

**"It is an Ill Wind
That Blows Nobody Good."**

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

IMPROVED TOURIST SLEEPERS.

Railroads Are Acceding to Demands of Middle Classes Who Want Better Sleeping-Car Service.

In response to the demand of the times the O. R. & N. and its connections are placing in operation a much better grade of tourist sleepers for Pacific coast service than at any previous time. The largely increased traffic to this section of the country has demanded all the improvements of latter-day transportation, and in consideration of this the railroads are establishing a service which is excellent in every particular. Not only are the wishes of the first-class passengers served, but those who are traveling to and from the East on second-class tickets are splendidly cared for. There are a time when a tourist sleeper appealed to a limited number of people who were traveling on the "cheap" order, in every meaning of the term. Now, however, there has been a radical change. With the better tourist sleepers in operation the class of passengers has been improved, and one may now travel upon them and enjoy all the privileges of a first-class sleeper at a greatly reduced rate.

Daily, on the O. R. & N. Eastbound fast mail, is attached one of these latest improved tourist sleepers, a model of beauty and handsome appointments. The new cars are almost an exact counterpart of the first-class sleepers.

One noticeable feature of the new tourist cars is the absence of a smoking apartment. The new cars being built by the Pullman Company are not provided with smoking apartments. This new departure has been taken because of the fact that most through trains are provided with composite cars, which provide a smoker for the sleeping-car passengers.

The Standard Oil Company has filed its answer to the petition of the attorney general of Nebraska in the case brought under the anti-trust law to restrain the company from transacting business in the state. The company in its answer, denies that it is any sense a trust.

There are few things so selfish as melancholy.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

CARTER'S INK
No household can afford to be without it. Every household can afford to have it.

RELIEF FOR WOMAN
That tired, languid feeling, the pains in the back and the chronic headache will disappear quickly if you take

Moore's Revealed Remedy
It is an ideal medicine for women, easy and pleasant to take. \$1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

GOOD-BY TO LIFE.

66 **A**ND to-morrow you leave me and go back to that horrid London?"

"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and claim you."

Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.

Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking around for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little creeper-clad cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bed-ridden father, and had induced them to let him make their home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small, firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.

Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired:

"What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"

"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck and take a few sketches of it."

"But you are not going alone, Will, are you? You know it's off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks—"

"Oh, that's all right, little one. Your old admirer, Jem Barclay, is 'bossing the show.' He knows every inch of the



HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL.

coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe after dark."

As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, then appeared to alter her mind, and was silent.

"So, ta-ta, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to his. I must be off. "The tide will be on the turn soon, and it's a good two miles row."

The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting his way was all that remained of the schooner *Bonnie Belle*. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.

As Will Preston lay back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiller ropes he could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jem Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untiringly at the oars.

Soon they reached the wreck, and, as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside, and they clambered up to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the inky blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion.

"A man wouldna do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly:

"No; I think he could say good-by to life."

"Then you can say good-by to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman!"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When his senses slowly came back to him he found himself propped up with his arms against the mast, his arms passed backward round it, and his hands tightly bound together at the other side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handkerchief bound tightly round, forming a most efficient gag. Before him stood Jem Barclay, his arms folded and his black eyes flashing triumphantly.

"You see, I've changed my mind," he

began. "It seemed a pity to chuck you down in 't hold. You wouldn't ha' had time to think over things. Oh, yes, I know she refused me a year ago, but I'd ha' won her right enough in time if you hadn't come with your fine ways and oily tongue. Now I'm going to wish you good-by. It'll be high tide at 9 o'clock, and then 't sea will be a foot above your head. Happen you'd like to see how the time goes, though. Well, you shall."

He took his knife from his pocket and drove the point into the mast a few inches above his victim's head. Then he approached the artist with the intention of taking his watch from his pocket to hang it upon the improvised hook, but Preston, though his hands were tied, had the use of his feet, and as his tormentor came within reach he lunged out with all his force.

Taken unawares, the man sprang backward to avoid the blow, and, forgetful of the hatchway behind him, lost his balance and fell down it. In falling he turned half around and, with a sickening thud, his temple came in contact with the further side of the opening as he fell.

Will heard the splash of his body in the water, and waited, horror-struck, for any further sound, but nothing met his ears save the wash of the waves. He struggled to free himself, so that he might try and save his would-be murderer, but though he strained until the cords cut into his wrists it was useless.

The fisherman had done his work only too well, and had himself kept back the help that might, perhaps, have saved him.

And as the utter impossibility of freeing himself and the increasing peril of his own situation became apparent to Will, pity for his dead rival gave place to horror at the death so slowly but relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and blank despair began to creep over him.

The tide had already turned and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing along the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat, which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was gone.

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.

The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetheart's cottage, and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.

Soon the water reached his knees, then in little ripples circled round his waist.

Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to view, while the lights began to twinkle in the village and along the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the beat-beat of a steamer's paddles came wafted over the shimmering sea, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly, her portholes and saloons brightly lit and the strains



THE RESCUE.

of the band coming to him cheerily as she churned her homeward course, the passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat, and the pleasure steamer glided on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew his life could be numbered by minutes only. He fixed his weary eyes upon one light that glimmered starlike on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and wondering what kept him.

As he looked the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly it struck him that it

was something on the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat? He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was a boat—coming straight toward him, too. And at last a straggling moonbeam came slanting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure that caused his pulses to throb wildly, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she, do it in time? He was standing now on the very tips of his toes, and even then an occasional wave, higher than the rest, would wash into his nostrils, and give him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared.

Throwing a shawl around her, she strolled out into the evening, and looked away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.

"It looks like a boat!" she gasped, with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path. A moment more and she had reached the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jem Barclay's boat—empty; and something of the truth flashed upon her.

"Merciful heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!"

There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done must be done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into the water, clambered over the side, unshipped the oars, and in another minute the bow was once more turned seaward and the little boat was speeding to the rescue.

At last, after a lifetime of doubts and fears, she turned and saw the sunken mast standing out in bold contrast to the silvery pathway caused by the rising moon; and at the base, on the surface of the water, there was something else—something round and dark.

With redoubled energy and panting breath she tugged desperately at the oars, heedless of the blisters on her little hands.

It was indeed a race for life or death, and it seemed that, after all, her effort had been in vain, for as the boat bumped against the mast the head of her lover dropped forward and sank out of sight. With a piercing cry she flung herself forward and caught him by the hair; then, moving her hand lower, she grasped his collar and pulled with all her might.

In an instant the gag was removed, and then poor Jess was plunged into despair again as she found his hands tied and she realized that her little fingers were powerless to loose the knotted rope, and she had no knife. Then her eyes caught sight of Barclay's knife sticking in the mast above his victim's head. With a cry of delight she seized it, and in another moment the bonds were severed. At the risk of capsizing the boat she dragged the precious burden slowly and painfully on board; and at last he lay, unconscious still, but breathing, with his head pillowed on her lap.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Breaking and entering a dwelling house for the purpose of serving a writ of replevin, after admittance has been demanded and refused, is held in *Kelley vs. Schuyler* (R. I.), 44 L. R. A. 435, to constitute the officer a trespasser.

After a judicial separation, although the marriage is not dissolved, it is held, in *people ex rel. commissioners of public charities vs. Cullen* (N. Y.), 44 L. R. A. 420, that the marriage relation is so far terminated or suspended that the husband cannot be guilty of the statutory offense of abandonment or desertion.

The fact that a foreign insurance company had authorized service of process to be made on the Secretary of State is held, in *Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Spratley* (Tenn.), 44 L. R. A. 442, insufficient to prevent valid service from being made on an agent of the company, who has come into the State on business relating to the settlement of the loss.

The dissent from a sealed verdict by one juror when the jury is polled, after sealing a verdict and separating, made on the ground that he did not agree to the verdict except because he thought he was obliged to, is held, in *Kramer vs. Klister* (Pa.), 44 L. R. A. 432, to make a discharge of the jury necessary, and prevent the rendition of any subsequent verdict in the case on that trial.

A deposit in a savings bank in trust for the owner of the money and another person as joint owner, subject to the order of either, and the balance at the death of either to belong to the survivor, is held, in *Miholland vs. Whalen* (Md.), 44 L. R. A. 205, to constitute a valid declaration of trust in favor of the survivor as to the balance of the fund remaining on the death of either, although the settlor retains possession of the bank book.

Something New in Cookery.

From Puck: Scalloped oysters—select firm, plump oysters and seal them evenly and neatly with a pair of sharp scissors. Now, with a needle threaded with pink silk, if for a pink, or blue if you wish blue points, work a buttonhole stitch around the scallop. When finished press carefully on the wrong side with a hot iron. Shirred eggs—Carefully remove the shell from a fresh egg, and hold the white and yolk firmly in the left hand. Now, with a fine needle and thread gather the material in straight rows about half an inch apart. Draw up to the required fullness and fasten neatly the ends of the thread. Snow pudding—Take about four quarts, say four and a half, of fresh snow. Wash in several waters and put it to soak in hot water over night. In the morning knead up and set by the fire to rise, add some melted glue, and set aside to cool. Chicken patties—This dish is a lost art as Patti is no chicken. Egg plant—(See incubator).

Saved Through Chess.

In 1856 Mohammed Batta usurped the crown of Granada in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother, Jusef. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through his skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured, and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the governor of the prison in which Jusef was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jusef was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jusef obtained a respite from the governor, permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This cancelled the order of execution, and Jusef, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The New York Custom Tailors' Union reports that many employers have restored the 10 per cent reduction in wages ordered during the hard times.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The supreme court of Nevada has rendered a decision in the governor's ship contest, by which Sadler wins the case by 60 plurality, an increase of 40 over the original count.

Special Master Carey's sale of the patent lands of the Northern Pacific was confirmed by Judge Jenkins.

Acid in the Blood

That rheumatism in its worst form can be cured by proper treatment is shown by this interview with Mat Tanner, of 231 Hamilton St., Albany, N. Y. He said: "I was taken with rheumatism that began in my hips and spread throughout my body. For two years and a half I was confined to my bed. I employed nine of the best physicians of Albany, and two specialists from New York, but all declared my case hopeless. My niece recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The use of several boxes enabled me to leave my bed and go about with crutches. Finally I abandoned the crutches, and am now as well as ever. No praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is too strong for my case."

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1908. N. W. F. TOWSER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.