

Distress After Eating

Nausea between meals, belching, vomiting, flatulence, fits of nervous headache, pain in the stomach, are all symptoms of dyspepsia, and the longer it is neglected the harder it is to cure it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Radically and permanently cure it—strengthen and tone the stomach and other digestive organs for the natural performance of their functions.

Accept no substitute for Hood's. "I had dyspepsia twenty-five years and took different medicines but got no help until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Have taken four bottles of this medicine and can now eat almost anything, sleep well, have no cramps in my stomach, no burning and no distress." Mrs. WILLIAM G. BARRETT, 14 Olney St., Providence, R. I. Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Friendly Suggestion.

"I'm at a loss to know what to make of my only son," said the trust magnate. He seems to have no brains for business."

"Permit me to hand you a suggestion," rejoined the merchant prince. "Make a society leader of him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

For bronchial troubles try Pisco's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

What Microbes Are.

Since Pasteur demonstrated the fact that many human diseases are due to minute living things which grow and multiply in our bodies, there has been a tendency to call all microscopic organisms, whether harmful or not, "germs" or "microbes" or "bacteria" indiscriminately. This confusion may be cleared by the statement that protozoa are the lowest known forms of animals and that bacteria are the lowest known forms of plants, while "germs" and "microbes" may apply to the disease-causing forms in either group.—From Gary N. Calkins' "Protozoa and Disease" in the April Century.

A Bantam to the Rescue.

One day a flock of sparrows were noticed flying excitedly around a house, and on going near I saw that a young sparrow had fallen from a nest under the tiles and was too young to fly back.

Suddenly a bantam cock stepped forward. He evidently quite understood the state of affairs, for he picked the little mite up very tenderly in his beak, mounted an empty cart that happened to be conveniently near, flew from it on to the tiles and, stretching his neck out over the edge replaced the sparrow in its nest.

In doing so, however, he overbalanced himself and tumbled to the ground. But after pluming his feathers for a minute he strutted about the yard none the worse for his adventure and evidently very proud of his exploit.

Do Something for the Boys. Secretary Shaw makes a few terse remarks every little while on "The Boy." The Secretary is pretty sure to make the friendship of boys generally because he talks directly to fathers when he says that boys want the companionship of boys and that the home should welcome the boy as much as it does the baby and the man. Secretary Shaw calls attention to the fact that the world is producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood; that there are more young women whom you would welcome to your homes as daughters-in-law than young men whom you would welcome as sons-in-law. He says there is no excuse for this, although there are reasons, among which is that about the only place where the boy is sure of a cordial greeting is where you do not desire him to go.

A Degenerate.

Kind Lady—Have you always been a tramp? Were you never any higher?

Tramp—Oh! yes'm. I uster be a second-story worker and porch-climber.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Broadland, S. Dak., March 28.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who after a special treatment for three months was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray, there is a remedy which will cure it even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's Disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so for this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed and after a few weeks' treatment I was a strong, well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any lesser Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which modern medical research has given to the world.

Growing Stock by Electricity.

The possibilities of electricity have never yet been fully demonstrated. Its beneficial effect upon growing plants in the way of hastening development has been proved to an extent, and now the mysterious fluid is being tried on animals at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. It has been demonstrated that rabbits enclosed in a pen about which run a number of electrically-charged wires reach maturity in two-thirds the time taken by those kept under normal conditions. The electrically-treated animals were in all respects healthy and their flesh has been found to be unusually tender. It is thought possible that the same treatment may be applied to beef cattle, making a 2-year-old steer as large as one 3 years old under present conditions, besides producing a superior quality of beef.

FROM CALF OF THE LEG TO ANKLE A SOLID SORE.

New Castle, Pa., July 29, 1903.

Three years ago a common boil appeared on the calf of my limb. Not yielding to simple home remedies, I consulted a physician, who prescribed a poultice, flax seed, supposedly. By some fearful mistake I was given corrosive sublimate, and after having it on for a few minutes I could endure the pain no longer, so took off the application and found that my limb from the calf to the ankle was in an awful condition. I immediately sent for another physician, who told me I had been poisoned. My limb from the calf to the ankle was one solid inflamed sore. I was advised to begin S. S. S., and improved rapidly under its use, but about this time I had an attack of typhoid fever, and this settled in the original sore. This, of course, caused a back set, but having confidence in the ability of S. S. S., I began it again as soon as I was over the fever, and to make a long story short, was completely and permanently cured. Two years have elapsed, and I have never had a return of the trouble. **MRS. E. A. DUFFY,** 514 W. Washington St.

SURE INDICATIONS OF BAD BLOOD

OLD SORES, ULCERS, ABSCESSSES

The best evidence of a bad condition of the blood and unhealthy state of the system, is an old festering sore, running ulcer, or abscess. They show the bodily impurities are not passing out through the proper channels, but are left in the system to clog and poison the blood. So thoroughly does the poison permeate the system that every little scratch, cut or bruise inflames and festers. Everything about an old sore or ulcer suggests disease. They affect the general health, they require constant attention, and are a source of anxiety and trouble all the time, and in some cases highly offensive. There is danger, too, of these places becoming cancerous if not treated promptly and in the right way. Washes, salves and ointments are good for external use, but they can't stop the discharge or change the condition of the blood, and for this reason the sore never heals permanently.

Not until the blood is purged of impurities and the system cleansed of all harmful substances should the ulcer heal, or the effect upon the system might prove disastrous. S. S. S. goes into the circulation and searches out and removes the cause of the old sore and invigorates and builds up the polluted, sluggish blood again, and as the poisonous matter is driven from the system the sore begins to heal, new flesh forms and the place is soon covered over with fresh skin and the sore is gone for all time. Where the constitution is debilitated from the effects of chronic sores, ulcers, abscesses, carbuncles, boils or other severe skin eruptions, S. S. S. will build it up again and stimulate and strengthen all parts of the system. S. S. S. contains no strong minerals, but is guaranteed entirely vegetable. It is unequalled as a Blood Purifier and invigorating tonic. Do not depend upon local remedies alone. Get your blood right, and as it forces out the poison the sore must heal, because nothing is left in the system for it to feed upon. Write us should you desire medical advice, which is given without charge.

SSS

the poison the sore must heal, because nothing is left in the system for it to feed upon. Write us should you desire medical advice, which is given without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Mary Holland rose and stood beside her. Her hand fell upon Sarah Eastbell's arm, and once more the clear look in the eyes seemed beyond all deceit.

"Sarah, leave me with my miserable little secret for a while—it will be explained sooner than you think, although I dare not say a word now, for all our sakes. Have I been so false a friend that you cannot trust me in a time of common peril?"

"If I could understand—if why did you write to Reuben Culwick?" she said, very suddenly and sharply—"why did you let me go to London in ignorance of his address?"

"It was his wish that you should not see him at his worst, I knew," she said, answering the latter question first; "and I wrote to him because those two men had arrived here."

"Reuben had not opened your letter." "That was unfortunate." "He will come himself now," said Sarah eagerly, "if he thinks we are not safe here. And yet he has thought of us so little; he has kept away so long, we have all died away so surely from his interest that—"

Sarah stopped, and her hands were pressed quickly to her breast to still its sudden leaping, while Mary Holland clasped the other's arm, as a sudden knocking at the outer door, followed by a ringing of the bell, announced a late visitor to Sedge Hill.

"Can it be?" both young women whispered, as they went across the drawing room toward the marble-chekered hall, friends again in their suspense, and with the new distrust forgotten for a time. In the hall stood a servant, with a hand upon the door, and in the corridor were Thomas Eastbell and Captain Peterson; the former with a waxen cast of countenance, like a man seized with a strange fear.

The chain before the door was lowered, the door was opened, and a tall man came with quick strides into his father's house.

"He has come—oh! he has come," cried Sarah Eastbell joyfully, and forgetting all sense of decorum in her delight at seeing him—forgetting that he was only her second-cousin!—she ran toward him, and cast her arms about his neck, to his surprise, and in her warmth of welcome. Here was one friend at least whom she could trust.

"I am so glad that you have come," she cried; then she shrank away from his arms in her second impulse, and went with crimson-dyed cheeks to Mary Holland's side again. He smiled—and it was the old bright look gleaming from his full brown eyes. The welcome pleased him—it was so strange a contrast to his last reception in that house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The wondering, scowling faces in the shadow of the corridor receded slowly, and then the door of the picture gallery was closed, as though Reuben Culwick's presence could not be tolerated at that juncture. Reuben glanced along the corridor, and then turned to Mary Holland. "They are in the gallery?" he inquired. "And the old lady is asleep, and well watched? You should have telegraphed to me, and not have lost time by the post," he said.

"I dare not leave the house, and there was no one whom I cared to intrust with a message."

Sarah looked from one to the other curiously, and Reuben Culwick smiled. "See what a couple of conspirators we are, Sarah," he said; "but the fact is, your brother Tom and his acquaintances have been disturbing my mind of late days. I have feared that this day would come, and that you might be powerless and need help—although Tom may be a very good fellow when one is thoroughly acquainted with him."

"You know what he is," said Sarah, very moodily. "Hence, one day," he continued, "I wrote in confidence to Miss Holland, and asked her to warn me when a crisis of this kind occurred—which it has, you see. You were Tom's sister, and Tom's sister's feelings had to be respected. Besides," he added, "I was afraid of you." "Afraid!" echoed Sarah Eastbell. "Of what?"

"Of your turning up in my Drury Lane den and offering me your compassion, and aggravating me by your assistance. I was a sour-tempered beast, Sarah, and afraid of the softening influence of second-cousinism."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Culwick," said Sarah, very coldly now; "but I never did, for the matter of that. You are suspicious of me—that's all I perceive at present."

"Well, your visit to me this morning did me a great deal of good," he conceded to explain still further—"assured me that you were a genuine young woman, and that I was an old fool; that you understood the world, and I didn't. And without Miss Holland's danger signal, I should have come in good time to Sedge Hill."

"Would you?" she cried, half laughing and half crying now.

"Miss Eastbell hardly knows what or in whom to believe, Mr. Culwick," said Mary Holland at this juncture, "and her friends and enemies are hopelessly intermixed."

"I think that you must be my friend," said Sarah, extending her hand to her at once. "Forgive me if I have been hard to-night."

Her hand was on the drawing room door, when a shrill voice, unmistakable, and startling at that hour, echoed through the house:

"Reuben Culwick, is that you?"

The two young women and the big bearded man between them paused and looked at each other. Sarah Eastbell whispered:

"Grandmother!"

"Yes, it is I," answered Reuben.

"Come upstairs directly, and don't bring anybody with you;" and then the head of Mrs. Eastbell appeared over the first line of balusters in the well staircase.

"Go to her," said Sarah anxiously. "She would make amends for being in your father's house. Don't thwart her."

When Reuben Culwick had reached the landing stage from which the head of his old aunt had appeared, he came to a full stop in his surprise at discovering that Second-cousin Sarah was following him.

"So you are here at last, young fellow—you have swallowed your pride, and come to see me," were the first words of Mrs. Eastbell from the bed into which she had been assisted, and before which he sat down.

"I have swallowed my pride, aunt, and come to see you," he said in her own words.

"Lucky for you," she answered, "for, though I didn't tell Sally so, I was not going to be slighted by a bit of a boy like you."

The door was closed, and they were together in secret conference, Reuben and his aunt, with his second-cousin like a fate, shadowy and still and vigilant. There was a small table drawn close to the bedhead, with writing materials upon it, and a little reading lamp. Sarah was right. At a strange hour, and in a strange fashion, which his coming had suggested, the old woman lying there had thought of her last duty to the living, and was now in eager haste to complete it.

"You have not shaken hands with me, Reuben," she said, and the shriveled hand stole forth with the old difficulty from the bed, and he took it in his own, and felt it cling to his own and detain it. "If I have robbed you of your birthright, Reuben—and Sally says I have—I hope you bear me no ill will."

"Heaven forbid!" was the quick answer.

"Your father's money has not done me any good—and this big, cold place is as dark and dull and empty as the old almshouse was—only not so warm, and Sally not always at my side now. Sally never slighted me at St. Oswald's, mind you, that's the curious part of it. I don't see what is to become of her, exactly, when I am not here to look after her," said the blind woman quietly. "I'm as unsettled about her as I was when you came to me at Worcester, for she's an unsettled kind of child, and does strange things. I did not want her to meet you, but she would run away at last. You know my grandson Tom has come to see me?"

"Oh, yes."

"I have Tom to think of, too. He's a good lad. He hasn't forgotten me—I hate people to forget me, Reuben. Still, Sally's right, and neither she nor I—nor Tom, for that matter—has any business with your father's money. I didn't see it quite so clearly a little while ago—half an hour since—as I do now."

"But—"

"There you go," said the old woman, querulously; "what's the use of interrupting people while they are talking? When I got rich, Reuben, I grew greedy, somehow—as if riches, after all, were any good to me! Wasn't I a happy woman at St. Oswald's? I haven't been happy since then. When my foolish brother left me money, he left me trouble, too, and I was too old for trouble. Now about my Sally—a willful girl enough, but true as steel, Reuben."

"What of her?" said Reuben, looking across at Sarah, who sat with her arms crossed, and her face bent very low, like a woman asleep.

"I think that I can trust you to see after my family, if I leave you all my money, as she wishes. You are not likely to turn your back upon Sarah or Tom, because it is Sarah's wish that I give up every penny of my own free will."

"Sarah is rash," muttered Reuben Culwick, "very rash."

"I think it is overdoing it myself," said the old lady very calmly; "but what peace shall I have until it's done? Has my maid put pens, and ink, and paper on that table? You are a scholar—write out my will, Reuben, in half a dozen lines. Put it all down to yourself—freehold, leasehold, money, pictures, plate—the old woman gives it all."

"At her granddaughter's wish?"

"And at her own—in common fairness, Reu, to my dear brother's son. There, write, and let me sign it."

Reuben looked across at Sarah again. From the shadowy background she made a gesture of assent, earnest, imperative, and supplicatory.

"And this strange idea is my second-cousin's?" Reuben said, still looking at her. "She trusts me so much, knowing so little of me, in a foggy dream of restitution. She thinks of my wrongs, at a time when I am learning to forget them. She accepts dependence, she risks poverty and privation, and puts herself entirely in my power."

"Entirely," replied the old woman; "isn't it safe?"

"It is romance, not reality. A wild folly, and not the common prudence that should regulate all lives. I will have nothing to do with it. Besides, he who writes a will in which he is interested, and by which he is to profit, does it at his own risk—a very great one in the eyes of the law, aunt," continued Reuben,

"and after all the document may not be worth the paper on which it is written. Hence your will would get into Chancery, Mrs. Eastbell, depend upon it. I'll give you my idea, if you'll keep quiet for five minutes."

"I don't think much of your ideas," said Mrs. Eastbell, candidly, "but go on." Reuben took up a pen, dipped it into the ink, and commenced writing very rapidly. The old woman lay back and listened to the scratching of his pen upon the paper, and Sarah Eastbell, intensely curious, advanced on tiptoe toward him, and regarded him defiantly as he curved his hand before his work and looked hard at her, with his mouth twitching at the corners, as if his old aggravating smile were difficult to repress. When he had finished writing, he said:

"Now, listen. I, Sarah Eastbell, of Sedge Hill, in the County of Worcester-shire, relict of—"

"Never mind that rubbish," interrupted Mrs. Eastbell; "what does it mean when you have got through it all?"

"This," replied her nephew, looking at his second-cousin again, "that you leave all your property to your granddaughter, Sarah."

"No—no!" cried Sarah, taken off her guard, and coming into the foreground, rebellious and angry; "I will not have this jugglery, grandmother—I will not have this done."

"Good gracious!" cried the old lady, "are you here, too? Why don't you shriek a little louder, or fire a blunder-buss off in my ears, or something, Sally? Of all the aggravating people in the world I think you are the worst, playing at shuttlecock with my money, and not letting me have a word to say about it for myself. I'll die without a will now—see if I don't! And here goes, too!"

Mrs. Eastbell stopped wildly over in bed, and turned her back upon them.

"See what your obstinacy has done!" said Sarah angrily to her cousin.

"One moment," said Reuben; "this is an idea, Mrs. Eastbell, by which a large amount of legacy duty is saved. You can trust Sarah—so can I."

"Yes, but how's it to end?" said Mrs. Eastbell.

"Only in one way, and that I submit to your kind consideration. Aunt," he said in an earnest tone, "before I leave Sedge Hill I shall ask your permission to pay my addresses to my Second-cousin Sarah. I am not worthy of her—she knows that!—but I have learned to love her very much within the last four-and-twenty hours."

There was a long silence before Mrs. Eastbell said in a husky voice:

"You don't mean to say, Reuben, that you have been thinking of my Sally? That would make this business very straight and square, and as Sally's fond of you—"

"Oh, grandamma! I never said so," murmured Sarah Eastbell, without lowering her hands from her face.

"What a horrible story-teller you are!" cried her grandmother.

"It is a mercenary match," said Reuben; "I offer myself, without a penny in the world, to a rich young heiress, who could do much better for herself, and who is far above me in every respect—who is even too young for me, considering what an old foggy I have grown of late days."

"You're no great catch for Sally, certainly," observed Mrs. Eastbell, "but if Sally says she'll have you, it ends the bother of the money in a proper sort of way."

"All your money to Sarah Eastbell, it being privately understood that Sarah is not to forget her brother Tom, or—her second-cousin Reuben," said our hero, taking up the pen.

"Yes, Tom and you can both trust Sarah," Mrs. Eastbell replied.

Sarah Eastbell was even now scarcely satisfied with the drawing up of the will in her favor—it was not what she had wished—had she been less confused, less happy, she might have suggested fresh additions and conditions; but she stood on the threshold of a new world, with the man who was the hero of her life in the foreground of its brightness. She seemed to hesitate as her hands were lowered from her face, and Reuben said meaningly:

"And Sarah Eastbell can trust me, I hope?"

"Yes," she answered to his appeal, "but the will should say—"

"The will must say neither more nor less than that you are sole legatee—I will not have my name in connection with this money," he said very firmly; "and I prefer," he added in a different and softer tone, "to be wholly at the mercy of my second-cousin."

Sarah said no more in argument. If there were a man to be trusted in the world, it was Reuben Culwick; or if there were a man less likely to be moved from his position, it was surely he also. She slipped quietly from the room, leaving Reuben with her grandmother, and went downstairs into the drawing room.

She took her place before the fire, fast dying out with neglect, and thought of the end of all anxiety and uncertainty, and of the beginning of her happiness, with Reuben's love growing stronger every day, and Reuben's troubles at an end forever.

(To be continued.)

Some What Different.

Well—Would you marry a man just because he happened to be rich?

Bess—Of course not. But then I would try awfully hard to get him to marry me.

The Optimistic Maid.

Although not pretty now, I know, With this thought I'm consoled: When I have reached three-score-and-ten I'll then be pretty old.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love-call from the male to the female.