

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicine is dangerous.

The thing to do is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Which thoroughly cleanse the blood, expelling all humors and building up the whole system. They cure

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Franks, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time; and Miss Alvina Walter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of Hood's than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keep the promise.

Tea in a "Reservoir."

Here is a good story about a woman of the "new-rich" type who set up a pretentious establishment in New York with the view of gaining an entrance into society. Among her choice possessions was a Russian tea urn wrought in embossed brass. The term for this device is "samovar," and the woman treated her new urn like a new toy. She gave a reception in order to exploit her tea device, and her guests were in continued subdued fits of laughter because their hostess said: "I do so love tea out of a reservoir. This reservoir came from Russia. Of course it is really a tea urn, but I prefer the national term, don't you?"—New York Press.

A Good Guess.

"John Jones, the patient who came in a little while ago," said the attendant in the out-patient department, "didn't give his occupation."

"What was the nature of his trouble?" asked the resident physician.

"Injury at the base of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Family Help.

Newlywed—Do you think you can help me to economize?"

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, John, I never told you before. I can do my own mauling!—New York Sun.

When a woman reads her husband's old love letters, a certain expression gets into her eyes, and she says, disdainfully: "My, how he has changed."

Mistake in a Street Car.

Said a man on a street car who had already given up his seat as he nudged a familiar friend who still kept his: "Why don't you get up and give the woman a seat?"

She who was standing, glared at him.

"Sir!" she said, "I will have you to know I am a lady!"

"Ah! Beg your pardon, madam," he replied politely, "I took you for a woman!"—Portland Oregonian.

Education in Russia.

Of the children of school age in Russia 17,000,000 are receiving no instruction.

Quieting His Fears.

He—And what do you suppose your father would say if I told him I was an actor?

She—He'd say 'Rats!' I guess.

MACHINE TO BLOW GLASS.

One of the Most Marvelous Concoctions in the World of Industry.

Glass has at last been successfully blown by machinery and, as has generally been the case when mechanical means supersede hand methods, all feats of hand-blowing have been outdone.

The secret of the remarkable invention is still hidden, but specimens of the work done have been shown. The cylinders are of immense size, the largest being thirty inches in diameter and fifteen feet long.

The new machine is the invention of John A. Lubbers, a glassblower of Allegheny, Pa. It has been built at the Alexandria, Ind., branch of the American Window Glass Company's plant.

The process of blowing window glass is simple in theory, but difficult in practice. On the end of a long tube a mass of molten glass is collected. This is then heated in a furnace and gradually distended by blowing into a large tube with straight sides.

To accomplish this without the peculiar twisting and manipulation employed by the human glassblower has puzzled many clever inventors, and the Lubbers machine was made successful only after a great many experiments.

Lubbers has invented several labor-saving devices and this latest triumph is likely to make him many times a millionaire when it is generally installed.

Skilled mechanics from the Westinghouse factories in Pittsburgh have been working behind barred gates and high walls for months in the erection and installation of the machines, which no man other than old and skilled employees of the company was allowed to see.

Patents have not yet been granted on certain parts of the machines and therefore the secrecy.

So confident is the company of the merits of the machine that it is preparing to spend thousands of dollars in its installation in all of the forty-one plants controlled by it in various parts of the country.

It is expected that the device will do away with hand blowers altogether. So confident are the men that this will be the case that many are getting out of the business. The better class of blowers earn from \$450 to \$600 a month.—New York World.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children the teething season.

A Business View.

"He goes to church regularly now. I understand."

"Yes."

"And he never used to go before?"

"No."

"What's the reason?"

"In a generous moment he was induced to subscribe to the church fund, and his business training teaches him to always get the worth of his money. If they'd got \$100 more from him he'd go to both morning and evening service."—Chicago Post.

If the Enemy Was Obliging.

"I see that Prof. Langley's airship is to be used in warfare," remarked the man in the end seat of the open car.

"I suppose it could be utilized in that way," thoughtfully observed the man beside him, "if the enemy could be coaxed to wait around until it fell upon them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two of a Kind.

She—If there's any one I detest more than another it's a man who is forever talking shop.

He—Yes, he's almost as tiresome as the woman who is constantly talking shopping.—Cassell's London Journal.

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

The man who in his zeal had ventured into Potter's Court did not betray by any change of feature his sense of the danger which seemed hanging over him. It was not an enviable position, but his coolness did not desert him. Had it not been for the clanging of bolts below and for the careful locking up of the house he would have been disposed to regard the arrival of Thomas Eastbell and his companion in a friendly spirit, despite the scowls with which they favored him and the anxious faces of the women.

"Hanged if I didn't think so!" exclaimed Thomas Eastbell, alias Vizobini, to the crowned-head patronage department; "so this is why you have been creeping about the Saxe-Gotha, is it? Well, what have I done, that you come into my crib in this way? What have you got to say?" he roared forth in a louder key.

"That you keep too big a fire for the time of the year, and that it isn't good for your health," said Reuben, in a quiet tone of voice. "I have come to see your sister."

"Well, that's uncommon kind of you." "Tom," said Sarah, at this juncture, "this is Mr. Culwick—your Mr. Culwick—our second cousin. You have heard me speak of him. You must not attempt in any way to interfere with him."

"What business has he with you? Why can't he mind his own business and let you alone?" cried Tom. "What's this second-cousin chap to us? What good is he? What notice has he ever taken of us till now? Hang me! I don't believe he's a cousin at all, but a policeman trying to work up a case against people more honest than himself."

"I came to help your sister."

"Oh, that's it! Eh?" The interrogative was addressed to the man looking over his shoulder, who had touched his arm and whispered in his ear, keeping his eyes fixed upon Reuben meanwhile.

"My friend remarks," said Mr. Eastbell, with a grim smile, "that if you have come to help the family, perhaps you will be kind enough to prove your words by doing the handsome to us people out of luck."

"You mean give you money? Then, gentlemen, I am sorry that I can't help you."

"But you must," growled forth the man in the background, who had recently whispered to Tom Eastbell; "you've walked in without leave after the gal, and you'll pay your footing before you go." "I think not," said Reuben Culwick. "Then you'll have to stop," cried the man. "The house's locked up for the night, and we can't afford to part with you; can we, mate?" "Am I to understand that I'm a prisoner?" inquired Reuben, sternly. "There's men down stairs who say you're a spy on them," said Tom, in further explanation, "and they're Irish, and soon riled."

"I am not afraid of them." "Ask my sister; p'raps you'll take her word. Sally," he said, "will the Petersons stand as much of this man as I have?"

"They will not come up here," cried Sarah.

"They're sitting on the stairs waiting," said Tom, "and they will know all about this fellow. They're as sure as I am that he is a detective. What now?" as cold air rushed in, and Mrs. Eastbell began to cough herself to pieces.

"There's mischief meant," cried Sarah; "I shan't leave this window while Mr. Culwick remains, and I will scream my heart out if you touch him. This is a dreadful house, sir," she said to Reuben, "with dreadful men in it. Be on your guard."

"Come back from that window," roared Tom.

"I will do nothing of the kind," cried Sarah, standing there erect and defiant, "till Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this place I'll not move away."

"Don't you see how you're making your sister-in-law cough, you brute?" said Thomas Eastbell. "If we were the Forty Thieves you couldn't make more fuss. Why—"

He was sidling step by step toward his sister as he spoke, when Reuben Culwick crossed the room in one stride, and thrust him forcibly away before his panther-like spring could fasten on her. It was a bold move, assuming the offensive in this fashion, but Reuben had grown angry at restraint, and it was the time to act or never. Reuben's thrust sent him staggering with violence against his friend, who, taken off his guard, received Tom's bullet-head between his eyes, and fell backward into the passage, with Tom on the top of him. The clear doorway suggested a temporary expedient, and Reuben closed the door quickly, locked it with the key and set his foot against the lower portion of the woodwork.

"There'll be murder done now," said Mrs. Eastbell, wringing her hands; "oh, you fool to come to this place! Call out you'll give 'em money or they can have your watch—say something. They're coming up the stairs."

"Who are they?" asked Reuben, sternly now.

"Coiners!" He could hear the trampling rush of heavy feet up the stairs, and then the door creaked and shook with the heavy pressure of shoulders from without. Sarah Eastbell was as good as her word. Her watchful dark eyes had observed the door vibrating, and a scream of extraordinary shrillness and volume startled the echoes of Potter's Court.

"Oh! don't, Sally—it's only their fun, perhaps," cried Mrs. Eastbell; but Sally

screamed again with fifty horse-power, and then swept from the window sill a whole collection of flower pots, which descended with a tremendous crash on to the paved footway below. The pressure against the door ceased, as though the people in the house had stopped to listen; the windows of other houses in Potter's Court began opening rapidly; there were voices shouting out innumerable questions; there were three or four shrill whistles, and then the ominous crack of a rattle, followed by another in response, and at a little distance.

"You are safe," said Sarah; "the police are coming."

Presently the street door below was being unfastened in response to solemn knocks without, and then the ponderous, unmistakable boots of the metropolitan force were heard clumping up the stairs. Reuben unlocked the room door, and Thomas Eastbell, white as a ghost, crawled in on his hands and knees, took a harlequin's dive into bed, and drew the tattered coverlet to his chin. The burly figures of three policemen were in the room in an instant or two afterward.

"Now, then, what's the row?" said the principal spokesman; "who's been trying to throw the other out of the window?" "Who's been melting lead?" inquired another, whom the peculiar nature of the atmosphere had impressed, as it had done Reuben at an earlier hour.

No one had been throwing another out of the window, whined forth Mrs. Eastbell, no one had been melting lead or anything. They had had a little wrangle as it got late, and just as their cousin was going home, and the flower pots somehow gave away and fell into the court, which frightened the gal at the window, who began to scream. The policeman who had first spoken listened to this explanation with a stolid stare upon his countenance; the second official, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, opened all the drawers and cupboards, and examined their contents; the third man inspected Mr. Thomas Eastbell, as he lay recumbent, and inconvenienced him by giving him the benefit of the glare from a bull's-eye lantern on his face.

"Come, that sham won't do, young feller," said he; "is there any complaint to make?"

No one had any complaint to make. Reuben had crossed to Sarah.

"Here is your chance still. Will you leave this place?"

"Not yet," she answered; "not till Tom's safe."

"Good-by, then."

Reuben went out of the room, and the policemen followed him downstairs and into the court.

He somewhat ungratefully left the triumvirate who had arrived in good time to his rescue. But he could not explain, and it seemed the better policy to be silent for Second-cousin Sarah's sake. She wished it—and it was she who had saved him from danger. He had to think again of the way to save her, now that he had become more than ever resolved to get her away from Potter's Court.

CHAPTER X.

Reuben Culwick did not in any way attempt to account for his late hours to the inmates of Hope Lodge. He was the master of his own actions, which no one, he felt, had the right to criticize. Hence, with this impression on his mind, the deep reveries of Lucy Jennings, and the staid stares of her brother appeared to be taking him in far too intently, became a source of irritation to him.

"Is anything the matter, Lucy?" he asked at last, one morning.

Lucy Jennings sat down suddenly in the chair nearest to her lodger, and burst forth with her catalogue of wrongs, making amends for all past reserve in one breath.

"It has come to you. You're not the man you have been. You keep away from home too much—you have been seen at low places of amusement—you're going wrong—you—you—you never tell us anything!" cried Lucy, passionately.

"Yes, I have been seen at low places of amusement," said Reuben, quietly, "and my hours of return to Hope Lodge are somewhat irregular at present. And so I am going wrong, Lucy?"

"You are not doing what is right."

"You jump too rapidly at conclusions, after the habit of enthusiasts. I'm not a sinner—that is, no more of a miserable specimen than I was three weeks ago."

"Why did you ask John about the girl in the striped dress, at the Saxe-Gotha?"

"Ah, the rascal has turned king's evidence, then?" cried our hero.

"Why did you ask him not to tell me?—why are you always at the gardens?—why had you the effrontery," she cried, with eyes ablaze now, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to call here for you?"

"What!" shouted Reuben, so forcibly that even Lucy was unprepared for his excitement, and jumped back in her chair some distance from him. "What do you mean?" he continued; "who has been here? Speak out—don't glare at me, you suspicious, heartless, disagreeable woman. What girl called here for me?"

Lucy was very pale, but she held her ground against his rage, though she had never been a witness to it before. He had been always a pleasant man till this day, but now he was full of passion and, perhaps, hate of her. She could understand more clearly now why his quarrel with his father had been a bitter one.

"It was a girl in a striped cotton dress," said Lucy, with emphasis. "She was a pert, insolent, miserably clad woman. She would not answer any of my questions, save that you had told her to

call, and she grew impertinent at last."

"You sent her away?"

"Yes. She said that she would never come again."

"Because of your hardness and harshness?"

"She carried effrontery and desperation in her face."

"It's a lie!" shouted Reuben Culwick; "you don't know what you are doing, what you have done, in your heartlessness. There was a soul to be saved, and you have wrecked it."

"No," said Lucy, growing paler still, "you don't mean—"

"I mean that that girl is my cousin, for whom you tried to obtain an honest place in life," he replied, "for whose salvation I have been struggling after my useless fashion. I found her in London, and tried to save her from the evil that was surrounding her. She saved my life, perhaps, then, and rendered me forever her debtor. When there was a chance for her, she was to come here. She came," he said, fiercely, "and you sent her away. How will you, with all your narrow views of charity, and God's mercy, and God's vengeance, answer for it, if you have cut from her the last thread which led her to a better life?"

Lucy Jennings was cowed by his reproaches, by his vehemence. Suspicious, awfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror of having cast back a stubborn, willful nature on itself rose before her even in more terrible colors than he had painted it.

"Why—why didn't you tell me?" she gasped forth; "why didn't you trust me? I will find her," said Lucy, very meekly now. "I will bring her back."

"It is impossible."

"I will tell her that I was wrong in my judgment. I will ask her pardon. You must not charge the loss of this girl to me. Where did you see her last?"

"In Potter's Court."

"I know it—in the Walworth road," said Lucy; "it is part of my mission to go among the people there. What is the number of the house?"

"Two."

"Where the Petersons live—the Irish people. I will go at once; don't judge me too harshly, till I have made amends for my mistake," she pleaded.

"It is too late," said Reuben, gloomily; "the house was empty two days since. There were coiners in it, and the suspicion that I might betray them, or that the police were on the scent, led them to leave the premises."

"I will find them," said Lucy; "I am known. People trust me there, who know me better than you do," she added, almost disdainfully again.

Lucy Jennings walked out of the room with her hands rigidly clasped together; in a few minutes afterward she had passed out of the house.

It was late, and when John Jennings and Reuben had taken counsel together and had arrived at the conclusion that she would not return that night, Lucy, stiff-backed and grim, came up the front garden with a tall girl, who walked with difficulty, resting on her arm.

"Here's your Second-cousin Sarah," she said to Reuben, in her old jerky manner, as the two women came into the house.

"I am glad that you have come," said Reuben, heartily. "John, this is my Second-cousin Sarah."

"How d'ye do, marm?" said Mr. Jennings, with a solemn bow.

Sarah Eastbell was very like Sarah Eastbell's ghost, as she looked from one to another, and tried hard to raise a smile, without success.

"Can't you find the girl a seat, instead of staring at her," said Lucy, sharply, to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair.

"You have been ill," said Reuben to his cousin, as she sat down wearily; "how's that?"

"Not ill exactly. A little weak, perhaps," answered Sarah; "I shall be better in a minute."

"I am very glad that you have found her, Lucy," said Reuben to Miss Jennings, who was untying her bonnet strings in rather a violent manner; "you will let me thank you for all the trouble that you have taken?"

"I never cared for people's thanks," she answered.

"She has been very good to me," Sarah Eastbell murmured; "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard—but my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I think."

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"I don't want rest—only a few hours, that is," said Sarah, correcting herself, "and then I hope to set off to Worcester. I have been thinking of what you said to me at Potter's Court, and when Tom and his wife left me in the lurch—they went away in the night while I was asleep, as if they had grown suddenly afraid of me—I came to this place. I wanted you to take me down to Worcester, to stand by me. Besides, I want you to have the five pounds."

"What five pounds?" asked Reuben; "that I gave your grandmother when—"

"Oh, no—not that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pounds reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through you I'm giving myself up. I shall say you have caught me, and—"

"Here—hold hard—that will do—no more of your highly colored fictions, Cousin Sarah; it's time you gave them up, at any rate," he cried; "and as for the blood money, upon my honor, you turn me to gossamer at the thought of it."

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as anybody else?" said Sarah reflectively.

"Suppose we argue the case in the morning?"

"As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah—very well. This good woman who traced me to-day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way. And I may rest here to-night?" turning to Lucy Jennings.

"You will share my bed," said Lucy.

(To be continued.)

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