



BY M.T. CALDOR.
(INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION)

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Fancying he must have sailed for Australia—just then attracting much attention—I recklessly took passage for a port there, leaving my little girl to follow in another ship with a cousin of mine, when she had recovered from a slight indisposition. The blow that came was terrible; the ship they sailed in to join me was lost—never came to port. I returned to England, not daring to murmur, for I felt that I deserved whatever woe might come. When Eleanor was returned to me, the idea of atonement grew more definite. I had heard in India that Paul had a son. Why should not my daughter's hand, and all her wealth make amends to the son for the blight flung on the father's life? At this moment my secret agents are in all parts of the world searching for Paul Kirkland, or his heirs. I never thought that he would change his name. Only two weeks ago I told his history to Eleanor, and asked if she could sacrifice herself to relieve her mother's conscience. Noble indeed was her response. O, how I thank the gracious Providence that has brought good for her out of her mother's evil! Paul's son and Annabel's daughter may be as good and pure and happy as our first happy dreams portrayed for us. Walter, bring me to-morrow the Bible your father writes about. I must talk no more to-day. Go, now, my children, and leave me to rest."

Silently, almost solemnly, Walter passed out, and Eleanor followed—just one moment to raise up her white innocent forehead for the pure betrothal kiss. As Walter's arms encircled her—his own, his beloved, at last—a world of grateful joy beamed in either eye, although chastened and tempered to gentleness by their quick sympathy in the sorrowful lives whose recital they have just listened to.

From that day Tom's Bible never left Lady Annabel's side. It was either in her hand, beneath her pillow, or pressed against her heart. She failed swiftly, as though the smothered fire that at length had overleaped its barrier burned more furiously for its long concealment.

The night after the grand marriage which dazzled and astonished all London, when the distinguished artist bore away the star of the court, to lose her proud name as Lady Annabel Collinwood in the humbler but not less honorable one of Vernon—as the young couple sat tenderly beside her, Lady Annabel said softly, with a joyful gleam lighting up her faded and sunken eye:

"I believe it has come at last—the ineffable peace of forgiveness—the tranquil content of trusting all things to heavenly grace and mercy—the same that Paul received. Peace—peace!" she repeated, with a rapturous smile, raising herself to lay the well-worn Bible on the table.

The effort—the joy—something was too much for the frail system. Her head dropped, and when her frightened children saw to her relief, Lady Annabel was indeed safely on the shore of Peace!

(THE END.)

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

ON THE minister's wife is the ne plus ultra of distinction in the eyes of a village maiden, particularly in the Eastern States. No one can deny that, and, knowing this to be the case, no one can wonder that a single man is generally successful in a rural district, while a married clergyman finds it far more difficult to make a favorable impression under the eyes of the village maiden, whose eyes perpetually fixed upon himself and his spouse, who never, in any case, compares herself in a manner which quite tallies with the preconceived ideas of the spinsters in her husband's congregation as to what the clergyman's wife ought to be.

The gentlemen who had successively, but not successfully, filled the pastorate of Appleblow had good reason to learn this lesson by heart. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, principally paid in what was known in the neighborhood as "green truck" and "garden peas," and had never given satisfaction. After the first few months the wives groaned over the salary. The elders began to wonder whether Brother A. was quite right on "them there doctrinal points." The congregation complained of not being visited enough, of not being sufficiently edified. A few influential persons gave up their pews and traveled miles every Sunday to a church in another village, where they were better pleased, even at the expense of breaking the fourth commandment with regard to the "cat-in-the-hat" and the "man servant." And finally matters came to a crisis, and there was a vacancy in the Appleblow pulpit, and a succession of young ministers and old, who preached "by rote" and generally made a favorable impression. And finally another

call was made, another pastor came was welcomed, feted, treated to donation parties, ascended to the summit of popular favor on the wings of the wind, and descended as rapidly, until his light died out in darkness.

Appleblow was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was, in fact, famed for its dismissal of pastors without peculiar provocation. Many a grave, middle-aged man gave good advice to Walter Redlaw, the newly-fledged clergyman who at last proclaimed himself willing to be installed as pastor of Appleblow. Men of more experience, men old enough to be Redlaw's grandfather, had failed there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Redlaw was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to certain disappointment at the outset of his career? Nobody approved of the act; but Redlaw, ardent, hopeful, and not twenty-five, was all the more resolved to accept the call. To succeed where no one else had ever succeeded before him, to do good, to become beloved, to see his congregation grow about him, and to end his days at last where he had begun his life of pastor, wept for by old and young, and humbly looking forward for reward in heaven for the good he (as an instrument in his Maker's hands) had done amongst his flock—a pure and beautiful ambition, albeit worldly men might smile at it as being very humble.

So Walter Redlaw came to Appleblow and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation one evening and received the charge from the presbytery with a humble determination (God helping him) to obey it and the next Sabbath stood in the pulpit and preached unto the people.

There are some very young men who have all a woman's beauty without being effeminate. Walter Redlaw was one of these. He had soft, golden-brown hair, which could not be dubbed "red" by his greatest enemy. A broad, high forehead, white as flesh and blood could be, regular features, pearly teeth, and a color that came and went—the faintest tinge of rose-leaf, now the deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an arrow, and had a voice clear and musical and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister, and many a girl, if the truth were but known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon, and he, preaching with all his soul in the words he uttered, thought not at all of any one of them.

Perhaps they did not quite understand this, for that night, when family prayers were over, and shutters closed and barred, and old folks snoring in their beds, more than one girl in the snug little village of Appleblow stood before her glass and wondered how she would look in white muslin and orange flowers, and all the paraphernalia of a bride; or in black silk dress and broche shawl and straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon (Appleblow fashions were yet primitive), smiling slowly up the aisle of the little church some Sunday, while envious maidens gazed and whispered, "There goes the minister's wife."

And, at the same moment, Walter Redlaw, sitting at his desk, traced, at the beginning of a long and loving letter, the words—"My dearest Rose."

Sewing societies, fairs, tea-drinkings, merry-makings of all kinds followed each other in quick succession. Appleblow, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Pinchemall, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, too, purchased in "the city," came by express to Appleblow, and the nine Misses Fish excited envy unparalleled by appearing in the first bodies ever seen in the village, all of black velvet trimmed with scarlet.

Successful there had never been such a success before; nobody dared to find fault with Walter Redlaw, upheld by all the womankind of Appleblow—maid and matron, young and old, grandmothers, granddaughters, mammas, spinsters, aunts and schoolgirls.

By-and-by whispered rumors were set afoot. The young minister had paid particular attention to Miss Smith, he was seen out walking with Miss Brown, he had taken tea with Mrs. Jones, who had two unmarried daughters; in fact, he was engaged in turn to every single lady in the village, if reported said truly; though, on the statement being made over the tea-cups, some one was always found to aver, with downcast looks and conscious blushes, that she had "particular reasons for knowing the rumor could not possibly have slightest foundation."

Then "dearest friends" became rivals, and feminine Demons and Pythias "didn't speak," and young farmers, tradesmen, the schoolmaster and the doctor were jilted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired, blue-eyed young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Appleblow than he had of attempting to become President of the United States, but was gentle and amiable to all alike.

And so the days passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came, and every grapevine in Appleblow hung heavy with their purple fruitage; and amidst its balmy days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and russets were more glorious, and the moon seemingly rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Walter Redlaw took the train to New York one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sabbath.

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Yarrow's to discuss the cause of this; and stories, hatched no one knew how or by whom, were circulated.

Mr. Redlaw's mother was ill. No, that could not be, for Miss Brown knew "for certain sure," that he lost his mother in infancy.

"His sister was about to be married, and he was to perform the ceremony," Mrs. Morris had this from good authority, but better contradicted her. Mr. Redlaw was an only child, and therefore had no sister to be given in marriage.

Somebody had told Deacon Yarrow that a maiden aunt had died, leaving the minister a large fortune in real estate. This was very favorably received, and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established, but for a suggestion of old Aunt Brown, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, and who threw cold water on the air-castles of maids and matrons by saying, with a solemn shake of her head, "Mebbe minister's gone to git married himself."

Aunt Brown was sent to Coventry at once; but, nevertheless, her suggestion made an impression even on those who averred most loudly that it couldn't possibly be so.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

NEW YORK FOOD SUPPLY.

Enough on Hand to Withstand a Four-Months' Siege.

If the city of New York and the neighboring district were to be besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in large quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity for lack of means, while the great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. With the exception of milk and some other things the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of a siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed high and low, rich and poor, had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are especially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable.—Ladies' Home Journal.

English Adulterated Beer.

English legislators are making an effort to protect beer drinkers from adulterated beverages masquerading as pure malt liquors. They are confronted by the fact that the adulteration of beer is a very ancient practice in England. A curious tract published in London in 1592 asks several embarrassing questions of unprincipled brewers. "And you, malster brewer that growth to be worth \$200,000 by selling of soden water, what subtilty have you in making your beer to spare the malt? You can when you have taken all the harte of the malt away. Then clap on store of water (tis cheap enough) and mash out a turning of small beer like Rennish wine; in your conscience how many barrels draw you out of a quart of malt?" It is asserted that there are English brewers to-day who use actually no malt in their beer. They use a saccharine solution that is made bitter by almost anything but hops and put on the market as beer. The fact is it is not beer in any sense of the word and parliament has been asked to pass a measure that will put a stop to this antique imposition.

Fumes of Kerosene.

Many physicians believe that the fumes of kerosene, when the lamp is turned low, may cause diphtheria. Many sleeping rooms are thus semi-lighted all night, and the windows are closed, or raised but slightly. The atmospheric conditions become deathly. A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas to which the healthiest lungs cannot be exposed safely.—Health.

With More Nerve Than Brains.

A Lyons (France) cyclist named Gerard, a plumber by trade, who had undertaken to ride around the copings of a house in course of construction, successfully accomplished his feat in the presence of a large gathering. This coping-stone is barely two feet wide, and is about fifty feet from the ground.

Employment is nature's physician.—Galen.

OUR SPRINGFIELD LETTER.

C. P. Lovejoy at the Capital.

C. P. Lovejoy of Princeton has been down here during the week, making a great many friends among those who held his father in such high esteem. There never was a man in the state who had greater oratorical force than Owen Lovejoy. He was a young Congregational minister when his brother, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, was murdered by a mob at Alton for publishing an anti-slavery paper. He was a mild, quiet man, with little of the demonstrative energy which characterized the early abolitionists. He was so reserved and quiet in his demeanor that his writings might safely have been tolerated even in a slave state. He confined himself to arguing against the morality of the institution and the evils that must of necessity come from it to our political system, based upon the idea of equality of man before the law. He never advised force nor did he ever counsel insurrection. He never engaged in wordy dispute, yet was as firm as a rock in defense of the liberty of the press. He had moved his paper out of Missouri because he was advised not to carry on the contest in a slave state.

Some Reminiscences.

His brother Owen, whom I knew very well, had a very different disposition. He was bold as a lion, and as full of fight. He was a most convincing speaker and denounced every feature of slavery in language which could not be called mild. The only portion of this state in which it was safe to speak freely against slavery was throughout the central portion of the military tract. These people did not call themselves abolitionists, but anti-slavery, making a distinction between themselves and those of the more pronounced opponents who were ready to make a fight against slavery in the states where it existed. They hated the slave power as much as the other class, but they recognized the legality of slavery in the states, and worked to produce a state of sentiment which would spread south and gradually bring about legal manumissions by state action. They all held that congress could legally abolish slavery in the territories and in the District of Columbia.

Owen Lovejoy in Debate.

Mr. Lovejoy believed in a coming public sentiment which would legally exterminate slavery. Yet he was so earnest, so impulsive, so vigorous in his denunciations that he was deemed the most advanced abolitionist in the state. No young man of the present day has any idea of the odium which attached to the name "abolitionist" as used in that day. Douglas made frequent use of it, applying it to all who opposed him in his Kansas theory of "popular sovereignty." Mr. Lovejoy was elected to the legislature in 1854, and in the session of 1855 made the first anti-slavery speech ever delivered in the house. Many who heard it said that he was nearer right than they had supposed. He was elected to congress in 1858, and made his great speech soon after. He was so impassioned that he got out into the aisle which divides the seats of the two parties, and was vigorously warned that he could not speak there; that he must get back to his own seat. He turned on these southern members, who had become very excited, and, shaking his fist at them, roared out in their teeth while they were crowding up to him: "You killed my brother at Alton twenty years ago; you will not kill me here." The demonstration which was made to force him back to his own seat to speak was believed by the republicans to be to do him bodily injury, perhaps kill him, and his own friends rushed to his support. Roscoe Conkling, an athlete and a giant in strength, was next to him, and it has been frequently said of late years that Mr. Logan denounced his southern friends for their attempt to prevent the continuance of the speech. I never heard his name mentioned in any of the papers at the time, but I never have thought the statement correct. In those bitter days of the slavery struggle I read with the keenest avidity, especially when such men as Lovejoy were parties to the fight, and I well recall the fact that the southern members did not claim to insist that he should not speak, but their claim, which was right in a parliamentary sense, was that he must speak from his own desk, and not come offensively near them, where he had no right to be. It is very unlikely that John A. Logan, with the political views he had at that day, would be found near Lovejoy noisily insisting on his right to speak.

Anti-Department Store Bill.

Moses Saloman has got this Legislature on the run. He has got several hundred live citizens pulling chestnuts out of the fire for his comfort and regaling. How he has done it is not easy to tell, except that we credit it to his Florida training. The Senate put his anti-department store through with a rush and by an uproarious majority. There was a little hitch, but the man "in whom there is no guile" smoothed out all the wrinkles and made everything lovely. About 500 retail dealers were down here from Chicago to egg him on, and loudly cheer every man who favored the bill. No such demonstration has ever occurred here connected with legislation in my remembrance.

Mr. Dunlap opposed the opposition to the bill by moving that it be recalled from the order of third to second reading so that he could offer an amendment, making the bill only apply to Chicago. He said the present limit of application—to cities over 10,000 inhabitants—would not do. The men who represented the state outside of Chicago were entirely willing that that city should have such a law if it wanted, but the other cities would not be included in such legislation. You might just as well tax electricity to protect horseflesh. Mr. Fitzpatrick said such opposition would delay the bill. He would, at a proper time, move to lay Mr. Dunlap's motion on the table.

University Rowdiness.

Many have gone away to Chicago to help the two machines run the spring election, and a large delegation have gone over to Champaign under the invitation and at the expense of the State University. The repeated developments of rowdiness over in the State University, for the past few years, have aroused an unpleasant feeling among the representatives of the people. The repeated declarations of the faculty that they would put a stop to the work of the hoodlum students have not been entirely redeemed, and there is a suspicious feeling among the authorities there that the members of the legislature are not entirely personae gratae. Said a gentleman, who seemed to be acquainted with the doings there: "They have thrown away their whole supply of vitriol into the eyes and on the dresses of the girls, and have come to ask an appropriation for another

supply." If the faculty cannot suppress the rowdiness they should be suppressed.

Nolling's Queer Bill.

Mr. Nolling has put in a queer bill. It is for an act to repeal what is known as the "rule in Shelly's case." I am not lawyer enough to give a good reason for this repeal, and Mr. Nolling himself does not seem to be exactly an open advocate of this bill. My recollection of the rule in Shelly's case is that we all were required by our law professors to know by heart before we could pass examination in this, where real estate has been conveyed to a party and his heirs, the said party has a purchasable interest in it and can convey without any reference to the supposed interest which the heirs named in the deed might be supposed to have. It has been a good while since I trafficked in deeds, either as a party of the first part or the second, but in my real estate days all deeds run to A. and B. and his heirs and assigns, etc.

Harvey B. Hurd, the Law Framer.

One of the bright men who has shed his light on us during the past week is Hon. Harvey B. Hurd, of Evanston. Mr. Hurd, usually called Judge Hurd, probably because he is a good judge of law, though he has never been on the bench, is an old-timer in his service, but has never been a member of the legislature. The Chicago people early learned that he was a very valuable man to suggest the form of legislation which they wanted, and had an aptitude in framing and advocating needed legislation. Nearly all this more important legislation, such as their park acts, city charter, sanitary drainage act, Torrens land title act, civil service act, and nearly the whole of our revised statutes of 1874, have been drawn according to his suggestions. He has a good law head, large experience in legislative ways, has studied the statutes until, while he does not know them by heart, does know every important decision of the Supreme Court which goes to the extent of declaring any statute unconstitutional. I presume that as a general proposition it would be true to say that no other man in the state has better judgment as to what is safe to put in legislation.

Honor a Dead Journalist.

Hon. David Revell, with the tact and readiness of his gifts in the way of doing an appropriate thing introduced resolutions in grateful memory of our deceased friend, W. M. Glenn, whose sudden death is so much lamented by all of us. Such resolutions are customary, and in that sense become common, and often with the suspicion of being only perfunctory. In this case, however, the feeling of members and of fellow-craftsmen here are hardly sufficiently expressed in resolutions. His service here as the head of the Associated Press bureau of the state capital brought him into close relation with every member, every state and legislative official, as well as every newspaper management which received the press reports, and it is a pleasure to say, and no fulsome praise, that I have never heard his work criticized by any one in the two winters I have spent here. He seemed absolutely impartial, and entirely adequate to the fair, just, and complete performance of his branch of the work. His death, terribly sudden, was a shock and brings personal grief to hundreds of us.

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walnuts and butternuts are being successfully cultivated in Whatcom County, Washington. They are not native to the region.

Impure Blood

"My blood was out of order, and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has purified my blood and relieved me of rheumatism, kidney trouble and sick headaches. I am now able to do a good day's work. Rheumatism has troubled me since I was a child, but I am now entirely well."—Miss FROEY BAILEY, Box 445, Pasadena, California.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25 cents.

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"Do you think opals are unlucky?" inquired the superstitious man.
"Yes," was the reply. "My wife wants one and it's going to cost me \$50."—Washington Star.

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Have you ever suffered from the painful, nervous, ever with you 'ache of a hard or soft corn? Here's a cure—simple, pleasant, giving instant relief. Ab. the blissful happiness of but one application!
If you will cut this notice out and send it along with twenty cents in stamps to Painless Corn Cure Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, postpaid, ten applications free—these keep for years.

Vitality of Seeds.
Recent experiments made in Geneva showed that seeds of corn, oats, etc., can be exposed for several months to a temperature of forty degrees below zero without losing their vitality.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever be manly, energetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or 1.00. Curo guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Emile Richelbourg, the French novelist, is said to have amassed \$400,000 in twenty years by writing sensational serial stories for Le Petit Journal.



Yoke Fellows.

Many women work too hard. There is no question about that. If they did not have Love for a yoke-fellow they could never endure the daily, hourly grind and drudgery of life. But they bear it cheerfully, sustained by loving thoughts of husband and children.

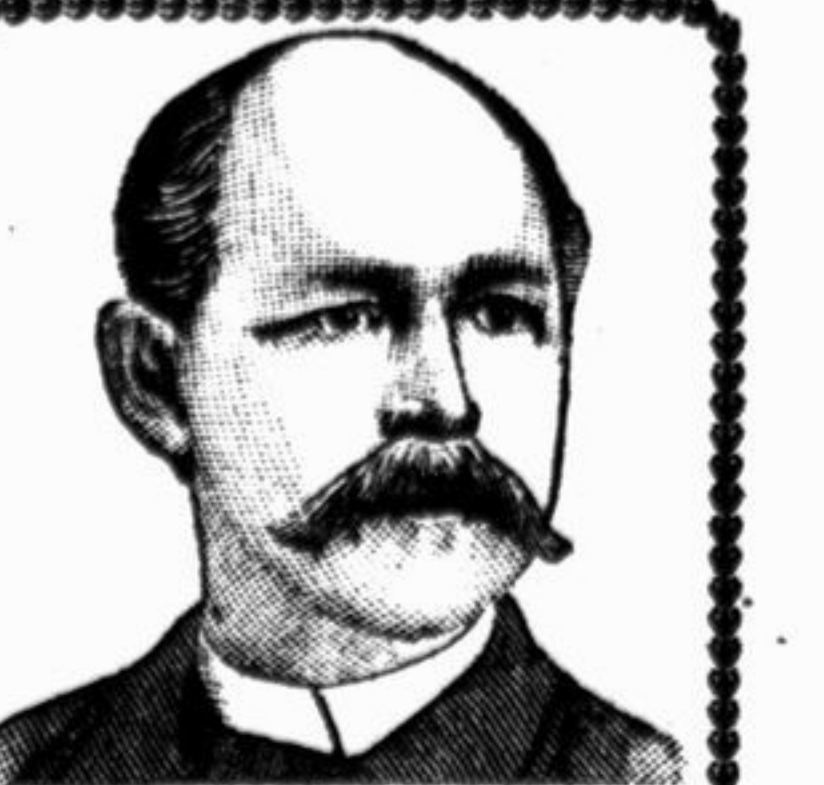
But when physical weakness or disease is added to a woman's burden it becomes altogether too heavy. No woman can be cheerful or hopeful who is dragged down by continual pain and physical wretchedness.

The special weaknesses peculiar to the feminine organism are comparatively easy to overcome if the earlier symptoms are given proper attention. But if allowed to go unchecked, they are liable to develop into serious, chronic complications. Any woman afflicted with these delicate ailments ought to have the immediate aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a perfect and unfailing specific for all diseases of the feminine organs. It was devised for this one purpose, and accomplishes this purpose as no other medicine has ever done.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the "Hospital and Surgical Institute," at Buffalo, N. Y., where in conjunction with his staff of associate specialists, he has successfully treated many thousand cases of "female complaint."

No physician living has had a more extended opportunity to study this class of diseases in actual practice. No medicine ever invented has done for women what his "Favorite Prescription" has.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.



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For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors. Indorsed by 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at \$3.00. It is made in all the LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather. Our dealer in a town given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for Tower's Fish Brand Pommel Slicker. It is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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