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 un-satisfactory. It check 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. HONROE, 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.
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, economy, 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. 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 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 a 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 new 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 Rosin in it. The hot water takes the saponification out of the Rosin; it returns to its original state, and of course STICKS in the meshes of your flannels. Rosin 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 it is made it is 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.

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.

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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 A MERELY NOMINAL PRICE.

At $ you can have all this, both your local paper and THE COSMOPOLITAN for one $. 4 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.

By CHARLES BARNARD.

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THE WHISTLING BUOY.

[CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.]

"No, not for a week or ten days. Ah! Royal has ordered a little supper for us. Let me arrange the table for you."

Already a shadow had come over her pleasure trip. Sam would get her letter and go to New York—and miss her. She would write that very night and tell him of the change in their plans.

One step taken, the next is easy. That night at 11 o'clock young Mr. Royal Yardstickie called at his mother's room at their hotel in Boston.

"I'm glad you're up mother. I've planned a little trip out to Cambridge for Miss Johnson to-morrow. They tell me it is the correct thing to do: and, as the Judge wishes to visit some of the courts, you and I and Miss Johnson might take a little drive."

"Very good idea, my son. I'm glad you are so thoughtful for the dear child. She's a fresh and charming girl, and she entertains me. We will all go to ride right after breakfast. Oh, by the way, give these letters to the hall-boy. I've written to Mademoiselle Rochet to be ready to come to our house as soon as we return. The Judge wishes her to make a complete set of robes for Miss Johnson. It's very thoughtful in the Judge, because the girl's things are just a little, a very little, out of date."

The young man took the letters and said he would go himself to the office with them. On his way down in the elevator he turned them over. There were two in Miss Johnson's handwriting—one to her father, one to her lover. He would not leave them at the office; he would put them in a street-box. He walked along the brightly-lighted streets, looking for a mail-box. He passed two without seeing them. He was hesitating again, but with weaker will this time.

Never before had the yacht made such a splendid run through the Sound. The wind held good, and they passed Execution Light and came through East River to the bay with a fair wind and a swift tide. The moment the yacht had come to anchor, off the steamboat-landing at Bay Ridge, Skipper Johnson had out a boat, and he and the yacht's passengers were rowed ashore just in time to catch the boat for New York. Arrived there, the skipper took car for the postoffice.

"You are sure there is no letter for me?" he asked of the sleepy clerk.

"Sure. None here."

"There are no other places in town—no branch offices?"

"Lots of 'em; but you wouldn't find it at any of them unless it was so directed. All letters directed 'city' would be here."

It was too late to do anything now. Mai had not written here. Why, of course not. His letters were at the light. He must telegraph. He found a telegraph-office, and with trembling fingers wrote a vague, uncertain message to his father. With rural ignorance and pride of heart, he would not let these heartless operators see how deeply he was hurt.

By 8 o'clock the next morning he was back in town from the boat, where he had spent a sleepless night, asking at the telegraph-office for a reply, and there was none. For three hours he wandered about the streets, waiting for word that came not. To think Mai was in this very city and he could not find her! At noon he returned to the yacht, and found this message from his father:

"Don't know what you mean. Mai is in New York."

How strangely stupid he had been! He should have telegraphed for her New York address. Back again to the city, for he did not think it advisable to telegraph from Bay Ridge, lest further confusion should arise. He telegraphed this time careless of who might read, and found the message

"HOLD HER UP, MAI, I'M COMING."

would cost nearly two dollars. He paid it, for he begrudged a single word. He would wait in town for the answer, and it came in about five hours.—a bitter commentary; he thought, on the speed of the telegraph:

"Mai is with a Judge Gearing. No letters here from her."

His pride was gone, and he boldly said to the young girl at the telegraph office that he wished to find Judge Gearing's, for a friend of his was staying there.

"Directory on table, sir."

How stupid in him! He searched the big book with nervous haste, and then started up town by the elevated railroad. Never before had any railroad train seemed so slow. He seemed to be hours in reaching Forty-second street, and then precious minutes were lost in finding the right number on Thirty-ninth street. It was so strange, almost heartless, that people did not put the numbers on their doors where they could be seen. At last, by dint of counting the doors, he found the right number, and rang the bell. The house seemed dark and deserted, and the maid who opened the door did not unfasten the chain.

"No, sir; no such person staying here. The family? No, they are not at home. Where are they? White Mountains. Won't be home for two weeks or more."

Discouraged, and alarmed at Mai's silence, he returned to the boat, only to find a note calling him back to the city. By 3 o'clock he was in his employer's office on Pearl street.

"Fact is Johnson, business is booming. Must lay the yacht off for the present."

It was all arranged in a few moments, checks drawn to pay off the crew and wind up the season afloat. Everything was done on a generous scale: wages paid for a month ahead, and tickets provided to take the men to their homes. Skipper Johnson was the last to leave, and it took two days to wind up all accounts and turn the boat and her stores over to a keeper. Every hour seemed a day; and only when he was, at last, on the New London boat bound east did he feel at ease. At least he was going home; that was something.

Recognizing that the delay in reaching New York would not be long, and that it had been kindly meant for her own pleasure, Mai Johnson put away all fears and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. It was a new experience to have everything made so smooth and pleasant. All trouble was saved, it seemed to her. She did not have to think what should be prepared for breakfast, or even to look out of the window to see if it would be a good day for the wash to dry. The homely routine of her life seemed far behind her. Then, too, it was a new experience to receive such kindly attention at every step from one so much older and wiser than herself. She began to take great pleasure in the Judge's society. His learning and wide experience stimulated her naturally active mind, and she found herself talking with him with a freedom and confidence that surprised herself. Everywhere they went they met people of distinction, to many of whom she was presented by the Judge much as a father might present a daughter.

With new pleasures offered to her every hour, and constant change of scene, the days flew quickly, and a week had passed almost before she noted it. Still they were among the mountains, and another week passed before they reached Saratoga. Mrs. Gearing was an industrious letter-writer, and had every day one or more letters which she intrusted to her son to put in the mails. So it happened that, without attracting the slightest attention, young Mr. Yardstickie mailed Mai's letters also. She wrote frequently, directing all to Wilson's Holl, knowing that, if Sam had not yet returned, her father would send them to him. By the third week she began to be impatient to get to New York. There must be many letters waiting there for her, and yet she did not like to ask to be taken there. The Judge seemed to be enjoying the trip greatly, and she was unwilling to ask him to shorten it on her account.

At last the day came for the trip down the Hudson. It was a beautiful day, and the voyage was a wonder and delight, and yet she envied Mr. Yardstickie, who went on in advance in one of the trains that flew along the shore. At last the boat reached town, and in half an hour the family were at home.

Not a letter there.

Skipper Johnson was a changed man. Every one in the village had remarked on his silence, his indifference to the ordinary interests of the sea and shore, since he had come home. The old light-keeper was also changed. He sat long in gloomy silence in his big chair by the door, and the clock called in vain to duty. He even forgot to light the lantern one night till ten minutes past the appointed time. Far out on the horizon lay a light-ship. On this ship the light-keeper observed the delay at Hedgefence, and made a note of it in his log-book. Twice every day young Sam Johnson went to the little postoffice for letters, and there were none. Day by day his spirit was bent with grief and indignation. At last it broke—broke under four lines in a newspaper.

The newspaper had come by mail directed in a strange hand. He had opened it carelessly. It was one of those journals whose typography is a mosaic of little paragraphs. He had never seen a paper of its kind, and hardly knew what to make of it. Reading a few of the paragraphs, he found they were all personal in their character, describing the movements or doings of this or that more or less unknown person. While no single paragraph was marked to attract attention, he guessed that in some way it might give him a hint of Mai's absence and silence. He began to read it through systematically, reading every paragraph, beginning at the top of the first column on the first page. On the second page he found something:

"Judge Gearing and wife, with Miss Johnson, who is traveling with them, are at the Profile House. Miss Johnson is a protege of Judge Gearing, and is very greatly admired. Mr. Royal Yardstickie is also of the party, and rumor has it that there may be congratulations in a certain direction soon."

Unfamiliar with the peculiar English of such journals, he saw nothing in this except the fact that the Miss Johnson must be Mai, and that she was still at this hotel, wherever it might be. He read two columns more, and then the paper suddenly fell from his nerveless grasp. His head bowed upon his breast in the silence of a broken heart. The little clock ticked loudly in the darkening room, for the night was drawing near. After awhile the elder man came in, listless, sore at heart, and forgetful of all save of the one grief that had invaded the house. He paused in surprise at seeing his son, but, observing the newspaper on the floor, he picked it up. There were spots upon it as if wet, and near one stain he read these words:

"Among the engagements on the tapis is that of Mr. R. Yardstickie to Miss Johnson, late of Wilson's Holl."

"What shall you do, Sam?"

The young man with an effort roused himself, but did not look up.

"I shall do nothing—except go to work. Work's the only cure. I go a-fishing—to-morrow."

Unconsciously this young soul in its trial repeated the saint's words. "I go a-fishing." He took to labor and to the sea—he looked to duty—for the cure that work and nature alone can give.

"You're right, my boy. She ain't my darter—never was nor never will be. Let her go."

Just at that instant the clock struck and the old man with a start opened the door and ran up the iron stairs to his duty in the lantern.

The captain of the light-ship made another entry in his log-book. Being a man of narrow and selfish mind, he copied, that night, two items from the log-book, and the next day rowed ashore and sent a letter to the Light-House Board at Washington. Thus it is a trifle is like a pebble thrown in calm water or a sudden note on still air; it spreads in a ring-like wave, widening and widening, till, lost to sight or ear, it breaks on distant shores in vast disaster.

The steamer was already six days from Queenstown. The Grand Banks were far behind, and the southern corner of Cape Cod lay beyond the horizon to the north of west. Four months had passed since Mai Johnson had left the shelter of Hedgefence Light. She sat in a steamer-chair on deck, wrapped in a seal-skin cloak—a changed and yet an unhappy woman. Everything the world considered good had been bestowed upon her—all the advantages of wealth, travel, beautiful apparel, personal ease and comfort,

"HIS HEAD BOWED IN GRIEF."

and, more strange than all, the love of a man who wished to stand to her as a father. She had been to London and Paris, and was coming home. Coming home! To a new home which she had already begun to love—a home filled with all that heart could wish—a home in New York, with this kind, wise, already dear old man who insisted on being her father. 'Why should he not be her father? Her real father was as completely unknown as her dead mother. Her other father, at the Light, had abandoned her—had never written to her since she went away.'

The voyage had been delayed by storms and this was the first pleasant morning on deck. Many faces she had not seen before appeared from below, and there were evident signs of approaching land. The brilliant sky, the soft warm air and the smooth water told of the American coast—dear land just under the rim of blue where that low strip of fog lay like a bar of soft silver on the horizon. It was a perfect Indian summer morning in young November.

Just then the Captain of the steamer passed leisurely along the deck, bowed politely to her, and remarked pleasantly upon the weather. This was indeed an attention, and she sat up and asked him where the ship might be. He seemed quite willing to talk to this apparently rich and certainly handsome American, and, drawing a stray stool nearer her chair, sat down by her side.

"We are crossing the Georges Banks. It is the bank that gives this green color to the water."

"The Georges. O, I remember. My—my brother used to go fishing on the Georges."

He seemed somewhat surprised, and she added—

"I once lived on this coast. I suppose we shall look for a Sandy Hook pilot to-morrow."

"We have been on the lookout for one since daylight."

"I remember—I've heard my—I mean I've heard that they are very enterprising in searching for European steamers, and go as far east as Montauk, or even farther."

"Yes, miss. I have picked them up 400 hundred miles east of Sandy Hook. I am in hopes we shall sight one soon, before we run into fog, for otherwise we may not find one till we are close up to the Highlands."

"It's rather unusual to have fogs this time of year, is it not?"

(To be Continued.)

A Distressing Accident.

Near Jackson, Ohio, the other evening, a horrible accident occurred at the home of Mr. Seth Haltermann. His 15-year-old son was playing with a shotgun which he thought was unloaded and, after putting on a cap, he snapped it, and the contents of the gun entered the face of his little sister, who was standing near by. The girl being so near, and the entire discharge entering the face, it made a fearful wound, and it is not at all probable that the child will recover. The boy is very despondent over the accident and will probably lose his mind from it.

A Deadly Poison.

The common daphne grown in flower gardens is one of the most deadly poisons known to the botanist. Three or four of the berries will kill a man as quickly as strychnine, and one has been known to kill a child in half an hour. There are numerous flowering plants which are perfectly harmless both in leaf, flower and seed, and so long as these can be readily obtained there is no excuse for a florist allowing such a plant as the daphne to grow on his premises.

The "Angry Tree."

The "angry tree" attains a height of from ten to twenty-five feet. It is found in Nevada, California and Arizona. If disturbed by contact or moved by the wind it manifests signs of irritation, ruffling its leaves like the hairs of an angry cat and emitting a sickening odor.

About Hair.

Children's hair grows more quickly than that of adults. Some say that light-haired people are longer lived than their brethren with dark locks which is not so consoling to the latter since more than half of the inhabitants of this country have dark-brown hair.

A Practical Turn.

Mr. Slimpurse—People say that a young couple can get along very nicely nowadays on a small income, if the—er—wife is of a practical turn of mind.

Sweet Girl—Oh, I'm real practical. My favorite piano piece is an imitation of the spinning wheel.

A Misunderstanding.

Young Lady—Is warm water and oatmeal good for the complexion?

Doctor—Oh, no. It should boil twenty minutes.

Very Likely.

Mrs. Bilkins—What a commanding presence that lady has.

Mr. Bilkins—Yes, I guess she's married.

STORY OF STEVENSON.

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF GREAT ROMANCER.

A Number of His Literary Schemes That Came to Nothing—An American Story That Was Lost—A Life of Wellington.

IN THE current number of the Century Mr. Edmund Gosse gives his "Personal Memories of Robert Louis Stevenson," whom he knew familiarly for many years. The following is an extract from it:

All the world now knows through the two books which I have named, what immediately happened. Presently letters began to arrive, and in one from Monterey, written early in October, 1879, he told me of what was probably the nearest approach of death that ever came until the end, fifteen years later. I do not think it is generally known, even in the inner circle of his friends, that in September of that year he was violently ill at an Angora-goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains. "I scarcely slept or ate or thought for four days," he said. "Two nights I lay out under a tree, in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree-toads singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad." Then an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, came round and tenderly nursed him through his attack. "By all rules this should have been my death; but after a while my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success."

Late in the winter of 1879, with renewed happiness and calm of life, and also under the spur of a need of money, he wrote with much assiduity. Among other things, he composed at Monterey the earliest of his novels, a book called "A Vendetta in the West," the manuscript of which seems to have disappeared. Perhaps we need not regret it, for, so he declared to me, "It was about as bad as Ouida, but not quite, for it was not so eloquent." He had made a great mystery of his whereabouts; indeed, for several months no one was to know what had become of him, and his letters were to be considered secret. At length, in writing from Monterey, on November 15, 1879, he removed the embargo: "That I am in California may now be published to the brethren." In the summer of the next year, after a winter of very serious ill health, during which more than once he seemed on the brink of a galloping consumption, he returned to England. He had married in California a charming lady whom we all soon learned to regard as the most appropriate and helpful companion that Louis could possibly have secured.

On October 8, 1880, a memorable day, he made his first appearance in London since his American exile. A post-card from Edinburgh summoned me to "appoint with an appointment," certain particular friends; "and let us once again," Louis wrote, "lunch together in the Savile Halls." Mr. Lang and Mr. Walter Pollock, and, I think, Mr. Henley, graced the occasion, and the club cellar produced a bottle of Chambertin of quite uncommon merit. Louis, I may explain, had a peculiar passion for Burgundy, which he esteemed the wine of highest possibilities in the whole Bacchic order, and I have often known him discant on a Pommard or a Montrachet in terms so exquisite that the listeners could scarcely taste the wine itself.

Davos-Platz was now prescribed for the rickety lungs; and late in that year Louis and his wife took up their abode there, at the Hotel Buol, he carrying with him a note from me recommending him to the care of John Addington Symonds. Not at first, but presently, and on the whole, these two men, so unlike, "hit it off," as people say, and were an intellectual solace to each other; but their real friendship did not begin until a later year.

I remember Stevenson saying to me next spring that to be much with Symonds was to "adventure in a thorn-wood."

It was at Davos, this winter of 1880, that Stevenson took up the study of Hazlitt, having found a publisher who was willing to bring out a critical biographical memoir. This scheme took up a greater part of Louis's attention, but was eventually dropped, for the further he progressed in the investigation of Hazlitt's character the less he liked it, and the squalid "Liber Amoris" gave the coup de grace. He did not know what he would be at. His vocation was not yet apparent to him. He talked of writing on craniology and the botany of the Alps. The unwritten books of Stevenson will one day attract the scholiast, who will endeavor, perhaps, to reconstruct them from the references to them in his correspondence. It may, therefore, be permissible to record here that he was long proposing to write a life of the Duke of Wellington, for which he made some considerable collections. This was even advertised as "in preparation," on several occasions, from 1885 until 1887, but was ultimately abandoned. I remember his telling me that he intended to give emphasis to the "humor" of Wellington."

Distribution of Fishes.

A singular fact in connection with distribution of fishes is that no streams flowing northward into Lake Erie from Ohio have brook trout in them naturally, and only one has them artificially. All of the Michigan streams emptying into Lake Erie have trout in them. There are two St. Joseph Rivers in Michigan, one entirely in the State and the other having its head waters there. The two streams rise in the same hills almost within a stone's throw of one another. One flows westward through the State and has an abundance of trout in its upper waters. The other flows south into Ohio, and its waters reach Lake Erie through connection with the Maumee River. There are no trout in it, and it is the only stream in Michigan that has no trout. This creek is the outlet to a vast spring or lake, which nearly a century ago appeared in a single night. The trout the creek now contains are the result of artificial stocking, which was done a few years ago.

Not to Blame.

Minister—Ah, my poor, unfortunate brother, you look sad. Have you done anything which you regret having done?

Tattered Tim—No. I ain't. I just licked my pard. You see, it was dis way: I had a headache, and he told me to stick my head thro' a pane of glass and de pane would be gone, so I had to lick him.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A LOVE MAP.

It Was on Annabel's Face and It Made Her Rather Suspicious.

"Annabel," cried a Harlem mother over the banisters, as she heard the front door close.

"Yes, mamma," replied a sweet girlish voice, and Annabel Googan slowly framed herself in the darkness of the staircase.

"Was that Mr. Tinberry, Annabel?"

"It was, mamma."

"Do you know that it is 20 minutes past 11?" came in cold tones from the wrappered figure in the upper hall.

"Mamma, we hadn't the slightest idea it was so late," said the young lady, earnestly. "You see," she continued, "Mr. Tinberry has been telling me about China and Japan. He said everybody ought to know about the war, and it was so interesting we never thought how late it was getting. Do you know, mamma," added the sweet girl, as she reached the landing, "that in China they—"

"Did Mr. Tinberry draw a map of China on your face, Annabel?" asked Mrs. Googan, sternly.

"Why, mamma?" said the daughter in startled tones.

The young girl rushed to a mirror and saw with horror-stricken glance that the left side of her face was streaked and stained with ink.

"Heaven and earth," she screamed, "his fountain pen must have leaked into his waistcoat pocket!" and with a shriek of horror the beautiful girl fell fainting to the floor.—New York Advertiser.

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shaky nerves, sallow skin and shambling footsteps holding out a tobacco pa... hand for ... ity quarter. Tobacco destroys ... the appliances of perfect vitality. No-To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's a charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Gen. Grant and the Circus-Horse.

The following is an extract from a curious Japanese Life of Gen. Grant, portions of which are printed in the Century for July:

A year and a half later a circus-rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse and appeared to be persuading the horse to go. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidentally broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind, and went into the neighbor's house, and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying: "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but one inch long.

THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

"Breakfast ever! And the work all done!
What is the secret of your success?
And your children so happy and full of fun:
Show me the charm that you possess."

"Thee lives too high," the Friend replied,
"Eat our simple meal and thee will boast,
The charm is thine when thee has tried
'FRIENDS' OATS' and cream and buttered toast."

In Europe, England and the States,
"FRIENDS' OATS" have reached the goal;
And each new customer relates,
A ... the roll.

Enjoyable Speeding.

Passenger—Conductor, we seem to be going at fearful speed.

Conductor—Trying to make up time. Rolling off 'bout sixty miles an hour.

Passenger—Gracious! I notice that some of the passengers appear to enjoy it, and others look scared.

Conductor—Yes, some have accident insurance tickets, and some haven't.

Individual men and women are fractions. The family is the integer of human happiness.

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.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Hope is the chief blessing of man.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—M. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., October 1, 1894.

The law is the measure of civil right.

Coe's Cough Balsam

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

No man can be happy in total idleness.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

It is better to suffer wrong than to do it.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

Children need muscle more than money.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular

for its good work. Suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

Women cry for the sake of emphasis; men swear.

What a sense of relief it is to know

that you have no more corns. Hindercorns removes them, and very comforting it is. 15c at druggists.

Beauty may palliate poverty, but it cannot pay house rent.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

To be a man's own fool is bad enough, but the vain man is everybody's.

[illegible]

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is pleasant to take, positively harmless to the most delicate constitution, and absolutely sure to cure the most obstinate cough or cold. A household boon.

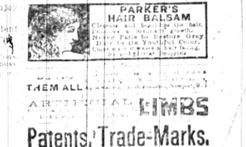
[illegible]

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil brought relief in three minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Saundersville, O.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters in my family for two years. It's the best medicine I ever used. It cured me of erysipelas in a very short time; also cured my son of scrofula after the doctors had failed." Louie S. Woodward, Laurel Hill, Fayette county, Pa.

Women may change their minds often, but not their hearts.

[illegible]

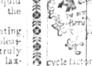


LEAVES ITS MARK

every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well. That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.



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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists.

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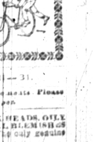

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