

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others - it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Wanting If the Honeymoon.

"I hear you have been getting married, Ardup. Still billing and cooing?"
"Cooing only, Roxley. The—er—billing will come on the first day of the month."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

The Limerick Variety.

Some years ago Mons. Paul Villars, London correspondent of the Journal des Debats, went to Limerick on the occasion of a great Nationalist meeting.

On arriving at the hotel he asked for a room in the front of the house. A servant took him to a small dark room looking on to an inner courtyard. Monsieur Villars to the window and satisfied himself that there was a mistake.

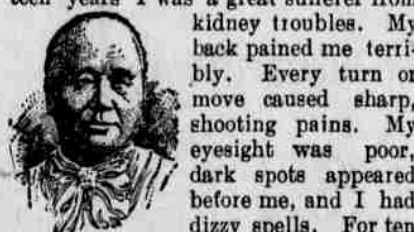
"This is not the front of the house," said he.

"Oh, yes, sir," the servant said. "It's the back of the front."

TEN YEARS OF PAIN.

Unable to Do Even Housework Because of Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. Margaret Emmerich, of Clinton St., Napoleon, O., Says: "For fifteen years I was a great sufferer from kidney troubles. My back pained me terribly. Every turn or move caused sharp, shooting pains. My eyesight was poor, dark spots appeared before me, and I had dizzy spells. For ten years I could not do housework, and for two years did not get out of the house. The kidney secretions were irregular, and doctors were not helping me. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me quick relief and finally cured me. They saved my life."



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.

State Treasuries Overflowing.

Through ingenious methods of taxing railroads the treasuries of some States are so swollen that State officers are puzzled to know what to do with State funds. New Jersey's receipts from corporations have filled its treasury. Pennsylvania had a surplus of \$10,000,000 and no debt to speak of. Back taxes received from railroads and the collection of a war claim of \$1,000,000 have enabled Wisconsin to pay extraordinary expenses, put \$643,000 into the State treasury and cut the school tax levy in two.

Prejudice.

"What do they call this skyscraper on the left?" asked the stranger.
"That's the Reliance building," said the native. "It's occupied almost entirely by doctors."
"By doctors? And they call it the 'Reliance'?" Well, well!"

Indian Woman Mine Owner.

An interesting character is an old Mexican Indian woman, Mrs. Bermina Sarras, who has recently sold a mine near Hawthorne, Nev., to an Eastern syndicate for \$90,000. For years she has dressed in men's clothes and personally worked her claim herself, doing washing for prospectors and miners in order to secure necessary money. She says that she now intends to rest and enjoy the results of her long years of privation and hardship.

Something New About Elijah.

The vicar of St. John's Gainsborough, England, says that recently the scholars in his parish were asked to give an account of the translation of the prophet Elijah to heaven, and one boy wrote: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried, 'Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!' and before he went up he divided the Red Sea."

In Jumping Over.

Little Dixon, aged three, had just learned that famous nursery rhyme, "Hi diddle, diddle," and electrified his mother one night by exclaiming, as he stood gazing in wonder at the new moon which had just risen.

"OOO-oo-oo, mamma, just look!"
"What is it, dear," said she.
"Why," he answered, in amazement "that old cow has gone an' kicked a piece right out of it."

A Nurse for Sick Dogs.

A young New York woman is a trained nurse for sick dogs. For some time she has been a member of the staff of the New York Dog Hospital, where the sick pets of the wealthy are nursed back to health. She often has as many as a hundred dogs to care for. It is her duty to give them their medicine, and in other ways carry out the doctor's orders exactly as a trained nurse would do for human patients.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The Duke of Harborough was making an almost regal procession with his new daughter-in-law. He had come up just as Audrey was clasping her mother's hand, and when he caught sight of the girl's face he whistled.

"Jack, my boy, you're in luck," he cried, and then nothing would do but Audrey must walk away with him and be introduced all round.

"The girl is a lady from head to foot, and what a face! Charity girl, indeed! Where's Gladys, I wonder?" and then the wicked old man chuckled to himself as he meditated a plan to annoy Lady Daleswater.

So with Audrey, laughing heartily at his sallies, he walked straight up to his daughter, whose cold eyes were resting with distinct approval on the slender, white-robed figure.

"Gladys, my dear, here is some one you must know. This young lady has quite taken my heart by storm! I don't believe she will leave a whole one when she goes away."

"That is easily understood," remarked Lady Daleswater, graciously giving Audrey sincere admiration, "but you have not told me this young lady's name, papa."

"No! Haven't I? Dear me! Well, you really ought not to need an introduction, since she is your new sister, Jack's wife. Come along, my dear. I want to take you up to that old woman over there; she is not beautiful, but she is clever, and that is a great thing."

Sheila Fraser had not been with Lady Daleswater when the duke brought up his son's wife, but she knew in a moment that her rival had come on to the field, and she could scarcely contain her bitter hatred and jealousy, as she heard nothing but admiration expressed for Audrey all the way round.

She was carefully attended by her cavalier, the Honorable Lancelot Twist, brother to the Earl of Daleswater, who was as strongly inclined in favor of obtaining her fortune as his sister-in-law could desire. He was a mean little man, very like the earl in appearance, but Sheila did not care about this; she only remembered his rank, and was glad to have some one to attend her so closely, if only to show the world that she was not breaking her heart for Lord John Glendurwood. Miss Fraser walked straight up to the lovely girlish form.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, with great warmth and extending her delicately gloved hand. "You have not quite forgotten me, Lady John, I hope?"
"Oh, no, I have not forgotten you, Miss Fraser," she said, simply, and then she added no more, for to say she was glad to see Sheila would have been to utter an untruth, and Audrey was not versed sufficiently in the world's ways to speak falsely.

CHAPTER XVII.

Jack had explained very gently to Audrey that there was a quarrel going on between his mother and his sister.

"It is all about some nonsense, darling," he had said, "but mother is quite right to hold her own. Gladys has a wretched temper. I—I am afraid you must not expect her to be too kind to you."

"That is why she looked so coldly at me when your father took me up to introduce me, then?"

"Be ready for me at five, darling. I shall take you for a drive then. What are you going to do all day while I am down looking at these horse swith Sinclair?"

"I am going shopping with mother, but I will be ready and waiting for you by five."

What long, happy, sunny days those were. It seemed to Audrey as though the hours were not half long enough to cram in all the delights that came following one another so quickly.

"If only Miss Irons and the matrons could see me now. How funny it all is! I have often heard some of the older girls say that when I first went to the home I was supposed to be very lucky, because Lady Biddulph was going to look after me, but I never thought my luck would be as great as it is. Mother, Miss Fraser is very kind to me."

Constance's brow contracted slightly. "There is no reason why she should not be, Audrey."

"Is she really going to marry that horrid little man, mother?"

"Who is the horrid little man?" inquired Jack's voice at the door. "Don't go, Constance, dear," Jack continued, kissing her affectionately, and then sitting down beside his wife and gathering her bodily into his arms.

"This is the children's hour, so I think I had better take my departure," smiled Mrs. Fraser. "Audrey, if you are going to this ball to-night, have an hour's rest. No, Jack, there is no occasion to come down with me."

But Lord John insisted.

"Didn't she look lovely?" he exclaimed, as they went down the stairs. "Everybody is raving about her, my little darling! Oh, Con, dear, what have I done that I should be so blessed?"

"Take care of her, Jack. Be good to her always!" The words broke from the mother's lips suddenly.

"Do you not trust me?" he asked, reproachfully, and then he looked at her gently. "Do you know, you are very pale and worn, Mrs. Fraser? What have you been doing to yourself? I think I

must have a long chat with you, madame."

Constance Fraser put her hand on the young man's arm.

"Jack, dear Jack, don't you know what my pale face means?" she said, so low as almost to be inaudible.

"Nothing very serious, I am sure," he answered quickly, though he felt a sudden pang at his heart.

"Do not let her know," she whispered, very softly; "her life is so happy, do not let me be the first to cast a shadow on it; time enough when—"

"When years hence you shall still be alive, and heaven grant, strong and well. Constance, why do you talk like this, dear?"

"Jack, my friend! Ay, you have been that, my true, good, staunch, faithful friend! My son, the fat has gone forth; my days are numbered. This summer will be my last. I—no, I will say no more! Let us go on!"

Jack Glendurwood's face worked for a moment; he half yielded to a strong impetus within him to break out into passionate words of sorrow, incredulity, binding promises of everlasting, never-changing love, but the ashen pallor of her face, the expression round her lips, checked him. He led her gently to her carriage.

Constance tried to speak vaguely, but the tears rushed to her eyes, and she sank back into her carriage and gestured to him to let her drive on unmolested.

The season ran on its appointed course. The curiosity that had raged about the romantic Glendurwood marriage had had plenty of time to wane, but in its place came the celebrity which Audrey's undoubted beauty and natural charm obtained for her. Constance Fraser ordered her trunks packed.

"I wish I could go with you," Audrey said, sorrowfully, as she sat watching these proceedings the last day her mother spent in town.

"Why, you little baby," laughed Constance. "Audrey, my dearest one," she said gently, "I am going to preach you a sermon. Heaven has been very good to you. You have been given all that in this world constitutes happiness; you must not grow used to this good fortune—always remember, my darling, that at any moment it could slip from you far easier than it came to you. Put before you the memory of Jean Thwait and others, who have not one tithe of the gladness that has been bestowed on you, and never forget that however high your rank, you have certain duties to perform that are as necessary to your position as they are beneficial to your character. One of your duties is to do all to advise your husband wisely, to act with thought, and to keep the good will of those around you. Lady Gladys Daleswater is his sister. No matter how cold and unsympathetic she may seem, you must try and cement by every means in your power the bond that exists between brother and sister. I like to think of my Audrey doing good in her life, not growing discontented, dissatisfied and luxurious, as, alas, so many fortunate girls do. Now, my sermon is over; was it very hard to bear?"

"Mother," Audrey's eyes were luminous through their tears, "how sweet and good you are! If you are always with me, perhaps some day I, too, shall be like you, and—"

"I am content with you as you are," the mother answered, fervently, as she held the slender form close to her heart, and clung to it. "God bless my darling! God guard and shield her now and forever!"

Jack Glendurwood had been astonished, but nevertheless much pleased, when his sister suggested that Audrey and himself should join her party on board the Daleswater yacht, Mona, for the Ccwees week.

"I think I shall have a pleasant party, and you may enjoy it," she had said, slowly, with a cold smile. And Jack accepted the invitation promptly.

"When do you think of going?" he asked, and then, when he learned the date, he puckered his brow. "What a nuisance. I thought Ccwees would be well over before the twelfth, and I promised Sinclair I would run up north for about three days with him."

"And take Audrey with you?" asked Lady Daleswater. "Rather unwise, I think, my dear Jack," his sister observed; "a child like that won't enjoy seeing the birds slaughtered, and to leave her alone in a gloomy Scotch shooting box is little short of cruel. You had better arrange that she comes with me, and you can join her as soon as possible."

So it was settled. Audrey felt low and depressed when she heard of the arrangement; she had not been parted from her husband for more than a few short hours, and the prospect of being away alone with the Daleswaters, Jack in Scotland, and the duchess and her mother in Germany, was really almost a painful one.

The Mona was quite a large-sized vessel, fitted up in the most extravagant fashion. Audrey found the cabin allotted to her equally as dainty as her bedroom in London. She was much pleased to see among the new arrivals a Mrs. Hungerford, whom her mother had always regarded as a warm, staunch friend, and she immediately sat down beside this lady, who sincerely liked and admired her. Sheila was flirting with several men, but her cold eyes went sharply across the

water every now and then as though in search of some one.

The gong sounded for dinner, when rising, they went together along the polished deck to the cabin stairs.

Just as they reached the bottom they came upon a man who drew back with a respectful gesture to let them pass. Audrey was laughing softly at some witty remark of her companion's, but the latter died away as she beheld this man's face.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The sight of the man took Audrey back to the past. At once the memory of a horrible few moments returned to her mind. She saw again the cold, cheerless copple, the wavy, empty trees and was struggling to escape from the insulting presence of the valet Downs. What was this man doing on board the Mona?

Audrey was not sorry when she could retire to her cabin; she felt tired and dreary; if it had not been for Mrs. Hungerford and Willie Fullerton she would have been wretched all the evening. Beverley had made no effort at conversation with her, for which she was glad. To her joy, when she went below she found a telegram from Jack waiting for her, brought across from the shore. The summer moon was high in the heavens when the rest of the party sought their berths.

"Good night, Mr. Fullerton; good night, Mr. Rochfort," cried Sheila, as she descended the stairs, leaving the two men on deck. Beverley sauntered away and Downs followed him. Willie Fullerton, left alone, gazed after him curiously.

"If that chap is not an out and out scoundrel I'll eat my hat," he reflected. "His servant looks just another, too!"

If Willie Fullerton could have heard the whispered conversation that passed hurriedly between master and man he would have considerably augmented his belief. The interview was brief, but when they separated they seemed to have arrived at a good conclusion.

"To-morrow night, when I give the signal; and, remember, let there be no mistake!" was Beverley's last word.

"Never fear!" returned Downs, savagely. "I'll make no mistake!" and with that he walked swiftly away.

Audrey woke very early the next morning with a start. The sun was just rising; she went to the port and gazed out. How pretty and picturesque it was! She longed for Jack to be there to share her pleasure.

"Never mind, there will be a letter this morning," she consoled herself.

This comforted her, and then she was given his letter. The cheery, tender, fond words consoled her beyond all description, and when she came to the postscript she felt her heart beat lightly again.

"I am delighted to hear that Willie Fullerton is on board; I am sure you will like him," Jack wrote. "He is quite the nicest young man of my acquaintance. Tell him for me that I expect him to do me a good turn, and look well after my dear, sweet little wife. He will make an excellent cavalier, and be delighted beyond measure to attend so lovely a lady. Look for me at the end of the week. Till then, and always, your devoted husband."

"JACK."

She confided to her new friend the message her Jack had sent, and was greatly pleased at Willie's delight.

"And now I hope you will begin to look upon me as a friend, Lady John? I am sure you will if Glendurwood does," he said eagerly.

Sheila was almost gleeful over this "flirtation," as she insisted on calling it.

"I always knew she was a bold thing," she declared to Beverley in an aside; "but I never thought she was so bad as this. She is carrying on most shamefully with Willie Fullerton."

There was a strained expression in Beverley's smile. He, too, was watching the boy and girl away at the far end of the deck.

"And she will not even speak one word to me!" he thought to himself, the hot tide of jealousy running like fire in his veins.

The day progressed. The dance was to begin about 9 o'clock. Just about dinner hour Willie Fullerton came to Audrey.

"I am in despair, Lady John," he said, really quite mournfully. "I shall not be able to claim you for our promised dance. I am compelled to run ashore. My mother has sent for me on important business. She is an invalid, poor old dear, and I must go."

"Of course you must," said Audrey, "but I shall miss you very much indeed, Mr. Fullerton. I don't think I shall dance many times to-night."

Lady Daleswater's dance was declared to be enchanting. The fairy lights, the delicious music, the select company, nothing was wanting in any one's estimation but Audrey's. She was very dull and very lonely.

"Go and dance, my dear," advised Mrs. Hungerford, cheerily. But to the great disappointment of most of the men present, Lady John Glendurwood persistently refused to join the dancers.

"Posing!" sneered Mrs. Fairfax to Sheila. "The girl is as big a coquette as she is a humbug!"

Lady Daleswater did not pay too much attention to her sister-in-law. For the first time in her arrogant career the countess was suffering from jealousy.

Why should this girl, this nobody, with all sorts of probable disagreeables hanging to her childhood, why should she be queen of the situation, while she, Gladys, Countess of Daleswater, was put on one side and forgotten?

(To be continued.)

Worse than the Japanese.

"My dear, what is the brown perill?"

"I guess it's the awful taste I had in my mouth after that reception we gave Johnnie Chumley."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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