Spring Medicine

Or, in other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a universal need. If good health is to be expected during the coming season the blood must be purified and enriched, the germs of disease must be destroyed and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take in the spring. It will help wonderfully in case of weakness, nervousness and prostration caused by impure blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

"My little girl has always had a poor appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since I have given it to her she has had a good appetite and she looks well. I have been a great sufferer with headache and rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, I am now well and have gained in flesh." My husband was very sick and all run down. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now he has got so he works every day." Mrs. ANNIE DUNLAP, 305 E. 4th St., S. Boston, Mass. Get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1 per bottle.

THE CASE OF MR. LUCRATT

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE

CHAPTER VI.

"This is rarely delightful," he said, as I reeled and caught at a chair for support. "I wonder I never thought of this before. It is quite a new pleasure to watch the effects of my own drink on another man's brain. I shall write a book about you. I shall call it The Young Christian's Warning, or, Lessons from Luke Lucratt's Wicked Life. Ha, ha! ha! ha! "I saw the account in the Morning Post. Good, good, bright." He nearly choked as he recalled the circumstance. "The magistrate admonished the wicked drunkard. Ha, ha! It is like a farce. Stand up, stand up! He can't stand up. Can you sing? Can you dance? He can not even dance a hornpipe. Do you feel a little thickness in your speech? Would you be kind enough to the worthy magistrate the circumstance, quite beyond your own control, which brought you into that painful position in which you stood? It is the strangest situation that was ever put upon any stage. There's nothing like it in fiction. Nothing. Sir Walter Scott never invented anything half so rich. Ho, ho, ho! he is really getting drunk already. What a poor creature this is!"

He paused for a moment and then went on.

"Boule-de-neige, coffee; brandy in it—plenty of brandy and a glass of curaçoa afterward. A large glass, sir. I'll have a large glass of it. Your health, Lucratt, in this coffee; and you had better take care of it, or I'll pack you off to Bedlam forthwith. Pleasant times you are having, eh? Might have been worse, you know. You might have been worse, eh? What? Don't fall against the table in that way. Take care of the furniture! It cost a great deal more money than you are worth. So, sit down on the sofa, and tell us, you about your predecessors, dead and gone, you poor fellow.

"Let me see, the first was William Saunders, a poor devil of a clerk or mine. He disgraced himself in chapel by snoring, and was connected by Boule-de-neige found him out and brought him back. He took to praying and crying. And so he died in St. Bartholomew's hospital of delirium tremens. He lasted about six months.

"The next was Hans Hansen, a Dane. He only lasted about three weeks, because he became melancholy directly he found he could no longer taste brandy. Poor Hans! I sympathize with Hansen, and when he jumped off London bridge into the Thames one night, his spirit hovering quite near, I was really very sorry on account of the temporary inconvenience it put me to, and I determined to be very careful in his successor. I remember I had a good deal of trouble to find one.

"However, at last I got the right man, a stout Cumberland chap, son of a statesman. You poor, puny little strolling actor, you speak of your father's drinking! Why, I believe that I once took four and twenty tumblers of Scotch whisky and water without affecting that brave fellow's appetite one bit. He used to take it out in swearing; and really he was almost too often in trouble with the magistrates. He never clearly understood that his safety lay in being home early in the evening. Once he nearly killed Mr. Crackett in his own office. Poor Crackett! that eminent Christian lawyer; I should never have forgiven myself had anything happened to that worthy Crackett. Well! he went, too; at least, after a good rough twelve month. It was all my own fault, and I ought not to grumble. That no-eau punch was strong enough to kill the devil!"

"Cluck," said Boule-de-neige.

"Then we came to Tom Kirby. None of them looked so well or promised so much; none of them broke down so easily. A whining fellow, too, a crying, sobbing, upbraiding rogue, who wanted to get off his bargain. However, de mortuis—Your health, Luke Lucratt. Hallo, hold up.

"I tell you what I mean to do after you are worked off. Luke Lucratt, I mean to have a brace of fellows, shall go down to the London docks, or else to the railway stations, and find a couple of trusty young porters. They are the sort of men to have. Big, strong, well-set-up rascals. Men with muscles like rigging ropes—men's clutch at the chinks, Lucratt—if you can't sit up you may lie down—I shall make them come here—give them a blowout of steak, I warrant—a splendid dinner and you—and then I shall make them sign.

"The great thing, then, will be to have the appetites of two men; but not as much to eat and twice as much to drink. I never thought of that before.

"And then to bring home the rogues up here of an evening and make them watch me eat; watch them gradually billing and reeling about; watch they tumble over each other, go secretly and hear them curse me—hit their beneficent fellow! Ha! I think I shall not be long over you, Luke Lucratt. Hallo! keep your drunken legs away from the fire! Don't you think I roll this drunken log into the street?

When I came to my senses it was of course the next morning, and I was lying in my own bedroom, whither I had been carried by two strange men, the landlady afterwards told me, who said they were paid for the job. I had a splitting headache. I was sick and giddy; my limbs felt as if beneath me when I tried to stand; my hands shook. I looked at myself in the glass. Swollen features and bloodshot eyes greeted me.

Less than a week had wrought this ruin.

The ordinary drunkard refreshes himself in the morning with tea. Nothing refreshed me, because I could taste nothing, and because my sufferings sprang from a different source though they were the same kind. I had to be beaten as best I might.

I remembered the command which—Mr.—Strange, I had forgotten his name again—gave me, to walk twenty miles after a "heavy night." I started to obey him.

Outside London, beyond Islington, where there are now rows of houses, but were then fields, I saw a little cottage, standing alone in the garden. It was a cottage with four rooms only, covered over with creeping plants. On the bed, standing at the gate, was an announcement that it was to let. A thought struck me: Here could be solitude, at any rate. Here I could shut myself up every night, and await in comparative safety the direction of punishment—fast becoming heavier than I could bear—which my tormentor inflicted upon me. Why should I not take the cottage, pay the rent in advance and remain there for how many months should I have to pay it?—and so wait in patience and resignation the approach of my inevitable fate?

I made inquiries at once and secured the place at a merely nominal rent. Then I moved in a little furniture, bought second-hand in Islington High street, and became the occupant, a lonely hermit, of the house. There were no houses within hearing, in case I should storm and rage in my phrensy, or madness at night. The cottage stood removed from the road, and no callers were likely to trouble me. Within those walls I should be secure from some dangers at least. Here, night after night, I could wrestle with fits of surfeit and intoxication which regularly came; for my master knew no pity.

On the first evening I sat down at half-past six to prepare for what was coming. The day was drawing to a cold twilight—the month of March—covered the trees and shrubs in the little garden, as I opened the door and looked out.

Before me stood the negro.

"My spirit was quite broken, and I could only moan.

"Do you want me to go with you again?" I asked, thinking of the last entertainment at which I had provided amusement for my master.

"Massa say him berry glad you come hyar. Walk the country mile de berry day, else massa know the reason why. How you feel, Massa Lucratt? Berry sick, I think! Dat must be fortunate day for you when you sign dat little paper."

He delivered his message and disappeared in the darkness. I heard his footsteps crunching the gravel in the road. And I lounged, only now I had no courage or spirit left, to seize him and throw him limb from limb.

Then I shut myself in. Sir one can find out over the fire. I thought of the scenes by which my extravagant fancy had been excited; the garden full of lively girls—what were girls to me now? the country walks I was to have with Juliet—where was my passion for Juliet now? The ease and happiness, the lightness and innocence, of the life before me, drawn by an architect, compared with my present, my actual misery, sitting alone, cut off from mankind, the slave and victim of a secret profligate and glutton, doomed to die soon, unless I should please the murderer to kill me off quickly, and then, because the first symptoms of the attack were coming on, I went to bed and stayed there.

So began my new life. A wretched life it was. There was no occupation possible for me—no amusement. I walked every day, in fair weather or foul, a measured twenty miles.

This in some degree restored vitality to my system. I never read; I took no interest in politics. I sat by myself and brooded.

As for my meals, I bought them ready prepared. They consisted always of bread and cold meat. Sometimes you may judge of the absolutely tasteless condition to which I was reduced, that I ate my bread and cold meat with that cold boiled mutton was as agreeable to me as any other form of food. I found, after repeated trials, that mutton forms the best fuel—it is better than pitcher beef or pork—and keeps the human engine at a good heat for the longest time. So I had mutton.

I ate it because I was hungry, and that only a certain amount of animal food was required by me. I used to boil potatoes always ready. I stoked twice a day, at 11 in the morning and half-past 5 in the afternoon. Thus fortified, I got through the miserable hours as best I could.

I look back on that period as one of unmitigated misery and despair. I was flabby in the cheeks. My hands trembled in the morning. I seemed losing the power of connected thought. My very lips were thickening.

I hope I am making it clear what was the effect upon my mind of my self-I mean without reference to the sufferings inflicted on me by my tormentor. Impossible! Or, at any rate, unless they happen to be like myself, which is unlikely, how great a part of my suffering arose from the conduct of life. Between the rest of the world and me there was a great gulf, fixed. They could enjoy, I could not. They could celebrate every joyful event with something additional to eat; they could make a little festival every day; they could give to happiness an outward and tangible form. Alas, not only was I debarred from this, but I was cut off from joy itself, for, if you look at it steadily, you will find that most of human joy or sorrow has a tangible form. My tormentor had battered away a good half of mine, and the rest seemed in mourning for the loss of their fellows. As for my pale and colorless life, it was as monotonous as the clock. If I neglected to stoke, the usual feelings would follow. There was no gracious looking forward to a pleasant dinner; no treasuring anticipations the hope and fear of what might be preparing; no delicious contemplation of the joint while the carver sharpens his knife; no discussions of flavor and relishes; no nicely balanced conclusions as to more currants; no rolling of the wine glass before drinking to the light, and smacking of lips over the first sip—all these things were lost to me. Reader, if you have ever seen a pathetic, humorous light, think what would happen to yourself if eating and drinking, instead of being a source of humanity, which last from the infantile pap to the senile Revalenta Arabica, were taken away.

All things tasted alike, as I have said, and cold mutton formed my staple diet. As I could only distinguish between beer, wine, coffee and tea by the look, I drank water. If I ventured, which was seldom, to take my dinner out of doors, I would choose my piece de resistance by the look, by some faded grace in the shape, but not by taste. The brown and the toast beef might attract me one day, and repel me the next. I was pleased with the comedies of Moliere, or tickled by some inexplicable external charm of a beefsteak pudding. But the tragedies of my life were gone, and with them all my happiness.

If you have no appetite for eating, you can enjoy nothing in the world. This is an axiom. I could not taste. I found my eyes ceased to feel delight in pleasant sights, and my ear in pleasant sounds. It was not with me as in the case of a blind man, that an abnormal development of some other sense takes place. My senses were losing in one. I seemed to have sold them all. For, as I discovered, man is a complex machine, and if you knock him up, and when my arch-deceiver bought my appetite, he bought me out and put me in mourning, he knocked up and pretend to sell the bouquet of claret and preserve the body; or a painter the color of his picture and preserve the drawing; or a sculptor the grace of his group and keep the marble.

As regards other losses, I found I had lost the power of seeing in form or color. Why this was so I cannot explain. I was no longer, I suppose, in harmony with the world, on any single point. Pretty women passed me unheeded; pictures had no charm for me; music was only irritating to my nerves.

Then I found that I had lost the power of sympathy. I had formerly been a soft-hearted man. I remarked now that the sight of suffering found me entirely callous. There was a poor family living about half a mile from me, whose acquaintance I made through buying some of my sugar of them. They were in distress for rent; they applied to me—there, I cannot bear to think of it. I had the money and I refused them. They were sold up, and I sat in my door and watched the furniture go by to London—the mother, the two girls, the little boy, hand in hand, homeless and penniless, wandering and sobbing without a single prompting of the heart to help them. God knows what became of them. May He forgive me for the hard-hearted cruelty with which I regarded their fate.

Had I, then, sold everything to this man?

I had been pretty religious in a way, a young man's way. Now I had lost all religious feeling whatever. I had once ambition and hopes, these were gone; I had once the capacity of love, and I felt that I had once a generous heart, that was gone; I once liked things worth loving, I felt no emotion now for anything. I was a machine which could feel. I was a man with the humanity taken out of him.

This time lasted for about four months. On the first of each month I went to receive my pay—the wages of sin—from the clerk, who surveyed me critically, but said nothing till the morning of the fourth month. Then, while he handed me my money, he whispered confidentially across the table.

"Look here, old fellow, you know; you're going it worse than poor Tom Kirby. Why don't you stop it? What is the good of a seller's drinking himself to death? The old gentleman was here yesterday, asking me how you looked, and I gave a cautious answer. Pull up, old man, and knock it off."

I took the money in my trembling hand, and I walk away abashed. Were I got home again, I am not ashamed to say that I cried like a child.

Delirium tremens! That would begin soon, and then the end would not be far off. It was too awful. Think of my position. I was but four-and-twenty. Not only was I deprived of the pleasure—mind you, a very real pleasure—of eating and drinking, I was the most temperate man in the world, though that was no great credit to myself, considering; and yet I bore in my appearance, and felt in my very brain, all the marks and signs of confirmed drunkenness and the hopeless nose of it. That hardened old voluptuary, that debauch of gluttony, that secret murderer, would have no pity. He must have felt, by the fallen face of the splendid appetite which he was doing his utmost to ruin, that things were getting worse, and he was a man solved—I had suspected this for some time—to kill me off by drinking me to death.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INFLUENCE OF HOLMES.

What He Has Done to Make People Hate Tobacco.

Among the titles of Dr. Holmes to gratitude and endring remembrance which recall themselves to me so immediately and so forcibly at the moment of his death, there is one which I hope no one will take amiss. I am interested in politics. I sat by myself and brooded.

As for my meals, I bought them ready prepared. They consisted always of bread and cold meat. Sometimes you may judge of the absolutely tasteless condition to which I was reduced, that I ate my bread and cold meat with that cold boiled mutton was as agreeable to me as any other form of food. I found, after repeated trials, that mutton forms the best fuel—it is better than pitcher beef or pork—and keeps the human engine at a good heat for the longest time. So I had mutton.

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SAVED FROM NICOTINE.

Little Charley Fogleman Used Tobacco Since Babyhood, and His Father Smoked and Chewed for the Past Twenty Years—Both Got Free at Asheville, N. C.

"Is that true?" asked the News man at Pelham's Pharmacy, as he laid down the paper in the presence of a dozen interested customers.

"Yes, it is. It was written here on one of our letter heads and signed by J. C. Fogleman," promptly answered the proprietor.

"You know him, don't you?"

"Certainly. He lives on No. 1 Buxton street. We all know Fogleman is a man of his word."

"I am glad to hear it. There are so many misleading statements published nowadays that when this came in this morning's mail I came right over to ask you about it. I read the testimonial in full for myself, but you read it and you will agree with me that it is almost too good to be true. This is what the letter said:

"Office of Pelham's Pharmacy, 24 Patton avenue, Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12, 1894. Gentlemen—My little boy, now 4 years, began chewing tobacco when 2 years old by the advice of our family physician in the place of stimulant or sedative. Four or five weeks ago I began giving him No-To-Bac, which I bought at Pelham's Pharmacy, and to my great surprise, and, it is needless to say, my delight, No-To-Bac completely cured him. He does not seem to care for tobacco, and is much improved in health, feels and heartily, and has a much better color.

"Finding such remarkable results from the use of No-To-Bac I began myself and it cured me, after using about 15 to 20 tobacco forms for a period of twenty years.

"I take pleasure in making this plain statement of facts for the benefit of others. (Signed) J. C. FOGLEMAN."

"Yes, I know it is a fact, and it's one of the strongest, truthful testimonials I ever read—and it's true, for I sold him the stuff myself."

"What's that?" asked Chief of Police Whitehead, who happened to be seated in the new police uniform, like Bolmon in all his glory, came to the door and heard the last remark.

"Cures? Why, I should say so. I should say it cures. Yes, sir-ee! Cures, I guess! I know it cures, because I used it myself."

"Would you object to making a statement of the fact for publication?"

"Not a bit in the world, if I can do it, as follows:

"Asheville, N. C., Sept. 25, 1894. Pelham Pharmacy—I bought one box of No-To-Bac from you some time since. After using it for a No-To-Bac I found I had lost the desire for tobacco. I was cured.

"I have used tobacco—chiefly chewing—for eight (8) or ten (10) years.

(Signed) "M. M. HAWKINS."

Everybody looked astonished and wondered who would next turn up.

"Suppose it don't cure?" some one asked. "Then they do the right thing when No-To-Bac won't cure. What's that?" asked the News man. "Every druggist in America is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. No-To-Bac is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., general offices in Chicago, Montreal, and New York, and their laboratory is at Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, a big health resort on the Big Four, where there are excellent Mud Baths for rheumatism and skin diseases. You ought to know the president, Mr. A. L. Thomas, of Lord & Thomas, of Chicago. Yes, of course I do. We sent business from them right along, and they are as good as gold. They give the best advertising books and I will make a statement in the paper about what you have told me. Make sure that you know there are good North Carolina people who are cured every day, and they thank their lives away, and No-To-Bac is an easy sanitized cure, and they ought to know it."

HON. W. J. BRYAN,
Editor World-Herald.

Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir—Enclosed find a check to demand the closest attention of the generally boisterous House of Representatives of the grievances of millions of people in all parts of the country.

He declined to run for re-election as Congressman, but over the protest of Nebraska declared their preference for him as United States senator in the election of 1894. He was defeated, however, overwhelmingly republican, the big vote was only an empty honor.

Bryan is not, however, entirely retire from public life. He now offers, as we see, to become editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, which is one of the largest and most progressive of western newspapers.

Boston and Opera.

Has Boston outgrown opera? A visit to the opera at Mechanics' Hall would lead in the mind the awful question whether the present generation has not outgrown opera. Yesterday it was crowded. "The only thing that really prevents any serious opera from being absurdly ridiculous is such a combination of effects, through an appeal to the sense of seeing and hearing, that in the resulting emotion one loses sight of the essentially ridiculous Italian method of performance. If a woman should actually fall into a pond and ten men should come down to the shore to rescue her, and on the way should stop, every man with his left foot extended just so, and should all gesticulate with the right arms and sing in parts, 'We fly, we fly, we fly-y-y to rescue, rescue rescue,' and should then recite a couple of steps all together, and at last advance by a series of such movements and put the woman out, still singing, we should find the thing so absurd from that even the prospect of the woman's death would hardly keep us from laughing."

In French Country Houses.

In their country houses, except in the case of hereditary mansions, the French now observe the utmost simplicity in furnishings. Pine and fir wood, combined with light reeds, are the English styles, are generally used in country and seaside places, where the Parisians pass one or two months every year. Unlike the English, who live in the country and come up to town on occasions, the citizens of the French capital can with difficulty tear themselves away from their beloved city, even for the six weeks of intolerably hot weather.

Why He Objected.

When the late Judge Yaple was dying a well known minister called upon him and said if he would be agreeable to him for a word of prayer to be offered. "No," slowly and respectfully answered the dying judge, "at this stage of the game it would be too much like prayer under duress."

Jolting a church with a high steeple is not always a start for heaven.

It will punish posterity to make out why some of her forefathers were given monuments.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

We have made the study of the manufacture of Ready Mixed Paints our business for years, and have spent much time and money in careful study in 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 tinted to any shade you desire, go on with and finish the job in a workmanlike manner. It looks well, it looks nice, it looks fine, it looks dandy, it looks all right, it looks stylish, it looks—well, it looks like a job that should last for half an hour or more. The dirt will then rinse out easily with little LIGHT RUBBING.

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

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 was not pure. 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 made from the necessary amount of lye used in its make it is clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of pure lye, 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 little the same as butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 5c cakes or six for a quarter. Equal to Dragnet, Kirkpatrick's and other high grade brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham and by a case.

In Combination!!

By Special Arrangement!!!

THIS JOURNAL with the Greatest of the Magazines,

The Cosmopolitan,

Which was the Most Widely Circulated Illustrated Monthly Magazine in the World during 1894.

AT A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE.

NO HOME is complete without the local paper and one of the great illustrated monthlies representing the thought and talent of the world. During one year the ablest authors, the cleverest artists, give you in THE COSMOPOLITAN 1536 pages, with over 1200 illustrations.

Art? you can have all this, from your local paper and THE COSMOPOLITAN, for only $2.00 a year—much less than you formerly paid for THE COSMOPOLITAN alone, then it was not so good a magazine as now.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, NEW YORK.

ARE YOU PAINTING?

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.

Any Shade, Tint or Color Desired.

Whitehead & Mitchell, dealers in Birmingham, have sold our Paints for the past 14 years and they will tell you of the 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 use.
WM. FAINT OF FAINT & SYALEY,
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.
CHAS. J. BRYDEN,
House Painter and Decorator.

Myself and son have used 85 gallons and it gave us ENTIRE satisfaction.
MILAS R. WATTLES.

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

I am much pleased with the paint. Have used about 40 gallons, and never saw paint that had such a good body. It will certainly use it in preference to any other and am pleased with it.
FOSTER BURDICK.

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

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. HERR.

I have used over 60 gallons of Boydell's Paints with us so much satisfaction that I cannot help recommend it to anyone contemplating the use of paint.
F. W. CRAWFORD.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

TO BOYDELL BROS., Detroit, Mich.

We think Boydell's Ready Mixed Paint the best today. In our experience it excels the best lead and oil in covering, holding and durability. We have sold quite a number of gallons of your Paint, who expects to find a satisfactory article, and we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paint.

MESS. M. MITCHEL, MESS. N. CUTTER,
A. J. WHITEHEAD, NANCY McCLANNEY,
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. Unequaled 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 in as much of this solution in 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.

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.

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 was not pure. 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 made from the necessary amount of lye used in its make it is clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of pure lye, 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 little the same as butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 5c cakes or six for a quarter. Equal to Dragnet, Kirkpatrick's and other high grade brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham and by a case.

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 tinted to any shade you desire, go on with and finish the job in workmanlike manner. It looks well, it looks nice, it looks fine, it looks dandy, it looks all right, it looks stylish, it looks—well, it looks like a job that should last for half an hour or more. The dirt will then rinse out easily with little LIGHT RUBBING.

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

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