

Little Soldiers

In your blood are the millions of corpuscles that defend you against disease.

To make and keep these little soldiers healthy and strong, is simply to make and keep the blood of the right quality and quantity.

This is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does—it helps the little soldiers in your blood to fight disease for you.

It cures scrofula, eczema, eruptions, catarrh, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, dyspepsia, general debility, and builds up the whole system.

An Infallible Record.

A way of deciding dates of certain important events is suggested by the following anecdote from Lippincott's. The parents of a college son were disputing as to the date of their last letter to their "hopeful," from whom, somewhat to the distress of the mother, they had not heard for some time.

"Are you sure, Thomas," asked the mother, unconvinced, "that it was on the 12th that you last wrote to Dick?"

"Absolutely!" was the father's decisive response. "I looked it up in my check book this morning."

If It's Your Eye Use Pettit's Eye Salve for inflammation, stye, itching lids, eye aches, defects of vision and sensitive to strong lights. All druggists or Howard Bros.

Unexpected Prize.

With a deftness acquired by long and patient practice the pickpocket extracted an old but well-filled purse from the hip pocket of the unsuspecting old gentleman with the beaming countenance against whom he had carefully brushed when leaving the Tube station, and on reaching a secluded place he opened it.

The contents had been wrapped with great care in numerous thicknesses of blank paper. Removing the wrappings one by one he found in the center of the package a card with this inscription on it:

Young man, give up your career of crime! Nothing in it!—T. H. B.

Defrauded the Government.

Franking privileges were greatly abused in days gone by. The government employes' friends shared in his opportunities. In a letter written by Wordsworth in 1815 the poet said: "By means of a friend in London I can have my letters free. His name is Lamb, and if you add an 'e' to his name he will not open the letters. Direct as below without anything further—Mr. Lamb, India House, London." Coleridge, too, saw that a postage saved was a postage gained, and made use of the Mr. Lamb of the India House—Charles Lamb.

Unpardonable Ignorance.

Hostess—You don't know who she is? Why, she's the celebrated Miss de Wranter. You must have seen her in "East Lynne."

Guest (with some embarrassment)—No, indeed, ma'am. I was never there in my life.—C. W. T.

Heroic Remedies.

"According to this magazine," said Mrs. Hittingham, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I guess that's right," rejoined Hittingham. "Likewise a broken neck will relieve a man of catarrh!"—London Answers.

Probably Gothic.

"Sir!" thundered the prosecuting attorney. "You are evading my question."

"Dare it," answered the prisoner before the bar, "if you knew the facts in the case as well as I do, you wouldn't blame me."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Crop Was a Failure.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fucash. "Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Thought He Knew Better.

"Well, anyway, it is safe to say that when women really want the ballot they will get it."

"No, I don't think it would be—quite safe for you to say it in the presence of my wife."

To correspond.

"I notice that since Clerkletch got into dissipated habits he doesn't use the perpendicular style in his handwriting."

"No, and he doesn't use it in his walk, either."

Prompt Action.

Anxious Friend—Gladly, you ought to do something for that uncontrollable thirst of yours, and you ought to do it quick.

Gayman (putting on his hat)—I'm ready to go and join you in one right now, old chap!

Logical Conclusion.

"You look sweet enough to kiss," says the impressed young man.

"So many gentlemen tell me that," coyly answers the fair girl.

"Ah! That should make you happy." "But they merely say that," she replies. "They merely tell me the facts in the case and never prove their statements."—Life.

Save the Baby—Use

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Should be given at once when the little one coughs. It heals the delicate throat and protects the lungs from infection—guaranteed safe and very palatable.

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By MRS. ALEXANDER

Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Woman's Wit," "Destiny's Bargain," "A Life Interest," "Mama's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Rawson found even a warmer reception than he had anticipated awaiting him when he presented himself the following day in Stafford Square. Bitter reproaches were showered upon him for his disloyal encouragement of an ungrateful son, a weak contemptible dupe. But Mr. Rawson defended himself bravely.

No one could do so much with Mrs. Saville as the family solicitor. First he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, of great experience and undoubted integrity, in whose judgment she had the greatest confidence. Then, too, he was a rich man and perfectly independent, both in position and in character. So high was her opinion of him that she dignified to call periodically on his daughters, and some years before, when she was in the habit of giving a large ball every season, sent them invitations, which were generally declined. Hugh Saville had been at school with the solicitor's only son, who was also in the navy, and when the young fellow evinced a tendency to drink, stood by him and helped him at the turning-point where, but for friendly help, he might have taken the downward road.

Mrs. Saville was too clever a woman to be a snob, though her love of power and distinction made her over-value the effect of rank and title upon her fellow-creatures. She was quite willing that her sons should be on familiar terms with Mr. Rawson's family, they were perfectly safe in the society of his quiet, unpretending daughters, while the sincere regard entertained by Mr. Rawson for the family of his distinguished client, whose debts, difficulties, and involvements made many steps in the ladder by which his father and himself had climbed to fortune, lent something of a feudal character to the tie existing between them.

To Mrs. Saville the greatest power on earth was money; but she was no miser. She could be lavishly generous at times, especially to any one who had served or gratified her own precious self. She could throw alms, too, to the needy, as you would a bone to a starving cur; but to her the poor were not exactly men or brothers. Yet, as her son said, she was not without heart, only lifelong undisputed command and unchecked prosperity had hardened it; no one could do much for her, or give her anything she had not already, and amid the splendid sunshine of her existence one small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," cast a deep shadow against which her inner heart rebelled. She was conscious that no one loved her, except, indeed, her son Hugh. This it was that made her so hard; she did not realize that her manner, her haughty aspect, repelled such sweet free-will offerings as love and tenderness.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Rawson, when she paused in her reproaches, "I can quite understand your displeasure, but suffer me to suggest that I have a right to receive whom I like in my own house. I do not defend your son's imprudence; but, though you renounce him, surely you would not wish to deprive the poor young fellow of friends as well as kindred? To persecute him is revenge, and to that I will be no party."

"I do not understand these nice distinctions," cried Mrs. Saville, "but I think your giving shelter to—to that disobedient boy is inconsistent with loyalty to me."

"Not in my opinion. Your son is not the frat young man who has left father and mother to cleave unto his wife. He has been singularly imprudent; still—"

"Imprudent! A dupe! a fool! an ungrateful idiot! Can't you see the game of the adventures all through?"

"I must say such a construction might be put on the disastrous story. If you are right, however," continued Mr. Rawson, "your son is more sinned against than sinning. If Mr. Hugh Saville's wife is the sort of a woman you imagine, she will hardly live for a year and more away from her husband, and within reach of the crew with which her father used to associate, without getting into a scrape of some kind. I propose to have her carefully watched. If she gives us just reason for action, let her be punished and your son saved from her clutches. If she proved a good woman and true, why, you may relax something of your severity."

"I can safely promise what you will, if she proves good and true. How do you propose to find out?"

"The lady remains near Nice, in the same rooms occupied by her father. Mr. Saville thinks that the owner of the house is kind and respectable; his wife knows little of English ways, and besides it is cheaper. Now, there is a man already employed to shadow her by an eminent firm, and he can quite well accept a second commission; only he must be warned not to let out what does not exist. We want facts, not condemnation."

"I want freedom for my son; but the idea is a good one, Mr. Rawson. I shall never be the same to Hugh, but I should prefer punishing the woman."

"It is but natural," remarked Rawson.

"Remember, Mr. Rawson, I must have my will to-morrow; I am determined to destroy it. It strikes me that your coming without it today looks very like playing into Hugh's hands."

"You do us both injustice. I am reluctant you should change it, but your son never mentioned the subject to me. Indeed, he is too breathlessly busy, and a good deal harassed by his—"

—by the lady's anxiety to come out as a public singer, for which she was trained. He—"

"Anything but that! Imagine the name of Mrs. Hugh Saville in huge letters at the top of a play-bill! It would be monstrous!"

"Oh, she would come out as Sigora somebody. I would not oppose it if I were you. But I think your son has forbidden the plan."

"Why should I take any further trouble?" said Mrs. Saville, throwing herself back in her chair. "Let things go."

"Very well," Mr. Rawson rose to take leave. "Lord Everton arrived yesterday. He makes some short stay in town, but no doubt he will call on you."

"Then I shall not see him. I shall get away, I hope next week; I cannot stay in town; yet I dread the country. Do not forget to send my will this afternoon by a special messenger."

"I shall be sure to do so."

"And come the day after to-morrow to take my instructions for a new one. I don't wish to die intestate."

"My dear Mrs. Saville, what a comic idea!"

"If you knew how I felt you would not think it an unnatural one."

"A few weeks' quiet in the country will set you up."

"The country without companionship will not be cheerful; yet I want to get away from every one. At Inglefield, however, I have my gardens."

"A delightful resource," said Rawson, absent-mindedly had begun to wander, and he hastened to make his adieux.

A conspiracy of small things, however, seemed to have been formed against the execution of Mrs. Saville's plans.

Rawson faithfully fulfilled his promise, and sent her will, which by that night she tore up with vicious energy and burned in the empty grate of her dressing-room, but the trusty adviser was immensely engaged for the next fortnight, and when he offered the services of his partner they were invariably declined. Then, by some mistake, there had been a delay in beginning certain repairs and decorations at Inglefield, and when she drove down to inspect them she found the smell of paint so overpowering that she at once postponed her removal for at least ten days. Finally she sent for her doctor and commanded him to prescribe for the bad feverish cold she declared she had caught, and above all to order absolute quiet. All this time her eldest son was absent. He was spending a delightful and profitable few days, which stretched into a fortnight, with a learned antiquarian who had a place in Lincolnshire, from where they enjoyed themselves examining the fine old churches to be found in that shire, taking rubbings of brasses, and spending happy mornings in deciphering half-effaced inscriptions.

These were bitter days to the proud, selfish woman, who felt that the love which had kept her heart from freezing, her nature from growing quite stony, had been snatched from her by a stranger, a mere adventuress, who most likely saw in Hugh only a useful husband, whose money and position would make life luxurious and secure. For the sake of this stranger, the son she loved so well in her own silent, exacting way had cast aside all sense of duty, all affection, all regard for rightful authority; and to her it seemed a moral earthquake.

The feverish cold she feigned at first became really an attack of low fever, and her medical attendant grew anxious that she should have change of air. Ill or well, she never ceased to insist on having her new will completed and brought to her for execution. In vain Mr. Rawson begged for her to await the return of her eldest son and consult him first. Mrs. Saville rejected the suggestion with scorn.

"Richard knows nothing about business. I have no respect whatever for his opinion; so just bring me my will, without further maneuvering. I know you are working for that ungrateful, worthless son of mine; but it is of no use. If you refuse to do my bidding I can find plenty who will."

Very true, Mrs. Saville; but I do not deny that I am reluctant to see my young friend cut off without even a shilling. Do not be in a hurry. You cannot tell what time may bring forth."

"No, Mr. Rawson, I will not wait. Death may come at any moment, and I could not rest in my grave if I thought that designing mix was reveling in the enjoyment of my money."

"Well, then, I will do you bidding. The day after to-morrow I will send my head clerk with the will. You can get one of your own people for a second witness."

"Then I shall leave town on Thursday. Until I have signed, sealed, and delivered it into your hands, I shall not quit this house. Can I trust it to you, Mr. Rawson?"

"My dear madam, do you take me for a felon?"

Mrs. Saville smiled—a swift, bright smile, such as at rare—very rare—intervals lit up her grave face.

"Well, I shall leave it in your hands." There was a short pause, and she resumed: "Among all this worry, I suppose you have not had time to find me a lady companion?"

"Yes, I have made some inquiries, and find it is no easy matter. The fact is, I enlisted my eldest daughter in your service. She is a sensible, thoughtful young woman, and very anxious to select the right article. She was speaking to me only this morning, and was rather depressed about it. There are shoals of women seeking such an appointment, but very few that are suitable."

"One that did not suit would be worse than none."

"Exactly. Now, my daughter suggested something that might suit, if you do not mind waiting a week."

"I fear, Mr. Rawson, I shall have to wait considerably longer."

"Well, the lady I was going to mention is the niece of our rector down in Wales, my native place. He has been dead many years, but this girl lived on with his widow, who died a few months ago. She is an orphan, very slenderly provided for, and is coming to stay with my girls for a few weeks. She is a gentlewoman, and well educated. I have not seen her since she was very young, so I will take a look at her before I say any more. If I think it worth while troubling you, she might call, or you could form your own judgment, or take her on trial for a couple of months."

"Thank you, Mr. Rawson. I am very much obliged. I should like to see her; for I cannot have a fright or a dowdy before my eyes every day. When do you expect this girl?"

"I am not quite sure. Soon, certainly."

"I should like to see her before I leave."

"I will ask my daughter to write this evening and ask her to come a little sooner."

"Yes, pray do. If she is at all reasonable and intelligent, she may be of great use to me. Imagine, Mr. Rawson, Lady Olivia proposing to give me her 'dear Sophia' for six months, to be my daughter and to cheer me up! Why, the girl is as great an idiot as her mother!"

"Indeed! The offer was well meant."

"I hate well-meant people."

Mr. Rawson laughed. "I suppose I may tell you I had a few lines from Mr. Hugh—" he began, when he was swiftly silenced by an imperative, "No, you may not. I will not allow that name to be mentioned before me, unless, indeed, we can succeed in breaking this unfortunate marriage."

Mr. Rawson, looking very grave, bent his head.

"By the way, what is the name of the lady you mentioned?"

"Oh! Miss Desmond."

"I will see her," said Mrs. Saville, with decision. "I can tell at a glance whether she will do or not."

"Then I shall wish you a very good morning, and my daughter will let you know when Miss Desmond can wait upon you."

Mrs. Saville thanked him again, and bade him a gracious good-by.

(To be continued.)

Bobby's Excuse.

They had evaporated peaches for dessert and Bobby ate the lion's share. When his little brother Billy looked at the dish it was empty.

"Where's my 'vaporated peaches'?" wailed Billy.

"Dunno," responded Bobby with angelic ignorance.

Just then his mother came up.

"Come, come," she said, sharply, "where are Billy's evaporated peaches?"

"Deed I don't know, mamma. I—I guess they 'vaporated.'"

Not So Many.

Squire—I never realized what a little fellow Muggins is until last night. Vicar—And how did it happen to occur to you then?

Squire—I overheard a woman say that he was every inch a gentleman.—Pick-Me-Up.

Farting Was Sweet Sorrow.

"Young man," said the serious person, "don't you realize that the love of money is the root of all evil?"

"Well," answered the spendthrift, "you don't see me hanging on to money as if I loved it, do you?"—Answers.

Wellesley Oak 500 Years Old.

A wide-spreading oak which experts have declared must have been growing at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, is a landmark on the estate of the late Arthur Hunsell in Wellesley, Mass.

The magnificent tree measures 26 feet in circumference at the base. It is a noticeable landmark on account of its unusual size. It intersects the fence which separates the fertile fields of the Hunsell estate from the highway, and thus arrests the attention of the passer-by.

The late Mr. Hunsell took great pride in the ancient tree. It has withstood the ravages of pests for a great many years and is apparently in condition to live for a great many more decades. The late Mr. Hunsell once had the tree examined by an expert from the Smithsonian Institute, who declared that it was between 400 and 500 years old.

Elliot, the apostle to the Indians, frequently passed the towering oak while going to and from South Natick, where he preached to the Indians, the tree being beside what was the old trail.

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Tired of the Game.

"Billingsley tells me he has moved his gasoline tank into his garage."

"But that's awfully dangerous, isn't it? The garage may catch fire at any moment."

"That's what Billingsley hopes"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only a Void.

Bertie—Here's another great chess playah whose brain has gone wrong. I am glad I never took up the deuced game.

Jane—But in your case, Bertie, I'm quite sure there would be nothing to go wrong.—Saville Plain Dealer.

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