assist me; as I found later, my nose was affected agreeably or disagreeably, but it lost all its discriminating and critical powers. Gunpowder, sulphureted hydrogen gas and tobacco offended my nose, tea and claret pleased me, but I was unable to distinguish between them. Not only could I not taste them, but I had no gratification in eating them. I ate and drang mechanically, because I knew that the body must be kept going on something.

All this knowledge, however, and more, came by degrees. After making a forced breakfast, I bent my steps to the lawyer's who had an office in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The letter was received by a conceited young clerk in shiny black habiliments, a turned-up nose, and a self-satisfied manner.

"Ha!" he said, "I thought you would soon come round to us after the letter. Sign that. You haven't been long. None of them are."

It was a receipt, and I was on the point of asking the question if it was to be signed in blood when he settled it by giving me the ink.

"There, Luke Lucraft, across the eight-penny stamp. I'm not allowed to answer any questions you may put, Mr. Lucraft, nor to ask you any; so take your money, and good morning to you. I suppose, like the rest of them, you don't know the name of your benefactor and would like to—yes; but you needn't ask me; and I've orders not to admit you to see either Mr. Charges or Mr. Crackett. They'd trouble enough with the last but one. He broke into their office once, drunk, and laid about him with the ruler."

I burst into a cold dew of terror.

"However, Mr. Lucraft, I hope you will be more fortunate than your predecessor."

"Where are they. Who are they?

"I do not know where they are, not for a certainty," he replied with a grin. "But we may guess. Dead and buried they are, all of them. Gone to kingdom come; all died of the same thing, too—D. T. Delicious Trimmings killed them. Poor old gentleman! He's too good for this world, as everybody knows, and the more he's taken in the more he's deceived. Anyhow, he's very unlucky in his pensioners. He did say when the last went off that he would have no more; he wept over it, and declared that his bounty was always abused; but there never was such a benevolent old chap. I only wish he'd take a fancy to me."

"What did you say is his name, by the way?"

The clerk looked at me with a cunning wink.

"If you don't know, I am sure I do not," he said. "Here is the check, Mr. Lucraft, and I hope you will continue to come here and draw it a good deal longer than the other chaps. But there's a blight on all the pensioners, Lord, what a healthy chap Tom Kirby—he was a Monmouth man—looked when he first came for his checks! As strong as a bull and as fresh as a lark."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

Intoxicants Can Be Bought Without Winks.

"Times have changed," said an old druggist on Broadway as he placed a decanter on the soda-water counter, "and changed for the better. It was only a few years ago that a man would come in and give a series of mysterious winks, which the clerk at the fountain was supposed to interpret as meaning brandy, whisky or some other stimulant. Now the soda fountain that has not a long list of stimulants for sale doesn't do any business," quotes the New York Sun.

"The names have changed, that's all; it's the same old craving for alcohol that draws the men and women, but they like to fancy that no one knows the appetite they are catering to. Calisaya is sold in enormous quantities, and is a more deadly intoxicant and nerve wrecker than straight whisky. The druggist knows it and so does the customer, but it looks more respectable to get a drug store jag than a saloon drunk. Preparations of coca are other favorites, and some women literally fill themselves up on such beverages during a morning's shopping. Even the department stores have had to add soda fountain and all the accessories to their establishments in order to cater to the appetite for stimulants.

"Yes, indeed, times have changed, and a soda fountain at the present time is as well stocked with liquors as a bar, and the clerk must be a good drink mixer and attentively discreet.

"There is another thing, too, that the druggists have changed. In olden times every doctor had his special drug store and was accustomed to receive a commission on all prescriptions there filled. Naturally, the customer had to pay his tax on the druggist, and it was only when a fashionable uptown physician refused to accept a check for the commission that other doctors looked askance at the custom. Soon it was that only the cheap doctors asked for a commission on their prescriptions, and now there are hardly more than four physicians who expect a tip for sending people to a first-class pharmacy. Does the purchasing public get the benefit of it? Well, that is another question."

A Whistling Well.

There is a curious well on the old Moyn ranch on the St. Vrain in Weld county, Colorado. The place is now occupied by A. E. Baker of Denver. Nobody ever passes that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this: "Does the well threaten a change?" For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it, sure as sure can be. They call the well the "whistling well," although it doesn't whistle now. But that isn't the fault of the well. This well was dug about thirty years ago by the former owner of the ranch, but he found no water and dug no further.

Instead of water a strong current of air came from the well at times. The opening was covered with a big flat stone, and for amusement a hole was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed up from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back into the mysterious depths. It wasn't long before the discovery was made that within forty-eight hours after the out-rushing current from the well started the whistle to shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the reversing of the current, it was discovered that this meant a change and the coming of fair weather.

Loyal Jack.

The faithful affection of the dog is illustrated anew by a story which comes from Greenville, Ohio, where the barn of Mr. George Suring some time ago caught fire and burned to the ground.

In the barn, hitched to his manger by a halter, was a horse. Its constant companion in all drives and even in its stall was a mongrel dog, called Jack. The flames spread so rapidly that it was impossible to get the horse out, but when the doors were burst open, every effort was made to call out the dog.

Jack, however, would only run back and forth from the neighing horse, barking and whining pitifully, as if entreating aid for its endangered friend.

The roof fell in, and by the light of the flames the dog was seen sitting on the prostrate form of the smoke-strangled horse, and there he died, sacrificing himself heroically upon the funeral pyre of his friend, an example of unflinching devotion.—Youth's Companion.

Morris Was Not There.

Between Cincinnati and Indianapolis is Morris, a small station on the Big Four. One train in the schedule gets in Morris toward the hour of midnight and the brakeman and conductors are compelled to call out the name of the station. Their voices are neither sweet nor low and the dozers in the cars are rudely aroused from their cat-naps.

As the train approached Morris one of the brakemen yelled in the back door: "Morris, Morris!"

He had barely finished his little speech when the forward brakeman joined the symphony with his chorus: "Morris, Morris!"

The conductor wasn't going to get left in a festival like this, and he wound up in the finale with a shriek louder than all the rest: "Morris, Morris!"

Then a gruff passenger who had been rudely awakened answered and said: "Oh, shut up! Morris ain't in here."

Not Debatable.

The old parliamentarian did not like the young man who was paying court to his daughter and the next time he came to see her the paternal stepped into the reception room and asked him to depart.

"But, sir—" began the caller, in protest.

"Your remarks, sir," he interrupted, as he held the door open, "are not in order. A motion to adjourn is not debatable," and the motion carried.—Detroit Free Press.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

NEWS OF INTEREST AND MORE OR LESS IMPORTANCE.

Li Hung Chang the Chinese Peace Envoy to Japan, Shot by an Over-Zealous Young Jap—Japan May Suffer.—Working Men Desperate in Cleveland.

Li Hung Chang Shot by a Young Jap.

Simonseki, Japan: As Li Hung Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, was returning to his lodgings in this place after having attended a conference with Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu, the Japanese peace plenipotentiary, a young Japanese fired a pistol at him. The bullet, fortunately, did no more harm than to inflict a wound in Li Hung Chang's face. The attempt to assassinate the representative of the emperor of China caused the most intense excitement, and on every side there were expressions of deep regret. The would-be murderer was arrested. It is believed he was prompted to the crime by misguided patriotism. His name is Kiyama, aged 21.

Yokohama: The news of the attempted assassination of Li Hung Chang created much excitement here. The emperor and empress will send a message to Shimoneski to express to the distinguished Chinese statesman their regrets at the most unfortunate occurrence.

Washington: The news of the assault on Li Hung Chang caused a sensation in diplomatic circles. The opinion here is that Japan will suffer greatly as a consequence of the assault and that the position of China will be so strengthened that she may be able to secure better terms of peace than she could otherwise have hoped for. The incident may lead to the breaking off of peace negotiations which were proceeding so satisfactorily, or at least may postpone further action until Japan has guaranteed the safety of China's envoy and made proper reparation.

A Workhouse Club.

A number of socialists and populistic reformers have begun the formation of the Workhouse club at Cleveland. The idea is to obtain 1,000 members, all unemployed workmen, and appeal in a body to the director of public works for employment. If he claims to be unable to furnish it they propose marching to the police court and requesting the judge to send them to the workhouse that they may have work, food, clothing and lodging. If the judge refuses, which they consider probable, they declare that they will deliberately violate some city ordinance, in order to be arrested and sent to the workhouse, probably by tramping on the grass in the public square or taking possession of a freight train. The purpose is to give the public a striking object lesson, showing that the city will not provide work for idle, starving men, unless they become law-breakers.

Japanese Fight at Formosa.

Yokohama: The Japanese attempted to make a landing at Makung on the Piscadore islands about Formosa, but were repulsed with slight loss on either side. The next day they occupied Fisher island, one of the Pescadore group. Sailors were landed on the coast and these were followed by troops. The Chinese made no opposition. Japan has purchased two war ships from Chile. An official return that has just been issued shows that the total Japanese loss during the whole campaign has been only 1,654 men killed.

Historic Court House Burned.

The Trumbull county court house at Warren, O., a historic building, was nearly destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $20,000, which is covered by insurance. The structure was erected in 1852 and in it were recorded nearly all the transfers of the lands of the Connecticut Land company, which are now known as the Western Reserve. These records were all saved from destruction, although many of the more recent records were destroyed, involving a loss which cannot be estimated.

60 MINERS KILLED.

Terrible Explosion of Mine Gas Causes Scores of Deaths.

An explosion of gas occurred in the Rocky Mountain Coal & Iron company mine No. 5 at Red Canon, seven miles from Evaston, Wyo., with terrible results, 60 men being killed. The covering of the slope and buildings at the mouth were blown to atoms. The mine was considered one of the safest in the state.

Was Senator Fair Poisoned?

San Francisco: The Call says the latest sensational development in the noted Fair will case is that insinuations are abroad that the deceased millionaire died by poison administered by parties interested in his death taking place at a certain time. Miss Phoebe Couzins, who claims to have been the affianced wife of Senator Fair, broadly hints at her suspicions that Senator Fair had been given poison at more than one time.

Spaniards Dismast a U. S. Schooner.

A Key West special says: The latest report is to the effect that the schooner Irene was fired into and dismasted by the Spanish cruiser Infanta Isabel. The Irene is a small schooner owned in this port by Canary Islanders. She sailed for the fish ranch at Punta Gorda, where it is reported an expedition sailed for Cuba. This point has been under surveillance by the Spanish cruiser and the schooner was followed from here and fired into.

Building Blown Down—One Man Killed.

During the high wind at Creston, O., the side walls of a two-story brick building in course of erection collapsed, burying three persons. One, Jacob Wentz, the contractor, was taken out dead. His body was terribly crushed. Andrew Baird sustained a broken arm and a slight fracture of the skull, and Martin Murray was internally injured, but not seriously. Wentz leaves a widow and three children.

25 Killed by Dynamite.

While 9,000 cases of dynamite were being transferred by boats on the Rhine from Germany near Lobith, the cargoes of two of the boats exploded, blowing the boats and boatmen to atoms. At least 25 persons lost their lives. Taking into consideration the fact that 1,600 of the cases exploded, the damage done in Lobith was not great.

Four Firemen Burned to Death.

Four firemen lost their lives in the fire in the St. James hotel, at Denver, Col. They went down with the floor of the rotunda and were horribly mangled and burned. There were 165 guests in the hotel, all of whom escaped uninjured. The damage by the fire amounted to $40,000.

Announcement is made at Toledo that James M. Ashley, Jr., is an avowed candidate for the United States senatorship to succeed Calvin S. Brice, whose term expires next year. Mr. Ashley was vice-president of the T., A. A. & N. M. railroad.

Margaret Allen, who recently died near Gladwin, had, through hard work, become wealthy, owing hundreds of acres of fine farming land, but up to the time of her death she lived in a hovel that was often shared by pigs, poultry, sheep and dogs. She would often shoulder a sack of grain, carry it to the mill and return with the meal.

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We have made the study of the manufacture of Ready Mixed Paints our business for years, and have now by scientific application and a close study to a subject that is pleasing to us, furnished a product that is simply perfect in every detail for a house covering.

Paint, Paint, Paint!

House painting the past few years has been very discouraging to those who use lead and oil. Go where you may, buy any brand you please of either lead or oil, have it applied by the best painters on earth and the wear of that job is unsatisfactory. It checks off, it peels off, it becomes discolored, fades out, washes off and in an incredible short space of time before one is ready for it the job has to be performed all over again at a great expense.

Read! Read!! Read!!!

How can you avoid all sorrow, discouragement and expense? The answer is plain. Use Paint—Boydell Bros'. White Lead & Color Co's

PAINT

manufactured by us, to out wear, out last and out shine any other Ready Mixed Paint in the United States. We make

Any Shade, Tint or Color Desired.

Whitehead & Mitchell, dealers in Birmingham, have sold our Paints for the past 14 years and have yet to hear of the first complaint. Read what those say who have used it in painting buildings both outside and in:

Extracts From Letters.

Have used hundreds of gallons of Boydell Ready Mixed Paint and it is all right. It is as good as the makers claim it to be and its staying qualities as good as any paint we ever used. WES FAINT OF FAINT & STALEY, House Painters and Decorators.

I think it superior to any other manufactured and better even than the best lead and oil for durability. It will never check or peel but always keeps its body and has a wonderfully good body. ELMER J. MONROE, House Painter and Decorator.

Myself and son have used 80 gallons and it gave us ENTIRE satisfaction. SILAS B. WATTLES.

I would recommend Boydell Bros'. Paints to all those who desire a good, desirable and lasting paint. EUGENE BROOKS.

I am much pleased with the paint. Have used about 40 gallons, and never saw paint that had such a gloss. Would certainly use it in preference to any other and am pleased with it. F. G. PEARSALL.

Boydell Bros.' Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I shall use it again when I paint my house. JNO. BALDWIN.

After using over 40 gallons of Boydell's Paints, I say use the best and that is, I believe, Boydell's Ready Mixed Paint. J. N. HETH.

I have used over 60 gallons of Boydell's Paints with so much satisfaction that I can heartily recommend it to anyone contemplating the use of paint. J. W. CRAWFORD.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

TO BOYDELL BROS., Detroit, Mich.:— We think Boydell's Ready Mixed Paint the best to-day. In our experience it excels the best lead and oil for beauty, gloss, econymy, lasting qualities and all desirabilities that one wishes in Paint, who expects to find a satisfactory article, and we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paints.

MRS. N. M. COREY, PINDER WORTH, A. WHITEHEAD, MRS. C. UTTER, NANCY McKINNEY, G. H. MITCHELL, AND MANY OTHERS.

We would respectfully inform the people of Birmingham and vicinity that Whitehead & Mitchell have sold our paints in your vicinity for the past 14 years and we through them have yet to hear of the first complaint in any way, shape or manner, and we also take pleasure in informing you that you can get our goods of them just as cheap as you can here of us.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PAINT.

Boydell Bros. Lead and Color Co., Detroit, Mich.

Agents for Birmingham and Vicinity, Whitehead & Mitchell.

Albion Electric Soap

We warrant and guarantee the Albion Electric Soap to perform all that is claimed for it.

WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Grocers, Birmingham, Mich.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

The Albion Electric Soap is the invention of the age for washing clothes. Warranted not to injure the finest fabric. Unequalled for hard water. Use only according to these

DIRECTIONS.

For an ordinary washing, cut up half a bar or more, and dissolve it in some BOILING water. Put all your white clothes into the tub and add this dissolved soap to enough HOT WATER to cover the clothes.

Let stand and soak for half an hour or more. The dirt will then rinse out easily with little LIGHT RUBBING.

Flannels and colored goods treat in the same way, rinsing flannels in WARM water. Boiling is unnecessary unless you wish it.

NOTE.—Use only hot water. One nice way is to let the clothes soak while you are getting breakfast, covering the tub to keep the steam in. Rub lightly. Don't rub hard or you will rub the dirt into the clothes. Albion Electric Soap is the most economical soap you can use, because, being pure it is stronger than common soap, and a smaller quantity is required.

HOW THEY CRAWL.

Did you ever wonder how it is that sometimes when you put your Flannels on they appear to CRAWL ALL OVER YOU? That is because the Soap your flannels were washed with had Resin in it. The hot water takes the saponification out of the Resin; it returns to its original state, wax, and of course STICKS in the meshes of your flannels. Resin is good to put on the bow of a fiddle, but is not good to harrow your skin with.

PLEASE OBSERVE.

This soap will do three-quarters of the work in washing if you only give it half a chance. That's what it's made for, and that's just why it is so different from the common yellow soap. USED PROPERLY, the soap will surprise and delight you.

We have seen this soap manufactured and aside from the necessary amount of lye used in its make it is clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of pure cocoanut oil, clean and sweet mutton and beef tallow, with lye is mixed together enough to make a 300 pound cake. It is worked by the new cold process with a ladle the same as butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 5c cakes or six for a quarter. Equal to Dingman, Magnetic, Frank Siddal's or any other brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, and try a cake.

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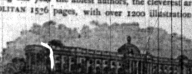

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