Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure by

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The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c

ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

23 1-2 Hours, Chicago to Jacksonville, Florida.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman Perfected Safety Vestibuled, Open and Compartment Sleepers, including Drawing Room and Buffet Sleepers, as well as comfortable day coaches, with Monon celebrated High-back Seats.

This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:22 p. m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning 7:30, Chattanooga 5:30 p. m., Atlanta 10:40 p. m., reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida.

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For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

War bills men and men deprive the loss; but war scares has sad prejudices and trade, and so does society; Cotlyn.

Great Reduction in Time to California

Once more the North-Western line has reduced the time of its transcontinental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelous short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The first step toward conversion is to be willing to be converted in God's way.

To California in Through Tourist Sleepers, via the Wabash Railroad.

These sleepers leave Dearborn Station, Chicago every Wednesday at 10:45 a. m. via Wabash and Kansas City, Mexican Central, Southern, Texas & Pacific and Southern Pacific lines without change through to Los Angeles and San Francisco without change. First class sleeper to Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, City of Mexico with one change at Laredo. This route is the best one to Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Mexico. Only forty minutes ahead of any other line. No other route has this great "southern route" through Mexico. Tourist sleeping car service. Call or write to any Wabash or connecting lines ticket agent for descriptions of rates, etc., or to Geo. S. Davis, P. & T. A., Chicago, or Geo. Tabor, P. A., St. Louis, Mo. or John M. Ellis, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

The wisest woman that you talk with is ignorant of something that you know, but an elegant woman never forgets her elegance. Holmes.

A GRAND TRIUMPH.

Baffled Many Times but Success Comes at Last.

(From the Grand Rapids Press.)

The following incident would be hard to believe if it had not occurred right here in Grand Rapids, and investigation by our representative has placed it beyond the reach of doubt. These are the facts in detail: Mr. J. H. White of No. 25 Hastley Place, has been an instructor in penmanship in different business colleges for the past fourteen years. He says: "Last October I was suddenly taken ill. I usually a physician, who said the pain was from gravel stones; gradually grew worse, the pain was in my back and side. My back swelled up in a great ridge, and I finally grew so bad that I was taken to bed, as helpless as a child. I passed blood, and when the pain was at its worst I was like one crazy. The doctor injected morphine to give me relief, but further that he said he could do no more, and nothing would do me any good but a surgical operation. I believe my flesh was literally cooked in the attempts to relieve my agony, everything was used, mustard plasters, turpentine, hot cloths and all such things. I was in this condition when I got up by the doctor, and almost out of my mind with suffering. I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and really I felt better in 30 minutes. After about two hours I had a passage of urine, and passed blood and some gravel stones which greatly relieved me. I rapidly improved. I took in all six boxes, and I feel to day entirely well. Many has been a great sufferer, and I feel that I cannot say anything strong enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. My great wish is that they may become known, that they will prove a boon to mankind.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Many competing FOODS have come and gone and have been missed by few or none but the popularity of this FOOD steadily increases!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

John Carle & Sons, New York.

When to say "No."

When the clerk tries to get rid of some other binding by calling it just as good as the

S·H&M·

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Simply refuse to take it. No binding wears so well as the "S. H. & M."

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send 10c. for sampler, showing fabrics and sleeve. Mention this paper. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED.)

But when the 2d and 3d of May had come and gone and still not a speck was visible upon the vast expanse of ocean around them, he took a more serious view of the matter, and thought it his duty to speak about it.

"Johnstone," he said, when the others had retired for the night, "have you taken your bearings today? Do you know where we are?"

"Yes, sir; within an easy day's sail of the island."

"Then we shall have been twelve days coming a thousand miles. How's that?"

The officer was silent.

"I told you," Dick continued, "that I should hold you answerable; now I give you warning that I'm not satisfied so far."

"I'll warrant you'll be satisfied enough by-time-time tomorrow," grumbled Johnstone, in a low voice.

Estcourt turned away, pretending not to hear this remark, which, however in the sense in which he took it, struck him as being a just enough retort.

That night the wind rose again, and the sky next morning was once more completely overcast. About noon wet squalls began to strike the ship.

When the sun appeared for a time, toward sunset, Johnstone came down to the saloon to tell them that the island was in sight.

Dick and Camilla went up together on deck.

"There!" he cried, as he stepped from the main hatch, "she's on the larboard bow. I knew the fellow had gone wide of his course."

And in fact the island, which should have lain before them to the right, was visible just upon the left-hand side of the line of the bowsprit.

Camilla scarcely heard his exclamation. She was standing motionless, with one hand on the capstan to support herself, gazing aloft at a small flock of birds that were wheeling swiftly round and round the topmasts.

Dick turned to speak to her, and startled to see the look of bewilderment upon her face. He followed her glance upward, and was even more amazed.

"St. Helena!" he muttered. "Great heaven! what can this mean?" And he ran downstairs to find Johnstone, shouting for him by his name.

The voice of Mr. Wickerby answered him from the captain's cabin; the door was ajar, and he stepped hastily in.

On one side stood the officer of the colonel, on the other side lay the captain's berth; it was empty.

"Where is Wickerby?" he cried; to fresh astonishment.

Johnstone laughed, the colonel held up his hand to rebuke him.

"What does all this mean?" Dick exclaimed. "We are at St. Helena!"

"My dear Estcourt," said the colonel, "I have long owed you an explanation. If you will come into the saloon I shall be happy to give it you."

CHAPTER XIII.

DICK entered the saloon with an omnious foreboding that a struggle was at hand. Mr. de Montaut followed the colonel into the cabin, and after entering locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Dick took no heed of this action, for he could not have been aided at him, for in strength of body he was easily one of the other's superior.

They sat down at the table opposite to one another. The colonel looked fixedly into his companion's face. He was a handsome man, and Dick recalled exactly the mood with which he had to deal. Dick fronted him with an unconquerable frown.

"Well!" he said, "your explanation, sir."

The colonel took his gravest air of courtesy.

"Some time ago," he began, "my sister-in-law died, and I took charge of a ward of a loyal friend. Charge threw you in our way. I estimated, and she intuitively believed me right. After some full consideration I invited you to help us."

"And you had your answer," replied Dick, shortly.

"After the moment, yes; and a great disappointment it was. But fortune has now given us another opportunity and we popes to be more successful this time in persuading you."

"Never!" said Dick. "Is that all?" And he rose from his seat as if to close the conversation.

A noise was heard at the door; Camilla was trying the handle.

"Let me do Montaut there," she said; "I must speak to him, and at once."

"Certainly," replied the colonel, from within. "In five minutes time, if you will excuse us for so long, we have matters of importance to discuss."

She turned away toward her own cabin, and Dick began pacing to and fro. Dick with a polite gesture to resume his seat at the table.

"You may perhaps have overlooked the fact," he said, "but the situation is entirely changed since your letter of refusal was written. We are not, as you thought, there in London; here, at St. Helena, we are in peril of our lives; our train is food, we must divide the remainder; if you fail us now we are ruined."

Dick made an impatient gesture, but he sat down, and his face changed. The colonel pressed his point.

"For myself," he said, "I trust I may say that I am one of a family who escaped from prison more than once, and at the worst I can face death. But the thought of Camilla's fate is more than I can bear."

He paused, and then went on in a low, pathetic voice.

"My friend," he said, "have you ever seen a French convict-ship? I have. It is twenty years ago, but the recollection of those sitting cells, the faces of sorrowful human misery huddled behind the bars is a nightmare with me to this day. Dick's breath hissed inward through his teeth.

"Silence!" he said, sternly. "Not another word, or I strike!"

Dick did not flinch.

"Strike, and welcome," he replied, "if you think that will save her."

"No," said Dick, "nothing that I can do will save her; it would take the sacrifice of my honor, and that I can not offer nor she accept."

"Your honor!" said the colonel. "Surely it is too late to think of that now."

"Why so? What latest?"

"Because it has long been compromised beyond retrieving."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear Estcourt," said the colonel, in his most serious and reasonable tone, "I see that you don't understand the gravity of your position. Let me put it briefly before you. You will remember that she day in March last I wrote a letter asking you to join in this agreement of ours, and naming a place of rendezvous.

"I devoux in case of your assenting to my proposal. You kept that appointment, and were then and there introduced to your fellow-conspirators."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Dick. "You know I wrote the same evening to explain that mistake."

"Indeed?" replied the colonel, coldly. "It is odd that my servant never brought the note to me."

"No?" cried Dick, remembering the shade on the blind in Bedford Square. "No, but I saw you take it from the letter-box yourself."

"Unfortunately," said the colonel, "I have no recollection whatever of doing so. If I ever did it, I feel sure that nothing will recall it to my mind, and as no one else seems to have shown of the existence of the letter, I fear that this part of your argument breaks down for want of corroboration."

"No matter," retorted Dick, triumphantly, "I can prove, for all that, that I never thought of accepting; for I didn't get your letter until after I came back from Russell Street."

"Excuse me," said the colonel, stop your own servant has sworn that you opened it before 11 o'clock that morning."

"Sworn? My own servant? To whom?"

"To me. She mentioned the matter when I called for you one day before leaving town, and told me that you had scolded her and quarrelled with your lawyer, Mr. Wickerby, about the 'ell of the letter, which she is certain you broke yourself."

Dick was silent, and turned in his chair with an angry and impatient movement. He remembered too well the overbearing manner in which Mr. Wickerby had marshaled the evidence against him that afternoon, and he was staggered to find how fatal had been his contemptuous disregard of that worthy gentleman's advice. Clearly the battle was going against him here, and he fell back upon his third line of defense.

"What is the use," he cried, "of arguing about that? If the truth were known, I believe you broke the seal yourself. But what does it matter now? The best proof that I scorned your treasonable offers is that I came away directly afterward on business of another kind."

"I see no evidence of that," replied the colonel; "you sailed without us, it is true, but you relented us at Cape Verd, and have come with us to St. Helena."

"Not of my own knowledge or free will. I sailed for the Cape, as every clerk in the Admiralty knows, and as this letter will attest beyond question. And he took from his pocket the paper containing the instructions for his voyage and held it out.

The colonel did not offer to read it. "I am very much afraid," he said, "that that letter never was delivered at the Admiralty; and as for his majesty's ship Niobe, I know that she is in the Madras roads, ready to sail for Eastern, with her full complement of officers and men.

"Look here," said Dick, with ominous calmness, "let me tell you the truth. I came here innocent, and I am going back innocent. You have by shamefully deceits and devilish cunning, brought with you so far, but nothing you say or do or threaten can move me a hair's breadth farther. Without my help, I plot will fail, as you yourself know well. And when you are in Mutineers hands we'll see whether he'll believe you or me first."

The colonel did not betray by so much as the trembling of an eyelid, that this last stroke of Dick's was a downright blow, and might, if not parried, mean the ruin of his whole fabric of ingenious policy. His manner, accordingly, became lighter and more indifferent.

"Come, come, my dear Estcourt," he said, "you are taking the matter too seriously. I don't think you realize what it is I am asking of you. I don't, of course, expect you to take any responsibility for our plan, or to do anything which could be censured as a breach of duty or the rules of your service. I only ask you, in the absence of Captain Wickerby, to take command of the Speedwell for twenty-four hours, and bring her to anchor off the island here until tomorrow night." Sunday morning we shall be ready to sail again. What we do in the meantime can not be laid to your charge—if, indeed, it were ever discovered—for you know nothing of our designs, as we would all bear witness in case of need."

Dick rose. "Colonel de Montaut," he said, in a stern, incisive tone, "I have borne with you so far, but I am ashamed of my own patience. Every word you utter is a fresh insult." He was flushed, with a sudden fury in his eyes, "and if you do not leave me instantly before God I will avenge myself!"

The colonel made a step or two in silence a word. With great alacrity he slipped out and locked it again on the other side. As he did so he heard a light footfall, hastily retreating. He followed instantly, and was in time to see the door of Camilla's cabin softly closed. He approached noiselessly, and listened at side in his turn. She was sobbing, and if the colonel had not been somewhat flustered by his late unceremonious dismissal, so keen an observer would have noted that her sobs were the quick, half-laughing utterance of intense relief. But he was not keen observer with Camilla's feelings. He had Estcourt yet to conquer, and he must go in search of Johnstone to help him in the struggle.

The colonel explained the position to him from beginning to end. "Now," he said in conclusion, "you see the one thing absolutely necessary, so long as we hopes to clear himself with Mutineers he will defy us. Once let him commit himself too far for that, and he is ours body and soul."

"What do you want him to do?" asked Johnstone. "You give it a name, and I warrant I'll make him do it."

"Yes," replied the colonel, "I think it is time that you tried your hand now. The game of skill is up, and we must see what force can do for us. I want you to write a letter to Admiral Malcolm asking for permission to come on the brig off Jamestown for twenty-four hours. He needn't write the whole letter even. I can do it for him, and he signs it. He can't draw back after that."

"What'll do," said Johnstone. "I'll go to it, never fear."

"I'll have the letter ready after supper, then," said the colonel, as he went below; "and remember that if he refuses to sign when I ask him, I shall leave him to you at once; but of course you will avoid taking any irretrievable step until the last possible moment."

"I understand," answered Johnstone, with a grim; obstinacy in his eyes that he shan't meet with a fatal accident, not till the guardboat meet set foot on Board, after that I'm answerable for what may happen." It's a long fall into the hold, and some folks are so careless of themselves."

The brutality of this last displeased the colonel, who was above all things a man of taste; but he could not pick and just now to be critical of his tools. "Let be let pass without rebuke, and went to order supper.

The meal was served to Dick in the saloon, with Johnstone on guard at the door, to the disgust of the captain's room. Camilla, locked in her own, refused all persuasion to eat or drink.

A long time passed, and silence reigned unbroken between the decks of the Speedwell.

It was nearly midnight when Camilla at last heard her brother-in-law leave his cabin and call Johnstone. The two men spoke together for a moment in a low voice and then inferred the saloon.

Dick started up as they came in; he looked tired and grim, his cheeks were sunken, and furrowed with lines that told of anger and determination.

"Perhaps," said the colonel, "you have gone thought matters over and are prepared to reconsider your decision. I do not wish to be unreasonable, and I am ready to meet you half-way. All I now ask is that you should demand permission to anchor from your old friend Sir Fullerton Malcolm. It is a most natural request to make, and in fact no more than is really necessary for the safety of the vessel, in such weather as this."

Dick kept a scornful silence.

(To be continued.)

BICYCLE ETIQUETTE.

What is Regarded as Good Form by Experts on the Wheel.

An authority on bicycle etiquette lays down the following rules: Still mounting, the gentleman offers assistance to a lady, holds her wheel, she stands on the left side of the machine and puts her right foot on the left side of the pedal, which at the time must be up, pushing the right pedal carries the machine to start and takes and the left foot in place. The lady mounts slowly at first, in order to give her cavalier time to mount his wheel, which he will do in as direct time possible. When she is ready she is reached the man quickly dismounts and is at his companion's side to assist her; she, in the meantime, attending herself as much as possible. This is done—that is, dismounting—in the most approved style by raising leg and when the left pedal is on the rear the weight of the body is thrown on it, the right foot is thrown over the under tube, dismounting and leaving the rider can easily step on ground. In meeting a party of friends who are known to each other and desire to stop for a parley, the lady should be the thing for the man of the party to dismount while in company with the ladies. As to the functions of the boy, he is to be a sort of a messenger, to be fitted out for the occasion with a luggage carrier and a speed-ometer, the latter being an absolute necessity to the woman who is fond of records.

America Still Ahead.

A couple of Englishmen on a tour for Rome were joined by an American, whose blatant patriotism annoyed them. Nothing was good, nothing was admirable, rich or rare, there was always something in America to eclipse it, according to our countryman. The Britishers determined to teach him a lesson. Pointing to a poor specimen of the chronic tissue of their composition they piled him with all the praise that he could be induced to bestow. They proposed a visit to the catacombs. He was delighted. Arrived in the place they were obliged to confess the great steps between them and health overcome by drowsiness the American fell asleep and was left by his companions. When, sounding as soft as the flight of a mosquito, could at length be heard from the nose of the poor sleeper his companions confided to each other that he was a good fellow, and would therefore be sorry to do anything marry at home. Accordingly they shot, pointed fire, and hurried, and wrapped the sleeper in a mummy in his folds, and then left him to take the catacombs as a place of rest. Returning an hour later they found him sitting up, rubbing his eyes, and emerging from under his mummy cloth. The fellow from it a place grunt and propped the swelldom of the sleeper, and he was obliged to begin all over again to get him to sitting position. "Well, gentlemen," said the sleeper, "I have been dewdropping in my sleep, and I have dreamed a dream. Do you know what I dreamed? I dreamed I was still alive!" Harper's Magazine.

Chautauqua Women's Club.

It has been reported that the Chautauqua Women's Club is an organization that has sprung into existence within the past few years. It is not. It is years old. It was founded by a board of time ago by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Miller, Mississippi—still deeply interested in the work. Its headquarters are at the Chautauqua. A few years ago it covered the space of a city block. Of the Women's Club, Mrs. Miller is president, and Mrs. Sandby is secretary. We have 400 members, and for full doubtless there are more before the end of the year. Our meetings are very interesting, and in proportion to the number of members present. Our meetings are held in the Hall of Philosophy, and are presided over by the Hon. Mrs. Hardinge of Boston and Mrs. Dr. Sandby of New York, in memory of the late Dr. Hardinge, of Boston. Times.

Going Crazy Over Marbles.

Everybody in and about Mahanoy City, has become interested in marbles, and the game is now being played on almost every street corner. Men and boys can be seen all during the day playing the game. Peddlers are now in the town all day and evening selling marbles. Peddlers have taken up quarters in the town and are buying up all the marbles they can get their hands on. Small old marbles are being dug up in the streets and are commanding an advance of from 100 to 200 per cent. Everybody is interested in the game, and it is doubtful if any game ever played in this town has the same hold on the people as this one. Some of the boys are organizing a circuit and will break in a few days. Mahanoy City Record.

Fine and Refined Lawn.

The use of fine and ruffled lawn has extended to the skirt and some models are made to fall open in front over a petticoat of lace. The old voluminous Louis XVI. brocaded skirt of the same lawn composition is seen that, except for the large sleeves, would be characteristic of the Louis Quinze period. Certain it is that it is a deal of boldness and befuddlement of spirit prevail, there will be a change in the fashion line, after all, for the idea of spending a dollar and a half for a swelling of more than one fathom of a gown at a time.

Making Clothes the World Round.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, the firm whose company of Elizabeth, Maine, which the other day gave 250 girls to the enjoyment of a free dinner, is the largest and most successful concern in the world, and its factories are to be seen in almost every country.

Well Situated.

There is in North Carolina a post office called "Troublesome" only so very far from "Harmony."

O BETHLEHEM.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear to hear His coming;
But silently and slow,
His kind doth pass, yet still to us
He comes offering His love.

THE SAYLER CLIPPER COMPANY (LIMITED)

TOYMAKING FOR CHRISTMAS CASH

How Some Young Mothers Displayed Their Sergeantine Wisdom

"Oh, dear, dear me!" sighed a young matron, sitting down, "I wish I hadn't a friend in the world."

"Dear, dear, what's the matter?" "Why, I've been worried to death ever since I received the letter."

"Well, what's in it?" "Why, you know I have been married two years, and I have a little boy, and I have been so happy in my little home, and I thought I was so happy that I thought I was happy enough to be happy forever, and I thought I was happy enough to be happy forever, and I thought I was happy enough to be happy forever, and