

blood the impurities which have accumulated during winter. Thus prevent hum rs, boils, pimples, eruptions, and serious illness, such as fevers, malaria, and debitity of the system.

Hood's Sarsa-Is the best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all dru gists. \$1, six tor \$5.

Hood's Pills act harmonious y with Hood's Sarsaparila.

Swallows.

One of the traditions which the early Romans cherished as to swallows was that they were the spirits of dead chilstren revisiting their homes, and therefore the birds were treated with love and reverence. The swallow is still, if not a sacred, at least an honored bird in different parts of the world. It is the "bird of consolation" in the North. They style it in the South "the bird of the happy beak." It is greeted as the "bird of the hearth" in the West; and, when it flies to the East, the advent of the "bird of God" is announced.

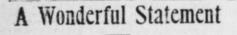
Victim of "lang.

Mr. Skemer-Mrs. Sapmind, I am going to bring a visitor around this evening to introduce to your daughter. I think he will be a good catch for her. Mrs. Sapmind-What sort of person is be, Mr. Skemer?

Mr. Skemer-He is a wealthy planter. Mrs. Sapmind-I don't care how wealthy he is, I'll never let my daughter marry an undertaker .-- Boston Courier.

Among the costliest books in the world may be a entioned the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, a good ropy of which is worth \$6,000 when it «an be had. Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave \$8.000 for hers. The Mainz Book of Psiams is another precious tome which was worth 12,000 francs in the days of Louis XVIII. A London bookseller has a copy of the second edition of 1459 for which he asks \$25,000.

A Wilmington corpse was brought to life by the singing of the mourners. This is not the first instance of music being herrible enough to raise the dead.



From Mrs. McGillas to Mrs. Pinkham.

I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me. I was dreadfully ill-the doctors said

they could eure me but

failed to do I gave up in despair B and took to pa

FASTEST RUN ON RECORD.

An Old Engineer Tells of the Great Time He Made on a Railroad.

Western roads have recently set up so many claims as to their ability to make fast runs and break the record. It is possible the following story, told by an old engineer, of how he once broke all records and pulled a freight at the rate of 675 miles an hour, may end the controversy for the time being.

"Really, my son," said the engineer, as he oiled the drivers of the huge locomotive he had just backed into the depot. "the fastest time I ever made was the fastest run ever made in this or any other country. I was hauling freight then, and running an old Baldwin mogul. We had started east with a train of twenty-one cars, and four of them were loaded with powder. 1 was a little afraid of powder, and was pleased to note that the cars containing the explosive was near the rear of the train. We stopped on a siding to let the west-bound express pass, and then pulled out and let her go for all she was worth, so that we could get over the tunnel summit. The top of the hill was just at the entrance to the tunnel. and as the track was not in very good shape in the tunnel I shut off steam and eased her up a little after getting started down the hill. That was where I made a mistake; for ten of the cars had broken loose, after the engine and first eleven cars had passed over the summit, and the momentum carried them over the knuckle, and they came down after us fifty miles an hour. Just about the middle of the tunnel they struck us with terrible force, and then it was that I made the fast run, for you see the powder exploded and my engine and all the cars that were left shot out of the tunnel just like wads out of a big gun. My breath was fairly taken away by the speed, and I had to hold tight to the cab to keep from being left behind. Old 71 kept the rails and shot out of the other end of that hole, going at the rate of 675 miles an hour; in fact, we went so fast that the watchman did not see us pass, although he heard the terrible report, and thought that the tunnel had caved in. When we reached the little town of S- we were going about 350 miles an hour, having lost some of our velocity. Of course, only a few of the cars kept the track, and they all had hot boxes and flat wheels when we finally came to a stand. It was 4:03 when we entered the tunnel. and allowing a minute from that time till the explosion took place we ran the eight miles in just forty-six seconds. according to my watch. Old 71 lost her side rods and connecting rods, and two of her tires, and had her smokestack carried off by the wind pressure, but he was able to pull in on the side track. and just at that moment the operator received a telegram from O----, six miles on the other side of the tunnel. which read:

"'Caboose No. 64 and two smoking cars just flew by, leaving boards in the air, which are still falling. Rails are red-hot from the friction." "That, young man, was the fastest run I ever made, and I don't want to break the record again." And then, without even a smile, the old man crawled up on the cab of the big express engine and got ready to pull out with the limited .-- Boston Herald.

AT EVENING.

God flushed the sunset through the cup Of misted hills and said, "Now the day is dead, Earth dark, let thine eyes look up!"

Toll sleeps, care lulls, now cease The tumultuous wheels of day. And the sun's last ray Spreads the purple of night's peace.

The curtained mists above The darkened valley spread. Hush! God has said His sunset word of love.

-Herbert Bates.

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

"You say he never sleeps here, Mrs. Allen?" said young Mr. McCandless, who had lodged and boarded with that worthy woman for seven years, and was much esteemed by her for his knowledge of the world.

"Well, I never find the bed disturbed. although the counterpane is sometimes soiled by his muddy boots in the mornthe wrinkles out of her apron with her pause for reflection. pudgy hand.

"Ahem, that is curious," mused Mc-Candless, removing his glasses and cases I ever heard of," said McCandwiping them with his handkerchief.

"And he never spends the whole night here," pursued she. "You don't mean to say he leaves before daylight?"

"That's just what I do mean to say, and I can't make up my mind that he's a respectable man," said the landlady

severely. "Just tell me when he comes and

when he goes, and all you know about she asked. him, Mrs. Allen."

"Well, let me see. About a month ago-shall I describe him?" "Yes, yes, go on; omit nothing."

"He's a slim young man with a very thin face-a hatchet face. I should call it- very small, piercing, black eyes,

and just a bit of a dark mustache." "Then he is rather a mysterious looking man?" put in McCandless, compressing his lips.

"He is, indeed," returned the landlady, "but not half as mysterious as his doings."

"And how was he dressed?"

McCandless had taken out an envelope and was busily making notes on the back of it. "His clothes were shabby," said the

landlady, "and he always carried a rough oak stick. Well, as I was saying, about a month ago he rang the door bell one afternoon, and I went to fidential tone. the door. He was pale and worried and-"

"Sort of a hunted look?" queried McCandless. "That is just what I thought," cried

Mrs. Allen. "There may be something in this,"

said her lodger darkly; "but go on, Mrs. Allen."

the idea that he had a right to come took it. Peterson began to undress, and go unmolested. Now, I think that | and the light went out." was a more suspicious circumstance

than if he had closed the door after him noiselessly." The landlady looked at McCandless with admiration written on every feat-

ure. "Well, you have a head full of ideas, Mr. McCandless. Nobody could fool you.'

"You flatter, Mrs. Allen," said her lodger, flushing with pleasure, "but I' Office, and they tell me that I ought to was a park policeman."

"Have you ever seen Peterson carry anything upstairs?" "I have," returned Mrs. Allen im-

pressively. "State what it was." "I cannot, except to say that it was

a bundle which he held tightly under occupied your hall bed room on the his left arm." McCandless was perplexed.

"Did you ever find anything in Peterson's room on any morning following ing," replied the landlady, smoothing his occupancy of it?" he said, after a "Nothing;" absolutely nothing."

the landlady.

ened.

study.

"This is one of the most singular

less decidedly. "What do you think of it?" ventured "Think of it? I think Peterson is a from the Morning Post."

watching. He may be a counterfeiter, a forger, a fugitive from justice.' Mrs. Allen was distressed and fright-

"What am I going to do about it?" bery, and for whose apprehension a re-"Leave everything to me," said Mc-Candless reassuringly. "I will make hiding in this city. They hope to trace

side."

for you in a day or two.'

less," she said.

visit the house. McCandless was on tender books, fearing his prey had es-

tle of a latch key was heard in the slowly unfolded, showing a poster portieres recognized Peterson. At the printed in very black ink with a cut end of half an hour McCandless and of a man's face at the top.

"Read it, Mrs. Allen," urged her top floor. There was the sound of a traveller made. oice in Peterson's room, sad and

understanding?"

dramatically.

"It's a go, if you say so," said Burke.

"The game's up," cried McCandless,

"My God, gentlemen, it's a mistake."

said

"Oh, Henry, what have you done? What is the meaning of this?" "It is an outrage, a police outrage,"

shrieked Peterson. "Ha! ha! that's an old story," said

"I was arrested on suspicion of something round in the other room,"

A light broke on the young woman. "This is surely a mistake," she said of the morning. The woman was his week to write in peace, coming home

"That is what I was doing when

"What was that you were saying about remorse burdening your spirit McCandless looked at Mrs. Allen before we broke in?" demanded Roche suspiciously.

> "I was reading from my play, "The Atonement of Blood.'" answered the young man.

"Oh, look here, this won't do," broke Mrs. Allen your name was Peterson?" "My name is Henry Peterson Anlooking for. Of that I am convinced," | drews," said the young dramatist, "and I gave her my middle name be-

cause it was as good a one for her as Mrs. Allen put on her spectacles and any other, since I didn't want to live in her room or explain to her why I "The police have reason to believe rented it."

"Henry wouldn't be a dramatist if Moffett, alias Morton, alias Geoghe- he wasn't a little mysterious." said the gan, who is wanted for highway rob- young woman, with a charming smile. Burke unlocked the handcuffs from ward of \$1,000 has been offered, is in Peterson's wrists.

"Any one can see that this lady isn't it my business to clear up this mys- him through his young wife and child a crook's wife or this gentleman a tery. Peterson shall be kept under who are living somewhere on the West crook," said the detective. "McCandless, I think you're an ass. Come, Can there be any doubt of it, Mrs. Roche, let's be going. Madam, for my McCandless was very taciturn at his Allen? I am going to communicate side partner and myself I want to say meals and went to and fro in a brown with my friends at the Central Office that we've been victimized and hope at once. The reward is as good as se- you'll overlook our zeal. We're aw-When interrogated by Mrs. Allen he cured, and when we get it, Mrs. Allen, fully ashamed of ourselves, Mr. Andrews. If you'll forgive and forget The buxom landlady blushed and we'll be your everlasting friends. Don't report us at the Central Office or we'll be ruined."

> "I won't do that," said Peterson That night McCandless let Burke grimly. "I'll do better. I'll put it in

Burke and Roche shook hands and days, but I wanted to talk to you them in the basement. Peterson had bowed themselves out. McCandless about a much more important matter. not come, although it was one of the stumbled after them, sheep-faced and nights when he was accustomed to shrunken .- New York Sun.

A Plea for Good Roads.

The marks of a long pedestrian tour were thick upon him,

his pocket a thick paper, which he McCandless looking through the parlor step in front of a rural residence. The proprietor happened to pass and paused to look at the rather unsightly adthe officers mounted noiselessly to it e dition to the landscape which the

Sure enough, on Saturday morning McCandless asked with a non-committal air to see Mrs. Allen in the parlor. "By the way," he began in a thick voice, "I will see that you have a check and Roache of the Central Office into a play." for my account in the course of a few the house at 10 o'clock and concealed

I think I have run Peterson to earth." McCandless said this in a grave, con-"You don't say so, Mr. McCandless. caped them. About 11 o'clock the rat-What have you found out about him?" For answer McCandless drew from front door. A click, and it opened.

lodger huskily. This is what the landlady read: "Look for Thomas Gallagher, alias tion. They listened intently, "Remorse burdens my spirit," they hegan. Wanted for highway robbery. heard the voice say. "Hardened as I Spare face, dark eyes, small mustache. When last seen wore a brown slouch

McCandless stopped from sheer want of breath,

"But what has all this got to do with the reward?" asked Mrs. Allen, Burke and Roche simultaneously. with a woman's doubts.

"Give me time, One minute," said McCandless. "There is plenty of evi- said Peterson. "Tell them about it. dence. I marked the house with a They won't believe me." plece of chalk. This morning I was round there early and pumped the colored servant, who was sweeping the sweetly. "I am Mrs. Andrews, and may say to you that some of my best sidewalk. She told me that the occu- that is my husband Henry, who is a friends are connected with the Central pant of the second floor front was writer of plays. We have a baby as named Andrews. From her descrip- you see. There he is in the crib. My be one of them. I come by my detec- tion there could be no doubt he was husband found he could not write at tive talents naturally, for my father identical with Peterson. I asked her home, the baby cried so much. So he about his habits, and she said that he hired a room somewhere else, and was often absent until the small hours there he went several nights each

> wife, and they had an infant two when he was tired." months old. They had been in the house about five weeks, which would those scoundrels arrested me," said correspond with the time Peterson has Peterson indignantly.

top floor."

triumphantly. "What do you think of that for de-

tective work?" he said. "You were right," returned the land-

lady admiringly. "Peterson is a suspicious character, probably a criminal, in McCandless. "Why did you tell as you supposed."

"He is the very man the police are said McCandiess. "Just read that

suspicious character who will bear read aloud as follows:

that Thomas Gallagher, alias David

surveillance." Several days passed during which

merely said: "I may have something I'm going to put a question to you."

cast down her eyes. "You're a gay deceiver, Mr. McCand-

my bed. had dreadful pains in my heart. faintingspelks. sparks before my my eyes and some-

times I would get so blind. I could not see for several minutes.

I aguild not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so.

Lako had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints.

The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured .- MRS. J. S. MCGILLAS, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.



Too Bad for Description.

A costermonger, while trandling his apple-laden cart down a London street. was run into by a coaching party. The coster's cart got the worst of it, losing a wheel and its ruddy freight being scattered all over the street. The driver of the coach came back to settle for the damage, and expected to come in for a volley of choice cursing. But the coster booked at his cart, looked at his apples, looked at the coach, and finally gasped out: "Guv'ner, dere eyen't no word fer 11!"

Which?

Wickwire-Have you noticed that Mudge has quit cigars and taken up a pipe

Yabsley-Yes; I wonder what is the cause? Has be been playing the races or getting engaged?-Indianapolis Journal

Tobacco received its name of nicotiana in honor of Jean Nicot. envoy from the court of France to Portugal. who sent some seed to Catherine de Medicis.

Edith-He told me I was so interesting and so beautiful. Maude-And yet you will trust yourself for life with a man who begins deceiving you even at the commencement of his courtship. -Boston Transcript.



Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for



Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Where was I? Oh, yes, he asked in a low, broken voice if I had a room to let. The side room on the top floor David Moffett, alias Morton, alias Geowas the only one vacant, and I told him so with misgiwings, for I didn't think Height 5 feet 8; weight, 147 pounds. he was good pay. He asked me the rent, and I said \$2 a week. Looking up and down the street in a queer way, hat, dark coat mixed trousers, and he said he'd take it.' gaiters. One thousand dollars reward

"Did he appear to think he might be followed?" asked McCandless, wiping which shall lead to his conviction. the perspiration from his brow, for he Thomas Binns, Chief of Police." had been trying to take down Mrs. Allen's statement in long-hand.

"I don't know what he thought, but he seemed to be nervous and uneasy. Well, I took the \$2, which he offered me, and asked him when he wanted to move in, and where his trunk was. He stammered out that he had no but it looks a good deal like Mr. Petertrunk, but would it matter so long as son." he paid in advance? I said I didn't care, if he paid me regularly."

"Don't you think you ought to have asked him for references, Mrs. Allen?" "I never expect references for hall

bed rooms, Mr. McCandless, especially when they're on the top floor." McCandless coughed uncomfortably and his landlady went on: "When I asked him how soon he was

coming, he said he would be here the same night, upon which I gave him a latchkey on the usual condition-payment of a quarter. Just as he was going down the steps I inquired his name and he turned red and mumbled something."

"By George! Mrs. Allen, it looks peculiar. I have a theory. But you insisted upon knowing his name, of course?'

"Yes. I put the question again, and he said I might call him Peterson." "Plainly a nom de guerre. I mean

a fictitious name. When did you see him again?"

"That's the surprising part of It," said Mrs. Allen, who was now all of a fluster with excitement. "I didn't see him for three days, and then he came after dark, passing me in the hall without so much as a 'How d' ye do?' That night-it must have been 2 in the morning-I heard a foot on the stairs and opened my bed room door to look out. Who should I see but Mr. Peter- ing gums. He walked as a quick pace son going down. Then I heard the front door slam."

"Was he carrying anything out?" demanded McCandless,

"Oh, you may be sure I thought of that. No, he had nothing in his hand carries."

the landlady continued her story: "He came the next night and departed just as mysteriously, but the of an infant, loud and shrill. The ed Burke, politely. queer thing about it was that he al- woman disappeared. Her shadow fell McCandless knocked. ways banged the door when he went on the curtain again, and she had in away.'

"Hem! I don't know that that was Peterson. He removed his slouch hat caught sight of Peterson in the grasp brooders are being put into operation. anything more than low cunning, Mrs. and took the child. For an hour he of the two officers of the law, with his Allen. He may have wanted to give carried it to and fro in the room. At hands bound together in front of him, some body-the police, for instance- length its cries ceased, the woman she uttered a cry of fright.

will be paid to any one giving evidence "Now, I want to ask you. Mrs. Allen, whom that picture resembles?"

The landlady studied it hard. "Does it not bear a strong resemblance to Peterson, Mrs. Allen?"

"That's what I was thinking myself. Mr. McCandess. I can't swear to it, Roche: "It is your man; break in the door.' "I guess we're safe," said Roche to

"When I think of the way he hides Burke. himself in your house, Mrs. Allen. comes in the night and goes in the night, I could almost swear Peterson is Thomas Gallagher. But I won't rest until I prove it, and I'm going on his against the door, the lock gave way and the Central Office men rushed in trail to-night."

The following morning McCandless with levelled pistols, McCandless at came down to the breakfast table red- their backs with a sword cane. eyed from the want of sleep, but in high spirits. "Could I see you in the parlor, Mrs.

away from the table. The landlady excused herself as soon his shirt sleeves, and his hair was as she could and made her way up- touzled.

stairs with all the speed her embonpoint would permit. She tingled with curiosity to her fingertips. kill me?" "I have made a great discovery." Mc-"No, only to lock you up."

Candless burst out as soon as she had Roche. shut the door behind her. "Yes, yes?"

he is probably the man Chief Binn is not Peterson, and you know it." looking for. The reward is almost

within our grasp." was silent. "How do you know? What have you

McCandless spoke rapidly, evidently Peterson's wrists. carried away by his discovery.

woman for a witness," said Roche. "Last night Peterson left the house at 2 o'clock and I followed him, wear-They pushed and half carried Petertoward Washington Square-so fast, son was hurried along across Wash- sult of this separation of the living

her arms a child. She held it out to appeared on the threshold. When she farms are now in full blast, and the

"What are you doing in this part of labored, as of some one in deep afflic- the country?" he asked. "Walkin'," was the answer.

"Haven't you any work?"

"Walkin's as hard work as I know am in crime. I have some conscience of in this part of the world; up hill and left. Perhaps it is the still small voice down holler; ye climb a rock plle one which tells me I am not a lost soul. minute an' land in a mud-hole the Oh, could I but atone for this last next."

damning crime by giving myself up to "You ought to be ashamed of yourthe officers of justice! I would gladly self."

do so if the act would not involve "I ain't altogether to blame for lookothers. Oh, my God, how shall I at- in' this way. The road's ter blame fur tain to that peace which passeth all some of it."

"I was referring not to your appear-Then the voice fell and silence fol- ance, but to your method of life. You lowed, so profound that McCandless are a man in middle life. Don't you could hear his heart thumping. He think it's about time you were mendwhispered hoarsely to Burke and ing your low ways?"

"Mister, did you ever go ter Sunday school?"

"Of course."

"Do you remember hearin' 'bout it's being a good idea not ter bother 'bout Roche, a heavily built man, without the mote in yer neighbor's eye tell ye another word threw his shoulder cast the beam from yer own?"

"I remember that lesson."

"Well, mister, when ye talk ter me 'bout mendin' my low ways, I'm willin' ter listen respectful, 'cause i know I ain't perfect. But I can't help remarkin', wethout meanin' offense, thet A pallid and very much scared young my low ways don't need mendin' a Allen?" he whispered as he slipped man rose from a chair at a table cov- blessed bit more'n your highways do." ered with sheets of paper. He was in -Detroit Free Press.

Can a Frozen Animal be Restored to Life?

"What is the meaning of this intru- If the animal is slowly frozen and sion?" he demanded. "Do you want to as slowly thawed out, life may be restored. The temperature must be gradually raised, otherwise a fatal result will follow. The old plan, so prevalent in cold regions, of thawing out "There's no mistake about it." a frozen member of the body by rub-"Peterson is living a double life, and shrieked McCandless; "your name's bing with snow, before coming into a warm room, is based on scientific prin-The young man looked confused and ciples. Death follows at once if all the water in the body be crystallized. Burke made a rush at him, over- Complete congelation of the water of found out?" said the landlady, her turning the table and sending a bottle the body tissues signifies complete drygenerous bosom heaving in her excite- of ink spilling in all directions. In a ing, separation of all the soluble and twinkle he had a pair of handcuffs on loosely chemically united gases, as well as crystallization of the salts. As "We must go round and take the a result of this, the structure of the protoplasm, as well as its chemical and physical characters, is necessarily son down the stairs to the street, Peter- destroyed. Death follows as the rein fact, that I had difficulty in keeping ington Square, protesting that it was substance and not as a consequence of great reduction of temperature. Animals whose tissues are rich in water with a latchkey. There was one ascending the steps of a house on the may be frozen to stony hardness, but, but the oak stick which he always the house. In a moment I saw his fiercely at the bell, and when the door scopic examination, a sluggish, movable fluid may be seen coursing among McCandless looked disappointed and tify him by his slouch hat and by his up to the second floor.Burke and Roche the ice needles. Too long a time must not follow freezing before the efforts to restore life commence.--Medical and Surgical Reporter.

The incubators on the majority of

The wheat product of Hungary is 119,000,000 bushels,

him in sight. Crossing the square, he a mistake and that he could explain. entered a house near Sixth Avenue "This is the place," said McCandless, lighted window on the second floor of corner of Sixth Avenue. He pulled as shown by macroscopic and microshadow on the curtain. I could iden- was opened, McCandless led the way figure. A woman came and stood be- hustling Peterson up before them. side him. Suddenly there was the cry

"Knock at the lady's door," suggest-

A young woman in a dressing gown

ment.