ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

"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 check off, it peels off, it becomes chalky and 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!!!

Now do 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 on 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 a the makers claim it to be and its staying qualities as good as any paint we ever used.
WM. PAINT OF PAINT & 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 85 gallo ns and it gave us ENTIRE satisfaction.
SILAS B. WATTES.

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

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

Boydell Bros. Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I shall use it every when I paint my house.
J. N. HITH
JNO. BALDWIN.

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

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.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

TO BOYDELL BROS. (Detroit, Mich.):—
We thank you for it! Ready Mixed Paint the best we have ever used. It is the best and oil for beauty, gloss, economy, lasting qualities and all desirables that one wishes. There is not a better article, and we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paints.
MRS. M. C. UTTEY,
PINDER WORTH,
A. WHITEHEAD,
MRS C. UTTEY,
NANCY MCKINNEY,
G. H. WITHERELL,
AND MANY OTHERS.

We would respectfully inform the people of Birmingham and vicinity that Whitehead & Mitchell have sold our paint 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 her 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. Warrante 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 all your white clothes into the tub and add this a 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.

Towels 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 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 flannel. 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 is what it is made for, and that's just why it is soldifferent from the common yellow soap. USED PROPERLY, the soap will simplise 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 Diamond, Magnetic, Frank Siddall's or any other brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham and say a cake.

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.

At one can have all this, both your local paper and THE COSMOPOLITAN for only $1.75 a year—much less than you formerly paid for THE COSMOPOLITAN alone, when it was not so good a magazine as now.

THE COSMOPOLITAN'S NEW HOME

THE BUOY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

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[CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.]

"I'm comin' to that. Well, after the people got ashore, and those that was drowned laid out in Seth Glass's fishhouse, some of us come along the shore to see Luke Yardstick's gettin' on at the light. The sea-wall was broke up considerable by the seas in the night, and we were standin' lookin' at it, when some one see the wreck drifftin' in. It was a bark, and she was waterlogged and staggerin' in the seas as if they couldn't keep her head to the wind. Then she seemed to keel over broadside to the seas, and she struck on the shoals, for it was 'most low tide. We give word to Luke, and he hung out a red table cloth from top of the light to rouse the folks, and we ran back to get a boat. I was among the first to reach the wharf and help launch a wharf-boat, but Luke he wasn't any use. He seemed to blow harder than ever, and 'twixt the squalls we see that the folks on board had got out a boat and was trylin' to come ashore. They didn't get far; for, when a big wave hid the boat from sight, we never saw it again. Then, just as we were debatin' whether we'd better risk to get out to the ship, another boat was put off from under her lee. It wasn't no use. It never come ashore."

"Not a soul escaped?"

"Just one. The seas were a-flyin' in clouds over her, and it was almost black. That night it shifted for the west and and blew a gale, and the next day was as calm and pretty a day as ever you see. We didn't go to bed that night, and boat daylight me and Tom Larkin and Jack Hathaway and one or two others rowed out to the wreck, it was 'most gone to pieces. Only the aft part was standin' anyway whole, and we climbed up into it. I was the first on the deck, though it was fast failin' in. The cabin door was shut, but I kicked it open, and there in a berth in the cabin was you, alone.—A little girl not big enough to speak. It was me found you, and he boys agreed you naturally belonged to me."

The girl came nearer to him and kissed him again.

"Dear father!"

"It was strange you lived through that night. Mebby you were too young to be frightened. It made a great time bringin' a strange baby ashore from a wreck. Mother had lost her boy, kept Sam, more'n six months, and when I put you in her arms she startled right up and said you should be her baby."

"And you never learned the name of the ship, nor where she came from."

"No. The boards came ashore completely smashed to pieces, and not a soul was left to tell a thing except you and you were a baby. The settlement of Bellis' you made us forget everything. We rowed right ashore, lest you should die before we could get you to mother. Nobody thought of anything except bringin' the baby found in the cabin. Folks came for miles to see you and to see where the ship sunk. It wasn't more than an hour after we took you away when

"IT WAS ME FOUND YOU."

the wreck lost quietly broke up and sunk. Not a trace of a paper or a name was found."

"Except the broken name-board."

"Yes. That was all. It was found by Caleb Hetes's boys more in a month after, wedged in the rocks on the shore. Just a piece of broken board with three letters carved on it. I've got it now somewhere. Nothing else but those letters, M and a A and a I—Mai; the name I gave you."

For a few moments not a word was said. She had heard the story many times before. Never before had it made such an impression on her. But for this old man she was without a name or parents. Who was she? Where was she born? And where was her father—her mother? Were they living? She could not think that her mother could have been in the ship, or she would not have abandoned her. She would have stayed on the wreck-to die with her. Then the ship's captain—dead and silent. Everyone was her father? She could not think that. He would not have left her on the wreck to die alone, even if only an infant. At least he must have known her mother or something about her. And he was dead—like the poor unknown ship with the broken name—silent forever.

Now she was to take with love a new name. Could she take it? Yes. Love accepts love unasking, unthinking. Yes—

The old man seemed to guess her thoughts.

"Haven't I been a good father to you, Mai?"

"The best.—the best that could be. But, father, did you never make search for any ship with a name having those three letters?"

She had never thought of this question before in all her life. Her girlhood had been so peaceful and happy it had never come into her heart to think of it. She was his daughter by the adoption of love and care. She had never thought to ask more.

"No, Mai. I never did. We didn't think of it. You were only a baby, mother was took sick and died, and there were so many things to think of I took you as a little girl just sent out o' heaven for me to love, and I didn't do anything. I s'pose we ought to have done something 'bout it, but we were plain folks, and we didn't think. It wasn't just right."

"It's no matter now, father. Sam does not care."

"No, Sam does not care. He loves you, and I guess he's contented. I be, so long as you stay near me."

Then they fell into silence for a few moments. The old man was twice tempted to speak, but did not. There was where to tell,—something he had never yet told to any one, except to his dead wife, and she had asked him to keep it always a secret, and he had promised her.

"Mother was right," he said in his heart. "It would break the girl's heart if she knew it. It's best she should never know."

"And the buoy marks the spot, father?"

"Yes, deary. Governm't put the two-fathoms buoy just six fathoms east by south of the place where the ship went down."

That night there came in from the sea one of those series of long mysterious rollers that hint of storms far off on the open ocean. The stars sparkled and quivered as if anxious to speak, and the vast shaft of light from the tower searches round and round the horizon, but found nothing. The buoy moaned and moaned to itself in the dark,—moaned for the dead secret of the sea.

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet burst upon the hotel at breakfast the next morning in a new and more beautiful costume. Breakfast cake were neglected and coffee grew cold; that exclusive eyes might mark, examine and mentally digest its minutest details. The breakfast-room had not been closed an hour before the national result appeared. There was a timid knock at Mademoiselle's door, and the maid opened to a young girl.

"Could I see Mademoiselle Rochet?"

Mademoiselle would see the young miss. With some diffidence the girl made her errand known. Was this the Mademoiselle Louise Rochet of Fifth avenue—the Paris? If so, was there any service Mademoiselle could offer? Yes. Mother, that is, Mrs. Van Houton, had a robe. There was to be a ball that night at the hotel. Could Mademoiselle examine it with perhaps a view to its improvement?

Mademoiselle seemed to think for an instant. Should she continue her character of fashionable New York dressmaker or play the lady of leisure? Which would be the best character in which to appear when she met him? She thought of his pride, but only to smile in a curious way at the thought. He had cared nothing for her feelings; why should she consider him? Besides, business brought money, and brought it more easily and abundantly than she had ever dreamed in the days of her poverty in Paris.

With a sweet, a perceptible hesitation she said, sweetly, "I shall receive Madame Van Houton with pleasure."

"Our room is No. 65, this floor, and thank you kindly, mademoiselle. Mother will be greatly pleased, I'm sure."

No man has yet been able to understand the process of reasoning by which the feminine mind reaches certain results. Mlle. Rochet had not seen seen except at supper and breakfast, and she was known to more than half the people in the house that a certain valuable order of mind had arrived. The boro' dress-maker had appeared. The genius for draping had shed its beneficent light upon them. The masculine mind fails back on the safe proposition that a lie's as good's you's so be the safest inclined—and stops. The feminine mind knows better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior minds. Within an hour after the peasant maid at Mlle Rochet's door had four times informed anxious inquirers that Mlle Rochet was engaged in room 65. Thither the curious went to see, admire and discuss. Mrs. Van Houton had secured the prize, but was willing that friends should share her success.

Mademoiselle gazed thoughtfully at robes, suggested, lightly touched the fabrics here and there, and it was done. Genius shed its great magic touches with its hands in the fine art. It suggests, and other and perhaps lower minds buy materials, direct the hands in needle-work, and wear the result with conscious pride. In twenty minutes Mrs. Van Houton's robes had been passed upon, and Mademoiselle, with a mental note of the value of her services, was led away to see other robes. As she examined and commented on dress, she measured women, she soon found just what she wanted, a society woman with an unruly lip member. In this lady's dress Mlle Rochet found much to admire. She politely declined further orders. She would be compelled to stay with the madame in No. 206 till certain very important changes were made. She might even be obliged to do a little stitching herself, as there was no one present with sufficient skill to do the work. This was, indeed, unexpected condescension, and my lady of No. 206 was proud, flattered, happy and talkative. The door was closed to all visitors, and genius and its patron sat down together over the momentous dress. Seven distinct headaches, no one developed in the hotel, and their poor owners declared they would not not be well enough to attend the hop that night.

"Mademoiselle had many patrons among society ladies in New York?"

"Yes, very many, the wives of Senators, Judges, and others."

"Indeed? Not the wife of Judge Danielle or Judge Chote?"

"No. There was one, perhaps madame may know her; Madame Gearing."

"Oh! you mean Judge Gearing, of the Superior court. She was a Rochelle, married a Mr. Yardsticle, and he died. She must be past forty now, but well preserved."

"I designed two habits for her."

"And I dare say they were not bad."

"I assure Madame they were magnificent. Madame the Judge's wife, Mrs. Gearing 'coucal her, was greatly pleased—charmed. Madame may have observed her habits."

"Well, no. I'm not very well acquainted with Mrs. Gearing. My Milly has met her son."

"Has she a son? He must still be an infant."

"No. It was by her first husband. Milly admires him very much. He's lived abroad some time, studied in Paris, was rather wild there, but of course is quite reformed now."

"Will his immorality the daughter permit me to examine her robes? It is possible I suggest something."

"Milly? Oh, Milly's young. She only came out this spring, and her things don't matter down here. There's nobody here of any consequence. We shall receive this fall for her, and then, if Mademoiselle was designs a dress for her, we shall be glad."

"Americans are so strange. What is it to come out?"

"Milly's a debutante. She is now a young lady, and can receive calls from your gentlemen."

"The Judge's son call on her and she so young?"

"Well, no. I couldn't permit that. Of course here at the beach young people must meet in a social way."

"Then the son of the Judge is not what you call attentive to the daughter?"

"You're mistaken about that. Young Mr. Royal Yardsticle is not the son of Judge Gearing. He is the son of the Judge's wife. She hasn't anything, but of course the young man will come in for a share of the Judge's wealth. As for his attentions to Milly, we couldn't allow it—at any rate not till Milly is older, and not unless she was very anxious to marry him."

Mademoiselle seemed to find something deeply interesting in the robe she held upon her lap. There were hard lines about her handsome mouth and a momentary flash in her hazel eyes, which the volubile patron mistook for the light of genius or the sign of deep thought.

"It is, on the whole, you had better look at one of Milly's dresses. I want her to look well at the hop tonight. As it is Saturday, there will be a great many of the younger men down to spend Sunday."

Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile imaginable, cout-mued her search for inspiration.

"It will also please young Mr. Yardstick. All young girls wish to appear well, before those who admire them."

"Oh, it's not at all for him. If I thought he was seriously attentive, Milly would not leave her room tonight. We would hardly encourage any attentions just now, after the young man has lost his heart over some commonplace creature at the light."

"The light! What is the light?"

"Hey! gence Light House."

"Oh, the maritime light. I understand. The women trim such lamps in civilized country?"

"Dear, no. There's a light-house keeper—a man. Every one's remarking on Mr. Yardsticle's very great interest in such things. He goes over to the light every day, and twice he has been seen in the village with her. I'm sure it's a blessing he won't off yesterday on Mr. Manning's yacht, so he will not be at the hop to-night. I haven't a doubt he would disgrace himself by bringing the girl with him. We should never recognize her, if he did."

"Was that a yacht—the beautiful vessel we passed in the steamboat last evening?"

"I dare say. Mr. Manning's yacht sailed yesterday. I think Milly said it was on y for a few days. She knows somebody who knows the Boystons, and they are friends of the Mannings."

After a pause, as if in deep thought, Mademoiselle came to the conclusion that nothing more need be done to the robe. A few stitches here and there and the world would be complete. Could she see the daughter's dress? It was brought out, and Milly was sent for to try it on. The fresh young girl just in from a dip in the sea received a vision of girlish loveliness, and Mademoiselle was charmed to meet her. She suggested tuck and that and said the robe was already near perfect. Just a touch, and it would be magnificent. Mother and daughter were overflowing with mobile gratitude. Milly would be the best-dressed girl at the hop.

(To be Continued.)

Enterprise of a Correspondent.

Sedan was marched. The efforts of journalistic enterprise, crude, it is true, but indicative, at least, of energy. Again it was the New York Tribune which took "first space" on the whole. The weapon was this time a Briton. Herr White, a man whose abilities should have given him a better fate than a premature death in a German hospital, was with the Germans on the day so unfortunate to France. He stood by Sherman when Napoleon's letter of surrender was handed to Wimpffen. He could Wimpffen, the napkin that had constituted Bellie's flag of truce was given him as a souvenir. And then with dauntless courage he walked right across the battlefield through the still glowing embers of the battle, reached the frontier, made his way to the railway station, and got to Brussels early next morning. He could not telegraph from there. His own story was that when he arrived at his machine, the people in the office refused to transmit it, scouting him as either a lunatic, or a "cheap" tent on creating a row on the stock exchange. But I have heard that he had not the cash with him to pay for a long message. Anyhow, he came to London, getting there the day but one after the battle in time for a short synopsis of his narrative to be given in a late edition of the Pall-Mall Gazette. It appeared at length in next morning's Tribune.

A New Process for Steel.

Another process in the manufacture of steel and iron iron is noted in the foreign journals, the purpose in view being to so carbonize the metal that the amount of carbon resulting may be more or less accurately determined. This is a complished by introducing carbon, in the form of charcoal, into the casting, ladle, and then tapping the metal direct from the converter or furnace into the ladle, after adding any desired quantity of ferro-manganese or other material. In this way, as is found, a higher percentage of carbon can be readily introduced into the metal, and a high grade of steel produced. In practice—that is, to secure a high grade of steel capable of standing from twenty-six to thirty-four tons tensile strain—life use is called for of about five pounds of finely ground charcoal per ton of metal, the usual percentage of ferro-manganese being somewhat increased. Other forms of carbon than wood charcoal may also, it is stated, be employed so long as they do not contain such a high percentage of sulphur or other impurities as would be injurious to mere sultant steel.

Will Again Shortly.

The Democrats have not had full control of the government, that is, the Presidency and the House of Congress, at the same time since the thirty-fifth congress, which met in 1857.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

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

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

DON'T BATHE TOO MUCH.

Prof. Checky Advances the Theory that Water is Very Injurious.

"Bathing and the use of soap," says Prof. Checky, "is 40 per cent more injurious to the human race than any other form of stimulation to which people are addicted. If I should bathe a man, in proportion, as much as he drank, I'd kill him in one-half the time! This is called the age of hurry and feverish excitement; critics complain that people are growing to take time for anything. As a matter of fact, hours of precious time are worse than wasted daily in the bathroom. If men would preserve their health, there are three things they must do: First, leave soap alone; second, get the skin loose from the tissues of the body; third, get rid of the idea that regularity in the matter of sleep and meals is necessary to physical well-being."

"What are the objections to the use of soap?" asked a reporter to whom the professor's original views were a revelation.

"There are vital objections," was the reply. "The skin, it is true, is slightly in a physical sense that relation to the body. First, it acts as a protective agent, covering the sensitive tissues of the flesh. Second, it acts as a guardian of the mind, conveying all sensations of heat, cold, friction, and the like. Third, it directly aids all the other organs of the body, taking up the work of each in turn, when for any reason they become unable to perform their functions. The skin assists all the organs of secretion and excretion in the entire system, and for this great attention should be paid to keeping it in a healthy condition. Although resulting in important functions people instead of protecting this wonderful covering of theirs, try by every means in their power to destroy it. Soap does not cleanse the skin. When the skin is dirty it is unhealthy and the organs within the body can never be cleansed by all the soaps in the world. The only stains, blotches, etc., in the surface of the skin that people need to get rid of are not to be removed by soap. Some other chemical plant or fluid has to be resorted to to obliterate them. As for as regards the dirt and filth which naturally adhere to the body, dust and dirt, being earthy and material, are much better brushed off than washed off, and soap does not aid in the process."

Time Wasted in Bathing.

For the operatic performances at which he is the only auditor the Infanta of Bavaria had made a costly stage furniture at the time of Louis XV., and, as the articles were only pulling, they are now being made use of at the Munich opera house in Mazzini's "Figaro" which probably never before had so splendid a stage mounting.

Influence of Patriotism.

General Stephen D. Lee, ex-chief of the confederate veteran, is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of good roads in Mississippi. He is a farmer in Hard county he has constructed ten miles of macadamized highways, but his examples, and his influence, will be his highest reward, he says. "Though I talk to them about building such roads, and show them how it is done, the influence of the paternal system, I want the government to do things for them."

He Lacked the Nerve.

Dyspepsia—Sour stomach—Biliousness—Constipation—Nervousness—Sick headache—Loss of appetite—Bad breath—Coated tongue—Pain after eating—Low spirits—Nervous prostration—Sleeplessness—Dizziness—Heart disease—Costiveness—Kidney complaints—Dark circles under the eyes—Pimples—Blotches—Boils—Tetter—Salt rheum—Scaly skin—Blood poisons—Malaria—Chills and fever—Nervous debility—Female weaknesses—Fever and ague—Consumption (if not too far advanced)—Wasting away of the body—Night sweats—Cough—Bronchitis—Asthma—Shortness of breath—Palpitation—Sleeplessness—Melancholy—Nervous prostration—Nervous headache—Neuralgia—Dizziness—Sick headache—Backache—Kidney complaints—Dragging pain in the lower part of the back—Female weakness—Leucorrhœa—Irregularities—Painful menstruation—Ovarian tumors—Uterine tumors—Falling of the womb—Prolapsus—Gleet—Whites—Nervous debility