

Bad Blood

Is the cause of all humors, eruptions, boils, pimples, scrofulous sores, eczema or salt rheum, as well as of rheumatism, catarrh and other troubles. The greatest blood remedy for all these troubles, proved by its unequalled record of cures, is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Premature.

The owl was exhorting the jaybird to reform. "I know I'm a tough proposition," acknowledged the jay. "But how can you expect me to turn over a new leaf when the trees are only in bud?"

Then with a croaking scream, she went and stole a nest that a trusting robin had just built.

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

Side Lights on History.

Sam Patch was preparing to leap the awful gorge at Niagara falls.

"If anything happens to me," he said, "everybody will say it was because I took a drop too much."

Then, without waiting for the crowd to tumble, he jumped.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

Pleasant for Mice.

"I never knew before what the little chimney back of the gas stove was for," said the girl as she came out of the kitchen and stood in the doorway, "but I know now. It was built for the mice. There is a nest of them in there now as nice and warm as can be."

DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Profit by the Experience of One Who Has Found Relief.

James R. Keeller, retired farmer, of Fenner St., Cazenovia, N. Y., says: "About fifteen years ago I suffered with my back and kidneys. I doctored and used many remedies without getting relief. Beginning with Doan's Kidney Pills, I found relief from the first box, and two boxes restored me to good, sound condition. My wife and many of my friends have used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results and I can earnestly recommend them."

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



GAVE HIM TIT FOR TAT.

Bit of Conversation Heard at an English Railway Station.

Young Stevens was on his way north to spend the week end with his parents and felt in a particularly jovial mood, says Tid-Bits.

The train in which he was traveling stopped at a small village and as a farmer, who was sauntering up and down the platform, came opposite Stevens' compartment, he was asked by that youth if he knew that the Duke of Devonshire was in the train.

Immediately the man showed great interest and said:

"No! Is he?"

"I think he is not," answered Stevens.

"I only asked if you knew that he was." The farmer said nothing but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What's the matter?" Stevens asked.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was the reason for refusing?"

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.

Typewriters Catch Cold.

The employer looked on with a puzzled expression while the new stenographer carried the typewriter across the room and placed it on a chair in the immediate neighborhood of a steam radiator.

"I'll be ready in just a minute, Mr. L—," she said. "The typewriter got cold while the heat was turned off, and it sticks dreadfully."

"Does the cold affect them?" he asked. "That's something new."

"Yes, sir. I find that it does, very much. Some machines regularly take cold if left long in a cold room. It's especially hard on old machines that are pretty well worn, making them very unmanageable sometimes. I've known the cold to remain in an old one until it had been several hours in a warm room, when it gradually became better; but usually a machine yields to three or four minutes of warmth."—New York Press.

Pig Iron and Diamonds.

When iron is prosperous precious stones are always in the ascendant. Last year the production of pig iron reached the enormous total of 25,000,000 tons, the price rose and at the present time iron products cannot be obtained at deliveries sooner than four to six months. Last year the United States imported diamonds to the value of \$34,000,000, by far the largest amount in our history. Diamonds and pig iron travel up and down the scale together.

DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning did bring a letter from Arthur, in which he expressed great surprise and uneasiness at the miscarriage of his previous one, more especially on account of the important communication which it had contained, of which he repeated the substance, and, as far as he could remember, the language, and again asked Sir Laurence what steps had better be taken in regard to it. The epistle then went on to state that he had proposed to Miss Grierson, but that lady, having confessed to a prior attachment, and, having thrown herself upon his generosity, he had at once withdrawn his own pretensions.

Despite the vital interest thus imperilled, Sir Laurence did fully approve of the course his son had taken, and his heart swelled with pride at this instance of the young man's chivalrous nobility of feeling.

Sir Laurence at once communicated to Stafford the news—which was no news to him—of Arthur's rupture with the Griersons, and the relief he felt at being thus secured from any further visitations from Mr. Wylie.

He had taken a great fancy to the young artist, and was more free and social in his manner towards him than he had been to any person since many years. The weather was glorious; and what with sketching the most lovely scenery by day, and engaging in pleasant and intellectual conversation by night, Stafford found time glide on with the most delightful rapidity.

About a week after his arrival, however, a circumstance occurred which cast a gloom over Penrhuddyn and all its inhabitants. The September gales had just begun to rage with great fierceness, and the southwest wind, so terrible upon this coast, strewn the rocks with wrecks.

One clear, bright morning, while the wind blew furiously, and the sea ran mountains high, Sir Laurence and Stafford had walked down upon the shore. While contemplating the sublime horror of the spectacle, they caught sight of a small craft, which appeared to be not more than three or four miles out, rising and falling upon the waves, and driving towards the shore with frightful rapidity. Sir Laurence took his glass out of his pocket, and by its aid described her to be a fishing smack belonging to Penrhuddyn.

Others had seen her also; and in a few moments the two gentlemen were joined by several curious watchers, among whom was Jenkins, the postmaster.

"It's Ralph Trevelthick's boat," he said; "it has been out days beyond its time. They must be mad to think of putting in during such a gale, and the attempt will cost them their lives. Look at her!—they can no more keep her off the rocks than they can hold back the waves with their arms!"

Onwards came the frail bark—now tumbling into a gulf, now rising like a cork upon a mountain of water, and darting forward like an arrow before the blast of the wind.

At last came the crash! The boat was seen to reel, eddy and sink—and then three men were battling with the waters. So excited and pity-stricken was Stafford with the scene, that had it not been for Sir Laurence, he would have cast himself into the boiling surf in the vain hope of saving them.

There were some ropes thrown out, but all three sank. The next moment, however, one of the bodies rose again, and, borne by a huge wave, was hurled into a kind of natural basin, hollowed out in the granite flooring of the beach. In an instant both Sir Laurence and Stafford had plunged knee-deep into the basin, and, regardless of another great wave that dashed over them, and threatened to drag them away to the sea, rescued the body of the drowning man, and, amidst the cheers of the spectators, brought it safe to dry land.

He was immediately recognized as Ralph Trevelthick, the son of old John Trevelthick. He was insensible, and the blood flowed freely from a deep gash in the head. Sir Laurence sent off to Bodmin for a doctor, and gave orders to those who took charge of the body to send to the Castle for anything they might require in the shape of restoratives or comforts for the poor fellow.

While they were sitting over their dinner a messenger arrived at the Castle from Ralph Trevelthick, who had slightly rallied, begging Sir Laurence to come down to him, as he had a confession to make which lay heavy upon his conscience.

Wrapping himself up, for the evening was chilly, Sir Laurence, accompanied by Stafford, started off on the two miles' walk to Ralph's cottage.

It was the same habitation to which the bodies of a certain woman and child had been conveyed some ten years back, and upon the same bed upon which they had lain was stretched the form of the dying fisherman.

"I am sorry to see you so ill, Ralph," said Sir Laurence, kindly. "Have you everything that you require; if not, do not fear to ask for it, and if it can be got, you shall have it."

"Before the night's over I shall want nothing but a few planks and a few feet of earth!" said the fisherman, feebly. "But thank you all the same, Sir Laurence. Come closer. I don't want father to hear what I have got to say."

Sir Laurence sat down upon the bedside

at the dying man's head, and moistened his lips with a little brandy.

"Do you remember," began Ralph, in an almost inaudible voice, "a storm some ten years back, when a woman and child was washed up and brought to this very cot? Well, you was told they was buried in Penrhuddyn churchyard, but no earth covers 'em. After you had gone, father fell into one of his mad, wild humors, and said the sea would take vengeance on us for robbing it of its dead—that the bodies shouldn't stay here, but should be cast back again to the waters we stole 'em from. So I and Bill carried 'em away a couple of miles down the coast, for fear of their being washed up again and found by any of your people, and laid 'em down in Sandy Cove for the rising tide to wash away. And—and though the woman was dead enough, I believe there was some life left in the child. I've often thought about it since with a feeling that it was wrong; but when they told me to-night that it was you who pulled me out of the water, I knew how wicked I had been, and I felt I couldn't die till I had eased my mind by telling you this."

Sir Laurence appeared much moved at the confession, and a stern, hard look gathered upon his countenance.

"Say you forgive me, Sir Laurence!" gasped Ralph. "I have many more sins upon my mind that I would like to tell, but—"

"Being a dying man, I freely forgive you, Ralph Trevelthick," answered Sir Laurence. "But it was a cruel, barbarous deed, that even savages would shrink



DESTRUCTION INEVITABLE.

from, so brutalizing is the effect of these vile superstitions."

Ralph turned his eyes with an appealing look towards his father and his son. Sir Laurence understood the appeal, and answered, "They shall not suffer from your confession. But let this be a warning to them, and to all here. If ever I hear of any more such acts, those who commit them shall not remain on my lands another hour!"

The grandfather, whose half-crazed brain seemed to have wholly collapsed under the dreadful calamity that had fallen upon him, turned his wild eyes upon the speaker, and muttered vacantly, "Don't rob the sea of its dead, or 'twill take vengeance upon you and yours. The clasp of a drowning hand will be a curse to you through life."

There was another attentive listener to the fisherman besides Sir Laurence. This was John Jenkins.

"Did you say you laid the bodies in Sandy Cove?" he asked after a pause.

Ralph made a slight movement of affirmation; speech was gone. After this, Jenkins sat himself down upon a barrel, which served the purpose of a seat in the scantily furnished hut, and fell into meditation.

Upon returning to the Castle, the two gentlemen separated for the night, Stafford retiring to his own apartment, Sir Laurence to the library. He rang the bell, and ordered Daniel to be sent to him immediately. Hard and cold as marble was his face, when the old man stood before him.

"Daniel," he said, "you have been my servant since I can first remember, and served my father before me, but we must now part. To-morrow morning you must leave the Castle, and never cross its threshold again. You have lied to me, disobeyed me, and yielded up every feeling of humanity to a wild superstition. Ralph Trevelthick has just confessed, on his dying bed, that the bodies of the two unfortunate creatures whom I rescued from a wreck ten years ago were thrown into the sea again as soon as I had left the hut. I left you to guard them, and the next day you brought me word that all efforts at restoration had proved abortive, and that on that morning they had been buried in Penrhuddyn churchyard. You were therefore cognizant of and an accomplice in the inhuman act; and for this you leave my house."

Daniel knew Sir Laurence Penrhuddyn's inexorable nature too well to utter a single word of expostulation—a flat once gone forth was never repealed by him; and with a crushed look, he tottered out of the room.

By sunrise the next morning, sobbing and heart-broken, he had turned his back upon Penrhuddyn Castle, and slowly and feebly wended his way down the foot path through the dwarf woods.

A few hours later, Jenkins might have

been seen ascending the same path. Upon arriving at the Castle, he requested to see Sir Laurence, and was ushered into his presence. He was closeted in the library during the greater part of an hour. After he had departed, Sir Laurence sent a polite message to request a few moments' conversation with Stafford.

Long and interesting was the conference between the two gentlemen, and fraught with future results of vital importance to more than one personage of this story.

CHAPTER XV.

A fortnight has passed away. It is now the latter end of September. A fine, balmy evening, with no touch of autumnal chill to warn us of the passing away of summer. Through the open French windows that lead into the garden in the rear of the little Swiss chalet at Brompton are stealing in the first faint shadows of evening. Half reclining upon a couch is Mrs. Castleton; at her feet, her small, white jeweled fingers nestling among his hair, her hand clasped in his, is Arthur.

"But, after all," she murmured, "I am only your second love, and I cannot endure the thought that any woman should have ever lived in a corner of your heart before I filled it all."

"My darling," he cried, kissing the hand that he clasped, "no woman ever has lived in the smallest corner of my heart but you."

"Not Miss Grierson?"

"No," he answered, emphatically; "to that I can truly pledge myself now, although I might have hesitated at the question a fortnight back. There were ever too many obstacles. There was reason which rendered such a match impossible upon my side."

"And what was that?" she asked, eagerly.

"Oh, a mere family reason—nothing that you would understand," he answered, evasively.

"Oh! but you must tell me," she cried, coaxingly. "If you do not, I shall think you are concealing something from me, and it will make me wretched. You will tell me, won't you?"

"Another time, dearest—not now. It

shall be the next time I come."

"Do you think Miss Grierson beautiful?" she asked, after gaining this point.

"I think her very amiable and very beautiful!" he answered, warmly.

"You think her more beautiful than me, perhaps," she murmured, her head still turned away from him.

"My darling, what could put such thoughts into that silly little head?"

And clasping her face between his hands, he drew it towards him and kissed the pouting lips and the swelling eyes, in which the tears of wounded vanity were beginning to gather.

"Like all men, you are fascinated by golden locks," she said petulantly.

"I am fascinated by no locks but thine," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"I can see no beauty in aught but what reminds me of thee. You, whom hundreds must have adored—for who could see you without adoring you?"

"Never, never!" she answered. "Until I met you, I never met the man who could even touch my heart. Everybody said I had no heart; but you have found one, have you not? At sixteen, my friends married me to an old man—one old enough to be my grandfather. Oh, it was hideous, horrible!" and she shuddered at the memory.

"But why did you consent to such a sacrifice?" he asked.

"Ah! that was because in those days I had not found out that I had a heart," she answered, smiling. "I was poor—an orphan; he, the old man, was rich; and so—"

"You sold your young life to hideous old age," added Arthur sadly.

"You are not the first who has thus reproached me," she answered, in a tone of inexpressible sadness. "But, remember, I was little more than a child—a vain, and ambitious one. I had known poverty—it was more than I could bear."

"Have you still a dread of poverty?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, yes; that I never could endure. I suffered from it when a child, and the horror of its memory still clings to me. The world shows us that money is the one great good of life, without which existence is a curse; and if we grasp it out of the beaten paths, it calls us sordid, and cries out that we have sold ourselves."

(To be continued.)

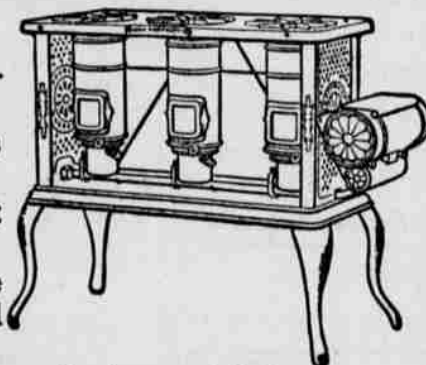
Chinese on the Right Track.

The Chinese, alarmed by the manner in which the Indian and Ceylon teas have driven theirs out of the market, have investigated the matter and come to the conclusion that all that is needed to bring theirs to the foreground again is systematic advertising.

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