Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills

cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

BIG VESSELS FOR THE LAKES.

They Will, Ere Long, Do the Great Bulk of the Carrying Trade.

Plans already formed settle the question whether lake steamships of 600 feet long or upward, with a capacity of carrying 6,000 tons of freight at a load, will be common after the opening of the channels twenty feet deep through all the shallows between Duluth and Chicago, and the ports of Lake Erie. There is no longer a doubt that such monster vessels will rapidly multiply within the next few years, and they are certain to do a great part of the carrying trade of the lakes, perhaps most of it, before the end of the century. The steamships already projected and those which are certain to be built before next spring will undoubtedly so far surpass all vessels now in use in ability to make money at low rates for freight that other vessel owners will be forced to follow the pioneers in this latest step forward in the construction of splendid lake carriers. Even an oversupply of tonnage such as is very likely to be the result, will not prevent the work of replacing small craft with steamers of the largest size from going on steadily. In this sense it will hasten the change, says Cleveland Leader. Only the biggest vessels can make money in such seasons of general over-competition for cargoes, and in order to secure the business the owners of old boats must let them go and put in commission steamships equal to any on the great lakes.

LAUGHING GAS.

"I'm going to marry her right off." "Why, what's your hurry?" "My salary isn't large enough to stand an engagement."

Rich pork dealer (to attractive widow)—"Madam, two thousand hogs and a faithful heart I lay at your feet. Please take me in."

A Ferocious Husband.—"Yes, my dear —whenever we have a row she calls me a wild and ferocious savage." How so?" "He makes for his club."

A General Dental.—"My son," began the clean-looking stranger, quite solemnly, "do you——" "No," interrupted the irreverent youth; "in the first place, I ain't your second, I don't."

Worse than Cholera.—"When your practicing friend across the way has learned how to play the cornet he will entertain the whole neighborhood," said Mrs. Brown. "Yes," said Mrs. Jones, "but by that time there won't be any neighborhood here."

Poor Little Thing.—"What's the matter, Molly?" asked Colonel Yerger of his little 6-year-old daughter. "Pa, my mocking bird is dead." "Well, never mind, Molly; I'll buy you another one." "I am calm enough now, but when I saw that poor little dead bird I could have cried like a child." "Tramp—"If I had my own way, I'd have three hundred and sixty-five national holidays in the year." Second tramp—"You would, eh? Then there would be one working day every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are! You would make a galley slave of the poor laboring man, wouldn't you?"

Miss Mary Simpsonjha a deputy sheriff in San Francisco.

The Princess of Wales, her three daughters and the Princess May are good swimmers.

Mrs. Deacon, since her divorce, does not encourage exhibitions of friendship or sympathy toward her.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Look after the Back: A Fall, a Strain, a Constant Sitting or Stooping Position Brings Backache—Do You Know This Means the Kidneys are Affected?

How few people realize when their back begins to ache that it is a warning provided by nature to tell you that the kidneys are not working properly. If you have a severe fall, you strain yourself lifting or perhaps you are compelled to maintain a sitting or stooping position for hours at a time, your back begins to ache, then your head, you become listless, tired and weary, but do you understand the real cause. If you would rid yourself of the pain and cure the root of the trouble, at the same time save many years of suffering and perhaps life itself, you will take a kidney remedy that has been tried and proven that it will cure.

Mr. Dan Robsohn of 661 Russell Street, Detroit, says: "As a result of exposure during the war I have suffered ever since with rheumatism and kidney trouble. Pains would start in my hip and go around to my back. Highly colored urine denoted kidney disorder. The pain in my back was often so bad I had to give up work until the severity of the attack passed away. I have used many liniments and other things, but received very little relief. Some time ago I started using Doan's Kidney Pills and they have proved a wonderful change in me. My back is all right now and I owe it all to the almost magical influence of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mr. Robsohn was a member of the Fifty-first Illinois Regiment, which served through the war with honor and distinction. Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers—price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED
(PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye ever made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. It will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, pails, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

BLOOD POISON
A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price and under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and board while under treatment. If you have taken mercury, potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut Out and send this Advertisement.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE BUOY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.
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[CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.]

"Well, we look for clear and colder weather now, but still there are fogs at all times. They are the greatest trouble we have in approaching this coast."

"I suppose so. You have to run slow."

"No; we usually drive right ahead. It's too expensive to run slow, unless we are very near the coast or are doubtful of our position."

"Is not there great danger of collision?"

"Yes—for the other boats; I mean the fishermen. We do not always hear their little horns, and are close upon them so quickly it is often too late to save them. The steamers we do not fear, as they can make themselves heard. It is the fishermen that are in danger."

The fishermen! And the man who was once her lover and who had so cruelly abandoned her was a fisherman, on these very banks. He might be even now in some boat with other men while she had always as boys and school mates, just beyond that white bar of mist. Should the mist spread its gray veil wider over the sea they too might be in deadly peril from the very ship on which she sailed in such comfort and luxury.

The Captain had the sense to see that in some way he had started a melancholy train of thought in the mind of the American's mind, and with a few commonplace remarks he withdrew to his duty and the bridge.

In spite of herself, a tear rolled down her cheek, and she drew her veil and lay back in the chair to think—perhaps to mourn for the dead past. Some day off there over the blue water. The very sea was home—so near, and yet so far away—so easy to reach in a good schooner across this very water, and yet so difficult. Was he still there—her father? And Sam? He did love her once. Did he love her now? No, it could not be. He had surrendered her to those friends, and had given her a sign. And these new friends—this new father—were they not already dear to her? She knew not why, but she had come to love the Judge as if he were indeed her own father.

Thinking much of these things, she sat there for some time behind the tall sailor hair, warmed by the old home-like sun of her youth. She recalled the warm yellow stone at the stile where, as a child, she had sat on April days in the warm sunshine, watching the restless sea. Thinking much of these things, she did not notice that many people were coming up from the stuffy, ill-smelling saloons to breathe the pure air on deck; till two women passed her whom she had not seen before. Both were closely veiled and were talking in French she, evidently the maid, helped the other to a steamer chair and wrapped her snugly in abundant robes, then left her to rest or sleep in the open air.

"Some poor traveler who has been confined to her room so far. A stranger, too, going perhaps to America—the American how I love it now—for the first time."

The lady had hardly been settled by her maid in the chair before Mai saw the Judge approaching.

"He's coming to talk with me again. What can I say to him? what can I say?"

"It's a lovely morning, Mai, and our little pleasure trip is coming to an end. We shall be at home very soon and can settle down for the winter."

He took everything for granted, seemed to think she would accept his home and be for years his guest. What could she say or do? She could not go home. They had cast her off there—had left her to go to Texas and Australia without a word or sign, not even answering her letters appealing to them to tell her why they had so changed so cruelly—changed her. She knew of no way in which she could earn a living for herself, and besides, if she could, this new father would never consent to it.

As her rest in her chair for a few moments, guessing, perhaps, something of what passed in her mind. He had already asked her to become his daughter, to accept his protection and care, and she had, while accepting his hospitality, held back her consent to become permanently a guest in his home. She was now so good time to have it settled, that they might fully understand each other before they returned to his home.

"I know of what you are thinking my child. Naturally your thoughts turn to your old home at the light. Only the fact that Capt. Johnson was not really your father could possibly excuse his neglect of you."

"Who is my father?" she exclaimed, passionately.

"I do not know; but, if you will consent, I should like to have you for my daughter."

He had taken the seat by her side and spoke quietly; yet she was sure he was deeply in earnest.

"Why do you not know who I am? Nobody knows. You forget that I am without name, parentage, or country."

"What do you mean? Capt. Johnson had adopted you. A supposition that he meant you were the child of some friend or neighbor."

"Oh, no, no! Did he never tell you?"

"Tell you what?"

"Where and how he found me."

"No. Tell me about it."

"I came from the sea."

"From the sea?"

"Yes, yes—from a wreck.—from an unknown ship on which every soul was lost save an infant abandoned in the ship's cabin."

"All were lost that child?"

"Yes. The men from the beach found me at the last moment, just as the ship was breaking to pieces. The captain was the first to find me, and I fell to him by right of discovery."

The Judge had risen, and stood looking down upon her with a strange, half-pitying, half-hopeful expression on his face.

"Is this true?"

"Yes, sir; it is true."

"Did no one know where the ship came from or where she was bound?"

"No. The wreck lay with the stern to the sea, and was so broken up when I was rescued that it was not safe to row round it through the surf and find its name. It was frightful weather, and the only wonder is that I survived that night. Even now I sometimes start in my sleep, dreaming of that dreadful roar of the sea, that stormed round my cradle."

"That came so near being your grave."

"Yes, sir. That is the pity of it. If I only could have died with the others —with my father, who was perhaps Captain of the ship."

"No; that could not be. He would not have left you to perish. You must have been a passenger."

"I have thought of that. The ship's company tried to get ashore, and were all lost."

"Do you mean to say they left you on the ship to die?"

"No. I was told. And do you wonder that I hesitate to accept all you offer? Who am I? Where is my native land? Some day—some day I shall know. I feel sure of it, and then some one—I know not who—I sometimes dread to know—may claim me."

"And were there no women among the ship's people?"

"Not one. No. Were there any children found among the dead."

"Your mother may have died on the voyage."

"I have thought that must be so. There is no other explanation. She was a passenger, and died and was buried at sea, and I, being only an infant, was forgotten in the selfish haste of the ship to save themselves."

"Mai, you should have told me this before."

"I thought you knew."

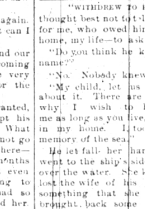
And then a great fear seemed to enter her heart, and she sat up and motioned him to come nearer. He sat down again, and gently took one of her hands in both of his.

"What is it, my child?

"You will not think ill of me? You will not send me away? I could never be back home—after they have been so cruel, I remember now, there is something more."

"Something more?"

"Yes. He—the Captain—never told me, but I remember hearing, when a girl in the village, that, as the village gossip said, 'Capt. Johnson never would have been left on all alone at the wreck.' I never asked him. If he



"WITHDREW TO HIS DUTY."

thought best not to tell me, it was not for me, who owed him so much—my home, my life—to ask him."

"Do you think he knew the ship's name?"

"No. Nobody knew that."

"My child, let us think no more about it. There are certain reasons why I wish to have you near me as long as you live, to stay always in my home. I, too, have a sad memory of the sea."

He let fall her hands, and, rising, went to the ship's side and looked off over the water. She knew that he had lost the wife of his youth. Perhaps something that she had said had brought back some memory of her. Trying to recall all that she had said, she wondered if it would be right or proper to ask him more about his dead wife. He must have loved her dearly and lost her under some distressing circumstances, in some way connected with the sea. Thinking of these things, she waited patiently till he should return, but they were so much a man what were the reasons that led him to offer so much.

At that moment she saw Mrs. Gearing approach from the door of the saloon and advance along the deck towards them. As she came nearer she passed the veiled lady, who had sat during all this time just where the maid had placed her. The stranger lady seemed suddenly to be awake, for she rose abruptly and spoke to the Judge's wife. That lady seemed to recognize her, and both shook hands and spoke cordially and then came nearer. Instinctively Mai threw aside her wraps and stood up.

"Judge," said Mrs. Gearing, "congratulate me! I have rediscovered Mademoiselle Rochet."

"Ah, Mademoiselle, this is a surprise. Where did you come from? Glad to see you."

"Thank you, sir. I have been very ill. I came aboard at the last minute, and go to my room and stay there in great trouble till to-day. The voyage is terrible."

"Miss Johnson, Mademoiselle Rochet. Miss Johnson is traveling with us, Mademoiselle Rochet, Mai."

The woman came nearer, and now stood regarding her with black, piercing eyes, and for some reason in her heart seemed to beat fast and her knees trembled.

"What is the matter, Mai?" said the Judge. "Are you ill?"

"No, sir. It is the fog. I'm cold. Perhaps I had better go to my room."

Almost, unperceived, the silvery mist on the horizon had spread over the sea, blotting the sun from sight and changing the sea from blue to cold gray. At last, instant the deep booming note of the ship's whistle startled her. The sound seemed to recall the sounds of her youth, to suggest danger near. It was a fog horn—a bass one—from a wreck. It was a warning to—to fishermen on the sea.

"Let me escort you down-stairs, Mai. Take my arm. Why, my child, you are trembling with the cold."

"Yes. Take me away. Take me away."

"It has grown very cold. It will be safer for you below."

"Thank you, sir. Yes,—much safer."

"You must excuse the Judge, Mademoiselle. He has taken a great fancy to this Miss Johnson and invited her to travel with us. He looks upon her almost as his own daughter."

Mademoiselle Rochet lifted her eyebrows as if a trifle surprised, and Mrs. Gearing felt a touch of resentment. Why should this dressmaker be surprised at anything they, the Gearings, did? Was not her husband Judge of the Supreme Court? Was not their social position in New York of the best? What was it to her that they had invited a young girl to travel with them?

Mademoiselle Rochet had the sense to see that she had gone a step too far, and hastened to make amends.

"My dear madam, I mean no offence. I remember seeing the young lady at the Lighthouse at that place—last summer—what you call the place?"

"At Wilson's Hole?"

"Yes. It was there I saw her, at her father's house, at the lighthouse."

"Of course, certainly. Did I not hear? It is cold here. Come down to my stateroom, and I'll tell you all about it.

Mademoiselle would be charmed to hear more, and for half an hour sat on a stool in Mrs. Gearing's stateroom while that worthy lady, who had fallen possession of the lounge, related the whole detail of the accident and the rescue, and all that had happened since. Mademoiselle heard it with only appreciative comments, as if it were a story of passing interest.

"And now the Judge wishes to make her his daughter?"

"Yes. The girl does not seem to care to go back to her friends, for she does not write to them, or have they written to her for a long time. I don't understand why, and I am sometimes afraid she had some trouble at home that she is trying to forget."

"And your son, Mr. Yardsticle—he is pleased at the prospect of so charming a lady in the family?"

She said this with a little laugh, in the most natural way possible.

"Oh, Royal! Yes, dear boy. He seems to like Miss Johnson greatly, and goes everywhere with her."

"Yes. They are, of course, very much thrown together, particularly on board ship. If the Judge should decide to adopt her and make her his daughter it might be a good thing for Royal. I must say, she is a good girl, and under my guidance is rapidly becoming quite a lady. She has had a very good governess for the dear to already, and then, too, he owes his mother's life to her, which, of course, makes him very grateful to her."

"She could not marry her?"

"Well, no, perhaps not—not now."

"He certainly could not, madame. Do you not know her parentage?"

"Why, I think she is the adopted daughter of the Lighthouse keeper. I have never asked who her parents really were. I think they are both dead."

"It will be very fortunate if they are."

"Why, what do you mean, Mademoiselle?"

"Ah, well, in France it might not matter. In America it makes a great difference who they are. Americans are sometimes so strange."

"What do you mean? What do you know about the girl?"

"Only, madame, only what I hear in the little place—this Wilson's Hole where we were last summer. You should warn your son, madame, lest he be greatly disappointed. Some day it would be a great misfortune if he marry her. You will believe me if I tell you as a friend your son cannot marry this Miss Johnson."

"Perhaps he never thought of it."

"They are much together."

The poor lady sat up on the lounge terrified and yet thankful.

[*To be Continued.*]

A Manuel Training School in Louisville.

The city of Louisville, Ky., is to have a fully equipped man al training school for whites, which will be an adjunct to the public school system and will be controlled by the school board. The school and its equipmen is to be the gift of Mr. A. V. Du Pont in the prospectus now in circulation details of the proposed work are given. All teachers in the manual training department are required to have taken the public school and will be controlled by the school board. The school and its equipmen is to be the gift of Mr. A. V. Du Pont in the prospectus now in circulation details of the proposed work are given. All teachers in the manual training department are required to have taken the public school and will be controlled by the school board. The school and its equipmen is to be the gift of Mr. A. V. Du Pont in the prospectus now in circulation detailed plans for the proposed building are now being prepared by Architect Henry Whitestone, and will be completed in a few days. The building will be 132 feet long by 6 feet wide and the school building 125 feet long by 55 feet wide, each being three stories in height. The shops are to be run by independent electric motors, driven by a dynamo actuated by an 80-horse power Ball-Woodougine The cost of the school will probably be $120,000.

A Day on Change.

Wallstreet Man (11 a. m.)—Never saw such luck. Did you ever so sell my summer cottage and horses if this keeps on.

Same Man (2 p. m.)—Hooray! I have a palace up the Hudson next summer and come to business on a steam yacht.

Same Man (4 p. m.)—Say, old boy, lend me 5 cents to pay street car fare will you?

Know Her Pressures.

Mr. Winks—Why didn't you give the children any lunch to-day?

Mrs. Winks—We have all been invited to Mrs. De Quiet's to tea.

Mr. Winks—Invited, eh? What difference does that make?

Mrs. Winks—I want them to be hungry enough to eat what's set before them, without asking impertinent questions.

No Rival.

Mr. Blinks—Who has been here?

Mrs. Blinks—No one.

Mr. Blinks—Huh! Who's been smoking those cigars you gave me last Christmas?

Mrs. Blinks—No one, my dear. The lamp was turned up too high, that's all.

Money Tight.

Drug Clerk—I've been docked a week's salary for making a mistake and killing a man. I only made $6, won't I?

Friendly Policeman—Couldn't spose sibly. I've just been suspended a week for killing another one.

Rural Dialogues.

Home Agent—I've got a house that will suit you now, perfect gem, beautiful surroundings and only five miles to the station.

Mr. Suburb (a man of experience)—Does the bicycle go with it?

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Jimson—What became of that man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning?

Dock Worker—He fell in one day when he had them all on and the weight of 'em sunk him.

A Slave From Boyhood.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"My name is Edward Swanson, aged 54," said Edward Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue County, Minn., to a Republican representative, "and as you can see I am in very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physicians. I was not taken suddenly ill but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay and my bitter suffering during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought and I was given all that science could and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. All the various kinds of nostrums advertised, patent medicines with but the same result.

For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer in constant agony without relief, when I chanced to read of some very rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my fate my attention was directed and called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in blind desperation I concluded to make one more attempt, not to regain my strength, for that I knew was too much but if possible to ease my pain.

I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. I could talking old seven I was again able to walk around the house. I have not felt a pain since fifteen years ago during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able to do my chores and attend to light duties.

You I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let others know my experience. Perhaps it may help those whose cup of misery is as full as mine was in days gone by."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

LUCK FOR A CLOWN.

Stranded in Africa, He Soon Becomes a Multi-Millionaire.

Paris has a much-talked about king within its walls to-day, one whose projects do him homage throughout the world of business, for the monarch is none other than Barnato, the king of millers. He at the lowest computation is worth 6,000,000 francs ($1,200,000). Twenty years ago a circus, which had traveled, goodness knows how, from England to South Africa, arrived at Kimberley. At that epoch Kimberley was not the diamond town that it has become since. The circus did poor business, and one morning the director and the directress fled, leaving the clown with two miles and 30 shillings in his pocket, which is not much in Europe, but which is still less at the Cape of Good Hope, says Evening Wisconsin. During a ride in the streets of Kimberley he found in the hollows of diamonds, he took some stones, showed them to a miner, and started into partnership with him vent to sell them in the town. Then without divulging his discovery, he sought the field where he had made his find, took out only a few stones for fear of arousing suspicion, bought other fields, and found himself at last a large landholder. When the first gold mines were discovered at Johannesburg, Mr. Barnato rushed there, and became as much land as he could find, organized societies in the London manner, and became king of the mine. Now Mr. Barnato lives in London and only goes to the Cape for the most momentary sessions. He is a little man about 45 years old, wearing a slight mustache. In his dress he is very simple, and behind a pincenez gazes a pair of bold eyes, which are the only trace on his person of the metal king) he has two eyes and in incredible energy.

BIRTH-PLACE OF POTATO.

A Missouri Town Claims the Honor of First Producing It.

Jackson county promises to be famous in history as the birthplace of the potato. Some of the long aisles of Independence have discovered this fact, and have traced the lineage of the vegetable—which is now known to every table in the world to be from Jackson county. The Irish potato, Little Santa Fe, in the southeastern part of this county, says Kansas City Star. The botanists give the name of the plant from which the potato grew as "dioscorea batata," and the president in their assertion that the history of the potato can be traced back to the town of Little Santa Fe. Dr. Bilstein, a well-known botanist and geologist, had in his possession yesterday a plant which he claimed to be a specimen of the "dioscorea batata," found at Little Santa Fe. By tracing the plant back some 200 years the doctor says that undoubtedly the dioscorea batata was the progenitor of the so-called Irish potato. It appears that the workings of this section have been of propagation of plants by cultivation from their wild state, and by such knowledge produced the tuber now so generally in use and found on every table.

"It is a matter of history," said the doctor, "that the potato was first used as an edible by the Indians near what is now known as Little Santa Fe, Jackson county, Mo. From there it became an article of barter. The edible was so palatable that its use spread rapidly and became common among the Indians in Florida. The potato first came to the hands of Sir Walter Raleigh in Virginia, who recognized a good thing when he saw it. Sir Walter took it on one of his trips to Europe, and by reason of the soil and climate of Ireland it at once became a staple article of food, hence the name Irish potato."

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The devil and whisky are always on good terms.

Prayer is not prayer until it becomes communion with God.

The Christian can only lose his life but he can never lose his God.

The devil hurts us most when he smiles and the angels love us best.

When God puts a gold man in the dark, it is to give somebody light.

God can say things in the fifty furnace he couldn't speak in heaven.

Job sinned not with his tongue because there was no one to hear him.

When the mountains are cast into the sea, God's hand is under them.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't wear a white petticoat unless it is white.

Don't forget that long credit often brings discredit.

Don't trim good material with common trimmings.

FOR YOUR OUTING GO TO PICTURESQUE MACKINAC ISLAND.

ONE THOUSAND MILES OF LAKE RIDE AT SMALL EXPENSE.

Visit this Historical Island, which is the grandest summer resort on the Great Lakes. It only costs about $13 from Detroit; $15 from Toledo; $18 from Cleveland, for the round trip, including meals and berths. Avoid the heat and dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand romantic spot. Its climate is delightful. Two new and fast passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing $200,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, annunciators, bath rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers favorably compare with the grand ocean liners in comfort and speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago, Soo, Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit, and Cleveland and Put-in-Bay. The palatial equipment of, and yelling on these steamers thoroughly enjoyable. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., D. & C., Detroit, Mich.

Do You want Work

A steady position with good pay and business to suit, write at once to the undersigned and full particulars will be sent you by return mail. We have the best seed potatoes in the world to offer. Inclose stamp for reply. Address, E. L. MAY & CO., Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen, Norwalk, Ohio. (This house is responsible.)

OHIO CENTRAL LINES

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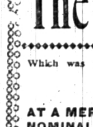
HOW THEY CRAWL.

If I can ever wonder how it is that sometimes when you pick your Hymnals on they appear to be WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL'S and sometimes they don't. The reason is we have stacked with Red Book Cloth in this. The best water leaves the impression out of the book, and when dry the red leaves the impression white. Don't put the blame on your wife because she has to dust the books. Albion Electric Soap is the most perfect soap we have ever seen, because it is stronger than common soap, and is made especially to respect.

PLEASE OBSERVE

This soap will do three-quarters of the work in washing if you only give it half a trial. That's what it is made for, and that is just why it was different from the common soap. IT IS MADE SPECIALLY FOR WASHING CLOTHES.

We have seen this soap manufactured and made in from the necessary amounts of lye used in its make it is clean and pure enough to eat. Try it once and you will use no other. Albion Electric Soap is made by WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, and put together expressly to have a 1,000 pounds a day. It is warranted for three years, with a note the same as a bank note when duly packed in three cardboard boxes of 24 bars each, for a quarter. Equal to Bingham Magnolia, Frank Siddall's or any other brand made. Ask for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't it call on Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham and say a word.



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House painting the past few years has been very discouraging to those who use Mad and oil. Go where you may, buy any brand you please of either lead or oil, you're deceived by the best painters on earth and the year of that job is un-satisfactory. It check off, it is rot-ful, 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.

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How can you avoid all sorrow, dissatisfaction, disappointment and expense? The answer is plain. Use Paint—Boydell-Bros' White Lead & Color Co's

PAINT

manufactured by us, to suit wear, out last and on sphere 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:

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Have used hundreds of gallons of Boydell Ready Mixed Paints and it is all right. It is as good as the makers claim it to be and its staying qualities as good as we could wish for.
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I am much pleased with the paint. Have used about 40 gallons, and never saw paint that had such a gloss. Would certainly base it its preference to any other and am pleased with it in every respect.
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Boydell Bros' Paint mixed will cover more surface gallon for gallon, and I shall use it anywhere I paint in future.
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WM. McCOMBY,	JOHN McCOMBY,
C. H. WHITEHEAD,	C. H. MITCHELL,
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We would respectfully inform the people of Birmingham and vicinity that Whitehead & Mitchell have sold our paints to 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.

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We warrant and guarantee the Albion Electric Soap to perform all that is claimed for it.
WHITEHEAD & MITCHELL, Grocers, Birmingham, Mich.

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The Albion Electric Soap is the invention of the age for washing clothes. Warranted it to injure the finest fabrics. 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 LUKEWARM water to cover the clothes.

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

Wash the clothes with soap treat in the same way, rinsing flannels in WARM water. Boiling is unnecessary unless very much soiled.

Note.—Unscrupulous grocers will try to sell you other soap while you are asking for this. Don't be fooled by them, but insist on getting the Albion Electric. Don't rub soap or you will rub the dirt into the clothes. Albion Electric Soap is the most perfect soap we have ever seen, because it is stronger than common soap, and is made especially to respect.

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