

War... the big things will take care of themselves. But our little troubles are for many of our suffering days and nights a ten minutes we can get rid of... A sudden attack of backache or neuralgic headache the most of us without anything at all... while St. Jacob's Oil would cure out an end to the trouble promptly.

Sultan has promised a subsidy for erection of a Mohammedan mosque in U. I.

Kilmer's S.W.A.M.P. - R.O.O.'s - courses in Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Pimples and Constipation free. Laboratory, Birmingham, N. Y.

Manufacture of gas is covered by patents.

You are doubtful as to the use of Dobbin's... and cannot accept the experience... who use it, after the 21 years it has... on the market, one trial will convince you... your excess for it. Take no limitation.

First watch was made at Nuremberg, Germany, in 1477.

COUGHS SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. Dr. Kline's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy that give immediate relief. Avoid imitations.

First railroad in the United States opened in 1820.

Where Did You Get This Coffee? The Ladies Aid Society of our town... for tea, forty of them, and all... the German Coffeeberry equal... Salzer's catalogue tells you all... 35 packages Earliest vegetable... \$1.00. Order to-day.

YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND... stamps to John A. Salzer Seed... La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a... of above great coffee seed and... page catalogue! Catalogue alone... (A.)

Stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT... No fits after first day's use... Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot... Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Windsor's Soothing Syrup for children... softens the gums, reduces inflammation... cures whooping cough, croup, diphtheria... Sore Throat and Bronchitis with Hale's... Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Found Piso's Cure for Consumption... F. R. Lutz, 1905 Scott... Covington, Ky., October 1, 1884.

A REVERIE
BY EDWARD G. ALLEN

I am drifting away in a beautiful bark
Far out on a boundless sea,
And the sweep of the waves o'er the sound-
ing deep
Has a mystical charm for me.

But the heart that is sheltered with purple
and gold
Is cold in its splendor and pride,
And the waves in their revelry mock as
they pass,
And bitterness sweeps with the tide.

There are beautiful isles and bowers of love,
And glistening fountains of tears,
And pitiful wrecks of sorrow and shame
That pass with the fleeting years.

There are treacherous depths where the
waters whirl,
Where hate and sorrow stay,
Where the shattered wrecks on the breakers
of fate
Are silently drifting away.

They are drifting away to rest with the
years
Where the sunlight has faded and gone,
To wake in the morn at the judgment bar
In the light of eternity's dawn.

Oh, voices of love, that falter and break,
And speak of the past ever more,
Your echoes lead on 'neath the day-star of
hope
Till they break on eternity's shore.
ANITA, IOWA.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE EVENING TALK.

As an elegant clock, with old cathedral
chimes, struck the hour of ten, Ethel,
with a pale face, and trembling hand,
lighted a candle, possessed herself of the
strange-looking knife, then opening the
wardrobe, and drawing back the bolt,
stepped into the passage and from thence
through the small door in the opposite
wall.

As this opened, she looked timidly
around for the entrance to the ruined
rooms in which she was to find the
basket of food.

She found herself as soon as the small
passage was left, in a long, straight,
dark gallery or corridor, that led di-
rectly to what Sir Reginald assured her
was the Haunted Tower. At the end
where she stood, however, on the left-
hand side, was a door, fastened with an
old-fashioned iron hook. This led to
ruin, and with a beating heart she
opened it.

Close by the door she found a small
covered basket that she knew must con-
tain what she sought.

Grasping it quickly she again fastened
the door, as Sir Reginald had instructed
her to do, and passed down the corridor.

There she found the entrance to the
tower, and resolving to take some
bright, sunny day to visit this spot,
she turned, as she had been directed, to
count out the number of panels on the
left-hand wall, and immediately discovered
the faint crack that she knew must be
what she sought. Inserting the point
of the knife, she turned three times,
when the panels parted and there lay the
shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found
food fit small pieces, consisting of broken
biscuits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and
quite a quantity of meat cut in mouth-
fuls. This she placed on the shelves
upon the wooden plate upon which it
was heaped. Then gently shoving the
shelves, they slowly whirled around, and
when the same side returned to her the
plate stood upon it empty, ready to be
placed again in the basket.

"That spot must have been trained,"
she thought, "to empty the plate and
return it!"

Then she inwardly smiled at his in-
telligence.

She listened for a moment, but all was
still. Shoving to the panels, she found
that they locked themselves, so taking
up candlestick, knife and basket, she
placed the latter against the outside door,
fastened it securely, and reached her
own room in safety.

Once bolted in, the poor girl gave a
sigh of relief, and dropped into a chair
to calm herself before she could proceed
to return the candle and knife to their
places.

The task required of her had been a
singularly unpleasant one. She was a
brave young girl, and had endured but
few feelings of fear, but she had trem-
bled, because the thing required so much
secrecy.

She disliked mysteries of all kinds, and
her honest, open nature revolted from
the whole work.

Had she not solemnly promised her
aunt to assist the baronet in any ser-
vice he might require, in order thus to
secure a safe home and just guardian-
ship, she would never have consented to
the task she had now formed.

"However," she reflected, "there is
certainly nothing wrong in a man's
keeping secret his possession of a valu-
able animal as long as he could attend
to his wants himself." But when he
could not, she thought his best mode
would have been to send for its owner.

But where was the owner?

Probably so far off that the creature
would die unless cared for, therefore
there really seemed no other way.

All this did not distress her so much as
the words Sir Reginald had said about the
Haunted Tower. This duty was
easy and simple, and, as far as she could
see, silly, but not wicked; but pretend-
ing a place haunted, and using strange
lights and machinery to keep up the evil
appearance therein, she felt was deceit-
ful and wrong, and she shuddered as she
thought of the words that after awhile
she would hear. Her assistance at her

...almost more than she could under-
stand.

How could she avoid it now, when
her word had been pledged? How refuse
at the time, when urged by a nervous,
suffering, and unstrung human being
just terribly wounded, whose life almost
depended on being kept perfectly quiet?

In view of his fearful situation, she
felt that she could do no less than under-
take to relieve him of his intense anxie-
ties on the subject, and could see no way
of shirking the obligations laid upon
her.

One thing, however, she decided to do,
she should take some morning hour to
explore the ruins, and that Haunted
Tower, so that she might become accus-
tomed to all the dangers and peculiarities
of the place before other offices were re-
quired at her hands.

With this resolution still in her mind,
she restored the candle and knife to the
secret drawer, and then sought the lux-
urious bed that awaited awaited her, and
there fell at once into a pleasant sleep,
from which she never aroused until the
bright rays of another morning sun stole
into her room.

Springing up, she dressed as soon as
possible, and opening her door found, by
questioning a maid, that the family did
not rise until late, as their breakfast
hour was from ten to eleven.

All being quiet in the room of the in-
valid, she returned to her own apart-
ment, and fastening the door securely,
resolved at once to start upon her ex-
ploring expedition, as she felt that she
would be for at least an hour and a half
unobserved and mistress of her own time
and motions.

It was now half after eight.

With a little of the trembling nervous-
ness of the night before the brave girl
opened the intervening doors and stepped
into the corridor.

All was folded in the same solemn still-
ness that made the place oppressive on
the previous night.

She resolved to explore the ruined
parts before she sought the tower, there-
fore unhooked the door and stepped out.
As she did so she noticed that the cov-
ered basket was still there.

The door opened directly into a small
rickety hall that led into several large
rooms, all dusty, moldy, and more or less
dilapidated. Broken windows, torn wall
papers, bare rafters, seen through im-
mense places where ceilings had fallen,
were every where visible. Some rooms
were filled with broken furniture, pieces
of old china, and fragments of time-worn,
cast-off clothing.

All, even the floors, were in an ad-
vanced state of decay.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated ob-
jects and found herself wondering why
Sir Reginald had not had the whole
pulled down and removed? Its destruc-
tion certainly would lighten the value
of property, while its presence only spoke
of neglect and untidiness.

One thing she observed in her ramble
there was an easy mode of egress and
ingress to this part into the hall, and
marks of recent footsteps on the floor
told that this formed the entrance place
to the person who prepared and bought
the food she was nightly to place on the
iron shelves.

Another thing struck her; in all the
premises there was not the slightest
appearance of the concealed room, in which
she knew the treasure was secreted.

Only a bare, blank wall appeared upon
the side where she knew it must be.

Retracing her steps after all had been
examined, she unfastened the door, and
then sought the Haunted Tower.

The door leading to this was closed,
but not bolted, so she opened it, and
crossing quite a large square place, she
began ascending a long flight of stairs.

The steps were steep, and not at all
easy, and she became very tired before
she reached the top, but pressing on, she
did reach it, but not before she paused to
rest upon a broad, flat landing; paused,
too, with horror, at an unexpected sight
that there presented itself.

It was the stuffed image of a man,
fixed upon wires, that worked upon the
same principle as the jumping-jacks
often bought to amuse children.

This, however, was nearly as large as
life; its head was hollow, with red glass
in place where the eyes would be, so that
a lighted glass lamp, placed within,
would give a flaming appearance to those
eyes.

From each side horns projected, and
she could easily imagine what the whole
terrific effect must be to an outside
holder. This figure, she saw, could be
elevated and put in motion by winding
up a crank to which it was attached.

Arrangements for different colored
lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the ma-
chinery until she perfectly understood
its workings and the whole wicked plan
to give supernatural appearance to the
tower, Ethel passed upward until she
could gaze without hindrance upon the
tall windows of this lofty place.

Then exclamations of delight escaped
her, for there she could catch an unob-
structed view of the grand panorama that
stretched for miles and miles away on
every side.

But she did not linger, fearing she
would be seen by some of the villagers,
and her presence reported to Sir Regi-
nald.

This visit she knew would be displeas-
ing to him, if he wished it to be a place
that should fill every heart with fear, in
order to keep visitors from it by day, as
well as by night.

After, then, one more glance around
on the glorious scene that lay before
her, she descended, glad that she had
been there, had seen the true inward-
ness of the place; for now it certainly
could never have a feeling of terror with
which to inspire her heart.

Let any person ever speak to her of the
fearful sights seen in that lonely Haunted
Tower, she could turn away unawed,
knowing the whole thing to be a de-
ception, a heartless imposition, a wicked
fraud.

CHAPTER XIV.
DAILY PROGRESS.

Day after day passed, during which
Ethel became quite accustomed to her
routine of work, and quietly persevered
in her duties.

Nothing difficult to accomplish was
required at her hands; nothing beyond

...am here merely to carry out Mr. Weston's
and work, not to be attended to by
in any way whatever," returned the
indignant Ethel, once more disengaging
her hand, and retreating toward the
house.

"Miss Nevergill, go, since you are so
determined, but remember, although you
decline my friendship, nothing you may
do will provoke my enmity, and before
many days you will spend hours in my
company voluntarily."
Ethel made no answer, and the next
moment re-entered the hall, leaving the
chagrined youth to his bitter reflections.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Two Kinds of Heroism.

No one is irretrievably lost in whom
the sense of honor survives. A Paris
paper recounts the case of a woman
who had been arrested, convicted of
some offense, and sentenced to impris-
onment. (A detective was taking her to
the prefecture from Boulogne-sur-Seine,
by steamer, when at the Concorde
bridge a well-dressed man threw him-
self into the river and was drowning
before their eyes.)

The officer was a brave man and an
excellent swimmer; it cost him a struggle
to see a life lost which he might
save, if he were free to act.

"If I were alone," he exclaimed, "I
would save that man."
"Save him," said the woman. "I will
wait for you at the pier."
The officer hesitated for an instant,
and then plunged into the water. He
had barely seized the drowning man
when a boat struck him violently, and
he lost his grip. He dived again, but
vainly, and at last, quite exhausted,
was pulled into a small boat, which
itself narrowly escaped collision with a
steamer.

The heroic officer was cheered by the
crowd who had witnessed his bravery,
and the body of the man he had striven
to save was recovered later. But his
was not the only honorable conduct
shown; for on the pier the woman, true
to her word, was waiting for the detec-
tive, and handed him his coat, in the
pocket of which was the warrant upon
which she had been arrested.

One is glad to learn that her hono-
rable conduct will not go unappreciated.
When it was reported to the chief of
the department he immediately ordered
the prisoner to be released in recogni-
tion of her humanity and honor.

Dread of something worse has in-
duced the Sultan to modify his order
refusing foreign extension of aid to the
Armenian victims of Mussulman feroc-
ity. His Imperial Majesty consents
that Clara Barton and her party may
distribute relief in his dominions, but he
sternly refuses to recognize the Red
Cross. This is a diplomatic victory for
the Sultan. Turkish roads from the
seaboard to the Armenians are made
impassable by snow and ice. No relief
party, with or without the cross, will be
able to reach them via Constantinople
before spring, and meanwhile most of
the money will be spent in an effort to
overcome nature's barriers and the
Turk's obstructiveness. Thus, unex-
pected by the cross, the Turk will get
the cash. Would it not be judicious on
the part of Minister Terrell to make
known to Miss Barton and her party
that at present Turkey is No Through-
fare, and advise that both the Red
Cross and the American cash should re-
main out of that part of the world for
the present? Or shall not Miss Barton
address herself to St. Petersburg
for a passport to Armenia?

Potatoes.

Potatoes baked in their skins should
have a piece cut off the ends before
baking, in order that the steam may
escape. Prepared in this way they are
light and dry when eaten.

When boiled, they may be prepared
in the same way, and the skin removed
just before serving to each individual.
Potatoes are unquestionably dryer and
finer of flavor when boiled in this way,
than when pared before cooking. The
utmost care is necessary to prevent
their being cold when eaten, as they
grow cold rapidly after skins are re-
moved; and of all things potatoes
should be hot in whatever form they
are served, unless it be in a cold salad.
It is not regarded in good form to place
boiled potatoes upon the table in their
skins.—Womankind.

An Amateur Detective Agency.

Sweet Girl—"Pa, the house next
door was robbed last night."
Pa—"Mercy! Next door?"
Sweet Girl—"Yes, and the burglars
have been in two or three houses on
this block within a week."
Pa—"I know it. I know it. It's ter-
rible! But what can we do?"
Sweet Girl—"I was thinking it might
be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and
me to sit up a few nights and watch
for them."—*New York Weekly.*

Old and New Schools.

Small Boy—"I'm too sick to go to
school to-day."
Mamma—"Then lie down and I'll
send for a doctor."
"Dr. Pellet?"
"No. He's a homeopath. I shall
send for Dr. Castor, the allopath."
"Never mind, mamma; I feel better.
Where's my books?"—*Good News.*

A floating news note says that Jim
Cash-Cash, a rich and influential Uma-
tilla Indian of Oregon, is suing for a
divorce on the ground that his wife
paints her face. Such a ground for
divorce, if given a standing in court,
might accomplish more than half of the mar-
ried men's prayers.

Spring Medicine

Blood in Spring is almost certain to
be full of impurities—the accumulation
of the winter months. Bad ventilation
of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwell-
ings, factories and shops, overeating,
dry, improper foods, failure of the
liver and lungs, failure to do extra
duties thus trust upon them, are the
causes of this condition. It is
of the utmost importance that you

Purify your Blood

When warmer weather comes and
the tonic effect of cold bracing air is
lost, your weak, thin, impure blood
will not furnish necessary strength.
It dries feeling, loss of appetite, will
be the way for serious disease, ruined
skin, or breaking out of humors and
pimples. To make pure, rich, red
blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands un-
equalled. Thousands testify to its
virtues. Millions take it as their
daily medicine. Get Hood's, because

Blood's Sarsaparilla

True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1
per bottle. Sold by O. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Our Pills are the only pills to take
with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Yellow Fellow

The title bestowed on the
new bicycle by the admirers
of his orange rims.

In constructing the '06
we have striven to
make the best bicycle produc-
ible, and of best materials,
superior workmanship, unsur-
passed facilities, and honest
worth count for anything we
were surely succeeded.

Our handsome new catalogue,
which we will mail on request,
is not more artistic than the
bicycle itself.

C. STEARNS & CO., Makers,
Syracuse, N. Y.
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