Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills The after-dinner pill and easy cathartic. 25c.

NEWSY MORSELS.

When lovely white women were sold in ancient Babylon, the money thus raised was used to dower the homely ones.

The French Government proposes to impose fines upon railway companies for trains that start after the time mentioned in the time tables.

In China, which has long been known as "the land of opposites," the dials of clocks are made to turn round, while the hands stand still.

One of the rules in force at the new University of Chicago is that every student must talk at least one hour's physical exercise every day.

A Chicago undertaker advertises fireproof coffins. He does not state if they are intended as a protection against fire in the next world.

Mushrooms, when once cooked, should never be rewarmed, to serve a second time at the table. After becoming cold they are apt to develop injurious properties.

Salt-cellars first came into use in mediaeval times; there was only one on the table, and it held from two to three quarts. The salt was placed about the middle of the table's length.

The secretary vulture will often take up an oyster or terrapin in the claws of one foot and dash it violently against a stone to crush the shell and enable the bird to get at the contents.

The largest death-rate of any city in the world from the use of alcohol is recorded in Stockholm, the Swedish capital. The number of deaths from this cause is ninty-nine in one thousand.

The largest flower in the world grows in Sumatra. It is called the Rafflesia Arnoldi, and some of the specimens are each thirty-nine inches and a half in circumference. The central cup will hold six quarts of water.

GOT THE BACKACHE?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches, many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the real cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key note of the kidneys. It aches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame, another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood, but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which, if neglected, means disease, perhaps incurable. And now about the cure.—Don't take our word for it; read what others say:

Mr. David C. Oaks is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 220 East Main Street, Kalamazoo. Mr. Oaks has suffered a gratuitous from kidney ailments; he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad, lame back, which I suppose was caused by my kidneys; I was confined to my bed during bad attacks. I might say, from time to time, I have been in that condition for years. The urinary organism was affected, urine being scanty, highly colored, and difficult in passage. I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. There was a marked improvement right from the first, and it has continued right along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place."

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.

DR. KILMER'S **SWAMP ROOT** The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

LINENE REVERSIBLE COLLARS Raphael, Angelo, Lorenzo, Leader.

"The LINENE" are the best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn. They are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well, look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs, by express, Twenty Five Cents.

A sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name size and style. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., Boston.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR **IMPERIAL GRANUM** IT IS THE BEST FOOD FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS. JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

VASELINE PREPARATIONS. In order to familiarize the public, all over the United States with the principal uses of the very many useful and elegant articles made by this Company, we make the following offer:

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, either by mail or express, the following 12 articles, carefully packed in a neat box:

Two 1-oz. Vaseline Toilet Soap.
One Cake Vaseline Super-fine Soap.
One ounce Tube Lemon with Vaseline.
One ounce Tube Pomade Vaseline.
One ounce Tube Camphorated Vaseline.
One ounce Tube Carbolated Vaseline.
One ounce Tube White Vaseline.
Two ounce Tube Vaseline Shaving Ice.
One Tube Vaseline Tooth Paste.
One Tube Perfumed White Vaseline.
One Jar Vaseline Cold Cream.

Retail Value $1.00.

ALL THESE GOODS ARE of the **REGULAR MARKET SIZES** and **STYLES SOLD BY US.**

These articles are household words throughout the World, and the buyer will find every one of them exceedingly useful and of a very high grade, more than the price asked.

CHESEBROUGH MF'G CO., 25 STATE ST., NEW YORK CITY

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay R. R. fare and hotel bills and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We select the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Macomb Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut On, and send this Advertisement.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

[CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.]

Suddenly his nerves shook with absolute fear. Somewhere off to the left a dismal hooting came through the fog. A screech-owl in the woods gave its opinion of life and the world. To the young man it seemed like the cry of a lost soul. Not enough of a woodsman to know what it might be, he thought it a human cry; and it was only when he turned aside towards the shore that he began to think it might be some unknown wild creature in the forest.

At that moment a solitary wave burst upon the shore with startling distinctness. He must be very near the beach. He must move cautiously, lest he fall over the low bluff by the shore. The water ran seething back, and then he heard again the harsh hooting behind him. He paused to listen. It seemed more distant, as if the bird had moved away. He would waste no more time in foolish fears. It was only some wild creature straying down to the shore from the deeper woods in the center of the island.

The next instant he stepped upon something that moved, and instantly he sprang back in a little tremor of alarm. Some thing rustled in the grass. Drops of cold perspiration started on his face and hands. The unknown was terrible, and, though he had never seen a rattle-snake, his guilty heart proclaimed one in the grass. He could not reason with himself how unlikely this was, or that it was some harmless snake innocently asleep in this beach-grass, or perhaps some still more innocent toad.

Before he fairly recovered from this weak fright he was stunned with a deafening, roaring clang. It was the fog-bell at the light. Its murmurous noise rose and fell in tremulous waves of sound that seemed to chill his heart. To his surprise, he found that he was close up to the white fence of the light-house grounds. The immense fog-bell had been started, and would boom and roar at intervals through the night. Again the surf roared in the darkness off to the right.

The young man steadied himself against the damp picket fence and tried to laugh away his fears. But at that instant there was a hoarse cry in the air overhead. A wild-goose sailed "honking" through the darkness. To Royal Yardstickie it was an unearthly cry—a frantic yell of despair. An instant later there was a crash of falling glass, and a bright light came beside him.

A girlish voice, brave and confident, spoke:

"Who's there?"

"It's me. It's only me."

The light came nearer, shedding a little globe of yellow light on the dust and half revealing a youthful figure in black.

"Who is it? What do you want here?"

"It's only Mr. Yardstickie, Miss Johnson."

"O! I thought it might be some tramp, or some one lost in the fog. I have just wound up the—"

A roaring clang from the bell cut short her speech. As the wavy humming sound died away, she finished:

"—the fog-bell. Some bird must have flashed into the light. I heard the glass break. Won't you come in?"

"Well, no, thank you—not now. Fact is, I lost my way in the fog. I'll find the right path, and go home."

"Take the lantern. You'll need it."

She drew near and held the lantern up to him over the fence. The light shone on her face, but behind her there stood a gigantic shadow on the mist—fantastic and threatening.

"Why, how cold you look!"

"I am a little chilly. It's all right. Thank you for the lantern. I'll go back now."

"You'll excuse me, because I must go in and help father about the poor bird that tries to get at the light."

"That you, Nan?" said a voice in the darkness.

"Yes, father. What is it?"

"Got a fat goose. Kind o' stuck itself agin' the light. Come help me fix the wingy. Hullo! that you, Mr. Yarkstickie? Come and dine with us to-morrow,—wild goose and apple-sass. Come in, Nan, and help me. Good-night Mr. Yardstickie."

The lantern in his hand seemed to rattle. It was strange how his hand shook. By the aid of the tiny circle of light he followed the white fence toward the water. As he turned that way a cold wind blew in his face, and over the invisible water came a faint, ghost-chilling moan. His very heart stood still with terror. Then he remembered the buoy, and tried to reassure himself and follow the fence until he should meet the path. Again the moan,—this time at his very feet. He started forward, and there, fallen on the wet grass beside the yellow boulder that he knew so well lay a form in black. He held the lantern with a trembling hand over the prostrate figure. It moaned slightly and he stooped and drew aside the black lace veil. It was Julie—Julie La Favre—his wife.

Her face was wet with mist or tears. Her hair lay in dark dishevelled strands over her neck and shoulders, and her cloak had burst apart at her white throat. She opened her eyes and looked at him, and then closed them slowly and tried to turn away. Putting the lantern on the ground, he lifted her gently and placed her on the big yellow stone. She seemed to revive a little, and once more opened her eyes and tried to speak, but at that instant came the awful clang of the great bell over their heads. She closed her eyes and shuddered. As the murmurous sound died away in ripples of tone, she put out her hand to him.

"Help me, husband. Take me home. That bell is killing me. I was sitting here waiting for you, when the fog came up and then I didn't dare to move till that awful bell struck. I heard that—that girl—come out and wind it up with horrid clankings. Why don't you help me? Give me your arm. Take me home, husband, take me home."

"I shall be glad to help you back to the hotel—"

"No—to your home. It's safer there."

"We can't now, Cousine Mademoiselle. You are cold and tired—"

"Oh, I remember now. Yes, I saw you—I saw you talking with her. She knew you were coming to see her