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. Or where you may, buy any brand you please of either lead or oil, have it applied by the best painters on earth and the wearer thinks it is un-satisfactory. It check off, it peels off, it becomes dingy colored, fades out, wakes 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

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 it a 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 I ever used. D. N. HARRIS, 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. ELDRED J. MONROE, House Painter and Decorator

Myself and son have used 85 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.

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. JNO. BALDWIN.

Boydell Bros' Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I shall use it again when I paint my house. T. G. PEARSALL.

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

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 today. In our experience it excels the best lead and oil for beauty, gloss, covering, lasting qualities and all qualities that one wishes in a Paint, when properly applied, a satisfactory article, and we cheerfully recommend your Ready Mixed Paints.

MRS. C. GUTTIE,
MRS. N. M. COWEY,
MRS. N. M. KINNEY,
PINDER WORTH,
G. H. WITHERILL,
A. WHITEHEAD,
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 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. They dirt will then rinse out easily with little LABOR REQUIRED.

Flannels and colored goods treat in the same way, rinsing flannels in WARM water. Boiling is more over-work than ought.

NOTE. Economize 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 may 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 been in it. The hot water takes the saponification out of the Resin (Rosin) in the vegetal Stock, wax, and of course, SICKENS the molecules 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. It isn't what it is 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 fully soap manufactured and made from the necessary amount of lye used in this make it is clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of pure cocoa nut oil, clean and sweet tallow and beef tallow, with lye mixed together enough to make a 300 gallon vat. It is warped to the most odd process with a ladle the same as butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 50 cakes for sale 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 try 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 progress of the world. During one year the ablest authors, the cleverest artists, give you in THE COSMOPOLITAN 1536 pages, with over 1200 illustrations.

At $2 you can have all this, both your local paper and THE COSMOPOLITAN for only $2.

A year—much less than you formerly paid for THE COSMOPOLITAN alone, when it was not as good a magazine as this.

THE COSMOPOLITAN'S NEW HOME

...ING BUOY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

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[CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.]

"Don't rise. There! If you must get up, stand still till I come to you."

The lady, somewhat startled at the girl's appearance and her warning words, tried to rise, and after some trouble with her voluminous skirts managed to gain her feet. At that instant the green water rose swelling close beside her, and the olive receweed floated and swayed with a dizzy motion.

"Stand still—Oh!"

How it happened she did not know. The first sensation she felt was of intense cold, and then of wild green light, and then darkness. Some one seized her, and then she forgot everything—till she awoke on a strange bed.

A shout and a plunge startled the two men, and they ran around the little house towards the water. Breeze Johnson took a flying leap from the sea-wall, and landed like a cat on the rocks below.

"Hold her up, Mat! I'm comin'. Here! give me your hand. Let her go. I've got her. Scrabble out and lend a hand."

Judge Gearing could not tell how he got down to the wet and slippery rocks. He was there in time to help the captain lift his wife from the water, and then they laid her gently to the little house, and laid her on a bed. Behind them came a young girl, calmly wringing the water from her clinging clothing. As they reached the shanty she said:

"She's all right, father. She's fainted out of fright. She wasn't in the water a quarter of a minute. More I had her head up above. Stop crowdin' out for the rocks. You telephone to the village for a wagon, and I'll fix her dress, and——"

"She is not dead, is she?"

"Of course not. She'll revive presently. Don't worry, sir. I'll take care of her. You go with father and hurry up the wagon while I change some of her clothes. Guess one of my dresses will fit her."

Judge Gearing recognized the truth of what the girl said. Her homely speech and evident skill and confidence reassured him. He could see that it was only a faint, due to fright or the sudden fall, and he slowly left the room, closing the door behind him. In the little hall he heard the voice of the old man calling through the telephone for "a team to the light quicker nor lightnin'."

He stepped out the open door and barely had time to see the street at Azalia Again the sea had nearly claimed another offering. His wife—the beloved of his youth—had long been asleep in the sea. What fate had tried to snatch again at his heart? He heard voices through the open window of the little chamber. His wife had revived—had come back. His wife. Was she speaking again? It was that voice, still all these years. It seemed as if the two wives spoke face to face. For a moment it seemed as if his heart would never move again. It had died in his bosom. When news of fate had given two voices, separated by years and by death, tones as like as those of two violins made by the same hand?

"It's all right, Judge. Mat says the lady's revived and wants to go home."

"How can I ever thank you for all she did?"

"Mat! Lor'! That wasn't much. She can swim like a duck and dive like a flounder. I taught her to swim fore she was five years old. Sakes alive! if there ain't two barges comin 'long the road an' he's got to see which! Stay here first. I telephoned I'd give a half-dollar to the team that got here first. Mat! Oh, I guess she ain't lookin' for any thanks. She only done her duty—just as she done it before Mat's a good girl, though she is my darter and I say it as shouldn't."

The two barges drove up to the entrance of the fishhouse in great haste. The Faley Queen was clearly ahead, and upon the captain's half dollar. Judge Gearing put a bill in each driver's hand, and they went in to bring their poor lady out. She still seem to require much help and soon appeared at the door, clad in one of Mat's Johnson's dresses. She was pale and nervous, but recovered herself, and the Judge, too thankful and happy to think of anything but her safety, assisted her into the big barge, and it was driven rapidly away toward the hotel.

The news of the accident and rescue quickly spread, and when that evening the Judge and his wife appeared in the hotel supper-room they were over whelmed with congratulations. Young Mr. Royal Yardsticke heard of it also, and was extremely happy over his mother's rescue. He had done no harm beyond a fright and a wetting, and he thought he saw in the event something that would greatly contribute to his advantage. He knew that, of course, the Judge would go over to the light with some kind of reward. If it could be arranged so that he could deliver the reward or convey to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out that what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and the Judge had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check.

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't, cut that piece of Sorah I should'll give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her, and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. I want it to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsticke thought it was—a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it, I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Royal! You can go over with me and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person, quite unaffected and natural. Lives in Azalia, I believe. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

"Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress, and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsticke seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under these circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after at a little distance. The truck had recovered from what had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time while he remained at the beach.

Oh, Breeze Johnson came to the door, candle in hand, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Evenin', Mr. Yardsticke. Come right in and make yourself to home. Sorry Mat's not to hum. Went to the village not more'n five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the Captain, and she held out two fingers to him, but he took her two hands in his big brown fist and shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor' I'd orta'd nothin'. Mat'd done it for anybody. Don't speak of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mat's handy in the water. I taught her to swim fore she was five years old."

The Judge began to regret the check in his pocket. It was plain that the old man would be deeply hurt at any suggestion of reward. More than likely the daughter would decidedly refuse any money reward. If she was to be rewarded at all, it must be done in some delicate and more acceptable way.

"We are very sorry your daughter is not at home. We brought something for her that I trust she will accept. Judge, perhaps, as the girl is not here you can give it, with my respects, to her father."

"Now, marm, excuse me. Mat's not wantin' for anything. If it's a piece of silk for a dress, you know in that bundle, Mat couldn't take it."

"Oh, that bundle is only her dress. Captain Johnson, if your daughter's frock was bonnet-shaped, we'd know. What the Judge brought to her is a piece of paper."

This last she said with great meaning, but the old man either did not understand or pretended not to understand, for he said—

"Piece of paper? Oh! mebby you mean a bill. Well, no; Mat ain't wantin' anything just now."

"My dear," said the Judge, "the Captain will, of course, excuse us if we ever thought of such a thing as offering a reward to his daughter. You see, feel very grateful to her, and you too, Captain, and if there is any way in which we can show our gratitude we shall be glad to know it."

Mr. Royal Yardsticke had been lost in thought for a moment or two, and he now went to his mother and spoke quietly to her. She seemed greatly pleased with what he said.

"Excellent idea, my son. We'll do it."

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"Why, it seemed to me that as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a little visit."

"Sakes alive! Don't say a word, captain. We will not take no for an answer. Your daughter must travel with us for a week or two and then made us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose we take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

Mat Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore path. The night was calm and pleasant and the tide was low. The level sandscift bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would come back, and the abundant life that waited and waited patiently for the waters that would bring food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand, pitted pools of rocks fastened in rock-weed dimly seen under the stars, appealed her. There seemed to be a shadow spreading all seen half felt over her young life—a something advancing from the unknown.

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"MAT, YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE."

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RIDING OVER AN EARTHQUAKE.

Novel Train Experience of an American Traveler.

Riding on a train over ground shaken by earthquake is the novel experience of a Constantinople correspondent of the Cincinnati Tribune. He thus describes it:

"All at once the air grew still, an oppressive silence seemed to hang on vale and hill and all the people stopped short. It seemed to me that we ran into a bad piece of track or that our train had suddenly quickened its pace. I saw a Servian woman with a child in her arms stagger, stop, take the water jug from her head and hug her frightened baby to her naked breast. Hundreds of your cattle were lowing, burros were braying and the whole flocks of sheep were crying on the distant downs. Meantime the curves seemed to increase, and, although we were not making more than forty miles an hour, we appeared to fairly fly. Men stood still and stared at the heavens. A Mohammedan slid down from a pack mule, spread out his prayer-rug, set his face toward Mecca and prayed. Christians crossed themselves and as often as I stole a glance at the driver I found him looking at me. I knew I had disturbed the action of those wild people to childish wonder, at seeing the train sweep by, but when I looked at the almost pale faces of the sun-browned driver I grew bewildered. The three I beheld were all so unnatural that I felt my head swimming. Glancing ahead I saw the straight track taken curves and shake from out its again, resembling a running snake. The valley had become a narrow gulch, and from the near hills arose great clouds of smoke, as from a quarry when the shots are fired. The ground seemed to have been busy at the furnace door, stood up now and gazed at the driver, who pressed his left hand over his eyes, then took it off and tried to speak, but made an attempt to check the speed of the flying train. As a drunken cowboy dashing down a straight street sways in his saddle, as a wounded bird flies through the air, all this made my locomotive sway and swim over the writhing rail. Suddenly a great curve appeared in front of us. This time the stoker, who had left off firing, had a look at the curve. He ceased to fire. Again the driver hid his eyes, and again I felt my brain growing dizzy trying to understand. We could hear and feel the engine wheels rise and fall as the twisting rail with a deafening sound. At last she settled down and began to glide away as a boat glides down a running stream. "What is it?" asked of the French fireman. "Trois, Monsieur de Terre," he said, shaking himself violently and fainting to the floor, and then I understood that we had been riding over an earthquake. The driver was rather too proud and brave to stop, or too frightened to be able to shut off steam. I don't know which."

MOLTEN METAL AS CARGO.

The Liquid Iron Carried from Furnace to Mill By Trains.

Great pots of molten metal go daily skimming along the Erie railroad from the Cleveland Rolling Mills Company's central blast furnace to the Newburg mills as easily and safely as if made of long standing. The plan, put into operation last Monday, is a perfect success, says the Cleveland Leader. It takes just fifteen minutes for the metal to reach the mixer in the mills, some five miles away. Eight trips are made a day, as follows: At 6:20, 8:20, and 11:20 o'clock in the morning, and 2:20, 4:20 and 6:20 in the afternoon, and three trains at night. These trips are made at a time when the tracks are practically cleared. This delays are avoided, which would be expensive, for if long continued the metal would cool and the purpose of the special delivery thwarted. At the rolling mills the car is raised on a hoist like the mixer, the ladle is tipped by machinery, and the liquid metal poured into the mixer. Relieved of their load, the cars amble back to the furnace and their business is done for the trip.

About ten tons of hot metal is thus carried every day over this long railroad route. The Cleveland Rolling Mills Company has taken a pretty fine fee for the freightage, it is said, but there is economy in the operation.

Samboo Close Call.

It was a Tennessee Methodist circuit rider who had before him a six months' probationer, whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church.

"Well, Sambo," said the circuit rider, "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen chickens during the last six months?"

"No, sah. I done stole no chickens."

"Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?"

Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah! "I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest Christian life."

After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechising. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self-approving glance to his better half. "Golly, he said, in his half caution, whisper, "ef hed ercoulf ducks I'd be a lost nigger, suh!"

Very Particular.

Tit-Bits. Shopper—Have you any toys a child can play with on Sunday?

Salesman—Yes; here's a box of soldiers.

Shopper—Play with soldiers on the Sabbath!

Salesman—But these belong to the Salvation Army.

CURRENT NOTES

Colon—Division is fading rapidly. Solomon—Was a glorious dual, Jim.

The man who can successfully judge himself is first governor the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

Mr. Brown—Go fishing with me, old chap. Brown—Can't do it; just signed the pledge.—Judge.

Silence is golden especially when you cannot think of a good answer on the spur of the moment.—Judy.

Maud—That stupid Jones proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I would refuse him. Marie—Perhaps he did.—Boston Post.

Jasper—Spear and his wife are constantly quarreling. Jumpupe—Yes, they have different theories as to what a husband should make other happy.—Boston Post.

"Fame," said Uncle Eliel, "am no good. Hall has any other kind of advertisin'. Tain't no use for a man unless he had de right kind of goods to back it up with."—Washington Star.

Child—Who is that sad-eyed man, mother? Mother—He's a poor pension-agent, my child. Child—And who is that jolly man, mother? Mother—He is a rich pension agent, my child.—New York Weekly.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Great Air Whale.

The native inhabitants of the Fiji islands believe thunder to be the bellowing of the great air whale, a mythical creature which, according to their folklore stories, inhabits the opposite side of all thunder clouds. If the reputation thunder cloud appears unaccompanied by the ominous-rumblings peculiar to such phenomena, they take it as a token that the great spirit is pleased with their past doings. If, however, on the other hand, the detonations be frequent and violent they are sure that the god of the elements is displeased and immediately engage themselves in all sorts of ludicrous incantations for the purpose of righting matters. Lightning is to them the result of the air whale gnashing his teeth together and thus striking fire. Another peculiarity of this primitive people lies in the fact that they will not partake of food while the thunder clouds are sight, fearing that the air whale will pounce upon and devour them for such irreverence.

Tobacco Weakened Relations

Nervous relations to a man always creating a disturbance in his family, may be cured by SWANZOY NO 71. Has is the only cure tried and warranted to cure in all cases. It is perfectly a good service cures. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1 per box. Address Swanzoy Remedy Co. New York City or Chicago.

Whittier's Rouge Is Now the Favorite.

Mr. Whittier, the great little man who inadvertently placed the author of "Trilby" under everlasting obligation to the British girls, is a man whom one can be found in the Luxembourg some time during the week, and, the artist was in and out all last week. Oddly enough, he didn't look at his own picture. Every time he was seen, the American students lined up before it hoping that he might be tempted to try and listen to the criticism. But he wasn't to be caught in any such ruse and the artist girls got even with him by creating a demand for "Whittier rouge." The painter had a most remarkable set of lips. They are a bright carmine red. The students saw he politely, and the Frenchmen seem to believe that he does too. At all events "Whittier rouge" is the latest lip stuff in Paris.

J. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Hope, Ark., say: "Have sold Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and they give satisfaction."

Some little lions have a very big roar.

Cox's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

"Kennon's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Sweet sweet smile is a sphere of Spring.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children Teething.

The bean is said to be a native of Egypt.

F. T. S. Lexington, Ky., says: "Have used Kidney-Wort with good results. Recommended it to friends. Should be sorry to be without it."

Really good horses are always in demand.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life. Mrs. Thos. Foley, Cor. Washington and Lake Streets, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 17, '94.

Patience is a virtue very rare in Lancaster.

I have tried Parker's Ginger Tonic

and know it to be a sterling medicine with my family. Mrs. Lucinda Wilson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

See that the bottle glass is full of pure water.

Just how it does it is not the question,

It is enough that it does it, and that it takes the place of a dozen other medicines, is the testimony of those who have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Nothing is more than half so good as it looks to be.

In case of burns, scalds, or any of the other accidents to which we are all liable, we need to come to the human body. Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil is the best remedy we know of.

All those who suffer from Catarrh, sting and burning in the nostrils, should use the Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It takes up the bad matter of a long standing disease of the head, and in a few days and a few cents worth of this medicine, will do more than a dozen dollars worth of other remedies. Take no other. It never fails.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The New Northwestern Limited, through Sleeping Cars, Chicago to Portland, Oregon, via Chicago, Union Pacific, Oregon Short Line and Oregon Railway & Navigation Co. Lines, leaves Chicago daily at 8:00 p. m. Ashland, Medford, Roseburg, Eugene, Albany, Salem, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, Missoula, Mandan and Lincoln, and the best and most direct route to points in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Elegant Dining Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, Pullman Tourist Sleepers and Free Reclining Chair Cars. Ticket Offices, 1044 Broadway, Oakland, 122 Third Street, Portland, Or. Ask for Tourist Guide, Map and Folder. Sent free. Address Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Tobacco Chewing Dog.

Saul Mayer has a little terrier dog that has acquired the habit of chewing tobacco. He is an old dog, and has been in the habit of chewing tobacco for a number of years. He has lost his teeth, and has to make his meal off of soft food, but he will take his chew of tobacco and chew it with his gums. The dog is very fond of tobacco, and he will take it from any person who has it in his mouth. He will follow a person who has a chew of tobacco in his mouth for a long distance, and will not leave him until he has taken his chew away from him. The dog is very fond of his chew of tobacco, and it is his only vice. He is a very good dog, and is very fond of his master, who is a tobacco chewer. The dog is very fond of his master, and follows him everywhere he goes. The dog is very fond of his master, and follows him everywhere he goes. The dog is very fond of his master, and follows him everywhere he goes