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THE LAYHOUSE.

It wasn't a house at all, you see,
But only a big, flat stone.
Yet they called it a house, did the sisters
Three,
As they tarried there and sipped their tea;
And each was as glad as a queen might be—
A queen on a golden throne.

And one was like a lily fair,
And one was like a rose;
And one had stolen a happy share
Of breaded grace from the other pair;
And all were lovely beyond compare—
My queens of the long ago.

The house was close by the garden gate,
And under the apple trees,
In whose broad branches, early and late,
The robin sang to his happy mate.
As a little limb, feeling his happy weight,
Swung low in the summer breeze.

And many a golden afternoon
The sisters chatted there,
With hearts as glad as the skies of June,
With hearts as soft as a mother's crown.
With hearts that withered and all too soon
With a grief they could not bear.

I wandered far in the paths of men,
I lingered long and late
To win the golden prize, and then
I set my heart for the "home" again.
But the world seemed changed and cheer-
less when
I stood by the garden gate.

In woe I sat me down to weep,
For my heart was sad and lone,
And my gold seemed all so poor and cheap—
There was little left I cared to keep.
And I wished I were wrapped in a dream-
less sleep
And under the big, flat stone.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

On the Long Trail.

The Story of a Boy's Cattle Drive
from the Great Plains
to St. Louis.

IT WAS a proud day for Lorne, the young foreman of the Circle Bar ranch, when he started on his first "drive" with a herd of 5,000 cattle for the northern shipping point.

It was his orders to take the herd to St. Louis and pass through the Ozark mountains or foothills. The herd was tractable during the earlier days of the course, but as the cattle went on they became more nervous, and it was with difficulty that the herders could keep them within the lines of the nightly round-up.

Once, when they had been compelled to ride constantly around the herd from evening far into the night, Lorne went to the head of the herd to see what was the disturbing cause.

As he sat on his horse he heard the call of a wolf off to the right, answered by another from the left. Something about the sound was unnatural, and he listened closely. Again they came, and soon there was a second movement among the cattle—something had been thrown into the herd to startle them.

He knew then what was the matter—some one was annoying the herd to make him trouble. But when daylight came he could see nothing of the disturbers, and again he waited for night.

He took his own position far on the outskirts that night and waited for developments. Soon there was another wolf call; then another, then a whizzing sound and another movement of the cattle. He rode furiously at the point where he thought the sound originated, and was not surprised to catch a glimpse of a dark form which he took to be a man on horseback.

"Halt," he cried, "or I will shoot you!"

There was no stopping. Faster and faster he rode and gained on his annoyers. Then before he was aware of what was happening he was seized from behind and went rolling to the ground, a lariot coiled around him having jerked him from the saddle. It had not caught over his head and his second assailant went rushing past and away before he could regain his feet.

But not quick enough for the rider to escape notice, and one glance at the stooping shoulders and the long hair told Lorne who it was—Louie, the Mexican, who had been discharged when Lorne went to work first on the Circle Bar.

But there was enough to look after at the other end of the line. The cattle, startled more than ever by the noise, had started on a stampede and were racing toward the east at the top of their speed, the herders doing all in their power to stop them, but without effect.

It was two days before the herd was in shape to start on the journey again. Then the course was turned to the north and it was hoped that on striking the long trail there would be no more trouble.

On the whole the trip was going well and they were up in the middle of the territory with hopes of seeing the south branch of the Cimarron most any day. A halt had been called early for night, and on the level plain the cattle were scattered for two miles up and down the trail. The herders were getting supper and only three were on guard. By some means one of these was off his horse and the others were together at the southern end of the long line.

None of them saw a crawling figure leading a small pony that crept across the herd's grazing ground and slowly, without making the contented animals raise their heads suspiciously, separate the northern third of the herd from those of the south. Steadily they drew away, and as there were several hummocks in that region, were seen behind one and out of sight of the regular herders.

It was a shrewd trick, and one that was played on more than one occasion in the history of the cattle trade. Lorne was new to it and did not even see what had been done until one of the herders rode up to say that there was something out of the way.

"The herd's short, somehow," he exclaimed.

"What do you mean?"

"They're missing—stolen or strayed, and we are out."

TERRORS OF DRINK.

Dr. Talmage Preaches of the Evils of the Liquor Traffic.

In an Eloquent Sermon He Depicts the Drunkard's Woe—The Hum Friend's Mission Is to Destroy All Good.

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At this time, when the evils of the drink traffic are being widely discussed and the movement for the abolition of the degrading and brutalizing canteen in our military camps is gaining many supporters, this sermon by Dr. Talmage, dealing with the broader aspects of the plague of intemperance should cheer and inspire the friends of temperance everywhere. His text is Exodus 11:6, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."

This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth on our earth on embassy of mischief. The one fiend said: "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said: "I'll take charge of the grainfields." Another said: "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said: "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lip of blue flame, and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew how to damage the vineyard, or through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious. They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch, and while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo! his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a great caseway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread and prosperous husbandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made bread with great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there were a grinding and smashing and a stench, and the people came with their bottles, and they poured the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grainfield, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to the whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bungalow laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, full uddered, and as the maid milked he said: "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no more harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew and the cymbals clapped and the drums beat and the baggies called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wineglass in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, until the room shook and the glasses cracked and the floor broke and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard and of the grainfield and of the dairy and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done, and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the sprites and all the devils filled their glasses and clicked

TERRORS OF DRINK.

them and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic! Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!"

Oh, my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop! But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop. I realize it. But if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink out of my own right unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say: 'Bring that hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and confessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said: "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and there was a glass of wine on the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire it off if I approached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of this habit. I can't get away from it." Oh, it is awful for a man to wake up and feel that he is a captive! I hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I might have stopped three months ago, but I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried; I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am an aged immortal and my soul beats against the wires of my cage on this side and beats against the wires of my cage on the other side until there is blood on the wires and blood on the soul, but I can't get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

Again, the man suffers from the loss of usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institutions? Do you know they once knelt at the family altar and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacramental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the Gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness! Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrethres and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

But he suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that atrocious sketch, and a swart eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws on every bone and stings with every poison and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What specters stand by his midnight pillows! What groans tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut—he suffers all at once.

See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where the inebriates are dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and say: "Tush up, now! Stop making this noise. Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Be still now!" Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "O God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! O God! O God!" And they shriek and they blaspheme and they cry for help and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me! O God! Help, help! Run! Give me rum! O God! Help!" They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death of you will die unless you stop. See it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

But it plagues a man also in the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets to-day, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, waddled on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into the penury, and then down into the grave. Oh, rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit. I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suf-

fers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were rampant here will torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thrill clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while shake his thirst, but in eternity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draught he so much craves, so much demands? No one to brew. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Divested call for rum. The inebriate calls for rum.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to the grogshop and, having finished the mission in the grogshop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost world echo with the cry: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah, my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God or holiness or light; it will be the absence of rum. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

Thirty women in one of the western states banded together and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grogshops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer, and if 1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission, New York, in any city that up all the grogshops, I must not dwell on generalities; I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I want you also to understand that while the man himself, of his own strength, cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening—the our church not yet being open for the annual services. I went into a room in the Fourth ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—15 or 20 men standing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately failed, because they were doing the whole work in their own strength. "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here to-day to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot only save your soul, but save your body. I look off today upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you never have staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate; but God knows, and you know, and by human calculation there is not one chance out of five thousand that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends to whom I must say that unless you quit this evil habit within ten years, as to your body, you will lie down in a drunkard's grave; and as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell! It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As to-day you open the door of your wine closet, let the decanter flash that word upon your soul: "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage, let the foam at the top spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, I love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—poisoning of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear intermingled with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, you would go home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophesies of the resurrection God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Towns are seldom as red as they are painted.—Chicago Daily News.

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HUMOROUS.

"I should like to tell you a funny story about my little boy." "Oh, well, go ahead." "But I have forgotten it." "Say, don't you want a good cigar?"—The Ritual.

Mrs. Yeast—"Do you think my visits to your wife do her any good?" Mr. Crimmonbeak—"Oh, yes; she says she always feels better after you've left."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The worm will turn," she said. "Of course," he replied. "The worm is built on a plan that makes turning comparatively easy. It's more or less of a turn itself."—Chicago Evening Post.

Infantile Perspicuity.—Little Marigold—"I have named zolly after you, Aunt Jane!" Aunt Jane—"Indeed? Little Marigold (sighing)—"Yes; 'cause she's got so old now, I've 'fraid she'll never have a feller!"—Puck.

Dukane—"Spiffins is insufferable. He is always saying, 'I told you so.'" Gaswell—"He isn't as bad as Snuggs. Snuggs is always explaining in great detail how his plans happened to fail."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Maud—"Between us, dear, I think the count's compliments rather crude. He told me the sight of my beautiful face actually made his mouth water." Edith—"The idea! I'm sure your face doesn't look quite that much like a lemon!"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Papa," said little Mabel at breakfast, "you know how you take me on your lap when you tell me stories?" "Yes," nodded papa. "Well, Mr. Lippincott was telling Jennie some last night." And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"Oh, yes; my husband has been under fire." "When and where?" "It was last night. Burglars broke into the house next door and the man who lives there exchanged shots with them. When Jeremiah heard the racket he hid in the cellar. Wouldn't you call that being under fire?"—Chicago Daily News.

Not Quite Certain.—"Yes, Eddie was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon." "Where was he wounded?" "We are not quite sure. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it is an anatomical phrase or a Filipino town."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PUBLIC MEN AS SMOKERS.
The President and All But Two of His Cabinet Enjoy Good Tobacco.

President McKinley is a great smoker. While a member of congress, he used to sit in front of the Ebbitt house each pleasant evening, with his feet propped up on a tree, his chair kicked back, enjoying an after-dinner cigar. It was a familiar sight to passers-by to see Mr. McKinley seated under the big tree facing the ladies' entrance to the Ebbitt house, comfortably, and often solitarily, smoking.

The president now smokes from four to ten cigars a day, although his smoking is done in the privacy and seclusion of the executive mansion.

After his morning meal he lights a cigar and puffs away while his morning mail is sorted. In the afternoon he usually enjoys a mild smoke, and in the evening, after dinner, he repairs to the cabinet room and blows into smoke a long black Havana perfecto.

The president's cigars are usually mild of flavor, although occasionally he delights in a heavy smoke. It is not often that the president is compelled to delve into his private purse for funds to pay for his cigars, as his political friends keep him pretty well supplied.

Vice President Hobart is an inveterate smoker. When there is a lull in the senate proceedings he retires to his private room and lights a mild domestic cigar and appears to enjoy it. When in his office, at his residence, a box of cigars is always at hand.

Secretary of War Alger usually has a box of cigars at his office, and after the department business is cleared away he closes the door and has a 15-minute smoke. He prefers mild cigars, foreign made.

Secretary of State Hay is a light but habitual smoker.

Secretary Gage likes cigars. When a visitor comes into his office with a lighted cigar the secretary never requests that it be thrown out. If he happens to know the visitor real well he will join him in his mild dissipation.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson smokes and chews incessantly. Secretary Hitchcock is also a free smoker.

Secretary Long and Postmaster General Smith are the only members of the cabinet who do not smoke. Mr. Smith never drinks anything stronger than mineral water.

Speaker Reed enjoys an occasional cigar if it be of mild flavor. He usually smokes when writing.—N. Y. World.

Came of Indian Kings.
Mrs. Stanton, of Chilton, Wis., a full-blooded Indian woman 99 years of age, is as proud of her birth and lineage as any woman in America. She is a direct descendant of King Philip. If the claim of the Narragansett Indians of Rhode Island against the United States government is allowed, Mrs. Stanton's share of the award will be about \$100,000. It could hardly fall into better hands, as Mrs. Stanton's long life has been spent in good deeds. Mrs. Stanton was educated at an Indian school in this state, and with her husband emigrated to Wisconsin in the early 30's. She personally secured the county seat for Chilton, which was then known as Stantonville, and gave the town all the land on which the public buildings and churches stand. Mrs. Stanton years ago adopted as a son and educated Steve Nichols, who became Gen. Sherman's favorite Indian scout.—N. Y. Journal.

This Man is a Failure.
A moralistic failure is a man who gives you advice about getting on in the world, then winds up by striking you for a loan.—Chicago Daily News.

Abolish the Death Penalty.

At Albany the law-makers are wrangling over the abolition of the death penalty. The man who succeeds in passing such a bill will prove as great a benefactor to the breaker of man's laws as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has to the breaker of nature's laws. If you've neglected your stomach until indigestion, constipation, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles are upon you, there is one cure—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't fail to try it. All druggists sell it.

Signs of Spring.
The popularity of the shady side of the street.
The flowers that bloom in buttonholes.
Absence of furry garments.
Open spring coats.
The advent of the shirt-waist dress.
The posy hat.—Philadelphia Press.

DIED—On Monday or any other day in the week, with Putnam Fadeless Dyes, goods will not fade either by sunlight or washing.

Lots of fathers give their daughters away and have a son-in-law on their hands.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

The Best Prescription for Chills.
And Fever is a bottle of Grove's Fastidious Chills Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteful form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

George Saxton fooled with a buzz saw, and lost his finger. Later, he fooled with goods, and lost his life.—Acheson Globe.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Hoop of Horchound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Lovers may not wish to snub the gas, but they do "turn it down" pretty often.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—Piso's Cure for Consumption, 333 Second St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The man who tries to say smart things makes more breaks than other people.—Acheson Globe.

"To Err is Human."
But to err all the time is criminal or idiotic. Don't continue the mistake of neglecting your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will make pure, live blood, and put you in good health.

All Gone—Had no appetite or strength, could not sleep or get rested, was completely run down. Two bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the tired feeling and I do my own work. Mrs. A. Dix, Millville, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappears

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

ALABASTINE is the original and only durable wall coating, entirely different from all kalsomines. Ready for use in white or twelve beautiful tints by adding cold water.

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