

Spring Medicine

There is no other season when good medicine is so much needed as in the Spring.

The blood is impure, weak and impoverished—a condition indicated by pimples and other eruptions on the face and body, by deficient vitality, loss of appetite, lack of strength, and want of animation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Make the blood pure, vigorous and rich, create appetite, give vitality, strength and animation, and cure all eruptions. Have the whole family begin to take them today.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been used in our family for some time, and always with good results. Last spring I was all run down and got a bottle of it, and as usual received great benefit." Miss BEULAH BOWEN, Stowe, Vt.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Electric Light and Public Speaking. Singers, actors and public performers generally are able to speak with much greater ease and comfort in a building lighted with electricity than in one where gaslight is used. In the former case the temperature of the whole building is more equal and the risk of catching cold is consequently diminished. The speaker is cooler, does not perspire, his throat is not parched, and his voice is less liable to get husky. It is said that since the introduction of electric light public performers are in much better voice than they were before.

Opinion Wanted.

He—You are an authority on flowers, I am told.

She—Well, not exactly, an authority, but I have made a study of them.

He—What is your opinion of that blooming idiot over there talking to the society bud?

In the Spring.

Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Hartley of this place, says:—

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used."

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger today than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Hartley is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

During leap year every eligible young man should be equipped with a chaperon.

CAT CANNOT SUCK BREATH.

Old Superstition Is Upset by the Highest Medical Authorities. Can a cat really suck the breath of a child?

We have always heard that it could. Away back in early childhood we distinctly remember of frequent warnings to look out for the cat. Do not allow the cat to get into bed with the baby, as it is liable to suck the baby's breath, which would cause the baby to die.

Is there any foundation for such a notion as this? We never could discover any real meaning to the belief that a cat can suck the breath of a child. Indeed, the sentence is totally unintelligible.

What is meant by sucking the breath? It may be true that the cat, attracted by the breath of a child who had recently been nursing, might attempt to interfere in some manner with the child's mouth. In young cats the impulse to nurse might be excited by the smell of the child's breath. It is barely possible that the cat might be seized with a desire to bite or to devour the child's lips or tongue, lured on by the smell of milk. We are not in a position to deny these possibilities. Maybe they are true.

But not any of these suppositions furnish a basis for the statement that the cat is liable to suck the child's breath. We have always heard this statement with a shudder of horror. It seems to convey some weird, horrible tragedy that can hardly be imagined. But it is a mere fancy, the origin of which is hard to explain.

Yet we would advise mothers to be careful about leaving the infant with a cat. We do not favor the idea of cats sleeping with children. Nor do we favor the practice of children playing with cats, handling them, mopping them around the floor, fondling them, dressing them up as dolls. It is not good for the cat. It is not good for the child. Neither cats nor dogs ought to be treated in this manner. They are all right in their place, but they are not fit for playthings.

If the superstition that a cat can suck a child's breath has operated as a preventive to mothers allowing their children to play with cats it has served a very good purpose, but such childish notions are hardly compatible with mature reflection. It is one of the old wives' fables which may have served a good purpose, but it is too ridiculous for repetition. There are other and better reasons why the cat and baby should not be left together than the vague, unintelligible fear that the cat will suck the child's breath.—Medical Talk.

Adding Fuel to the Flame.

"See here, you old addle-pated duffer," exclaimed the irate individual, as he entered the editorial sanctum of a village weekly, "I am told that you called me a loafer in your last issue."

"Sir," replied the editor, calmly, "you have been misinformed. We print only the latest news."

His Limit.

Her Father—Young man, is your financial condition such as will enable you to support a family?

Young Man (timidly)—Why, I—er—that is, I was—er—only figuring on supporting Jennie. I—er—supposed you would continue to support the rest of the family.

Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

She had gone deeper than this into thought before the prudent man above-stairs had finished the last will and testament of Sarah Eastbell. She had forgotten all danger in her love-dream, but she awoke suddenly to it at finding a figure standing at her elbow, wan and ghost-like, a something from the other world she verily believed in her first surprise and horror. Two years ago this being had lived—only to-night she had heard that she was dead—and she sprang up and went back with hands spread out against the wall, too terrified to scream.

"Hush! don't make a row—don't you know me?" croaked the haggard figure huskily.

"Sophy—Tom's wife!" ejaculated Sarah Eastbell.

"Yes—but not dead yet—oh, dear, no—black as Tom's coat is!" she whispered back.

Sarah glanced at her. She had not yet recovered from the shock, and the woman was terribly forlorn and ragged, with a death's-head gleaming from a battered black straw bonnet.

"How did you obtain admittance to the house?"

"Through that window—it was unfastened."

"You have come in search of Tom?"

"No, no—to warn you of a danger of an awful danger, as I live, Sally, to you and your grandmother! I can't tell you here—I haven't been seen by Tom," she whispered still, "he would kill me if he found me at his heels. Outside in the garden I can breathe a bit."

"I will come with you."

Sarah followed Mrs. Tom Eastbell, who walked very feebly, into the garden, where a little while ago she had seen Miss Holland and Captain Peterson together. Was this a further installment of the mystery about her?—or in the shadows of the night would she approach closer to the truth? In thinking of Reuben Culwick, and forgetting everything else, what valuable time might she not have lost?—she who should have been watchful at all hazards of the men who she knew were dangerous.

Thus from one mystery to another passed Second-cousin Sarah.

CHAPTER XIX.

The will of Sarah Eastbell was completed, and Hartley, the maid, and a second servant were introduced into the room to witness the old lady's effort at a signature.

"It's a good thing, done, after all," muttered Mrs. Eastbell as she lay down wearily.

"It's brief and unbusiness-like," said Reuben, contemplating the will, "but I think it sets forth your intentions clearly, aunt. What shall I do with it?"

"Lock it in that iron box; the key is under my pillow," said Mrs. Eastbell.

Reuben found the key, and locked up the will, restoring the key to its place beneath his aunt's head.

It had been a day of more than ordinary fatigue and excitement to Mrs. Eastbell, and she was tired out; sleep was life to a woman of her age, and he would not trouble her again concerning the granddaughter, or ask her any questions respecting the engagement. There would be time enough to-morrow to consider that—and Sarah was waiting for him.

Reuben went downstairs thoughtfully. He had almost resolved to proceed to the gallery in the first place, but the temptation was too strong to seek out his second-cousin, who would surely be in the drawing room awaiting him. He had a great deal to tell her now, and a little to explain concerning his past misanthropy, which had grown more strongly developed as she at last seemed to fade away more completely from him. A real heroine had his Second-cousin Sarah proved herself to be; he wished that he had been more of a hero to match, that he had more bravely endured the inevitable. She did not know yet what an obstinate and bad-tempered man he was, and how he had quarreled with everybody in turn after his father's death. He went into the drawing room full of these odd resolutions, and found Mary Holland there.

"Where is Sarah?" he asked, after a glance round the room had assured him of the absence of his second-cousin.

"Sarah?" said Miss Holland, springing to her feet. "Has she not been with you in Mrs. Eastbell's room?"

"She left it half an hour since."

"Wait an instant."

Mary Holland left the room; and Reuben remained, with a new perplexity to battle with, and rising doubts and fears to beat down.

Mary Holland entered the room again, and was standing at the door, a paler and more affected woman than when he had seen her a few minutes since.

"Gone!" she said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"That—that Sarah Eastbell is not in the house," explained Mary.

"It can't be true!" ejaculated Reuben.

"Stay, let me think still. For heaven's sake give a distracted woman time to think!"

Reuben, in the midst of his excitement, remembered afterward that the demeanor of Mary Holland aroused in him for an instant a half-wondering interest, as in a dream of vague beliefs and startling inconsistencies; and then the trouble of Sarah's absence took away all thought of everything else.

"Her brother and the man he brought with him," said Reuben, "where are they?"

"They are in the gallery still; they could not have left the room without my being warned."

"They are in this plot, if plot there can be," said Reuben.

Mary Holland ran to the window and looked back at Reuben.

"Open!" she cried.

Reuben and Mary Holland stepped into the garden, and looked around them. It was a dark, dry night, with the stars hidden now, and the wind sighing through the larches on the hillside with such plaintive moanings that Reuben strove to catch the accents of his cousin's voice amidst them.

"We shall find her in the garden," said Reuben assuringly, as he strode along the paths, with which he was acquainted, and directed Mary Holland in a different direction. When they met again a quarter of an hour had passed, and they were no nearer the discovery of Sarah Eastbell. She had vanished away completely, as by a miracle; and Reuben stood discomfited by the drawing room window.

"This is beyond all guessing at," he said, with a half groan.

"The window of the picture gallery is closed and barred," said Mary Holland, "but they are there still."

"I will see them at once," said Reuben; "meanwhile send out the servants to search the country. There has been foul play here."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mary Holland. "He said he promised—"

"Who promised?" asked Reuben quickly.

"Sarah's brother," answered Mary, after a moment's silence.

"Well—promised what?" said Reuben fiercely.

"That he and his friend would not in any way disturb the peace of this house—that they were here in all sincerity—that—"

"Do you ask me to believe in that vagabond, Tom Eastbell? Send the servants abroad, and leave these men to me," said Reuben, passing from her into the drawing room, and proceeding through the room into the hall, and along the corridor toward the picture gallery. He turned the handle sharply and entered.

The two men were there. In the man looting in the armchair there was no difficulty in identifying Thomas Eastbell; but he who bent closely, and in near-sighted fashion, over a music book propped against the lamp, was a stranger he had never met before. It was at him that Reuben gazed, distrustful him more at first sight than Thomas Eastbell.

"I am Reuben Culwick," said our hero sternly, looking from one to the other.

"I don't bear you ill will, mind," said Tom; "when I was in trouble once in Potter's Court, and the police came, and you might have made mischief out of a little bit of inessential chaff we had together, you stood by me like a trump, and I'll shake hands with you, if you ask me, just for my sister's sake."

"Which of you two men will save himself from jail by telling me where Sarah Eastbell is?" thundered forth Reuben Culwick.

Thomas Eastbell's lower jaw dropped at Mr. Culwick's vehemence, and his semblance of astonishment was admirably feigned, unless he was astonished in real earnest. Captain Peterson sat down with his hands upon his knees, in the attitude of one who anticipated a narrative of great interest to follow.

"Where Sarah Eastbell is?" said Peterson; "why do you put such an extraordinary question to us, sir, and accompanied by such a threat as the jail?"

"She is not in the house, and you two know where she has gone."

"Miss Eastbell was in the drawing room a quarter of an hour ago, when I stepped in for my violin," said Peterson; "surely she has not left the house since? There must be some mistake, Mr. Culwick, and mistake or not, you will excuse me for protesting against your manner of addressing Mrs. Eastbell's guests."

Captain Peterson spoke with a faltering voice, and with considerable warmth, as a man might do whose feelings had been unnecessarily wounded, and Reuben Culwick regarded him with graver interest. Here was a being to be wary of, if this were acting.

"May I inquire your name?" said Reuben.

"My name is Peterson, sir—Captain Peterson, of the merchant service—a friend of Thomas Eastbell's, and if not an old friend, still one who does not feel disposed to allow him to be browbeaten without a word of protest."

"Peterson," muttered Reuben, half aloud. The name was wholly unfamiliar to him—it had not been mentioned on that night in Potter's Court, and only some days afterward by Lucy Jennings, when it had not lingered in his memory. Captain Peterson's dark eyes peered from under his brows at Mr. Culwick, as he repeated his name in a low tone, and there was the faintest smile of satisfaction flickering over his fresh-colored face at the discomfiture expressed on Reuben's.

"You both deny all knowledge of my cousin's disappearance?" said Reuben.

"We do," said Peterson, with grave politeness; and Tom took his oath upon it at once, by way of adding force to his denial. "And now, sir, perhaps you will tell us what has happened."

"And relieve a brother's anxiety," added Tom. "She's the only sister that I have got in the world, and we have always been very fond of one another."

"You overdo your anxiety," said Reuben, dryly, "and I am still suspicious of you."

Sarah Eastbell has disappeared suddenly from this house—within the last half-hour—and you are the men of whom she has been in fear. To that fact I swear before a magistrate to-morrow.

To-morrow the police will search the house and grounds for traces of her. I telegraph to-morrow to Scotland Yard for one of its ablest officers to meet us here."

Thomas Eastbell was heard to mutter a malediction of the most violent kind upon his second-cousin's promptitude, but his friend turned quickly to him, and said:

"Don't give way, Thomas. Don't let your sensibilities get the better of you, and lower your character before this man of many threats. You have been unfortunate, in your early days—you have had the frankness to confess it to me, and the generosity to atone for it to others—but your later life is without stain or blemish. Let the police come; you can face them in your aunt's house—where this gentleman is more an intruder than yourself—without a blush upon your honest cheek."

"At your peril be it, if she is not found," said Reuben; then he strode from the room, doubtful in his own heart of these men's complicity with the mystery of Sarah Eastbell's disappearance.

As the door closed, Tom leaped to his feet and went across to his friend, whom he clutched by the shoulder nervously.

"Has she really gone?"

"Yes," said Ned, coolly; "fortune has favored us, and she has left your grandmother's establishment."

"There must be no harm done to her," Tom said, trembling; "I won't have her hurt, I swear."

"You left all to me, Tom Eastbell," said Captain Peterson; "it's too late to complain, whatever happens."

CHAPTER XX.

Only one person slept that night in the big house at Sedge Hill. While Mrs. Eastbell slumbered, the inmates were astir, and not a few of them abroad, beating right and left for scraps of information, and failing in their object miserably. Sarah Eastbell had disappeared, leaving not a trace by which she might be followed.

As Reuben rode to Worcester he scanned the hedge rows, and the dry ditches, for a trace of her; he turned into yawning lanes where all was of an indistinguishable darkness; he reined in his horse fifty times to listen to the noises of the night—the shriek of a distant engine, tolling on with its luggage through the country to some bustling center; the rattle of the train, the rustling of the trees, the whirring of a night bird in the long grass of the meadows, the yelping of dogs in the farm house yards, as he dashed by. He found his way at last to Worcester, and went slowly, hopelessly along its deserted streets in the direction of the police station.

It was seven in the morning when he was at Sedge Hill again. He rode back in hot haste, as if something unforeseen were to be thwarted by his quick return; and he was prepared for evil tidings, as he passed into the hall and found Miss Holland, pale as he had seen her last, awaiting him with eager eyes.

"What news—what has happened since I have been away?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing has happened," answered Mary Holland; "and you? Have you heard or seen—"

"There is not a trace of her."

He sat before the fire where his cousin Sarah was surprised by her sister-in-law, and endeavored from his bewildered brain to shape out a scheme for her discovery, when the maid Hartley entered with breakfast on a little tray, and set it down on a coffee table at his side.

There was a letter lying on the tray, addressed to himself. The superscription was in a strange hand, a fine bold handwriting, characterized by too many flourishes to be wholly satisfactory, and he took up the letter curiously, broke the seal and read the following epistle:

"Sir—After your discourteous behavior of yesterday evening, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, remain a guest in your aunt's establishment. I feel compelled to withdraw from a position which it is incompatible with my dignity to retain. I have intrusted Mr. Thomas Eastbell with my kind regards to his grandmother, to whose hospitality and invariable kindness I am forever deeply indebted. My servant will call for my violin in the course of next week. I beg to remain, sir, your obedient servant."

"EDWARD PETERSON."

There was a deep frown on the brow of Reuben Culwick when he had finished the perusal of this letter.

"Why was this man allowed to leave the house?" he asked. "He who calls himself Captain Peterson."

"I didn't know that he was gone, sir. Not that I could have stopped him, Mr. Culwick, as all the servants were away when I saw him last."

"When was that?"

"At five o'clock this morning. He was talking to Miss Holland—here, just where I stand, sir—and I think that they were having a few words. I don't know for certain, but I think so."

"You suspected them?" said Reuben quickly.

"No, sir, I don't say that," was the quick answer, as the woman flinched before his steady gaze; "but I was curious, of course. It's all in such a muddle, sir, just now, and Miss Holland's very kind; she's been always very kind to all of us, but I wanted to hear what they had to say, because poor Miss Sarah was angry at those two being together in the garden last night."

"Those two—which two?"

"Miss Holland and the Captain."

"Sarah was angry," repeated Reuben—"with whom?"

"With Miss Holland, just before you came. She said she couldn't trust her. I heard that as I was passing with my mistress' gruel, quite by accident."

"That will do," said Reuben, moodily; "don't say any more. I will wait for Miss Holland."

(To be continued.)

A Man of Family.

"Are you a man of family, sir?"

"Heavens, yes! My third son-in-law moves in to-day."

RHEUMATISM

NOT A SKIN DISEASE.

It is natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when rheumatic pains are shooting through the joints and muscles and they are inflamed and sore, the sufferer is apt to turn to liniments and plasters for relief; and while such treatment may quiet the pain temporarily, no amount of rubbing or blistering can cure Rheumatism, because it is not a skin disease, but is in the blood and all through the system, and every time you are exposed to the same conditions that caused the first attack, you are going to have another, and Rheumatism will last just as long as the poison is in the blood, no matter what you apply externally. Too much acid in the blood is one cause of Rheumatism; stomach troubles, bad digestion, weak kidneys and torpid liver are other causes which bring on this painful disease, because the blood becomes tainted with the poisonous matter which these organs fail to carry out of the system. Certain secret diseases will produce Rheumatism, and of all forms this is the most stubborn and severe, for it seems to affect every bone and muscle in the body. The blood is the medium by which the poisons and acids are carried through the system, and it doesn't matter what kind of Rheumatism you have, it must be treated through the blood, or you can never get permanently rid of it. As a cure for rheumatic troubles S. S. S. has never been equalled. It doesn't inflame the stomach and ruin the digestion like Potash, Alkalies and other strong drugs, but tones up the general health, gently stimulates the sluggish organs, and at the same time antidotes and filters out of the blood all poisonous acids and effete matter of every kind; and when S. S. S. has restored the blood to its natural condition, the painful, feverish joints and the sore and tender muscles are immediately relieved.

Our special book on Rheumatism will be mailed free to those desiring it. Our physicians will cheerfully answer all letters asking for special information or advice, for which no charge is made.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

UNABLE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT.
Sidney, Ohio, August 26, 1903.
A few months ago I was feeling weak and run down and unable to get sleep at night. I felt extremely bad, and also had rheumatic pains in my joints and muscles. The medicine I used gave me only temporary relief at best; so seeing S. S. S. highly recommended for such troubles, I began its use, and after taking it for some time was well pleased with the result. It did away with the rheumatic pains, gave me refreshing sleep and built up my general system, giving me strength and energy. It is a good medicine, without a doubt, and I take pleasure in endorsing it.

R. P. D. No. 1.

S. S. BOUGHTON.

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