

## 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 chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs, 100 doses \$1.

### Not a Good Plan.

Gyer—It isn't always a good plan for a man to try to make a name for himself.

Myer—Why not?

Gyer—Well, I knew a man once who tried it, and he was arrested for forgery.

### Brutality.

Here the far western orator waxed fervent.

"Fellow citizens," he exclaimed, "ordinarily I pay no attention to campaign slanders, but the candidate on the other tucket has lied about me so persistently and maliciously that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue and I am going to handle him without gloves!"

"You can't!" hoarsely bellowed a man with short hair, a thick neck, and a bulldog face.

"Why not?" demanded the orator.

"Cause it's agin the rules. Anywheres in this State you've got to have gloves weighin' at least two ounces!"

### "Origin" of Mahogany.

The origin of the use of mahogany is said to have been as follows: A West Indian trader brought home several logs of mahogany as ballast for his ship. The trader's brother, a London physician, happened to be building a house, and his brother suggested that the logs would serve for ceiling beams. Acting on the proposal, the doctor gave orders to his workmen accordingly, but their tools were not able to make an impression on the hard wood. The doctor ordered fresh tools to be made, and at length succeeded in finding implements which would cut the timber. Delighted with his discovery he ordered a bureau to be made, and so beautiful was it that it attracted general attention.—New York Tribune.

### TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adj. Wm. Watts camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says:



"I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

# BAD BLOOD

## THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

# S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### Story of a Flirtation.

"She wasn't one bit like the girls who indulge in public flirtations; she was so tall and cold and stately," began the car conductor who observes things. "When she got in at 35th street I saw her catch his eye immediately.

"He seemed indifferent and turned his head away. She squeezed into the seat next to him and he became absorbed in looking out of the window.

"She went to all sorts of trouble to attract his attention, that girl. I saw her myself. Finally she jangled her chateleine loudly and looked at him alluringly from beneath her long-lashed eyes.

"Then he turned and gazed at her questioningly. She smiled, a bright, unabashed smile, with the whole car looking at her.

"Something in that smile warned him, and"—here the conductor paused impressively and tried to hide the twinkle in his eye—"he reached out two pink, chubby little hands to grasp her dangling chateleine.

"Well, sir, she kissed one of those chubby little hands and pinched his little apple red cheeks and then asked the woman who held him a question. Guess it was his mother and she asked how old he was."—New York Sun.

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

Belgians are the greatest smokers, 6.6 pounds being used for each man, woman and child. Aside from this, 59,400 pounds of cigarettes are imported annually.

### SIMIEN LOVE AND REVENGE.

Peculiar Conduct of a Monkey Causes Sailors Much Trouble.

A curious story of love and revenge comes to us from the far east and the fact that it is the love and revenge of a Javanese monkey doesn't abate the human interest in the narrative. Nor should the further fact that the tale comes to us via the crew of a tramp steamer abate all confidence in its truth. It appears that the sailors who manned this steamer had collected in Java a number of monkeys for speculative purposes and these were confined in the hold.

Among them were two unusually intelligent simians who were released during the voyage and permitted the freedom of the ship. Unhappily a sudden storm came up and one of the playful creatures was washed overboard. The remaining one, who had not seen his comrade's sudden taking off, searched the ship for hours and finally betook himself to the rigging, where he remained three days, refusing food and avoiding all efforts to capture him.

No doubt he held the sailors responsible for the death of his partner and it would appear that he was formulating a scheme for revenge. Anyway, the third night he released all the monkeys in the hold and for two days the simians made life miserable for the sailors. They bit and scratched and fought and it was only after a number of them had been flung overboard that the balance could be captured and secured. And in all the forays and fierce charges the revengeful monkey was in the van.

Whatever may be contended concerning the reasoning powers of the brute creation, there have been many instances recorded of their remembrance of past injuries. And this fact would seem to give the story of monkey vengeance some semblance of truth.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

### CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I went to bed, my brain aflame with speculation; put out the candle; lit it again. I could not have slept if a king's ransom went with the sleeping; and so I lay fretful, blameful, vowing the whole problem a *plague* and a cheat. This idle wandering might have lasted until dawn, had it not been for my neighbor in the room to my left, who began to talk with a low buzz as of a night-insect humming in a bed curtain. The surging of the voice amused me; I lay quite still and listened to it. Now it rose loud—I gleaned a word, and was pleased; now it fell—and I fretted; but anon another voice was added to the first, and, if the one had pleased me, the second thrilled me. It was the voice of my friend at the dock.

"Two words spoken by this man brought me to my feet; two more to the thin wooden door which divided our rooms. With feverish impatience I knelt to pry through the keyhole. It was stuffed with paper. I listened with an ear long trained to listening, although the men spoke so that few words reached me. The ship had not sailed, then, for here was the ruffian, who watched her, wasting rest in the first hours to hold a parley; and if a parley, with whom? Why, with those who paid him for the work, I did not doubt.

"At the end of an hour the voices ceased. I judged that my neighbor had gone to bed. I took from my satchel a brace and bit, and an oiled saw. In ten minutes I cut a hole in the partition and put my eye to it. A burly, black-bearded man sat in a reverie before a dressing table, and I saw that there was spread upon the table a great heap of jewels. And beside the jewels was a big bulldog revolver.

"Who was this man? I asked, and why did he sit in an Italian hotel fingering jewels, and giving a meeting place at midnight to a common murderer from a dock-yard? Were the jewels his own? Had he come by them honestly? He stirred in his chair and then sat bolt upright. I thought he looked to have some tremor of nervousness upon him; clutching hastily at the jewels to put them in a great leather case, which again he shut in a larger iron box, locking both, and placing the key under his pillow. After that he threw off his clothes with some impatience, and, leaving the lamp which burned upon his dressing table, he dropped upon his bed.

"Being assured that my man slept, I put back with some cold glue, which was always in my tool chest, the piece I had cut from the door, and then picked the lock with one grip of my small pincers. My revolver I carried in the belt at my waist, for my hands were occupied with a soft cloth and a bottle of chloroform. I had big felt slippers on my feet; and went straight to his bed, where I let him breathe the drug for a few moments. I got at his keys and his jewels, and saw what I wished. There, true enough, were precious stones of all values, Brazilian diamonds, Cape stones tinged with yellow, the finer class of Indian turquoise, pink pearls, black pearls—all these loosely wrapped in tissue paper; but a magnificent parcel. I brought up at last a necklace of opals and diamonds, and as I held them to the lamp and examined the curious grouping of the stones, and the strange eastern form of the clasp, I knew that I had seen the bundle before. The conviction was instantaneous, powerful, convincing; yet even with my aptitude for recalling names, places and things, I could not in my mind place these jewels. None the less I was assured that the one solid clue I had yet taken hold of was in my keeping; and, as a quick glance round the chamber told me no more, I put up the baubles in their case again, replaced the key and quitted the chamber.

"I lay upon my bed and brought the whole of my recollection back upon the jewels. Where had I seen them; in what circumstances; in whose hands? Again and again I traveled old ground, exhumed buried cases, dwelt upon names of forgotten criminals, and of big world people. An hour's intense mental concentration told me nothing, but in my dreaming I got what wakefulness had denied to me. There in my sleep was the whole history of the stones written for me. I remembered the Liverpool landing stage; the departure of the Star liner City of St. Petersburg, for New York; the arrest of the notorious jewel thief, Carl Reichsmann; the discovery of the opal and diamond necklace upon him; the restoration of it to—the brain failed for a moment—then with a loud cry of delight, which roused me, I pronounced the words; to Lady Hardon of 202a Berkeley Square, London.

"I repeated the name again and again, muttering it as I got into my clothes. I bethought me of the man in the next room. I listened. There was no sound. He had gone then, and had Lady Hardon's jewels. My memory traveled quickly on to Lady Hardon's end; for I remembered then that she went down in the great steamer Alexandria, which was lost in the Bay of Biscay twelve months before I discovered the golden ship in the dock yard at Spezia; and I recalled the fact, known world-wide, that her famous jewels had gone with her to her end. How came it, then, that this man who knew the ruffians in the dock yard below, yet possessed a hundred thousand pounds' worth of jewelry, how came it that he had got

that which the world thought to be lying on the sands of the bay? I left my hotel and mounted to the hill top for tidings of the great vessel. But she had sailed, and the dock which had held her was empty.

"This discovery did not daunt me, for I had expected it. I waited only to ascertain officially what ships had left Spezia during the past twenty-four hours. They told me at the Customs that the Brazilian war vessel built by Signor Vezzia weighed at three a. m. I hurried back to assure myself that my neighbor with the necklace had sailed also. To my surprise, he was at breakfast when I arrived at the hotel; and so one great link in my theoretic chain snapped at the first test. As he had not sailed with the others, he could have no direct connection with the nameless ship, no nautical part or lot with her. But what was he, then? That I meant to know as soon as opportunity should serve.

"I have led you up, Strong, step by step, through the details of this work to this point. I am now about to move over the ground more quickly. I will quit Spezia, and ask you to come with me, after the interval of nigh a year, to London, where, in an hotel in Cecil street, Strand, I was again the neighbor of the man with the jewels. The day on which the nameless ship left the dock this man—whom, I may say at once, I have always met under the name of Captain Black—quitted the town and reached Paris. Thither I followed him, staying one day in the French capital, but going onward with him on the following morning to Cherbourg. There he went aboard a small yacht, and I lost him in the Channel. I returned at once to Italy, and wired to friends in the police force at New York, at London and San Francisco, and at three ports in South America for news (a) of a new warship lately completed at Spezia for the Brazilian republic; (b) of a man known as Captain Black, who left the port of Cherbourg in the cutter-yacht La France on the morning of Oct. 30. For nearly twelve months I waited for an answer to these questions, but none came to me. To the best of my knowledge, the nameless warship was never seen upon the high seas. I began to ask myself, if she existed, how came it that a vessel, burnished to the beauty of gold, had been spoken of none, seen of none, reported in no harbor, mentioned in no dispatch? Yet in the month when the cruiser quitted Spezia three ocean-going steamers, each carrying specie to the value of more than one hundred thousand pounds, went down in fair weather, and were paid for at Lloyd's.

"I was much occupied making a list as far as that were possible, of all the gems and baubles which the dead men and women on the sunken steamers had owned. This was a paltry record of bracelets, and rings, and tiaras, and clasps, such stuff as any fellow of a jeweler may sell; unconvincing stuff, worth no more than a near relation for purposes of evidence. There was but one piece of the whole mass that did not come in my category—a great box with a fine painting by Jean Periot upon its lid, and a curious circle of jasper all about the miniatures. This was a historic piece mentioned as having once been the property of Necker, the French financier; then lost by a New York dealer, who was taking it from Paris to Boston in the steamship Catalania; the ship supposed to have foundered, with the loss of all hands, off the banks of Newfoundland, sixteen days after the nameless ship left Spezia. I made a record of this trifle, and forgot it until, many months later, a private communication from the head of the New York secret service told me that the man I wanted was in London; that he was an American millionaire, who owned a house on the banks of the Hudson river, who had great influence in many cities, who came to Europe to buy precious stones and miniature paintings, a man who was considered eccentric by his friends. I took rooms in the hotel where Captain Black was staying. Three days after I was disguised as you have seen me, selling him miniatures. Within a week, by what steps I need not pause to say, I knew that the jasper box, lost, by report, in the steamer Catalania, was under lock and key in his bedroom.

"I cannot tell you how that discovery agitated me. Here, indeed, was my second direct link. The man had in his possession an historic and unmistakable casket, which all the world believed to be lost in a steamer from which no soul had escaped. How I treasured that knowledge! Three months the man remained in London; during three months he was not thirty hours out of my sight or knowledge. I resigned my work for the government, and henceforth gave myself heart and soul to the pursuit of the man. I followed him to Paris, to St. Petersburg; I tracked him through France to Marseilles; I watched him embark, with three of the ruffians I had seen at Spezia, in his yacht again; and within a month the yacht was in harbor at Cowes without him; while a steamer, bound from the Cape to Cadiz, and known to have specie aboard her, went out of knowledge as the others had done. Then was I sure that I alone shared with that man and his crew one of the most ghastly secrets that the deep has kept within her.

"I had positively to connect the man Black with the nameless ship, for this I

had only done so far by pure circumstance. For many months I have made no gain in this attempt. Last year in Liverpool I sketched in yet another point in my picture. I received tidings of the man in that city, and there I did trade with him in my old disguise; but he was not alone—the crew of ruffians you have known by this time kept company with him. I kept vigil there a week, but lost him at the end of that time. When he reappeared in the circles of civilization it was in Paris, but two days ago, when I asked you to accompany me. You know that I attempted to sail with him on his cruise, and your instinct tells you why. If I could, by being two days afloat in his company, prove beyond doubt that he used his yacht as a pretense; if I could prove that when he left port in her he sailed some miles out to sea, and was picked up by the nameless ship, my chain was forged, my book complete, and I had but to call the government to the work!

"But I have failed, and the labor I have set myself shall be done by others, but chiefly, Mark Strong, by you. From the valley of the dead soon I must look back. You have youth, and money sufficient for the enterprise; you will get money in its pursuit. So my mantle falls upon you. What information I have, you have. The names of my friends in the cities mentioned I have written down for you; they will serve you for the memory of my name; but be assured at the outset that you will never take this man upon the sea. And as for the money which is rightly due to the one who risks humanity of this pest, I say, go to the Admiralty in London, and lay so much of your knowledge before them as shall prevent a robbery of your due; claim a fit reward from them and the steamship companies; and, as your beginning, go now to the Hudson river—I meant to go within a month—and learn there more of the man you seek; or, if the time be ripe, lay hands there upon him. And may the spirit of a dead man breathe success upon you!"

On the yacht *Celsis*, lying at Cowes, written in the month of August, for Mark Strong.

When I had put down the papers, my eyes were tear-stained with the effort of reading, and the cabin lamp was nigh out. My interest in the writing had been so sustained that I had not seen the march of daylight, now streaming through the glass above, upon my bare cabin table. I went above, and saw that we were at anchor in the Solent, and that the whole glory of a summer's dawn lit the sleeping waters.

I stretched myself on a deck chair. I slept and dreamt again of Hall, of Captain Black, of the man "Four-Eyes," of a great holocaust on the sea. When I awoke, a doctor from Southsea was writing down the names of drugs upon paper; and Mary was busy with ice. They told me I had slept for thirty hours, and that they had feared brain fever. But the sleep had saved me; and when Mary and Roderick talked of the doctor's order that I was to lie resting a week, I laughed aloud.

"I start for London to-night," I said. "What?" they cried in one voice. "Exactly, and if Mary would not mind running on deck for a minute, I'll tell you why, Roderick."

She went at the word, casting one pleading look with her eyes as she stood at the door, but I gave no sign, and she closed it. I had fixed upon a course, and as Roderick, dreamingly indifferent, prepared to talk about that which he called my "madness," I took Hall's manuscript and read it to him. When I had finished, there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Let's go at once," he said; and that was all.

(To be continued.)

### OLD SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Some of the Men Who Survived Wars for Many Years.

Soldiers of the Revolution can be remembered by men who are not to-day in their old age. Several of the rear guard of the Continental army saw striking episodes of the Revolution and were able to narrate them when more than seventy years had passed, says the Boston Transcript. Benjamin Abbott, a drum major, who beat the death march at Major Andre's execution, died at Nashua, N. H., in 1851. Peter Besancon, who was one of Lafayette's followers and who died at Warsaw, N. Y., in 1855, is believed to have been the longest surviving witness of Andre's death, which occurred Oct. 2, 1780.

The annals of many countries bear witness to occasional instances of longevity in those "whose business 'tis to die." Samuel Gibson, who was a soldier at Waterloo, died Dec. 15, 1891, aged 101. Who was the last Waterloo officer is the subject of considerable doubt, but the distinction was claimed for Lieutenant Maurice Shea, who died Feb. 5, 1892, and who fell short one year of being a centenarian. Veteran sailors are almost as common as veteran soldiers. Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, who died Feb. 13, 1892, in his 101st year, was one of the lieutenants of the Shannon when she captured the Chesapeake in 1813. Rear-Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge, the elder of our own navy, who was born in 1804, was a rival of Wallis in length of days.

Lives that span the historic past and the present are commoner than are generally supposed. One June 18 the son of a revolutionary soldier took part in decorating at Saugus the graves of his father's comrades.

### The Last Resort.

"I tell you," remarked the newly married man, "there's no place like home, after all."

"Yes," agreed the old rounder, "after all."—Philadelphia Ledger.