General Debility

Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself.

Food does not strengthen.

Sleep does not refresh.

It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy,—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers.

For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions.

In usual liquid form or in chocolated tablets known as **Sarsatabs.** 100 doses $1.

A Climatic Discouragement.

"Do you think there is any reliable way of foretelling the weather?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntassel. "Jes' think of the kind you don't want and then prophesy it."—Washington Star.

By a Narrow Margin.

"You're all out of breath," said Poodles. "What have you been doing?"

"Been running a race!" panted Ardup.

"On a hot day like this? What for?"

"To—er—decide who was going to pay for the dinner."

"Did you win?"

"Yes, by the skin of my teeth."

"Who was the other fellow?"

"He was—well, he was the proprietor of the restaurant. I managed to lose him in the crowd just as he was about to make a grab for me."—Chicago Tribune.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The outward robe of the Pope is red and made from the wool of the lambs of the convent of St. Agnes, near the Porte Pia.

A Look Ahead.

Queen Alexandra attended last spring's annual mansion house fete in London, and of that auspicious fact there is a tale to tell.

One of the diminutive flower maidens was both pretty and plump, and when her majesty stopped for an instant to smile down upon her, what did she do but put up her wee mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped her astonished mother, after the visitor had passed on. "How could you?"

Molly gave good reason. "I fought," said she, "it 'ud be interestin' to tell my grandchildren."—Harper's Weekly.

Only a few years ago the only article tasting of maple was maple sugar. There is now an article on the market that is so like the real maple sugar that even old Vermonters are unable to tell the difference. In fact, on account of its healthful qualities, being a purely vegetable product, neither sticky nor sickly, it is preferred by many people who formerly used only the regulation maple sugar.

This new extract is called Mapleine. It is a Seattle product and can be used to advantage by the housewife in a variety of ways. For instance, a syrup like maple can be made by simply dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding a few drops of Mapleine.

The Crescent Manufacturing Company who make Mapleine have published a booklet called Mapleine Dainties. This will be sent free on request to anyone who asks for it. It is full of wholesome recipes.

Innocent.

"Edith, I was ashamed of you when you called Mr. Midlage an old man to his face."

"Why, mamma, I did nothing of the kind. I wouldn't be as impolite as that for the world. I called him an old gentleman."

Leap-Year.

The somewhat elderly but still handsome and well-preserved bachelor had long been an admirer of the young lady, but never had dared to tell her so. At last, however, he mustered courage to say:

"Miss Jessie, I wish I were twenty years younger."

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because then I should be bold enough, perhaps, to ask you to marry me."

With a charming smile she shook her head.

"I should have to tell you no, Mr. Baxter," she said. "If you were twenty years younger you would be—er—a great deal too young for me."

He took the hint—and a little while later the young lady, too.

KASPARILLA

This sterling household remedy is most successfully prescribed for a "world of troubles." For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, operating directly upon the liver and alimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthful activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to every portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad breath, irregularities of the bowels, constipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unwholesome conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency due to inactivity of the liver, kidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value.

If it fails to satisfy we authorize all dealers to refund the purchase price.

HOYT CHEMICAL CO. Portland, Oregon

The Whited Sepulchre
The Tale of Pelee

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Captain Negley had just stepped into the chart room. Laird was on the bridge. Plass, the second officer, on his way to the bridge to relieve or assist Laird, was felled at the door of the chart room. In the instant required to drag the body to shelter and close the door of the chart room, Captain Negley was overpowered by the blizzard of steam, gas and livid stone. When consciousness returned to him he was lying across the body of Plass, and the ship was rolling like a runaway buoy.

The skipper regained his feet. In spite of terrible burns, he felt little pain. His limbs, below the knees, were like wood. His left hand was yellow and inflated. Fire brands still screamed into the sea outside, but the day was returning. The indomitable Negley was first to reach the deck, the woodwork of which was burning in several places. He tried to shout, but his throat was closed by the hot dust. The body of a man was hanging over the railing of the bridge. It was Laird, with his face burned away.

The shock of his burns was beginning to overpower the captain when Pugh, the third officer, untouched by fire, appeared from below. In a horrid tongueless way, Negley fired the other to act, and staggered into the cabin passageway. Pugh shrieked up the hands and set to the fires and the ship's course. Out of the five sailors and three officers on deck when Pelee struck, Negley alone had retained the thinking faculty.

Miss Stansbury was hurled from her chair. Appalled by the dread fact of dissolution, she lay in the primal darkness in the midst of falling glass. Macready was groping, calling for her. That she was unhurt seemed such a great matter to him and entirely insignificant to herself. Her lover had fallen. Their starry pavilion of the future was in blackness and ruin. It would have been better had Pelee found them together. * * * Macready lifted her to a chair. The ports were gray instead of black, but splashed with the big seas.

"Your friend is dead, Denny," she said harshly.

"What's this you're talkin'? 'Tis no bit av a geyser in a dirt pile as can tell him how t' come an' go."

The screaming of the native women reached them from the hold. Macready opened the door, and a blast of terrible heat entered the cabin. The woman was clutching the arms of the chair and staring at him with the most pitiful eyes ever seen in child or woman. The swaying form of Negley was in the passageway, and something of the extent of the disaster broke upon the Irishman.

"Bring him here!" she commanded, taking Negley's arm. "There, I can manage him! Run and get oils and lint!"

He obeyed. The decks were covered with a paste that burned through his shoes. Black clouds were rolling out to sea. Deep thunder of a righteous source answered Pelee's lamentations. The sailors were fighting fire and carrying their dead. The thin, shaken voice of Pugh came from the bridge. The engines were throbbing.

"Eight miles at sea! Eight miles at sea!" Macready repeated. "Th' long-armed mountain—an' what musht the infightin' have been!"

In the store-room, he opened jars of oil and cartons of lint and bandages, for the use of the men; then rushed back to the cabin with a portion. Nature finds work for strong hearts that have lost their heroes. Negley's cracked and twisted boots had been removed, and the ashes cleansed from his eyes and ears and mouth. Another valiant nurse had emerged from a broken romance. The woman who would have fainted yesterday at the smell of burnt flesh was cutting away the clothing from the captain's shoulder. When the ointments and wrappings had been applied to the skipper's wounds, she helped Macready carry the unconscious man to a berth.

"'Tis rainin' evenchooalities out," he muttered genially, noting that the work was life to her.

"We must be nearly in-shore by this time," she said slowly.

Denny's effervescence was now corked. Pugh had been putting the Madame out to sea since he got control of her. The Irishman felt instinctively that the woman would want to go ashore, which he didn't propose to allow. On the other hand, although he had nothing to do with the running of the ship, he didn't like the idea of saving the Madame at the price of her owner's life.

"I dunno," he answered carefully. "'Tis har-rd t' see fur th' rain."

His soft magic failed.

"But the ship is moving!" she exclaimed. "Denny, open the door!"

Macready gave way. She heard the steady beat of the engines, and the big seas driving past. She rushed out of the passageway, regardless of the flood, and peered over the main deck railing. There was no smoke, no familiar shadow of hills, but a leaden, tumultuous sky and the rollers of the open sea, beaten by a torrential shower. She crossed the charred planking to the starboard side, drenched to the skin in an instant. There was no Pelee, no Saint Pierre! Macready tried to draw her to cover, but she turned upon him furiously.

"You have let them put to sea—you, his friend—while he is held back there, waiting for his ship?"

"What could poor Dinny, that bosses th' galleys, ma'am, do toward runnin' the ship? Thim byes 'ud say, 'Git back t' your patty-pans, you wipe!' But I've thried, sure, t' kape th' lady from harum this day. You know Captain Negley——"

"Where's the first officer?"

"Dead, ma'am."

"And the second officer?"

"Th' same."

"Who is putting out to sea?"

"Third Officer Pugh, in the name av his dirthy sowl."

"Is that Pugh on the bridge?"

"U't is."

A moment later the officer in oil skins turned to face an apparition, wind-swept and drenched as if risen from the sea, who pulled at his coat and called above the deluge:

"Turn back to the city! Didn't they tell you that Mr. Constable is there and needs his ship?"

"Go below, miss. I'm trying to save his ship for him."

In a stunned way she stared at the officer. "Don't you know he was to be back in two hours?"

Pugh whirled around to Macready, who was standing behind the woman. "You don't seem able to manage one passenger," he said in an ugly tone. "I'm short-handed, but I'll get help for you!"

The Irishman was too wise to reply.

"But you must turn back!" the woman cried hopelessly. "Captain Negley would never leave his owner to die back there!"

"Captain Negley is not in command now," Pugh said, his small eyes burning wickedly. "Get below or I'll call the sailors to help you down. I don't need a woman and a sniveling valet to help me run the ship."

Lara turned to the ladder, brushed back the drenched hair from her eyes, and said coldly, slowly, "I see there is a coward in command!"

For that one instant she was a vivid replica of her mother. The viperine face of Pugh turned ashen under her eyes.

Reaching the main deck, she told Macready to bring two sailors into the owner's cabin. A moment later she was bending over the unconscious form of the ship's commander in the berth. She seized his well hand.

"Captain Negley! Oh, Captain—Captain Negley!"

Her voice ranged higher.

The lips of the seaman moved.

"It is I—Miss Stansbury! Listen to me just once! Pugh is a coward—a coward. He is running away! Mr. Constable is still ashore, and we are miles at sea—miles out to sea!"

In a slight opening of the bandages appeared a dazed gray eye.

"Do you hear, Captain Negley? The coward is running away, and Mr. Constable is ashore! Pugh—coward!"

Nature was trying to right herself in the brain of the stricken seaman. In the gray eye, she watched the struggle as she impressed her message. It was torture to bring him back. * * * He asked if the fires were out. * * * He asked for Laird and Plass. The simple problems of time and place were mountains to him. Macready entered with two sailors.

"Command Pugh to turn about! Oh, speak for me—for me!" she implored.

Negley tried to rise. "Bring Pugh here!" he mumbled.

It was a sweet duty for Macready, whose colors had been lowered in the presence of the woman. Pugh gave an order to the man at the wheel, and followed the Irishman below. Lara had held the light in the gray eye.

"What do you mean by putting out without the owner?" Negley demanded thickly.

Pugh's black eyes roved from the face of his superior to the sailors; to the drenched woman who had caused it all; to the hated Macready at the door. They were enemies all.

"As I explained to the lady, I was trying to save the ship," he said.

"Turn back to the harbor at once—full speed!"

Pugh hesitated.

"Turn back, I say! Get out of here!"

"But a fire-fly couldn't live in there, sir!"

"Put him in irons—you men!" Negley commanded the sailors. "Macready, lift me to the bridge!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was after eleven when the Madame de Stael regained the harbor. The cloudburst had spent itself. Out from the land rolled an unctuous smudge which bore suggestions of the heinous impartiality of a great conflagration. The harbor was cluttered with wreckage, a doom-picture for the eyes of the seamen. Dimly, fitfully, through the pall, they saw the ghosts of the shipping—black hulls without helm or hope. The Madame vented a deep-toned roar, but no answer was returned—not a voice from the wreckage, not the scream of a gull. A sailor heaved the lead, and the scathed steamer bored into the rising heat.

Ahead was emptiness. The woman was standing forward on the main deck. The wind tunnelled through the smoke, and she saw the hills shorn of her city. The hope that the guns of Pelee had been turned seaward was crushed with other hopes. A cry was wrung from her breast at last. The anchor chain was dropped, and two men were bearing the brave Negley down from the bridge. Macready hastened to the woman's side.

"Arrange to get a small boat, Denny. We must go ashore;" she commanded, recovering self-possession.

Macready felt that it was now time to force matters.

"You can't go ashore yet, lady!" he exclaimed. "I cud bake a potatie here, sure, in the holla av my hand. What, thin, must it be in that pit av dishtruction?"

He was staring in a smoke-stained face. The purpose there was immovable as granite. The voice that he heard made him wince with fear, lest she should direct upon him words such as had been Pugh's portion.

"Mr. Macready, get a small boat ready! I am going ashore."

"Sure, an' I'll go wit' you, ma'am," he said hastily.

"I did not think you would withhold your aid from him, Denny. Make haste," she added gently.

The sailor whom Denny persuaded to accompany them was the old lion, Ernst, who had held the launch at the pier so long, and who had been relieved for the last trip. Water, medicines, food, spirits and many cakes of ice, thickly wrapped in tarpaulin, were placed in a small boat. The woman suffered herself to be garbed according to the ideas of Macready. One of Constable's pith helmets was upon her head; his rain coat was buttoned about her, the sleeves rolled up to her hands; and a pair of his shoes was laced over her own. It was difficult to move about in this regalia, but it kept off the withering draughts. The boat was lowered.

A half-hour later, they were forced to put back to the ship. Ernst was whimpering at the oars, his lips twisted in agony. Macready was silent, an eloquent signal of his failing endurance. Lara had not swooned; her will was not broken, but conditions had been encountered which flesh could not conquer. The boat was pulled about to the lee of the steamer, and at a port-hole glass she saw the sneering face of Pugh, still in irons.

There in the boat the three renewed their strength, and another terrific downpour came to aid them. Lara sat in the stern, hands and lips tense, during the cloudburst. It was nearly two in the afternoon when the boat was bailed, the stock of ice replenished, and a second start made. The sailors gave them a cheer.

Deeper and deeper in toward the gray, low beach the little boat was pulled, its occupants the first to look upon the heaped and running over measure of Saint Pierre's destruction. Denny and Ernst took turns at the oars, sometimes pulling a single blade together. Rare running mates, they were, odd as two white men could be, but matched to a hair in courage. Ernst bent to his work, a grim, stolid mechanism. Denny jerked at the oars, and found breath and energy remaining to assail Pugh, with his barbed and poisoned tongue. The woman, in the stern of the boat, knelt before them, praising, cooling their faces with ice, her words often incoherent, but her spirit unconquerable.

(To be continued.)

PIPE QUIETS FRACTIOUS COW.

Girl Dons Hired Man's Clothes and Bossy Stands Still.

"Any one who has ever spoken in language barred from use over the telephone when a mean cow kicked over a half-filled pail of new milk knows that cows are mighty queer 'critters,'" ruminated Farmer Lawton, "which reminds me of a story brought to mind by the presence in the city of my old friend Ed H. Rife, the big stockman of Rock Springs, Wyo., and his youngest daughter, Miss Rave.

"We all know how skittish the gentle kine can be when the wrong person approaches to glean the day's supply of milk. That's the point of this story, of which Miss Rife is the central figure.

"In October, during the big storm, I was up visiting my old friend Rife. When the storm started we all went out to gather in the herders and their charges far up in the mountains. Miss Rife made the long drive from Rock Springs to the ranch, and there was left to look after the stock, including about fifteen milch cows.

"Naturally, we had some misgivings about the girl being able to milk them, because she was a total stranger to them all. When we returned, after a number of days, she had a story that speaks loudly for the resourcefulness of the Wyoming girls, and equally as forcibly for the peculiarities of the cow.

"'I milked them all right,' was Miss Rife's greeting to her father, 'all but two.'

"'How'd you do it?' queried her father.

"'Well, it wasn't easy at first, because I could think only of putting on one of the men's old suits,' responded the girl, 'and they knew I was strange.

"'And what do you think finally quieted them?' she laughed. 'Just an old pipe. I hunted up the oldest and strongest and put it in the pocket of the coat. The familiar odors reached them, and all but the two stood quiet for the milking after that.'"—Denver News.

The Fickle Summer Maid.

Rodrick—Man at the seashore discovered diamonds in the surf. Did you ever discover any jewels when you were there?

Van Albert—I thought I discovered a jewel last summer, but after she jilted me I came to the conclusion that she was only an imitation.

The day is always his who works in it with sincerity and great aim.—Channing.

HOUSEHOLD

Can Lid Flies Open.

An improved garbage can has a lid which is operated by automatic means. In the first place, the lid is always in place and not cavorting around the yard as a detached lid often is, and then, again, when it is desired to reopen the can for the reception of some table refuse, it is not necessary to touch it with the hands, a pressure of the toe answering all purposes. Extensions of the handle acting as levers engage pins in a steel trap riveted to the top of the can, so that by pressure of the foot the hinged lid is easily lifted. A loop at the back of the lid serves as a stop to keep it from swinging beyond a perpendicular position, and when the pressure is released permits it to close by gravity.

NEW GARBAGE CAN

Peach Jelly.

Peel, halve and stone a dozen ripe peaches, boil them and the bruised kernels for fifteen minutes in a thin syrup made of ten ounces of sugar and a half pint of water. Flavor juice with grated rind and strained juice of four lemons and strain through jelly bag. Add to this one ounce dissolved gelatin. Pour this into mould and set away to cool.

Cherry Pickle.

One quart large cherries, one-half pint vinegar, one pint sugar, twelve whole cloves, small piece mace. Boil vinegar, sugar and spices together five minutes, set away to cool, wipe the cherries dry, place in a glass jar and pour the cold vinegar over them. Seal and keep in a cool place. They will be ready to serve in a week.

Molasses Cookies.

Mix one cup each of molasses, sugar, water, and one teaspoonful each of soda, ginger, salt, cloves and cinnamon. Add sifted flour to make a dough that is not quite stiff enough to roll out. Turn onto a well-floured board and pat with the hand until half an inch thick. Cut in rounds and bake in a quick oven.

Rice Muffins.

One egg, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of milk, one cupful of cooked rice, one-quarter cupful of melted butter, one-half level teaspoonful of salt. Add the salt to the flour, work in the rice with the tips of the fingers, add the egg, well beaten, milk and melted butter; bake in buttered gem pans.

Leftover Soup.

Take all kinds of scraps of vegetables, as cabbage leaves, tomatoes, celery, parsley, carrots, onions, and about six large potatoes. Put on to boil with plenty of water. Season with salt and pepper. When tender, press through a coarse sieve, and add, if on hand, gravy from any kind of roast.

Canned Peas.

Pour peas into a colander. Rinse them thoroughly and put in saucepan. Add three very large cooking spoonfuls of cold water, salt, a little sugar, enough to make them taste like a sweet pea, and a lump of butter. Set the saucepan in another of hot water, cover and cook for thirty minutes.

To Improve Canned Goods.

It is said that vegetables and fruit which have been hermetically sealed should be opened a couple of hours before using, in order that the oxygen may return. This plan will take away the peculiar flavor that nearly all canned things have, says a contributor to the June Delineator.

Apple Johnny Cake.

One pint of white meal, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Milk enough to mix quite soft, three apples pared and sliced. Mix in the order given. Bake in a shallow pan thirty minutes.

Salmon Salad.

Remove the bones from a can of salmon and set on the ice until cold. Pick the salmon into large flakes, add to it some minced celery and pickles and, if they are liked, thinly sliced cucumbers. Season with paprika and pour over all a French dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Coconnut Souffle.

Bring a pint of milk to scalding and stir into it a cupful of grated cocoanut. Set aside until cold, add five eggs, beaten light, and one teaspoon essence bitter almonds. Bake in a pudding dish and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

Grape Juice.

Remove the stems from six quarts of grapes and put them over the fire with a quart of water, bring slowly to the boil and strain. Return the juice to the fire, boil up once more, and bottle and seal while scalding hot.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

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