

Distress After Eating

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. BARRITT, 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 Piso'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 plumping 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 calf 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. K. A. DUFFY, 214 W. Washington St.

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 unequaled 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.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Planter's Daughter

OR FATE'S REVENGE

By MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON

Author of "A Wait from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winifred," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

But the sight of him recalled all her misery and degradation, and in a tremulous voice she cried: "You have been to Louisiana! Why did you not tell me before she came? Ah, it is all over now, and there is nothing left me but to die!"

"Sylphide!" he exclaimed, advancing towards her; but she waved him back.

"Oh, Lucian," she wailed; "she wishes to separate us—you and me. Oh, my head reels at the thought. This is more than I can bear!"

She flung herself upon the sofa, dry sobs rending her bosom with cruel violence. Courtlandt went to her and strove to raise her.

"Sylphide," he cried, piteously, "Sylphide! Listen to me! Suffer me to explain!"

"Have you not been to Louisiana?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did you learn?"

"Sylphide—"

"Oh, you may speak the truth! Your mother has forestalled you. Am I a slave?"

"Yes—your mother was a slave."

To his surprise, she rose calmly and laid her hand upon his arm.

"I have refused to separate from you. Will you condemn me as she does? Do you believe I do not love you?"

"No, but I know my mother; habituated to being obeyed in all things; she will have her way. There will be a terrible struggle."

"You will resist her—swear to me that you will."

"But our child—what will become of him? Oh, Sylphide, I fear the devotion is on my mother's side; the selfishness on ours."

"Enough! I see through this subterfuge! You know the woman you are to marry—speak, who is she?"

"Sylphide, will you believe me when I tell you that I do not know? As God is my judge, I do not know. She broached the subject the moment she learned the result of my journey to Louisiana."

"And you agreed to it?"

"You are mistaken. I left her abruptly and came to you. In that first moment I could not and would not listen to her."

"But now—now you have changed your mind," she exclaimed bitterly. "Oh, Lucian," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck, "how can I part with you? how see you married to another for all eternity?"

"Some marriages are not for all eternity!"

The words were uttered by a third voice. Sylphide turned with a start of surprise, to find a man whom she had never before seen, a complete stranger to her, standing within six feet of her.

CHAPTER IX.

The momentary pause of amazement was broken by Courtlandt. Loosening Sylphide's arms from about his neck, he advanced with outstretched hand.

"Dr. Gresham!" he exclaimed with a puzzled air. "What brings you here? You come from my mother?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not come here as a friend to us," with a glance at Sylphide.

"On the contrary," was the quiet reply. "I came as a friend to both sides."

And turning to Sylphide, he added, "I trust, madam, you will pardon my entering your apartments unannounced, but I feared that had I sent my name, you would refuse to receive me, and the object of my visit is of the utmost importance at this moment."

As he ceased speaking, Courtlandt promptly introduced the slender, keen-eyed, gray-haired gentleman to Sylphide as his family physician, a man who had been present at his advent into the world, and in whom he reposed the most implicit confidence. They then seated themselves, Sylphide and Lucian side by side upon the sofa, while Dr. Gresham took a chair so as to be able to face the pair.

Sylphide was the first to speak.

"Doctor," she said, "what meant the words that you uttered when you entered?"

"They signified that I am ignorant of nothing that has taken place. Mrs. Courtlandt left me at her house when she came here."

"Then you are aware of what she came to propose, and what I refused to comply with?"

"Yes," replied the doctor, "but perhaps you would have accepted the conditions, had my visit preceded Mrs. Courtlandt's, instead of following it."

"What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Courtlandt came here, I believe, to propose a means of securing for her son the right to recognize his child. Lucian loves you, and you love him in return. Now, if by chance you should be a free woman some day, do you not wish that he should be free to marry you then, according to the law?"

"Certainly."

"And if I were able to assure to your son the right to the name of Courtlandt, without depriving you, madam, of your chances—"

"Dr. Gresham!" exclaimed Lucian, with impatient anxiety, "what mean all these mysterious words? Since you say you came here as a friend, what can you do for us?"

"Listen," continued the doctor, in the same calm tone; "suppose this lady here, whom you married in good faith, should

be made free within the year by the abolition of slavery. Suppose that in the meantime I were able to find for you a wife who would recognize your child, and at the same time assure you your liberty before the opening of another year?"

"I fail to understand," said Lucian.

"I number among my patients a poor young girl, a perfect angel, and heiress to one of the best names in the land, who for the past two years has been in a gradual and hopeless decline from an incurable lung trouble—"

Abruptly interrupting the speaker, Lucian Courtlandt sprang to his feet.

"Doctor," he cried, impetuously, "this is frightful! I will hear no more!"

With never a glance at the excited man, Gresham fixed his searching eyes upon Sylphide.

"Speak, madam," he said; "what think you?"

"That it is frightful, as Lucian says," faltered Sylphide, "and yet—yet perhaps we ought not to dismiss the idea too suddenly. Oh, think, Lucian, this is not so much a marriage as an opportunity of righting our child in the world's eye!"

"I repeat, doctor," rejoined Courtlandt, resolutely, "that I find your proposition horrible, and I am astonished that you—a man so good, so noble, so generous—"

"Pardon me one moment, Lucian," interrupted Gresham; "were I to tell you that within easy walking distance of this house there dwells a family upon the verge of starvation, a woman and her daughter slowly dying of poverty and disease, would you not hand me your purse and request me to give it to them?"

And if I should add that the father and husband of this family bears an unblemished name, as high in the social scale as your own—"

"I should triple the sum."

"You would have to increase it an hundred fold, my dear boy," said the doctor, as he rose and set back his chair, "before I would undertake to offer it. Can you not see that by marrying the young girl you would at once secure her comfort during her declining days and a competency for her parents in exchange for the name which lies in her power to give your son?"

Lucian stood in the center of the room, with his hands pressed tightly upon his throbbing temples; and when he did not answer, Sylphide arose and crept to his side.

"Lucian," she murmured, "by adding them you secure your mother's happiness, and—mine, perhaps." Then turning to Gresham, she added, quickly, "Doctor, he consents!"

"No, no, no—wait!" cried the half-desperate man. With the headlong haste of one who fears his chance may escape him, Gresham said:

"All that remains now is to know whether they will consent. I can sound them easily enough upon the subject if you give me leave."

Absolutely handing her husband his hat and leading him to the door, Sylphide exclaimed with forced eagerness: "Hurry, Lucian! Go, go and make your peace with your mother. Tell her that you have convinced me that I must give you up! Say whatever you wish."

Then, as Lucian Courtlandt returned reluctantly to the table for the gloves which in her haste she had forgotten, Sylphide breathed in Gresham's ear:

"Doctor, are you sure, very sure?"

"Perfectly sure," replied the doctor with a reassuring smile; "you may rest easy; the poor girl has not three months to live."

They had separated before Lucian turned to retrace his steps, and as he came slowly down the room, he said in a forced, unnatural tone:

"Well, doctor, where do these people live?"

"In a semi-respectable tenement house in Sixth avenue near Eleventh street; the number has escaped me, but you cannot miss the place."

"And the name?"

"Burgess—Philip Burgess."

Courtlandt paused thoughtfully.

"I think I have heard that name before," he muttered; "if I am not mistaken, I have heard my mother mention it."

"Very likely," returned Gresham; "they are people who have seen better days—days as prosperous as you are now enjoying."

Lucian went to Sylphide and took her hands in his.

"Good-by, Sylphide," he said, with constraint; "whatever happens, remember that you have counseled this step."

"Oh, Lucian, Lucian!" she cried, in a sudden access of alarm; "what do you mean? What can happen?"

"I do not know."

"She cannot live! The doctor has—"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, almost roughly putting her from him; "this compact is hideous enough without forcing its details upon me; unless I see my mother at once, I shall weaken and never be able to go through with it!"

"Then go, go to her at once!" urged Sylphide, at fever heat in her anxiety; "and do not forget that, though you sacrificed yourself for our child, I have to bear the bitterest part!"

He left her then, without another word, without so much as a backward glance, and as Gresham followed him, he pressed Sylphide's hand warmly and whispered:

"Keep up a brave heart, little woman! I am with you, heart and soul; and with heaven's help we shall come off victorious!"

Then he, too, left her, and the door was closed upon them. As their footsteps echoed down the silent staircase, and the street door closed as they went out, a stifling sense of the reality, of her loneliness and desertion overpowered the young mother.

"Gone!" she murmured; "gone to marry another! What am I now? What should I be if she lived and he learned to love her?"

The entrance of Diana roused her from her awful gloom and despair. Starting to her feet, she exclaimed, to the blank astonishment of the woman:

"Quick, Diana, my hat and cloak! If my life pays the forfeit, I must see her."

And with a wild laugh on her lips, she cast a thick veil over her face and was gone, out into the summer sunlight—gone to meet her fate!

CHAPTER X.

The same sunlight which illumined the sumptuous apartments of Sylphide Courtlandt fell in at a southern window and warmed the tiny kitchen of a humble tenement in Sixth avenue with its genial rays. The place was scrupulously neat, but painfully bare of those necessities which render life comfortable and worth the living. Before the small stove knelt a pale, brave-faced woman, laboriously coaxing a few chips and billets of wood into a blaze!

This woman was Martha Dunn, the long-suffering and faithful servant of the Burgess family. She had lived with them through their time of affluence, and now in the season of their adversity she had not deserted them. Brave Martha Dunn! Your heroism, like that of so many others, is none the less noble though it has never been cried in the world's ears.

This morning there were tears in the woman's eyes, tears in her voice as she murmured:

"This is the last of our wood, and there is only a handful of coal left! Heaven only knows what we shall do to-morrow!"

At this moment a quick step in the outer hall arrested her attention, and rising hastily she threw open the door. A lad from a neighboring bakery with a well-filled basket upon his arm stood upon the landing of the stairs.

"Step in here a moment, please," said the woman; and when the boy hesitated to comply with her request, she added, "I will not keep you; come in."

The boy stepped into the kitchen with evident reluctance and closed the door.

"Well," Martha said, "do you bring us no bread this morning?"

"Sorry, marm, but your credit is dead, and the master said as how I wasn't to leave any more bread. There's your bill, if you want it," and taking from his pocket the dreaded reckoning, he laid it upon the table.

"Your master knows that he will lose nothing by us!" exclaimed the woman, indignantly; "Mr. Burgess will pay everybody some day or other. You can certainly extend our credit for a morsel of bread."

"You needn't blame me!" retorted the boy; "I haven't wasted your money. But the old man has! Shame on him, I say, for his gambling and hanging round bar-rooms day and night."

"It is not true!" cried Martha, a conscious flush mounting her pallid cheeks.

"I say it is!" answered the boy; "don't see him with my own eyes?"

Conscious that he spoke the baleful truth, the woman said in a conciliatory tone:

"Oh, well, we must make allowances for a discouraged man; he has his faults, but he is honest."

"Why don't he work like the rest of us?" came the matter-of-fact demand, which caused Martha to give a start of dismay.

"Work!" she exclaimed, "a born gentleman, and at his age!—but hush," with an apprehensive glance at an inner door, "Miss Claire may hear us!"

"How is Miss Claire nowadays?" inquired the boy, with a sudden softening of his hard blue eyes.

"Sick, very sick."

The honest fellow drew his sleeve across his eyes so that he could see to withdraw the cloth that covered his bread.

"Poor Miss Claire!" he muttered; "well, here's a loaf for her. Oh, you may take it; if the master kicks, I'll settle for it myself. I say, how is the old lady getting along?"

"Poorly, my good boy," replied Martha, tears shining in her eyes; "she watches over her daughter, and is as brave as brave can be; she's a regular martyr."

"Is that so? Then I'm going to give you this 50-cent piece I've been saving up, and you can divide it between them."

And throwing a bright new coin upon the table with a cheery ring, he seized his basket and was out of the door and down the stairs, before Martha could falter her thanks.

But what her lips were not permitted to utter, her eyes expressed, when, a moment later, Mrs. Burgess entered the kitchen with a small basket upon her arm.

(To be continued.)

All They Could Raise.

The old colored man was wading about his inundated farm in the flood district.

"Look here, boss," he said, rubbing his brow, "do nature make eberything to suit its surroundin'?"

"I suppose so, Uncle Thad," replied the tourist. "Why?"

"Nuthin' much, only I was thinkin' det nature should hab supplied de people down heah wid en appetite foh watah lilies."

The Line of Least Resistance.

"Well, I see that famous authoress married, after all."

"Yes, it proved easier to find an affinity than a publisher, I fancy."

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.