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 zinc, it is sold to you. It becomes dirty on earth and the wear of that job is unsatisfactory. It cracks, off, it peels, 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 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 as the makers claim it to be and its staying qualities as good as any paint we ever used.
WEST 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.
ELMORE J. MONROE,
House Painter and Decorator

Myself and son have used 65 gallons and it gave us EXTRA satisfaction.
SILAS B. WATTLES

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

I am much pleased with the paint. Have used about 80 gallons, and never saw paint that has such a gloss. Would certainly use it in preference to any other kind on passage of time.
F. G. PEARSALL.

Boydell Bros.' Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I prefer it to lead and oil.
JNO. BALDWIN

After going over 60 gallons of Boydell's Paints, I say use the best and that is, I buy no other Ready Mixed Paint.
J. N. HEIM

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 lead and oil for beauty, gloss, economy, lasting qualities and all desirables that one wishes. We cheerfully recommend your Read Paint, who expects to find a satisfactory article, and we are
Yours truly,
MRS. N. M. COREY, NANCY McKINNEY,
PINDER WORTH, W. T. HILL,
A. WHITEHEAD; 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 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. Warrante not to injure the finest fabric. Unequalled for hard water. Use only according to these

DIRECTIONS.

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

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

Flannels and colored goods treat in the same way, rinsing flannels in WARM water. Boiling is none essary unless you wish it.

NOTE.—Variety of washing ways is to let the clothes soak while you attending breakfast, covering the tub to keep the steam in. Rub lightly. Don't rubbing or you will rub the dirt into the clothes. Albion Electric Soap is the most economical soap you can use, because, being pure it is stronger than common soap, and a smaller quantity is required.

HOW THEY CRAWL.

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

PLEASE OBSERVE.

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

We have seen this soap manufactured and spoke from the necessary amount of Resin in it makes it as clean and pure enough to eat. The proper amount of Resin produces not oil, clean and sweet mutton and beef tallow, with it is a mixed together enough to make a 300 pound cake. It is worked by the boys, moves with a table the same butter and when completed is then cut into the right size for 5c cakes or six for a quarter. Equal to Diagman, Magnetic, Frank Nelson's or any other brand made. As for it is very process. 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 1892.

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 1576 pages, with over 1200 illustrations.

As 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 so good a magazine as now.

THE COSMOPOLITAN, NEW YORK.

WHISTLING BUOY.

CHARLES GARVICE.

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[CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.—]

"I can never thank you enough, my dear Mademoiselle. I do not know what it is, but I shall warn dear Roya at once. This comes of bestowing favors on unknown upstarts without parents or name. I hope the girl is innocent herself, whatever her father may have done."

"Oh, her parents were respectable; nothing that I hear is against their character."

"What do you mean, then?"

"Listen. The child came from a wreck—a ship on which there were—it was before your great civil war—some slaves from Savannah."

"And the girl was the daughter of one of these?"

"Yes. I'm sure of it. I had it from the young man who lived at the lighthouse."

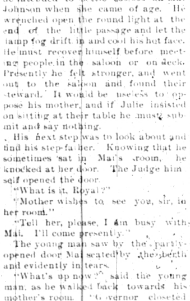
"You astonish me, Mademoiselle. It must be quite true. No doubt these people know perfectly well to what race the girl belonged, and were quite willing to throw her off upon us. This comes of showing hospitality to strangers. We should have paid the girl a few dollars for saving my life and let her alone. I am deeply grateful to you for telling me in time. Dear Roya shall instantly be cut off all attentions to the wretched hussy, and the moment we land the Judge shall dismiss her from our house. A colored girl, indeed! I wonder Royal, dear, has been so busy now. Mademoiselle Rochet is here."

"Mademoiselle Rochet!"

"Yes. Didn't you know she was on board? She's been confined to her room till to-day. And Royal, dear, please ask our steward to set a plate for Mademoiselle at our table at lunch. And Royal, dear, one thing more. Please find your father and send him to me."

It was fortunate for the young man that the door was closed between him and the two women. If they had seen the look of mingled surprise, anger, and alarm upon his face, they might not have gone on as they did so innocently after, chatting carelessly of robes and habits and the latest modes.

Fortunately for the young man, he was quite alone in the narrow passage, way outside the state-room. She had come back. Sue had been to Paris, was on her way to New York, with his own mother—for the wife was dead. She had come back, too, just when he had, after some fearful risks, nearly



"WHO IS IT?" SAID MRS. GEARING, excited his curiosity. She had come back as he had learned that the prize was of far greater value than he had ever dreamed. Only that morning, in a talk with his stepfather on deck, the "Governor," as he called him, had said he intended to settle $50,000 on Mademoiselle when she came of age. He arranged upon the round light at the end of the little passage and let the lamp fog drift in and cool his hot face. He must recover himself before meeting people in the saloon or on deck. Presently he felt a little steady, and went out to the saloon and found their steward. It would be useless to oppose his mother, and if Julie insisted on sitting at their table he must submit and say nothing.

His first step was to look about and find his stepfather. Knowing that he sometimes sat in Mab's cabin, he knocked at her door. The Judge himself opened the door.

"What is it, Royal?"

"Mother wishes to see you, sir, in her room."

"Tell her, please, I am busy with Mab. I'll come presently."

The young man saw by the parlor's opened door Mab seated by the sofa, and evidently in tears.

"What's up now?" said the young man, as he walked back towards his mother's room. "Governor closeted with Mab, and Mab crying. Wonder what she's been doing. She can't know anything about Julie. Cut her up, of course, if she did know. Dare say the girl's beginning to love me. I've run risks enough for her anyway, however nothing succeeds like success, and all's fair in love and war. I'll settle that Julie before we get ashore, and then for Mab."

The Judge closed the door up in his unworthy, base, but wealthy, wife. On this young man to whom he had become a second father were like this strange girl to whom he would so gladly be a father.

As he turned again towards her and sat down by her side, she said, slowly—

"I thank you, sir, for telling me. I'm sure I feel for your great loss. It must have been hard for you to have her die in a foreign land among strangers. I wish I had known where she was buried. I would have gone to the place with flowers."

"We do not know where she is buried. In her last sickness she tried to reach home, and sailed from Havre; but the ship was never heard of after it left port. You see, her father's illness called her home to Madrid, where they lived, and where my wife was born, and where I met her. He lingered on for weeks, and she stayed with him for six months. Then when he died she was taken ill, and it was then she tried to come back to me in New York. We were young then, and very poor, and it was for that reason she made by stealth—I mean, she ran away with—an English sea captain—offered her a free passage home, and she accepted the offer—and never arrived."

"And was there no woman with her?"

"Only the captain's wife."

"And my voice is like her's?"

"Yes, my child, that is the reason I wish you to become my daughter. Your every tone, every syllable, is like my dead wife's voice. Sometimes, when I hear you speak in another room, I think my wife must be there, and I long to go to her, and do—only to find you."

"It is strange—very strange."

"Strange, too, your singular discovery on this unknown ship seems to draw you nearer to me. The sea took my dead, and it gives me you. I do not know why your parents were. It does not matter."

He paused abruptly.

The ship had stopped. The sound of the engine was heard no more, and then came that strange, awesome silence that may mean so much at sea.

"Is there danger, sir?"

"No, I think not. It may be only a lady. Dare say I'd coming aboard."

It is one of the curious features of life at sea that whether in sickness or in health, joy and pain, sorrow, all else is subordinate to the fear for home. Unrefreshing the ship sails on, regardless whether the expected land be a land of promise or a grave. So there is but little delay in the life of the saloon or other life on board, of work and business.

For hours those whose business it was to sail and guide the ship and who regarded the expected port merely as a starting-place for another voyage, had been looking for a change in the monotony of their daily work. The pilot would bring a new face on board, or perhaps renew old friendships. He would bring news of the land—of events at home or abroad. The drifting fog filled ocean only gave a wider horizon over the land-locked water, and the eyes on deck and bridge were strained to catch sight of the familiar schooner, showing great figures on her main sail.

Nifty and empty minds, not having thought enough of their own to keep them from mental fermentation, also kept a sharp lookout for the pilot-schooner. With the weakness of vacant minds, certain creatures in the smoking-room had laid wagers on the number of the pilot-boat, and among these, strangely enough, was young Mr. Royal Yardstickle. Not being able to win money, he tried to win it in haphazard chances—thinking, like his kind, that money was on the earth in plentifully lies, and not, as it is, a theft under a polite name.

Suddenly there came over the smooth grey water a hoarse horn note. The steamer's big whistle spoke in reply, and then the horn spoke again. The few passengers on the wet decks peered through the mist, but could see nothing. The ship's people seemed to understand better what lay ahead, for the engine stopped, and the ship, ploughed silently ahead, slowly and slower, and then stopped. Again there was a curious conversation between horn and whistle and then all was long silence. At last it came—the sound of oars through the mist—and slowly a shadowy rowboat came out of the fog and presently lay beside the ship's side. Then a rope ladder rattled down the ship's side, and then an elderly man with bronzed hands clasping the rounds of the ladder came nimbly up to the deck, and the row-boat, with one man on board, drifted off into the fog. A number of young men crowded round the gangway to catch a sight of the pilot. The ship's captain stood by the ladder, and several sailors were near, so that the passengers were able to see the pilot, yet had no chance to speak to him. They had seen the row-boat so, as the mist had shut out the pilot-boat and bridge the black figure on her sails. The only way to get a new number of the schooner would be to hail the pilot. The captain knew this, and at once spoke to the pilot, bidding him welcome with mingled surprise and disgust. If at once inquiring about the Whistling Buoy.

One among the passengers stood apart and saw the pilot arrive. The instant his brown and smiling face appeared, the young man, who had leaned forward quickly away, as if not wishing to be seen. The ship resumed its way, and the passenger felt in its movement the approach of fate. His luck had turned. He had trusted too much in it, and humiliation and disgrace were at hand. He did not know it positively, yet he felt sure of it. He took out a little note-book and counted upon it lots. Fifty pounds—twenty more than he could control. His faith in his luck had led him into this; and now Julie was on the same ship, and the man whom he had so deeply wronged, by some bewildering turn of the whirligig of time, was to guide the ship into port. Of course if luck had turned in one direction it had turned in all. He must pay his debts of honor—foolish twisting of words—before they should be paid, or he would be branded as a man without honor by the honorable denizens of the smoking-room. So far none of them knew the number of the pilot-boat. If the number could be found out, and the debt would be declared off—as if an honest debt could be declared "off" in any sense. He, for one, would certainly make no effort to find out the pilot-boat's number, for he felt sure it would go against him.

There would be many hours before the services of the pilot would be needed, and, as the Judge was now with mist, the Captain of the steamer invited his pilot to his chart-room behind the wheel-house.

"Come right in, Captain, and make yourself at home. I declare, I was never more surprised and delighted in my life. Must be six years since you used to take us in and out at Sandy Hook. Sit down and tell me all about it. What brought you back to piloting? All the family well at home? Let me see, you had a boy and a girl then. Quite grown up by this time, I suppose."

The elderly pilot seemed to be pleased at the hearty welcome accorded him, and opening his big jacket, sat down in an arm-chair, put his feet against the radiator, and made himself comfortable in the native American manner.

"Cur'us, Capt. Floyd—most cur'us thing I ever seen. Very first trip out I make I run afoul o' you. Folks to home will say, Guess you had a girl 'n' a boy or two. Spect they're pretty apt by this time. Been well 'long back? Gal fratrate ship, haven't you?"

"Yes, fine ship, but a powerful eater of coal. I'm senior Captain of the fleet now. Capt. Rutherford died and Capt. Perkins resigned."

"Shu! Some changes on the line. Youngsters coming up."

"Yes, there have been a good many promotions lately. Good thing, too. Give the youngsters a chance. Tell me about yourself, Captain. What brought you back to piloting? Thought you had a snug berth at some light."

"So I did. I was 'pinted keeper of Hedgeforce Light. Things kinder went agin me last summer, and I quit and went back and got a place on my old boat at Sandy Hook. Couldn't live at the light any more after what happened; sides, some feller made a law at Washington 'cause I kinder forgot to light up just to a minute one night."

"Indeed! What was the matter?"

"Trouble with my gal."

The old man fell into a revery, and Capt. Floyd wisely let him alone for a few minutes. At last the pilot seemed to think it best to tell this old bearfacing friend all that was in his heart.

"I don't mind tellin' you 'bout it, Captain. Cur'us case, anyway, and mebby I shall feel better arter I get it off my chest. Sort o' things if I tell you, an' said a word to a soul since it happened."

"Out with it, old friend. I'll help you if I can, and if I cannot, at least you shall have my sympathy. Has the girl done wrong?"

"Well, yes, and no. It wan't really her doin's. I don't know who was to blame. Though I never could see why she didn't say a word since she went away. Can't be the folks she's with wouldn't let her. Guess they don't know anything about it. The half-breed's just a snarl, and I got upset thinkin' 'bout it, and so out my place, kinder forgetting the light a-burnin' over the girl and her mother. Sent to Washington, and got back to fishin'. Here say he's on these banks now somewhere on a boat from the Shoals."

The old pilot was, when upon a theme, he expressed it, rather of few words, and more than an hour passed before he completed the tale of his broken home and ruined hopes. Meanwhile, below in the fetid atmosphere of the smoking room, Mr. Royal Yardstickle was meeting the first reverse in the charge of fortune. There had been a vigorous discussion among the holders of these so-called debts of honor as to what should be done. They had met the pilot-boat, but no one knew her number. By the common consent of greedy minds, all who still had faith in their own personal "luck," an informal meeting had been called to consider the momentous question as to how the money in the several pockets should be redistributed in order to make some poorer and others richer according to the silly laws of "honor."

(To be Continued.)

"Plum Duff."

There are many traditions respecting the origin of the name "plum duff." The great holiday dish of sailors is a feast on ships and is considered perfect "without it." According to the story given in the history of the British navy an English brig in the South Pacific was caught in a series of awful hurricanes. All on board were anxious to reach a port in time for Christmas, but the holiday found them still off the Navigator Islands.

Worst of all, they had shipped a sea that carried away the hen-coop containing a few chickens. When the cook saw the Christmas dinner floating in the lee scuppers and in danger of going overboard, he made a gallant charge down the scuppers, popped back to recover its boat at the moment a great wave rose high over the bulwarks, broke with resistless fury on the very spot where he stood, and when it subsided cook and chickens had both disappeared.

This unfortunate accident left the crew not only without a Christmas dinner, but with not any one to prepare an ordinary meal.

The sailors were heartily sick of "hardtack," and remembered with longing the famous plum pudding of Merrie England. They also knew that somehow they must have a Christmas pudding, and drew lots as to who should be cook.

The lot fell on the boatswain's mate, a brawny son of the Emerald Isle. In the galley he found an old cookbook. This he solemnly pored over in search of something promising, and for lack of skill or knowledge, found nothing he dared venture upon.

At last he settled upon a recipe with began, "Make a stiff dough." When he reached the word dough he said to himself, "If a dough spells duff, dough spells duff."

So he made the pudding—putting in some fine Malaga raisins, and presented it out with a generous quantity of rich sauce. The sailors hooted it with delight and appreciation.

"What's the call?" they asked.

"Plum duff," said the proud cook.

And plum duff it has remained from that day to this.

Not Available.

A writer in Harper's Magazine says that Gen. Dona dson, himself a veteran of the Mexican war, used to tell an anecdote of Gen. Zachary Taylor. The incident occurred during hostilities with Mexico and while Gen. Taylor was present at an advanced outpost.

A Texan scout in the employ of the United States government, a man who was rolling out Spanish, rode leisurely into camp, and leaping to the ground pushed up to the General, whose uniform showed him to be an officer of high rank, and in the most emphatic manner begin to pour forth a torrent of Spanish.

Gen. Taylor, who knew nothing of any language but English, was completely taken aback by the plaintive, and did his face express his feelings that a sentry on duty near by burst into a laugh. Noticing this, the General frowned, and called to the sentry.

"Fellow, come here!"

Trembling for the consequences of his ill-timed mirth, the soldier obeyed.

"Look, sir," said the General, "do you know any one around here who speaks Spanish?"

"Yes," replied the abashed soldier, pointing to the scout; "that man does."

Natural Selections.

There are so many true stories of heroism on the battle-field that an occasional incident not quite heroic may be forgiven human nature.

It is said that when a famous French General was obliged to retreat, as he had his soldiers dip were fleeing before the enemy, he breathlessly inquired, "Who are the rear guard?"

"The men that have the poorest horses, General," replied the aide, who was making good use of his spurs.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT JOKES AND JIBES OF THE FUNNY MEN.

The Summer Girl at the Seashore—The Extravagant City Folk—Foiled—A Dialogue in the Night—Paraphrased Smiles.

ON EWPORT'S purple ocean,
By Coney Island's sand,
She roams with restless motion,
Along the summer strand.

And as she goes she muses,
About those "lives su'lime,"
Whose tracks Neptune refuses
To wash from sands of time."

The thought fills her with madness,
And she will to another pigsty,
As she recalls with sadness
The crow's-feet neath her eyes.

A Dialogue in the Night.

The man in the upper berth leaned over its edge, and, jamming his foot firmly down on his brow, cried in a harsh, coarse voice that was audible above the rattle and rumble of the carwheels.

"Hi, you, down there! Are you right?"

"Heh?" ejaculated the man in the lower berth, almost swallowing his Adam's apple. "Whazzer mazzer?"

"I say, are you right?"

"What's that for? Rich? What do you mean by waking me up in the middle of the night to ask me such a question as that?"

"I want to know—that's why."

"Well, then, confound you, I am rich. Now, I hope your infernal curiosity is satisfied and you will let me go to sleep."

"Very rich?"

"Millionaire, darn you. Now, shut up and—"

"Well, then, why in sizzling, blazing torment don't you go a whole sleeping car to do your snoring in?"

The Invisible Hero.

Billings—Who's that man the crowd is cheering so vociferously?

Cop—Ingtons—Why, that's Commodore Starboard, who's going to rescue Paint Arctic expedition.

Billings—And who is the little man at his side?

Cop—Why, that's Pain, he's just about to start.

Time Extravagant City Folks.

Uncle Reuben—Them's the most expensive scarecrows I ever seen, and they hain't no better than one made of old clothes and straw neither.—N. Y. World.

Too Late.

The house had been aroused by a burglar. Mr. Jones was a man with a mask going through the pockets of his pants'loons, and, quick as thought, he shot at him, the intruder making good his escape.

"Why, said Mrs. Jones, thoroughly awake, "what did you scare me for?"

"I saw a man holding my pockets and fired at him.

"Well, he didn't get anything," said she, complacently.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I tried 'em myself before we went to bed."—Adams Fireman.

And She Knew.

Mrs. Pungs—Is your husband in Wall street a bear?

Mrs. Riggs—Yes, at least, his typewriter, Miss Higgins, says he is.

Naturally.

"Mangle—That man is away up in his business, I can tell you.

"Jiggs—What is it?

"Mangle—He is a thief."

Said Dick.

Bangs—What a remarkable memory your wife has!

Hangs—Yes, I should say so. She remembers everything that I have been trying desperately for years to forget.

The Last Resort.

James—I wonder how I can win an heiress?

Dicks—You might dress up as a bachelor chimney sweep in Brooklyn Sunday-school.—New York World.

The Reason of It.

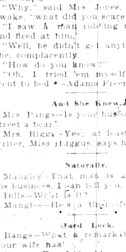
Maggs—I suppose Chicago is pretty lively during the summer, is it not?

Staggs—Lively as a quakerel.

Maggs—Why?

Staggs—Why, Dewey courts closed.

Foiled.



What a startling surprise it is to a man who has looked to his bicycle for two hours peace and tranquility and then find that his wife and his mother-in-law have taken long-odds secret, and have set forth on it with him always and everywhere.—Punch.

By Proxy.

Miggs—I thought you said that Pipps was a scoundrel, and that you would cut him dead after this, and yet I saw you sipping cocktails with him at the club this morning.

Higgs—Oh, I loaded all those disagreeable things up with him. He has cut him dead every day for three months.

Accounted for.

Willie—What does Chawley walk with his face in the air like that for? Is his neck stiff?

Reggy—No, he is in love with a chorus fay, and has occupied the front row steadily now for a whole month.

He Did.

Poet—Did you feel the force and correctness of that polished article I left for you this morning?

Editor (facetiously)—So it was you who put that leg pin in my chair, was it, you scoundrel?

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THEIR OWN EXECUTIONERS.

How Indians of the Far North Bring Wolves to the Slaughter.

The Northern Indians, particularly in the Hudson Bay region and the Eskimos, possess a decidedly ingenuity in their method of capturing game, and their way of applying it for killing wolves is horrible. They take a flat piece of flint a foot or so long and chipped to extreme sharpness at the edge. This they fasten to a wooden stake, which they drive into the ground firmly, so as to leave the blade of flint projecting about an inch. Then they cover the blade all over with a good-sized piece of fat from a seal or other such animal, which quickly freezes. Now the wolf-catching apparatus is complete, so that the person who sets the trap has only to come back in a day or two and gather his prey without trouble. The wolf has an insatiable appetite for blood, and it is of this weakness that the hunter takes advantage. A little while after the trap described is set along comes the wolf. He is hungry, and licks the pieces of fat as fast as it is thawed by the warmth of his tongue it tastes better and better. Presently his tongue comes in contact with the sharp edges of the flint and is cut. He tastes the blood and knowing that it is his own, and the flavor drives him wild. Eagerly he licks and licks it lacerating his mouth, and becoming more frenzied in his desire to lap up his own life fluid. Meanwhile other wolves have come up and have begun to lick at the fat, cutting their own tongues and becoming in the end wild at the taste. So completely the bait is surrounded by a pack of ravenous and crazy creatures, which soon turn upon one another and fall to devouring each other, until the merciless flint is the cause of a struggling mass of ferocious combatants fighting for very life. It is like the struggle that followed the planting of the dragon's teeth of old, only that none of the wolves who participate live long after the fight is over, the last survivor bleeding to death. At the season the hunter appears on the scene and skins the dead beasts for market. The skins cost him nothing save the trouble of removing them, and the value of the bunk of fat; the stake with the flint blade is ready to be set again for other victims.

Tobacco's Triumph.

Every day we meet men who make apparently great sacrifices in life, but they are only sensual all the time and sooner or later, and, as the law of life and the law of God, they sounds the ground. Tobacco is an exception to the rule, and it is the only one. It is a sacrifice from beginning to end. No lie about it. It is a sacrifice—a sacrifice of health, of money, of time, of self-respect. No lie about it. It is a sacrifice now and always, by living in every sense.

Built Himself a Wooden Bike.

An employe at the Kentucky Wagon Works, Louisville, who is somewhat of an artist in his line, has gone all the builders of novelty bicycles one better, and has constructed a wheel entirely of wood. The frame is of bent hickory, and the wheels, axles, etc., are of wood, but it is a flyer, and few bicycliers of high grade wheels are able to pass it on the street. The machine, as it comes tearing down the granite streets, bearing its owner to and from his work, looks like a road wagon, attracting considerable attention, and creating a great deal of amusement, but the rider gets there just the same. It answers his purpose and saves car fare.

ERG. H. P. CARRIE, Scotland, Ind., says: "I had tetter of thirty years' duration, cured by using Tetter Cure, sold by Druggists, 50c.

Entitled to Her Say.

The story of a scene at a funeral at the Mount Moriah Baptist Church, on Bull Skin Creek, has reached this place. The Rev. Mr. Wells had prepared and the funeral had been held at the church. When the coffin was opened for a last look several persons declared the girl was not dead. The preacher notified a spiritomatic spotter of the girl's hand. In a moment the supposed corpse rose and sat up in the coffin, exclaiming "Thank God!" She said she was conscious all the time, but could give no sign.

The Teacher—Now, who can tell me what is meant by "Ancient of Days?" Johnnie Bright (promptly)—Heat, of course. Anybody can catch that.—Tid Bits.

Briggs—You say the physicians have examined your head wasn't very complimentary, I suppose. He told me I was addicted to be a leader in society.

Biggs—I was talking to Johnson last night. Lightly—Yes, I saw him in the morning. He was in a terrible demoralized condition.—Boston Transcript.

Ambition is the mind's immodesty.

Cole's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. Cold quicker than anything else. It is sure, reliable. Try it.

A lean dog generally grows the most.

"Kannon's Magic Corn Salve,"

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

Good water for sick people—well waters.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

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

A regular old sticker—the mind—an idiotic idea.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

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Piso's Cure for Consumption has relieved a cough in one minute. Cures in one minute. 50 Cts. Druggists.

Gentlemen's cure for Dandruff, says they comprehends his.

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but positively proved that Ayer's Cure for pulmonary complaints, "economical." Lasts with Hindoo cents.

Nothing is more inexhaustibly and cheap than good manners.

Health is not impaired by an occasional dose of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Yet, when used as directed, they are so thorough in their effects, that a single dose is sufficient for a long time.

The secret of Hompathy—Keep your liver right. Hompathic Liver Pills are a remedy for complaints of the liver or bowels.

When a woman marries she loses her name in her husband.

Do you scratch and scratch and wonder who is the cause of your disease? Take the Hydrolene treatment will instantly relieve and permanently cure any Skin disease of the scalp for most severe form of long standing.

A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will last a family for years, saves trouble, and many often saves precious lives. Cures almost instantly Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Pain in the Side or Back, and all troubles of the lungs.

Richard Loeb, the "New York man who is to walk around the world without a cent," is now in Cincinnati. He was expected to arrive Sunday night. He fainted as soon as he reached the city. He is in a weak condition when the news was given.

The well-known firm of Cudahy Bros. is a firm of Milwaukee, Wis., and is one of the largest packing houses in the country. It is Cudahy's slipper, was the "slipper of Hodgins," which at one time was put off and dropped in the middle of the road.

Many of our best business men are of prominent in business interest before they are twenty years of age. Many of them are now in business, many had their business training in Actual Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The Catalogue of this College is sent free to any address.

The fabled phoenix of William Tell may have lost its power of renewing itself by fire, but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup still retains its power to cure a cough or cold. Price 25 cents.

Dyspepsia is the bane of modern civilization. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicine which will effectually remove the disease. It also invigorates the blood, heals the liver, regulates the bowels, and restores health and vigor.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when the cause is properly applied. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the laws of health, and 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 its manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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