the big things will take one of the big things will take one of the But will be the compared for many of our little troubles the use of surfering days and the use of surfering days in the many of the troubles of backpain? A sudden attack of backpain? A sudden attack of backpain? A sudden attack of backpains of the trouble to the days of the trouble promptly. that if we take o

Saltan has promised a subsidy for exciton of a Mohammedan mosque U. 11.

Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles, amplier and Consultation free, Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

panufacture of gas is covered by

ubtful as to the tes of Dobb on are denoted as not so only the experience to so, and cannot so only the experience the so we have the so the market, one trial will convince you, our rocer for it. Take no imitation.

first watch...was. made at. Nurem-Germany, in 1477.

SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED mehial Troches" are a simple rem-e immediate relief. Avoid imita-

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hout for tea, forty of them, and all ced the German Coffeeberry equal Salzer's catalogue tells vou all 35 packages Earliest vegetable 0. Order to-day:

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## Spring Medicine

impurities—the accumulation e winter months. Bad ventilation sleeping rooms, impure air in dwell-z, factories and shops, overeating, wy, improper foods, failure of the leys and liver properly to do extra upon them, are the uses of this condition. the utmost importance that you

### Purify our Blood

weak, thin, impure blood furnish necessary strength tired feeling, loss of appetite, will the way for serious disease, ruined h, or breaking out of humors and titles. To make pure, rich, red Hood's Sarsaparilla stands un-led. Thousands testify to its Millions take it as their Middicine. Get Hood's, because

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the title bestowed on the ns bicycle by the admirers <sup>ts orange</sup> rims.

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r handsome new datalogue, ich we will mail on request, not more artistic than the cel itself.

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MBWARD OF ATLAN

I am drifting away in a be Far out on a boundless a And the sweep of the wave 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 they pass, And bitterness sweeps with the tide.

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

There are treacherous depths where the waters whiri,
Where hate and sorrow stay,
Where the shattered wrocks on the break
of fata.

of fate. Are silently drifting away. They are drifting away to rest with the

years
Where the sunlight has faded and gone,
wake in the morn at the judgment bar
In the light of eternity's dawn.

Oh, voices of love, that faiter 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 TASK. 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 horself 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.

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 directly 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 contain 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

tower, and resolving to take some bright, sunshiny 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 what she sought. Inserting the point the knife, she turned three times. when the panels parted and there lay the

shelves.

Opening then the basket, she found food in small pieces, consisting of broken bisenits, bits of chicken, potatoes, and quite a quantity of meat cut in mouthfuls. This she placed on the shelves upon the wooden plate upon which it was heaped. Then gently showing 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 ape must have been trained," she thought, "to empty the plate and return it!"

Then she inwerdly smiled at his in-

she inwardly smiled at his in-She listened for a moment, but all was

She listened for a moment, but all wasstill. Shoving to the panels, she found
that they relocked 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 hersoif 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
braye young girl, and had endured but
few feelings of fear, but she had trembled, because the thing required so much
secrecy.

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 service he might require, in order thus to secure a safe home and just guardianship, 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 valuable animal as long as he could attend

heeping secret his possession of a valuable 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 assume 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 pretending a place haunted, and using strange lights and machinery to keep up the evil appearance therein the felt was deceitable and machinery to keep up the evil appearance therein the felt was deceitable and machinery to keep up the evil appearance therein the felt was deceitable and the stranger of t wron, and the shuddered as sho that after awhile Melstance at her

A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR  Simost more than she could unde

Bushev could she swold 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 left that she could do no less than undertake to relieve him of his intense anxieties on the subject, and could see no way ties on the subject, and could see no way ties on the subject, and could see no way of shirking the obligations laid upon

One thing, however, she decided to do, she should take some morning hour to sue should take some morning hour to explore the rules, and that Haunted. Tower, so that she might become accustomed to all the dangers and peculiarities of the place before other offices were required at her hands.

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 luxurious 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.

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 invalid, she returned to her own apartment, and fastening the door securely, reserved at once to start upon her exploring, 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.

and motions.

It was now half after eight.

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

into the corridor.

All was folded in the same solemn stillness that made the place oppressive on the previous night.

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

The door converd directly into the covered the step of the step

As she did so she noticed that the covered 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 ratters, seen through immense 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 advanced state of decay.

Ethel looked at these dilapidated objects and found herself wondering why Sir Reginald had not had the whole pulled down and removed? Its destruction certainly would heighten 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 from shelves.

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 seereted. 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 sho reached that 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.

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 beholder. This figure, she saw, could be elevated and put in motion by whiding up a crank to which it was attached.

Arrangements for different colored lights were also on every hand.

After carefully examining all the machinery 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 unobstructed view of the grand panorama that stretched for miles and miles away on every side.

Ret she did not linger, fearing she

every side.

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

This visit she knew would be displeas-It in a visit of the 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 hight.

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 inwardness 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

CHAPTER XIV.

DAILY PROGRES.

Day efter day passed, during which Ethel became quite accustomed to her routing of work, and quietly peragreged in her duties.

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

spending a couple of hours each morning in her own room, writing letters, of which an abstract was taken from Sir Reginald's own lips; then an hour on two, just as he felt inclined, reading the deliverance for his empreyment. two, just as he less inclined, resume the daily papers for his amusement.

Very often would he find a chance to

whisper the question:

whisper the question:

"Do you perform your evening tasks regularly and well? Does all go on as safely as I could wish?"

Then when the answer came, "All goes well," he would seem so satisfied and relieved that she felt almost happy in giving the information.

leved that she fett aimost happy in giv-ing the information.

About a month after her arrival at Glendenning Hall; she had been reading one afternoon a work in which he was particularly interested, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Elfen-

interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Elfenstein.

As the baronet motioned to her to remain where she was during the interview, the regular nurse being absent, and as the Doctor might need some things from her hand, she became interested in the conversation which ensued.

Now, Dr. Elfenstein was rather a small talker, and this natural reserve tended to make his professional interviews at the Hall brief, and usually confined closely to his medical work.

But this regring he seemed to linge and converse quite freely upon many of the topics of the day. Finally he commenced giving an account of the severe istorm that had swept over the country the night before the baronet's accident and ended by relating his own adventures and what he had seen in the tower.

"Sir Reginald, I thought I would tell you this and ask if you can explain the yeaning of the spectacle then manie sted?"

"I cannot," was the reply Ethel watched for with anxiety.—"I am told by

you this and ask if you can explain the yearing of the spectacle then manie yearing of the spectacle then manie yearing of the spectacle then manie sted?"

"I cannot," was the rep!y Ethely and the year of strange appearances in that tower, but I have nevern seen anything of the kind there myself, therefore put no faith in the story."

"But you may believe me, sir, when I assure you such things are really to be seen there. Now, in order to satisfy my mind and perhaps enable me to explain the mystery to the frightened inhabitants, I crave your kind permission to visit the premises. Have I that permission?"

"It is impossible for me to grant it. When these things were first whispered about twenty-five years ago, we, as a family, were exceedingly annoyed by constant visitives to the spot, and tho thing became so much of a nuisance that it was closed forever from all inspection. No, your must not ask this, Doctor, as I cannot consent to the place being entered after being so long sealed. As it is, take my word for it and be satisfied. It is merely a vagary of the brain, an optical delusion, something better to be forgotten.

Dr. Elfenstein said no more, but inwardly resolved to pay a surreptitious visit there, if not a permitted one, as this mystery he determined should be unraveled.

As he rose to leave, he happened to glance toward the young girl opposite to him, and saw her lead bent low over the book she held, while a sad and pained expression had floated over her speaking face.

Bidding them good-morning, he rode away, wondering "why Miss Neverzail"

book she held, white a sad and panned expression had floated over her speaking face.

Bidding them good-morning, he rode away, wondering "why Miss Nevergail should have seemed so deeply moved?"

After the reading had concluded, the baronet said he would excuse her further attendance upon him, therefore she started out for a ramble over the grounds. She had not gone far before she regretted having done so, as she was joined a short distance from the house by Robert Glendenning, a man she instinctively disliked.

This afternoon he seemed particularly disagreeable, as he fell into his usual patronizing way, only embellishing it by gross and fulsome flattery.

The truth was this young man was a great admirer of a pretty face, and from the first look into Ethel's speaking eyes, and upon her rare beauty, he had acknowledged that he had never seen a person that so exactly met the standard of the beautiful he had raised in his soul. But her proud bearing in his presence, her shrinking from his approach, gave such evidence of her dislike that he felt irritated, and consequently determined to annoy her in every way nossible during her stay at the Hall, through a spirit of teasing.

This flattery, he saw at once, was utterly distasteful, therefore persevered in its use.

"O my dear Miss Nevergail, the fates

terly distasteful, therefore persevered in its use.

"O my dear Miss Nevergail, the fates certainly have befriended me, this time! To think that I should have met thus your beautiful self, just as you start on a ramble, is too fortunate for belief! Which direction shall be go, for I at once constitute myself your devoted attendant?"

"Mr. Glendenning, you will excuse me, if I decline your services. I came out for a quiet walk by myself, and therefore shall not certainly trespass upon your time."

fore shall not certainly trespass upon your time."

"Pardon me, my angel, my time is of no consequence at all. I must insist upon accompanying you, as I could never allow so lovely a lady to stroll around without a protector."

"Sir," said Ethel, now really losing patience, "there is no danger certainly to be met with in your uncle's grounds. But since you aver otherwise, I shall instantly return."

So saying, the young girl wheeled

So saying, the young girl wheeled about, and began rapidly to retrace her

steps.

"You will do no such thing," was the insolent reply, as Robert sprang to her side, seized her hand, and drawing it firmly under his arm, held it tight, and thus drow her back to the walk. "When I propose walking with a charming girl, I usually do it."

"Whather your presence prove agreeable or no?"

able or no?"
"Whether my presence prove agree

ble or no."
"Sir, release my hand that your presence is disagreeable, and your words of flattery almost insulting."

"Notwithstanding that, my dearested."

"Tom neither your dearest sir" your 'angel,' and you here to the to address me in that style to the total to address me in that style to the total to address me in the style to the total total

am here merely to carry out his wall in any way: whatever," reterraid the indiguant Ethel, duce more disengaging her hand, and retreating toward the house.

her hand, and retreasing
house.

"Miss Nevergail, go, since you are so
"Miss Nevergail, go, since you are so
determined, but remember, although you
decline my frienship, 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.

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 imprise the case of a woman of A detective was taking her to onment. (A detective was taking her to the prefecture from Boulogne sur-Seine, the prefecture from Boulogne-sur-Seine, by steamer, when at the Concords 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 The omeer was a brave man and an excellent swimmer; it cost him a struggle to see a life lost which he might sare, 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 plar"

"Save him," said the woman. "I will wait for you at the pler."

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 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 detective, 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 honorable conduct will not go unappreciated. When it was reported to the chief of

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 induced the Sultan to modify his order refusing foreign extension of aid to the Armenian victims of Mussulman fercity. His Imperial Majesty consents that Clara Barton and her party may listribute relief in his dominions, but he sternly refuses to recognize the Red Cross. This is a diplomatic victory for 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, unvexed 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 Thorough-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 Bar-ton address herself to St. Petersburg for a passport to Armenia?

Potatoes baked in their skins should

base 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 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.

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—"Iknow it. I know it. It's terrible! 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 A floating news note says that "Jias-Gash-Gash, a rich and influential Uma-tilla Indian of Oregon, is suing for a divorce on the ground that his wife maints her face." Such a ground for the divorce, it given a standing in court,