

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before manifesting itself in much cutaneous eruption or glandular swelling. It is best to be sure that you are quite free from it, and you can rely on

Hood's Sarsaparilla to rid you of it radically and permanently. Accept no substitute, but insist on having Hood's. Liquid or tablets, 100 Doses \$1.

"Dust Devils" of Nile Valley. Travelers in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are "dust devils" seen by an explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, and if they be well-matched the collision stops them and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined rush on together. Some of these whirlwinds will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or send a goat spinning round and round like a top.

Makes a Difference.

Dwellers in apartment houses sometimes seem to forget that conversations in the entrance halls may be overheard by other tenants. This was the greeting which a belated husband received at the door of his apartment recently: "Don't talk to me! I know very well what you would say! But I know—you have been off playing poker and lost all your money!" "No, I didn't, my dear; I won twenty dollars," was the conciliating answer.

The other voice suddenly modulated. "Well, perhaps after all we women are a little too severe—a man should have a little recreation now and then."

Wrongly Reported.

Tommy Wrott—Did you tell a friend of mine the other day that I was the biggest fool in town? Lotta Guph—Never! All I said was that you were the biggest fool for the opportunities you'd had.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY.

A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief.

The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders and other kidney ills, will find comfort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache and my general health was affected when I began using them. My feet were swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highly colored. Today, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Farmer and the Party Wire. When the independent telephone companies first began to come together to conventions to exchange experiences, one fact was always commented upon with great curiosity by the managers of town or city plants, says Success. This was that they invariably met with failure in their endeavors to induce farmers to put in what are known as "lockout" devices, by means of which every telephone on a party line becomes practically a private wire.

In cities, the party line is considered a great nuisance, because there is no privacy in conversations, and all the bells on the line are rung each time a subscriber calls. Naturally, the managers of plants figured that this objection prevailed in the country also; but, almost without exception, they found that one of the great attractions to the farmer was that his telephone did ring every time the other sixteen or twenty people on the line rang up, and that he could hear or be overheard in conversation. It was a practical demonstration of the social hunger the farmer has endured for centuries, and which is now ended, thanks to the arrival of telephone competition.

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

England's Oldest Peer.

The only living peer who was a member of the house of lords at the time of Queen Victoria's accession is Lord Nelson. He succeeded to the earldom in 1835. Lord Nelson is not a direct descendant of the hero of Trafalgar, but is only collaterally descended from Horatio Nelson's sister, Mrs. Bolton. He enjoys a good estate and a pension of £5,000 granted to the first Lord Nelson and his heirs.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50¢ per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Trouble.

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin. "The other I," said the boy with the curly hair. "Give a sentence containing the phrase." "He winked his other I."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Gallant Boy.

A Bostonian was talking about the late Henry Harland. "Harland was a graceful, gallant soul," he said. "Even in his boyhood he turned the prettiest compliment. 'In his boyhood he studied Latin under a charming young woman.' 'This young lady, calling him up in class one morning, said: 'Henry, name some of the chief beauties of education.' 'The boy, smiling into his teacher's pretty eyes, answered: 'Schoolmistresses.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER I.

One afternoon, some years ago, the copper-bright rays of a cruel sun burned the surface of the tepid ocean. The stillness of the atmosphere was phenomenal, even in the latitudes where a great calm reigns from month to month. It is almost impossible to present to northern eyes this picture of a southern sea gleaming beneath a sun which had known no cloud for weeks; impossible to portray the brilliant monotony of it all with any degree of reality. The sun rises day by day, week in and week out, unclouded from the straight horizon, sails right overhead, and at last sinks westward undimmed by thinnest vapor. Month after month, year after year, aye, century after century, this day's work is performed. The scorching orb of light rises at the same monotonous hour and sets, just as he did when this world was one vast ocean, with but one ship sailing on it.

Frim the dark, mysterious depths of the ocean, wavering ripples mounting in radiation to the surface, broke at times the blue uniformity of its bosom. Occasionally a delicate nautilus floated along before some unappreciable breath, presently to fold its sails and disappear. Long trailers of seaweed floating idly almost seemed to be endowed with a sinuous life and movement.

No bird in the air, no fish in the sea! Nothing to break the awful silence! A wreck might float and drift here or there upon these aimless waters for years together and never be found.

But Chance, the fickle, ruled that two vessels should break the monotony of sea and sky on this particular afternoon. One, a mighty structure, with tall tapering masts, perfect in itself, an ideal merchantman. The other, small, of exquisite yacht-like form, and with every outward sign of a great speed obtainable.

There was obviously something amiss with the larger vessel. Instead of white sails aloft on every spar, bare poles and slack ropes stood nakedly against the blue ether.

In contrast, the other carried every foot of canvas. Carried it literally; for the white cloth hung mostly idle, only at times flapping softly to a breath of air that was not felt on deck. Since dawn the smaller vessel had been steadily, though very slowly, decreasing the distance between them, and now there were signs of activity on her deck, as though a boat were about to be lowered. Across the silent waters trilled the call of a boatswain's whistle. The vessel was plainly a man-of-war. As a matter of fact, she was one of the quick-sailing schooners built and designed by the British government for the suppression of the slave trade on the west coast of Africa.

Every knob of brass gleamed in the sun, every inch of deck was holy-stoned as white as milk. Aloft no rope was frayed, no seizing adrift. It was easy to see that this trim vessel carried a large crew under strict discipline.

And now the melodious song of sailors hauling together floated through the glittering air to the great vessel of the dead. No answering cry was heard—no expectant faces peered over the black bulwarks. The signal flags, "Do you want help?" hung unnoticed. The scene was suggestive of that fable telling of a mouse proffering aid to a lion; the huge, still merchantman could have taken the slave catcher upon its broad decks.

Presently a boat left the smaller vessel and skimmed over the water, impelled by sharp, regular strokes. The sound of the oars alone broke the silence of Nature.

In the stern of the boat sat a square-shouldered little man, whose brown face and glistening chestnut beard, pleasantly suggestive of cleanly refinement, combined with readiness of resource. His pleasant eyes were scarcely hazel, and yet could not be described as gray, because the two colors were mixed. As the boat approached the great merchantman, this officer formed his two hands into a circle and raised his practiced voice:

"Aho—there!"

There was no reply; and a moment or two later the small boat swung in beneath the high bulwarks. There was a rope hanging almost to the water, and with a quick jerk the young fellow scrambled up the ship's side like a monkey. Three of the boat's crew prepared to follow him.

He sat for a moment balanced on the blistered rail, and then leaped lightly on to the deck. Between the planks the pitch had oozed up and glistened like jet, in some places the seasoned wood had warped. He stood for a moment alone amid the tangled ropes, and there were beads of perspiration on his brown forehead. It is no pleasant duty to board a derelict ship, for somewhere or other there will probably be an unpleasant sight, such as is remembered through the remainder of the beholder's life.

There was something crude and hard in the entire picture. In the merciless, almost shadowless light of a midday sun every detail stood out in hard outline. The perfect ship, with its forlorn, bedraggled deck; the clean spars towering up into the heavens, with their loose cordage, their clumsily furled sails; and upon the moss-grown deck this square-shouldered little officer—trim, seaman-like, prompt, amid the universal slackness—the sun gleaming on his white cap and gilt buttons.

While he stood for a moment hesitating, he heard a strange, unknown sound.

It was more like the rattle in a choking man's throat than anything else that he could think of. He turned quickly, and stood gazing upon the saddest sight he had yet seen in all his life. Over the tangled ropes the gout figure of a white dog was creeping toward him. This poor dumb brute was most piteous and heart-rending, for the very dumbness of its tongue endowed its bloodshot, staring eyes with a heaven-born eloquence.

As it approached there came from its throat a repetition of the sickening crackle. The young officer stooped over it with kindly word and caress. Then, and then only, did he realize that the black and shriveled object hanging from its open lips was naught else but the poor brute's tongue. This was more like a piece of dried-up leather than living flesh.

"Water!" said the officer quickly to the man climbing over the rail behind him.

Some moments elapsed before the small beaker was handed up from the boat, and during these the officer moistened his finger at his own lips, touching the dog's tongue tenderly and skillfully.

"Look after the poor brute," he said to the man, who at length brought the water. "Don't give him too much at first."

With a lighter step he walked aft, and climbed the brass-bound companion ladder, while two of the boat's crew followed upon his heels.

Upon the upper deck he stopped suddenly, and the color left his lips. There, at the wheel, upon an ordinary kitchen chair, sat a man. His two hands clutched the brass-bound spokes; his head lay prone upon his arms. A large Panama hat completely hid his features, and the wide, graceful brim touched his bent shoulders.

As the stately vessel slowly rocked upon the glassy sweep of rolling wave the great wheel perked from side to side, swaying the man's body with it. From one muscular arm the shirt sleeve had fallen back, displaying sinews like cords beneath the skin. Here was Death steering a dead ship through lifeless waters.

And yet in the dramatic picture there was a strange sense of purpose. The man was lashed to the chair. If life had left him this lonely mariner had at least fought a good fight. Beneath the old Panama hat an unusual brain had at one time throbbled and planned and conceived a purpose. This was visible in the very simplicity of his environments, for he was at least comfortable. Some biscuits lay upon the grating beside him—there was bunting on the seat and back of the chair—while the rope loosely knotted around his person seemed to indicate that sleep, and perhaps death, had been provided for and foreseen.

CHAPTER II.

Gently and with excusable hesitation the naval officer raised the brim of the large hat and displayed the face of a living man. There could be no doubt about it. The strong face bore the signs of perfect health—the brown hair and closely cropped beard were glossy with life.

"He's asleep!" whispered one of the sailors—a young man who had not known discipline long.

"Halloo, my man! Wake up!" called out the young officer, clapping the sleeper on the back.

The effect was instantaneous. The sleeper opened his eyes and rose to his feet simultaneously, releasing himself from the rope which was hitched over the back of his chair. Despite ragged shirt and trousers, despite the old Panama hat with its limp brim, despite bare feet and tarry hands, there was something about this sailor which placed him on a par with the officer. These social distinctions are too subtle for most of us. We can feel them, but to explain is beyond us. We recognize a gentleman, but we can in nowise define one. This sailor's action was perfectly spontaneous and natural as he faced the officer. It was an unconscious assertion of social equality.

"An English officer!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "I am glad to see the uniform again."

The small man nodded his head without speaking, but he grasped the brown hand somewhat ceremoniously. The form of greeting was also extended to the two seamen by the ragged sailor.

"Are you in command of this vessel?" inquired Lieut. Grace, looking round critically.

"I am—at present. I shipped as second mate, but have now the honor of being captain, and bottle washer."

The men moved away, looking about them curiously. The younger made for the deck house, seeking the companion way below.

"Halloo!" exclaimed the solitary mariner, "where are you men going to? Hold hard, there, you fellows! Let me go down first."

The stoutly built little officer held up a warning hand to his men. Then he turned and looked keenly into his companion's face. The glance was returned with the calm speculation of a man who had not yet found his normal match.

"Yellow fever?" interrogated Grace.

"Yellow fever," answered the other, with a short nod. "I will go first."

Suiting the action to the word, he led the way, and the young officer followed closely. At the head of the companion ladder the sailor stopped.

"What is to-day?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Thursday."

"It was Tuesday when I lashed myself to that chair. I must have been sleeping forty-eight hours."

"And you have had no food since then?"

"I don't know. I really cannot tell you. I remember taking the wheel at midday on Tuesday; since then I don't exactly know what I have done."

He had descended the brass-bound steps, and as he spoke the last words he led the way into the saloon. A sail had been cast over the open skylight, so that the full glare of day failed to penetrate into the roomy cabin. Upon the oilcloth-covered table lay a rolled sheet of brown paper in the rough form of a torch, and beside it a box of matches.

"I burn brown paper," said the sailor, quietly, as he struck a light and ignited the paper—"It is the only disinfectant I have left."

"You need it!" exclaimed the officer.

In the meantime the other had advanced further into the cabin. Upon the floor, beyond the table, with their heads resting upon the hatch of the lazarette, lay two men whose forms were distinguishable beneath the dusky sheets cast over them.

"Those are the last of nineteen," said the ragged man, waving aside the acrid smoke. "I have buried seventeen myself, and nursed nineteen. That is the steward, this the first mate. They quarreled when they were—alive. It seems to be made up now—eh? I did my best, but the more I got to know of yellow fever the greater was my respect for it. I nursed them to the best of my knowledge, and then I—played parson."

He pointed to an open Bible lying on the floor. The little officer was watching him with peculiar and continuous scrutiny. He barely glanced at the Bible or at the still forms beneath the unwashed sheet. All his attention was concentrated upon the survivor.

"And now," he said, deliberately, "if you will kindly go on board the Foam I shall take charge of this ship."

"Eh?"

They stood looking at each other. It is rather a difficult task for a small man to look up into a face that is considerably above him, with a continued dignity. "I'll take command of the ship," he said, soothingly; "you are only fit for the sick list."

Across the long and sunken face there gleamed again an unpleasant smile—a mere contraction of the features, for the eyes remained terribly solemn. Then he looked round the cabin in a dreamy way, and moved toward the base of the mizzen-mast.

"I have navigated her almost single-handed for a fortnight," he said; "I am—glad you came."

Then the officer led him away from the cabin.

CHAPTER III.

From the moment that the ragged steersman opened his mournful gray eyes and looked upon the sunburned face of Lieut. Grace he had felt himself insensibly drawn toward his rescuer. This feeling was not the mere sense of gratitude which was naturally awakened, but something stronger. It was almost a conviction that this chance meeting on the deck of a fever-stricken ship was something more than an incident. It was a beginning—the beginning of a new influence upon his life.

When Grace laid his sunburned hand upon the sleeper's shoulder he had felt pleasantly conscious of a contact which had further import than mere warm flannel and living muscle. It was distinctly sympathetic in its influence, for there is a meaning in touch. As the two men emerged on deck the officer turned toward his companion.

"In another hour," he said, "that small dog would have been dead."

"Ah! you've saved him?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes. He will recover. I know dogs."

"He's had no water since Tuesday."

"He looked rather like it. Come. We will go on board my ship and report to the old man, while you get a meal—some soup I should think will be the best. You will have to be careful."

He led the way aft, toward the rail where the men, having found a rope ladder, were lowering it over the side. Before reaching them he turned.

"By the way," he said, quietly, "what is your name?"

"Tyars—Claud Tyars."

"Claud Tyars," repeated the little officer, musingly, as if searching in his mind for some recollection. "There was a Tyars in the Cambridge boat two years ago—a Trinity man."

"Yes—there was."

Lieut. Grace looked up in his singular, searching way.

"You are the man?"

"I am the man."

With a little nod the young officer continued his way. They did not speak again until they were seated in the gig on the way toward the Foam.

"I had a cousin," the officer remarked then in a cheerfully conversational manner, "at Cambridge. He would be a contemporary of yours. My name is Grace."

The rescued man acknowledged this neat introduction with a grave nod.

"I remember him well," he replied. "A great mathematician."

"I believe he was," answered Grace. He was looking toward his ship, which was near at hand. The crew were grouped amidships, peering over the rail, while a tall old man on the quarter deck, stopping in his meditative promenade occasionally, watched their approach with the aid of a pair of marine glasses.

"The skipper is on the lookout for us," continued the young officer in a low tone of voice requiring no reply.

"A slaver?" inquired Tyars, following the direction of his companion's eyes.

"Yes, a slaver, and the quickest ship upon the coast."

Propelled by strong and willing arms, the boat soon reached the yacht-like vessel, and in a few minutes Claud Tyars was repeating his story to her captain—a genial, white-haired, red-faced sailor.

(To be continued.)

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