

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to rid you of it radically and permanently. Accept no substitute, but insist on having Hood's. Liquid or tablets, 100 Doses \$1.

"Dust Devils" of Nile Valley.

Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are "dust devils" seen by an explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, "and if they be well-matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined rush on together." Some of these whirlwinds will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or send a goat spinning round and round like a top.

Makes a Difference.

Dwellers in apartment houses sometimes seem to forget that conversations in the entrance halls may be overheard by other tenants. This was the greeting which a belated husband received at the door of his apartment recently: "Don't talk to me! I know very well what you would say! But I know—you have been off playing poker and lost all your money!" "No, I didn't, my dear; I won twenty dollars," was the conciliating answer.

The other voice suddenly modulated. "Well, perhaps after all we women are a little too severe—a man should have a little recreation now and then."

Wrongly Reported.

Tommy Wrott—Did you tell a friend of mine the other day that I was the biggest fool in town? Lotta Guph—Never! All I said was that you were the biggest fool for the opportunities you'd had.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. Today, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Farmer and the Party Wire.

When the independent telephone companies first began to come together in conventions to exchange experiences, one fact was always commented upon with great curiosity by the managers of town or city plants, says Success. This was that they invariably met with failure in their endeavors to induce farmers to put in what are known as "lockout" devices, by means of which every telephone on a party line becomes practically a private wire.

In cities, the party line is considered a great nuisance, because there is no privacy in conversations, and all the bells on the line are rung each time a subscriber calls. Naturally, the managers of plants figured that this objection prevailed in the country also; but, almost without exception, they found that one of the great attractions to the farmer was that his telephone did ring every time the other sixteen or twenty people on the line rang up, and that he could hear or be overheard in conversation. It was a practical demonstration of the social hunger the farmer has endured for centuries, and which is now ended, thanks to the arrival of telephone competition.

St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

England's Oldest Peer.

The only living peer who was a member of the house of lords at the time of Queen Victoria's accession is Lord Nelson. He succeeded to the earldom in 1835. Lord Nelson is not a direct descendant of the hero of Trafalgar, but is only collaterally descended from Horatio Nelson's sister, Mrs. Bolton. He enjoys a good estate and a pension of £5,000 granted to the first Lord Nelson and his heirs.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. WEST & THURX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKER, KIMMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Trouble.

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "The other I," said the boy with the curly hair. "Give a sentence containing the phrase." "He winked his other I."

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

A Gallant Boy.

A Bostonian was talking about the late Henry Harland. "Harland was a graceful, gallant soul," he said. "Even in his boyhood he turned the prettiest compliment. 'In his boyhood he studied Latin under a charming young woman.' 'This young lady, calling him up in class one morning, said: 'Henry, name some of the chief beauties of education.' 'The boy, smiling into his teacher's pretty eyes, answered: 'Schoolmistresses.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

For The Term of His Natural Life

By MARCUS CLARKE

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

An hour after sunrise next morning the frail boat, which was the last hope of these four human beings, drifted with the outgoing current toward the mouth of the harbor. When first launched she had come nigh swamping, being overloaded, and it was found necessary to leave behind a great portion of the dried meat. They made a tedious way with their rude oars; a light breeze from the northwest sprang up with the dawn, and, hoisting the goat-skin sail, they crept along the coast. It was resolved that the two men should keep watch and watch; and Frere, for the second time, enforced his authority by giving the first watch to Rufus Dawes. "I am tired," he said, "and shall sleep for a little while."

That night the wind fell, and they had to take their oars. Rowing all night, they made but little progress, and Rufus Dawes suggested that they should put in to the shore, and wait until the breeze sprang up. But, upon getting under the lee of a long line of basaltic rocks which rose abruptly out of the sea, they found the waves breaking furiously upon a horseshoe reef, six or seven miles in length. There was nothing for it but to coast again.

They coasted for two days, without a sign of a sail, and on the third day a great wind broke upon them from the southeast and drove them back thirty miles. The coracle began to leak, and required constant bailing. What was almost as bad, the best part of their water had leaked away also.

The position of the four poor creatures was now almost desperate. Mrs. Vickers, indeed, seemed completely prostrated, and it was evident that, unless some help came, she could not long survive the continued exposure to the weather. The child was in somewhat better case. Rufus Dawes had wrapped her in his woolen shirt, and, unknown to Frere, had divided with her his allowance of meat. She lay in his arms at night, and in the day crept by his side for shelter and protection. As long as she was near him she felt safe. They spoke little to each other, but when Rufus Dawes felt the pressure of her tiny hand in his, or sustained the weight of her head upon his shoulder, he almost forgot the cold that froze him and the hunger that gnawed him.

So two more days passed, and yet no sail! On the tenth day after their departure from Macquarie Harbor they came to the end of their provisions. To add to their distress, the child was seized with fever. She was hot and cold by turns, and in the intervals of moaning talked deliriously. Rufus Dawes, holding her in his arms, watched the suffering he was unable to alleviate, with a savage despair at his heart. Was she to die, after all?

So another day and night passed, and the eleventh morning saw the boat yet alive, rolling in the trough of the same deserted sea. The four exiles lay in her almost without breath. All at once Dawes uttered a cry, and seizing the sheet, put the clumsy craft about. "A sail! a sail!" he cried. "Do you not see us out to sea?"

"There is no sail," said Frere. "You mock us!" The boat, no longer following the line of the coast, was running nearly due south, straight into the great southern ocean. Frere tried to wrest the thong from the hand of the convict, and bring the boat back to her course. "Are you mad," he asked, in fretful terror, "to run us out to sea?" "Sit down," returned the other, with a menacing gesture, and staring across the gray water. "I tell you I see a sail!"

The day had broken, and the dawn, in one long pale streak of sickly saffron, lay low on the left hand. Between this streak of saffron-colored light and the bows of the boat gleamed for an instant a white speck.

Frere, utterly confounded, looked, with his heart in his mouth, and again did the white speck glimmer.

"Sylvia!" cried Rufus Dawes, "Sylvia! My darling! You are saved!" She opened her blue eyes and looked at him, but gave no sign of recognition. Delirium had hold of her, and in the hour of safety the child had forgotten her preserver. Rufus Dawes, overcome by this last cruel stroke of fortune, sat down in the stern of the boat, with the child in his arms speechless. Frere thought that the chance he had so longed for had come. With the mother at the point of death, and the child delirious, who could testify to this hated convict's skillfulness? No one but Mr. Maurice Frere, and Mr. Maurice Frere, as commandant of convicts, could not but give up an "absconder" to justice.

The ship—a brig, with American colors flying—came within hail of them. Frere could almost distinguish figures on her deck. He made his way aft to where Dawes was sitting, unconscious, with the child in his arms, and stirred him roughly with his foot.

"Go forward," he said, in tones of command, "and give the child to me." Rufus Dawes raised his head, and, seeing the approaching vessel, awoke to the consciousness of his duty. With a low laugh, full of unutterable bitterness, he placed the burden he had borne so tenderly in the arms of the lieutenant.

The brig was close upon them. Her canvas loomed large and dusky, shadowing the sea. Her wet decks shone in the morning sunlight. From her bulwarks peered bearded and eager faces, looking with astonishment at this boat

and its haggard company, alone on that barren and stormy ocean.

Frere, with Sylvia in his arms, waited for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Society in Hobart Town, in this year of grace 1838, is, my dear lord, composed of very curious elements." So ran a passage in the sparkling letter which the Rev. Mr. Meekin, newly appointed chaplain, and seven days' resident in Van Diemen's Land, was carrying to the postoffice. Clad in glossy black, of the most fashionable clerical cut, with dandy boots, and gloves of lightest lavender—a white silk overcoat hinting that its wearer was not wholly free from sensitiveness to sun and heat—the Reverend Meekin tripped daintily to the postoffice, and deposited his letter. Two ladies met him as he turned.

Mr. Meekin's elegant hat was raised from his intellectual brow and hovered in the air, like some courteous blackbird, for an instant. "Mrs. Jellicoe! Mrs. Protherick! My dear leddies, this is an unexpected pleasure! And where, pray, are you going on this lovely afternoon? To stay in the house is positively sinful. Ah! what a climate; but the trail of the serpent, my dear Mrs. Protherick—the trail of the serpent—" And he sighed.

"Why, you are going our way," said Mrs. Jellicoe. "We can walk together."

"Delighted! I am going to call on Major Vickers."

"And I live within a stone's throw," returned Mrs. Protherick. "What a charming little creature—his daughter. A sad thing. Quite a romance if it were not so had, you know. His wife, poor Mrs. Vickers!"

"Indeed! What of her?" asked Meekin, bestowing a condescending bow on a passer-by. "Is she an invalid?"

"She is dead, poor soul, returned jolly Mrs. Jellicoe, with a fat sigh. "You don't mean to say that you haven't heard the story, Mr. Meekin?"

"My dear leddies, I have only been in Hobart Town a week, and I have not heard the story."

"It's about the mutiny, you know, the mutiny at Macquarie Harbor. The prisoners took the ship and put Mrs. Vickers and Sylvia ashore somewhere. Captain Frere was with them, too. The poor things had a dreadful time, and nearly died. Captain Frere made a boat at last, and they were picked up by a ship. Poor Mrs. Vickers only lived a few hours, and little Sylvia—she was only twelve years old then—was quite lightheaded. They thought she wouldn't recover. She's quite strong now; but her memory's gone. She doesn't remember anything about the three or four weeks they were ashore—at least not distinctly."

"It's a great mercy," interrupted Mrs. Protherick, determined to keep the post of honor. "Who wants her to remember these horrors? From Captain Frere's account, it was positively awful. A 'bolter'—that's what we call an escaped prisoner, Mr. Meekin—happened to be left behind, and he found them out, and insisted on sharing the provisions—the wretch! Captain Frere was obliged to watch him constantly for fear he should murder them. Even in the boat he tried to run them out to sea and escape. He was one of the worst men in the Harbor, they say. But you should hear Captain Frere tell the story."

"And where is he now?" asked Mr. Meekin, with interest.

"Captain Frere?"

"No, the prisoner."

"Oh, goodness, I don't know—at Port Arthur, I think. I know that he was tried for bolting, and would have been hanged but for Captain Frere's exertions."

"Dear, dear! a strange story, indeed," said Mr. Meekin. "And so the young lady doesn't know anything about it?"

"Only what she's been told, of course, poor dear. She's engaged to Captain Frere."

"Really! To the man who saved her. How charming—quite a romance! Her girlish love clings to her heroic protector. Remarkable and beautiful. Quite the—hem!—the ivy and oak, dear leddies. Ah, in our fallen nature, what sweet spots—I think this is the gate."

A smart convict servant—he had been a pickpocket of note in days gone by—left the clergyman to repose in a handsomely furnished drawing room, whose sun blinds revealed a wealth of bright garden flecked with shadows, while he went in search of Miss Vickers. The major was out, his duties as superintendent of convicts rendering such absences necessary; but Miss Vickers was in the garden, and could be called in at once. The Reverend Meekin, wiping his heated brow, and pulling down his spotless wristbands, laid himself back on the soft sofa, soothed by the elegant surroundings no less than by the coolness of the atmosphere. He was disturbed by the sound of voices in the garden; and going outside saw a young girl talking to one of the servants. She turned, and Mr. Meekin, bowing his apologies, became conscious that the young lady was about seventeen years of age, that her eyes were large and soft, her hair plentiful and bright, and that the hand which held the little book she had been reading was white and small.

"Miss Vickers, I think. My name is Meekin—the Rev. Arthur Meekin."

"How do you do, Mr. Meekin?" said Sylvia, putting out one of her small hands, and looking straight at him.

"Papa will be in directly."

"His daughter more than compensates

for his absence, my dear Miss Vickers."

"I don't like flattery, Mr. Meekin, so don't use it. At least," she added, with a delicious frankness that seemed born of her very brightness and beauty, "not that sort of flattery. Young girls do like flattery, of course. Don't you think so?"

This rapid attack quite disconcerted Mr. Meekin, and he could only bow and smile at the self-possessed young lady.

"You have not been here long, Mr. Meekin," said Sylvia, after a pause.

"No, only a week; and I confess I am surprised. A lovely climate, but, as I said just now to Mrs. Jellicoe, the trail of the serpent—the trail of the serpent—my dear young lady."

"If you send all these wretches here, you must expect the trail of the serpent," said Sylvia. "It isn't the fault of the colony. But don't let us talk about this, Mr. Meekin," she added, pushing back a stray curl of golden hair. "Papa says that I am not to talk about these things, because they are all done according to the rules of the service, as he calls it."

"An admirable notion of papa's," said Meekin, much relieved as the door opened, and Vickers and Frere entered.

Vickers' hair had grown white, but Frere carried his thirty years as easily as some men carry two-and-twenty.

"My dear Sylvia," began Vickers, "here's an extraordinary thing!" And then, becoming conscious of the presence of the agitated Meekin, he paused.

"You know Mr. Meekin, papa?" said Sylvia. "Mr. Meekin, Captain Frere."

"I have that pleasure," said Vickers. "Glad to see you, sir. Pray sit down." Upon which Mr. Meekin beheld Sylvia unaffectedly kiss both gentlemen; but became strangely aware that the kiss bestowed upon her father was warmer than that which greeted her affianced husband.

"Warm weather, Mr. Meekin," said Frere. "Sylvia, my darling, I hope you have not been out in the heat. You have! My dear, I've begged you—"

"It's not hot at all," said Sylvia, pettishly. "Nonsense! I'm not made of butter—I sha'n't melt. Thank you, dear; you needn't pull the blind down." And then, as though angry with herself for her anger, she added, "You are always thinking of me, Maurice," and gave him her hand affectionately.

"It's very oppressive, Captain Frere," said Meekin; "and, to a stranger, quite enervating."

"Ay, to be sure," repeated Vickers. "I hope Sylvia has not been attacking you with her strange theories, Mr. Meekin?"

"Oh, dear, no; not at all," returned Meekin, feeling that this charming young lady was regarded as a creature who was not to be judged by ordinary rules. "We got on famously, my dear major—quite famously."

"That's right," said Vickers. "She is very plain-spoken, is my little girl, and strangers can't understand her sometimes. Can they, Poppet?"

Poppet tossed her head saucily. "I don't know," she said. "Why shouldn't they? But you were going to say something extraordinary when you came in. What is it, dear?"

"Ah," said Vickers, with grave face. "Yes, a most extraordinary thing. They've caught those villains."

"What, you don't mean—No, papa!" said Sylvia, turning round with alarmed face.

In that little family there were, for conversational purposes, but one set of villains in the world—the mutineers of the Osprey.

"They've got four of them in the bay at this moment—Rev. Barker, Shiers and Lesly. They are on board the Lady Jane. The most extraordinary story I ever heard in my life. The fellows got to China, and passed themselves off as shipwrecked sailors. The merchants in Canton got up a subscription and sent them to London. They were recognized there by old Pine, who had been surgeon on board the ship they came out in."

Sylvia sat down on the nearest chair, with heightened color. "And where are the others?"

"Two were executed in England; the other six have not been taken. These fellows have been sent out for trial."

"To what are you alluding, dear sir?" asked Meekin.

"The piracy of a convict brig five years ago," replied Vickers. "The scoundrels put my poor wife and child ashore and left them to starve. If it hadn't been for Frere—God bless him!—they would have died. They shot the pilot and a soldier—and—but it's a long story to tell now."

"I have heard of it already," said Meekin, "and of your gallant conduct, Captain Frere."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Frere, reddening.

Sylvia was staring at the strip of sunshine between the veranda and the blind, as though the bright light might enable her to remember something. "What's the matter?" asked Frere, bending over her.

"I was trying to recollect, but I can't, Maurice. It is all confused. I only remember a great shore and a great sea, and two men, one of whom—that's you, dear—carried me in his arms. Maurice," asked she suddenly, "what became of the other man?"

"Poor Bates?"

"No, not Bates. The prisoner. What was his name?"

"Oh, ah—the prisoner," said Frere, as if he, too, had forgotten. "Why, you know, darling, he was sent to Port Arthur."

"Ah," said Sylvia, with a shudder. "And is he there still?"

"I believe so," said Frere, with a frown.

(To be continued.)

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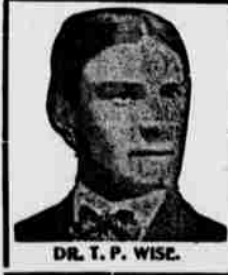
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