

Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.

The largest mammoth found in Siberia measured 17 feet long and 10 feet in height. The tusks weighed 300 pounds. The head without the tusks weighed 414 pounds.

The July Century will be a fiction number, although the advance announcements give promise of notable features of interest for serious readers. Besides further chapters of the serials, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth of Washington" and Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," there will be nine short stories in the number, Miriam Michelson, author of "In the Bishop's Carriage," contributing another Madigan story. There will be stories also by Margaret Deland, Bertha Runkle, and Gouverneur Morris.

Making Him Comfortable.
New Boarder (shivering)—This stove is too small for this room.
Landlady (kindly)—So it is. I'll have it moved into a smaller room for you.

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Not Easily Done.
Housekeeper (captiously)—I believe that condensed milk of yours is mostly water.
Manufacturer (quietly)—Madam, have you ever tried to condense water?

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Then He Got Busy.
Tom—For the last hour I have been watching for an opportunity to steal a kiss.
Bess—Indeed! Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to consult an oculist?

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

A Practical Girl.
He—I know my income is small, but don't you think we could get along?
She—I'm afraid not.
He—You told me that you went to a cooking school.
She—Yes, but they did not teach me how to make wind pudding.

SLEEPING VOLCANOES

A thin, vapory smoke, lazily ascending from its crater, may be the only visible sign of life in the sleeping volcano; but within is a raging sea of fire, molten rock and sulphurous gases. Those who make their homes in the peaceful valleys below know the danger, and though frequently warned by the rumblings and quakings, these signs of impending eruption go unheeded. They are living in fancied security; when the giant awakes with deafening roars, and they are lost beneath a downpour of heated rock and scalding ashes. Thousands of blood poison sufferers are living upon a sleeping volcano, and are taking desperate chances, for under the mercury and potash treatment the external symptoms of the disease disappear, and the deluded victim is happy in the belief of a complete cure; but the fires of contagion have only been smothered in the system, and as soon as these minerals are left off will blaze up again. Occasional sores break out in the mouth, a red rash appears on the body, and these warning symptoms, if not heeded, are soon followed by fearful eruptions, sores, copper-colored splotches, swollen glands, loss of hair and other sickening symptoms. Mercury and potash not only fail to cure blood poison, but cause mercurial Rheumatism, necrosis of the bones, offensive ulcers and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. The use of S. S. S. is never followed by any such bad results. It cures without the slightest injury to the system. We offer \$1,000 for proof that it contains a mineral of any description. S. S. S. is an antidote for contagious blood poison, it destroys every atom of the virus and purifies and strengthens the blood and builds up the general health.

SSS

We will mail free our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, with full directions for home treatment. Medical advice is furnished by our physicians without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Kind-Hearted.

The tenderest heart may exist in spite of the roughest exterior. A little fox terrier had been left outside a Boston store by its owner. Evidently the dog had not been long in the city, for it trembled with fright at being out of the protecting presence of its master. As it lay crouching in the doorway a huge laborer came along. Reaching down pityingly, he stroked the wee animal, speaking a few soothing words at the same time. The result was that the fear in the dog's heart subsided. It wagged its tail knowingly and licked the kind-hearted man's hand. When it was left alone it sat up bravely, as though feeling assured that human beings would do it no harm.

Strong Language.

Fredericksburg, Ind., June 20.—Rev. Enoch P. Stevens of this place uses strong language in speaking of Dodd's Kidney Pills and he gives good reasons for what he says:

"I can't praise Dodd's Kidney Pills too much," says Mr. Stevens. "They have done me so much good. I was troubled with my kidneys so much that I had to get up two or three times in the night and sometimes in the day when starting to the waterhouse the water would come from me before getting there. Two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me entirely."

"I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to many people and have never yet heard of a failure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the things for Kidney Diseases and Rheumatism."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys. Good Kidneys insure pure blood. Pure blood means good health.

Horror of Solitude.

Mr. Minks (reading)—"The captain's wife was the only one who escaped, and she was thrown by the waves upon the beach of an uninhabited island."

Mrs. Minks—Poor thing! How did she ever button her dress in the back the next morning?

FITS Permanently Cured. No floor nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 937 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Warned in Time.

Old Dumps—A penny for your thoughts.

Young Gumps—I am trying to remember what it was my wife wanted me to bring home.

Old Dumps—My! My! Don't do it. Remembering the things a wife wants you to bring home is a mighty bad habit. By the time you've been married ten years, she'll be giving you a list as long as the tariff law.

Keeley LIQUOR-MORPHINE-TOBACCO HABITS PERMANENTLY CURED FOR FULL PARTICULARS ADDRESS THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, PORTLAND, ORE.

Righteous Indignation.

Mrs. Youngma—Oh! I'm so boiling over with righteous indignation I don't know what to do. I'd—I'd like to bite somebody.

Friend—Whom?

"Whom? Why, those coarse, brutal, inhuman owners of the St. Quiet Flats. They refused to rent to me."

"Everybody knows that they object to children, my dear."

"Yes, of course—but they objected to mine."



Bowling Green, Ky., Mar. 24, 1902.
Gentlemen: For over four years I suffered greatly from a severe case of contagious blood poison. I went to Hot Springs, staying there four months at a big expense. I then consulted physicians, who prescribed Mercury. Nothing did me any good; in fact, the treatment proved more harmful than beneficial. I mentioned my case to a friend, who told me that S. S. S. had certainly cured him. I at once commenced its use, and after continuing it for sometime could find no trace of the disease whatever. This was about two years ago. I can truthfully say I am entirely well.
D. M. SANDERS.

As he spoke, the roar deepened to a crash, and we could distinctly hear the sea grinding on the pebbles, right above our heads. It seemed momentarily as if the whole fabric of the rock would break in, under the flux and reflux of the rolling waves. I saw Redruth start back and glance toward the gallery down which we had come. But he recovered his sang froid in a moment.

"How thick is the ceiling here, Trelawney?" he asked.

"Six feet at the thickest, sir; at the thinnest, where you see the wooden plug, not more than three."

Young Redruth looked up again, and taking a candle from his person, examined the rock. It was actually percolated with sea water oozing through the solid granitic mass, but through all the

MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER VII.

Thus began my knowledge of the mine; from that day forth my interest in it deepened, and it haunted me like a passion. Its darkness and perils had a fascination for me, and I was not content till I had explored every cranny and familiarized myself with the mining art or science. I read every book on the subject that I could buy or borrow, and in a short time I could have passed a pretty stiff examination as an engineer.

I must now pass over, at one swift bound, a lapse of eight years. During that time I had exchanged the duties of clerk for that of assistant overseer, and then, on the death of Mr. Redruth, for those of overseer-in-chief. Behold me, then, at twenty-two years of age, the mainstay of the Pendragon household—rough, robust, full of strength, and its rude pride. In my twenty-second year occurred an event which was destined to exercise no little influence over my whole future life.

I was standing one day on the cliffs, close to the mouth of the mine, when I saw two figures coming from the direction of the village. One was my cousin Annie, now a comely young woman; the other was young George Redruth, whom I had scarcely set eyes upon since the time of his father's death.

They were talking earnestly, and did not seem at first to notice me; but presently I saw Annie give a startled look in my direction, and afterward they approached together. He strolled up carelessly, swinging his cane and smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Trelawney," he said, with a nod; "your cousin Annie has been telling me that there are complaints again about the outlying shafts of the mine. So I'm going down to have a look round."

"Very well, sir," I replied, wondering in my own mind why Annie had chosen to make herself the mouthpiece of the men.

"I suppose it's safe enough," he said, after a moment. "You know, though I am a mine owner, I don't know much about the business; I used to leave all that to the governor."

"It is only right," was my reply, "that you should judge its safety for yourself. If anything happened, you would be responsible."

"For the men, of course; but it's their living, and no doubt they know how to look after themselves. Be good enough to make all ready, Trelawney, for I'm going down at once."

I walked off toward the office. Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him glance after me, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, say something to Annie. My blood boiled angrily, and my cheeks grew crimson. I could have turned back and struck him in the face. Close to the office I found my uncle, who had just come up from underground. I told him the young master was going down, and he was delighted.

"He's a brave lad, Master Jarge," he cried. "I'll gaw w' 'un, and shaw 'un where the wall be breaking down."

Presently Redruth came along, and followed be into the office, where several woolen costumes were hanging. He laughed gaily, as he transformed himself into a miner. My uncle led the way down the trap, showing infinite care and tenderness for the young master. The earth soon swallowed us, and the only light we had was the light of the candles stuck in our hats.

From ladder to ladder we went, till we reached the central platform. Then down we crept again, till we reached the lowest galleries, and became conscious of the game-like figures at work in the submarine darkness. My uncle still led the way, stopping from time to time to pilot Redruth over awkward stones and dangerous trap-holes. Our progress was now very slow. Walking, stooping, crawling, climbing, descending, we proceeded; now crossing black abysses, thinly covered with quaking planks; past wild figures kneeling or lying, and laboring with short pickaxes at the ore; and as we went, the roar which had been in our ears from the beginning deepened, while the solid rocks above us seemed quaking in the act to fall.

"Where are we now?" asked the young master.

"Whar, Master Jarge?" repeated my uncle, with a friendly grin, "right down under the sea. Twenty fathoms under the sea level, and three hundred feet, or more, out beyond low water mark."

"Well, where's the damage? It all seems snug enough."

"Come this way, Master Jarge!" said my uncle, crawling forward, until we reached a narrow space with just room for two of us to stand abreast. Suddenly, we found ourselves ankle deep in water, and at the same time thick drops like heavy rain fell from the rocks above us. My uncle reached up with his hands, and touched the roof, which was partially fortified with wood and cement.

"I plugged this year last night, Master Jarge," he explained; "the salt water were streaming in like a fall."

As he spoke, the roar deepened to a crash, and we could distinctly hear the sea grinding on the pebbles, right above our heads. It seemed momentarily as if the whole fabric of the rock would break in, under the flux and reflux of the rolling waves. I saw Redruth start back and glance toward the gallery down which we had come. But he recovered his sang froid in a moment.

"How thick is the ceiling here, Trelawney?" he asked.

"Six feet at the thickest, sir; at the thinnest, where you see the wooden plug, not more than three."

Young Redruth looked up again, and taking a candle from his person, examined the rock. It was actually percolated with sea water oozing through the solid granitic mass, but through all the

dampness and sliminess the stripes of pure copper ran in rich bars, forming part of the finest and most precious lode in the whole mine.

"Why, it's almost solid ore," he said. "Iss, Master Jarge," returned my uncle, "but we can't go no further this way without flooding the shaft. It would be worth thousands o' pounds to gaw on, and 'twill cost a heap to keep tight and safe as it be."

The young master made no further remark just then, but continued his examination of the other parts of the mine. In several other places the roof was dangerous. My uncle pointed out the various unsafe portions.

At last we re-ascended to the sunshine. How bright and dazzling all seemed after that subaqueous darkness! Redruth seemed in a brown study. Not until he had washed himself any reassured his ordinary attire, did he find his tongue. By this time, my uncle had returned to his labors down below.

"Is there anything else you wish to report?" asked Redruth, sharply, as we stood together at the office door.

"Nothing more than I have already reported in writing. The whole mine wants repair. Putting aside the outlying galleries, where the sea may enter at any minute, the engines and machinery need replacing, the ladders are rotten; in fact, everything is in the last stage of decay; and no wonder, seeing that scarcely a penny has been spent on it within my memory."

"You are a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow. You want to ruin me, eh?"

"At any rate, sir," I returned, following him, "you will have the outer galleries filled up, at once? If you don't I'll not answer for the consequences."

"Who asked you?" he cried. "Your place is to report, not to advise. As to ceasing to work the outer galleries, I suppose you know that the richest lode of ore runs there, and that the inner portion of the mine is almost barren? You seem to prefer mutiny and disaffection to study of your employer's interests. I tell you flatly, I don't intend to listen to such nonsense. Thanks to you, the mine at present yields little or no profit, and I am in a fair way to become a beggar."

"Then you will do nothing?"

"I will do nothing under your advice, for I don't trust you. A gentleman in whom I have the utmost confidence will be here to-morrow morning. You will accompany him down the mine, and you will show him what you have shown me. I shall then be guided by his advice, not by yours."

Soon after sunrise the next morning, I sat in the office, I was visited by the person to whom young Redruth had alluded. He was a thin, spare, sandy-haired young man of about thirty, with a mean type of countenance, and an accent which was a curious compound of Cockneyisms and Americanisms. He had been born within the sound of Bow Bells; but having spent a portion of his manhood in the United States, he affected the free and easy manners of a Yankee citizen, telling me his name was Ephraim Johnson, a civil engineer, from New York. He informed me that he had been instructed by Mr. George Redruth to go down the mine, and report on its prospects and conditions.

I treated him as civilly as possible, and we made the tour of inspection together. When we came to the outlying gallery, above which the sea was thundering, he trembled a good deal and gave other signs of agitation, and he did not recover himself until he had regained the open air. Curious to know what he would say to his employer, I questioned him:

"Well, Mr. Johnson? Did I exaggerate when I said that the mine was unsafe?"

He answered me sharply and impudently, but averting his small, keen eyes from mine.

"Excuse me, young man, I shall report my opinion to Mr. George Redruth, not to you. I don't mind saying, however, that I guess you did exaggerate, on the whole."

"You didn't seem to express that opinion when you were down below?"

"What do you mean?" he cried, turning crimson.

"I mean that you seemed rather in a hurry to get back to the terra firma, up here!"

He did not reply, but gave me a look full of malignity and dislike. Then he walked out of the office, but the next minute he put his head in again at the door.

"You think yourself smart," he said; "but you'll have to get up early before you're as smart as me. I mean to do my duty, young man, and so you'll find afore very long."

He left me with this curious valediction. I saw neither Redruth nor Johnson for some days. Then I heard casually that the latter had gone back to London. About a week after his departure, I saw it publicly announced that arrangements had been made with George Redruth, Esq., the proprietor, to turn St. Gurlott's copper mine into a joint stock company, the said George Redruth, Esq., receiving half the purchase money and retaining the other half in fully paid up shares. Nothing was said about the precise amount of commission money which went into the pocket of Mr. E. S. Johnson, but the name of that worthy was down on the prospectus as surveyor and inspecting engineer, and I had no doubt whatever in my own mind that he had made a very excellent bargain.

CHAPTER VIII.

A little after the establishment of the London company, Johnson came down to St. Gurlott's and took lodgings in a farm house in the neighborhood. Although the stranger was formally installed as resident inspector and supervisor, no attempt was made as yet to remove me

from my former position. I soon saw that Johnson was completely in young Redruth's confidence. Under his advice, nothing whatever was done to amend the condition of affairs in the mine, the fittings and machinery of which remained as dilapidated as ever. On my own responsibility, however, I closed up the dangerous outer galleries, and forbade the men, on pain of dismissal, from working the ore in that direction. Although Johnson heard of this, and doubtless reported it to his superior, neither of them made any communication to me on the subject—just then.

I had noticed for several weeks that some important secret communion was going on between my uncle and aunt. What it was all about I couldn't guess, but it was evidently connected in some way with myself. I often caught them looking at me, and, when detected, exchanging glances of infinite meaning. I was beginning to think of asking for an explanation, when accident made me acquainted with the whole mystery.

I had returned home one evening too late for the ordinary tea, and was sitting taking mine alone, waited on by Annie, as I had to return to the office again that night, and might probably have to go down the mine. The meal over, I got up and wished them all good-night.

"Don't sit up for me!" I said, "I shall be late to-night."

"Where are you going to, Hugh?" asked Annie, carelessly.

"Back to the office. I've got to go down the mine again, too."

I put my arm around her shoulders—gave her a kiss—at which my aunt and uncle laughed delightedly.

I had gone only a little way, when I suddenly remembered that certain account books which I should need that night were in my room at the cottage. I turned back to get them. When I reached the cottage it was quite dark. I paused before the kitchen window, which was open, for the night was sultry, and looked in.

My aunt and uncle still sat in much the same position they had occupied when I left them, but Annie was gone. I was about to put my head in at the window, and acquaint them with my return, when I heard the mention of my own name.

"Yes," said my aunt, nodding her head, "I ha' watched 'em, and I know Annie favors Hugh, if ever any lass favored a lad."

"Well, I do hope you're right, Martha," my uncle returned. "He be a good lad, and I shall be glad to call him my son."

I heard no more—I felt like a man who had received a knock-down blow, and I staggered under it a bit. Annie love me?—the old people planning our marriage? It was all so new it took me a time to recover. But was it true? Were they right? Did my cousin really care for me? I glanced back on all the years we had been together, and I concluded that after all it might be possible. But then of late she had so changed. I had noticed that, and wondered a bit; now the meaning of it seemed clear. Annie, my little cousin Annie, whom I had ever regarded as a sister and a child, had developed into a woman and was capable of feeling a woman's love.

I began to analyze my own feelings, and to pronounce upon them. My affection for her was of that strong, deep nature that I might have mistaken it for love, if that one all-absorbing episode of my school days had never been. Even after a lapse of years, the thought of Madeline made my blood tingle in my veins, and my heart beat painfully. Of all this the old people knew nothing; they had evidently made up their minds that Annie and I were exactly suited to one another, and ought to be man and wife. Before I had time to think very deeply on the subject, the kitchen door opened, and Annie herself appeared on the threshold. She wore a long black cloak, which she folded tightly around her shoulders; its hood covered her head.

"I am going down to the village. I shan't be long," I heard her say, in answer to her mother's question.

(To be continued.)

Snowballs Brought Water.

"Speaking of drinking water," said one of a group of men waiting for the shower to pass over, "the best I ever drank was on my uncle's farm, down in Brown county."

"We lived on top of a clay hill, and had a well very deep, sixty feet, I reckon; but it never had any water in it till ten years ago. A heavy snow fell that winter, and he filled the well with snowballs. He rolled up balls until they were large enough to go into the well cleverly, and then dumped them in until it was packed to the top. They were packed so closely that they did not melt until late the following summer, but when they did they produced a supply of water I never saw surpassed for purity, softness or coolness. It was delicious."

"Strange to say, this well, always dry before, has produced a plentiful supply since. The water, while not as good as that from the snowballs, is still excellent, and celebrated throughout the neighborhood."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Great Praise.

"I have always heard it said that your wife is a woman of her word," said Gazzam to Bickers.

"That's quite right," added Bickers, "quite right. She is not only a woman of her word, but a woman of a good many words."

The Penicils.

Opdyke—What's the use of arguing with a woman? You can never convince her.

Depeyster—True—but think of the pleasure it gives the woman.—Town and Country.

It Appealed.

"Can you give me a short name for my new automobile—something appealing?"

"Yes. 'Call it an automob.'"