

# Pure Rich Blood

is essential to good health, because the blood is the vital fluid which supplies all the organs with life and the power to perform their functions.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and giving it vitality and life-giving qualities. This is why Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"I have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it to be an excellent medicine for impure blood. I highly recommend it." FANNIS E. PRINCE, Utica, N. Y.

Blood is life and upon the purity and vitality of the blood depends the health of the whole system. The best blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This is proved beyond any doubt by the wonderful cures which have been accomplished by this medicine. Weak, tired, nervous men and women, full of skin eruptions, itching, and itching, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sufferers from sleeplessness, scrofula, salt rheum and the severest forms of blood diseases have found relief in Hood's. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Great Blood Purifier.

**Hood's Pills** easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect. **Hood's Pills** the after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

**TALKED OF IN EUROPE.** EX-PRESIDENT CAMILLE PERIER is making preparations for a visit to Egypt.

**KING HUMBERT OF ITALY** spends more in charity than any other European monarch. He gave the poor \$200,000 at Christmas.

**SLAVIN DEBY**, who was governor of Darfour when Gordon was killed, and ever since has been a captive among the Mahdists, is reported to have escaped and almost to have reached the Italians at Kossina.

**FEDERAL COUNCILOR JOSEPH ZEPPE**, who has been nominated president of the Swiss confederation for the year 1905, is the first conservative Catholic who has been appointed to the highest office of the little republic.

**BEHANZIN**, the ex-king of Dahomey, who was deported to Martinique, is represented by the latest news from that French colony as being very sick. The African potentate cannot accommodate himself to his new kind of life.

**THE NEW CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM**, Chao Fa Valjnavith, has a great reputation for amiability among his schoolfellows at Eton. He takes very kindly to British manners and customs, and endeavors to be more English than the English.

**BY THE DOCTORS.** People smell better with their mouths shut because all the air for the use of the lungs must then be drawn through the nose.

A MEDICAL authority asserts that colds and catarrh are most frequently caused, not by cold, outdoor air, but by warm, impure, indoor air.

ANATOMISTS, to separate the bones of a skull, frequently fill it with small beans and place the whole in a basin of water. The beans swell and slowly split the skull.

In some fatal injuries the nerve that would carry the pain to the brain is destroyed, and such accidents are almost painless. Our sense of pain is greatest in the skin, and deep wounds are therefore not more painful than shallow ones.

In surgical operations the skin incision is often the most painful part, and those who have been run through the body say they were conscious only of something cold passing through them, with just a prick at the points of entry and exit of the weapon.

**How's This?** We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

**F. J. CLEGG & Co., Props., Toledo, O.** We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Clegg for the last 15 years, and know him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

**W. C. Waiding, Kinnear & Marcin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.** Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills, 50c.

A LADY who called at a house about one o'clock, expecting to share the midday meal and obliged to go without receiving the strict invitation, returned the next day with her thoughts by taking leave of her friend as "dear Mrs. Luncheon."

**MAMMA—"Why don't you eat your plum pudding, Bessie?"** Bessie (grown critical with repetition)—"There's too much cologne in the sauce."

**Belarus had a Hundred Arms.** Nervousness has many queer symptoms. But whatever those may be, they are all absent in connection with the soothing, invigorating influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the system through the medium of thorough digestion and assimilation. Tremulous nerves acquire steadiness by its use. It promotes sleep and appetite, and fortifies the system against disease. Indigestion, constipation, flatulency and kidney troubles are relieved by it.

**FIRST PEASANT WOMAN—"I am so sorry** your husband died. And then the funeral expenses!" Second Ditty—"Oh, I wouldn't have minded the funeral expenses if he had only remained alive."—Pilsener Blietter.

It was asked about an indifferent football player who placed his equipment in the field to be a full-back or a half-back? "No," was the reply, "he was a drawback."—Tit-bits.

**Best of All** To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly scientific manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and permanent remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents, the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only.

A MAN finds no consolation in seeing plenty in the world—if some other fellow is eating it.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

**St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure RHEUMATISM**

"We think Piso's CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1904.

...CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP... USE IN TIME!

# TRUBLESOME

CHAPTER VIII. Oliver wondered if the Frenchman had come to kill him. There was no time to cry out or to move in self-defense. If De Restaud came to murder, he was prepared to do it quickly; up in the valley of the Troublesome he had been called a good shot. A vagrant ray of sunshine filtered in between the slats of the closed blind, resting on a faded spot on the carpet. Oliver lily watched it, while thoughts of his past, the present, the woman who had just written him, went through his mind swifter than ever electricity carried a message.

A lamp lit and bright, a flash, a crash and darkness. Oliver's fingers tightened on the arm of his chair. His lips quivered. He seemed to be gazing down the unfathomable depths of eternity. The sins of his past came and leered at him; the awful, unanswered question of the centuries, of all recorded time, haunted him. "And afterwards?"

He had heard that madmen quailed at bravery, were deterred from evil purpose by quiet common sense. So he looked steadily at his visitor. What dreadful creature he had become! Nor was it liquor alone that had crazed his brain. There is a drug so easy of purchase, so pleasing and cheap, at first, that insensibly it steals away reason, caution, decency. On the hairy hand of the Frenchman were tiny red dots and similar dots tattooed all his body. He had not learned to take morphine in the convenient capsules, and his disposition was attended by a tiny pain like the prick of conscience.

He was terribly pale, with the glazed pallor of a corpse, his eyes weirdly bright, his hair, a few months ago uncombed by time, streaked with gray. Of all sad drift on the shores of time a human wreck like this is the most dreadful.

"You are surprised to see me," De Restaud said, calmly, but his long thin fingers trembled, showing the agitation he strove to repress.

"I should be glad to assist you in any way," Oliver answered, his voice strangely hoarse, the words coming with difficulty.

"I think you can," said the other, slowly, "for you seem to have influence with her and that old dragon, her aunt. I know all about that night, your visit down the railroad. I know I have a son, and for his sake I want you to help me."

"What can I do? Surely you must have a lawyer of your own. I would not undertake your case for any consideration."

"Do not be too hasty, Mr. Oliver. I do not require your services as a lawyer, but as a witness. I am in this country in your labor difficulties, as an arbitrator. My nephew in France is dead, and my father writes me to come home and bring my wife and child."

"She will never consent," Oliver said, hastily. "Her aunt would not let her go."

"I think a husband has some rights, Mr. Oliver. You see I am very temperate in the matter, though I have cause for anger. Now, my son has a future; my father will make him his heir, for my brother is rich, and, besides, none of us are long-lived. I shall not last long; you see I have failed very fast. I want to go back to my own country and live the few days left, and I—I want you to help me." He broke down then in a womanish way and took out his handkerchief. Oliver had felt contented before; it turned to pity now for the shambling creature so wretched in his mental degradation. "I am willing to forgive her the disgrace she has brought upon me," he sobbed, "even that application for divorce. My father will overlook the fact that I married out of my station—beneath me; though never before would he notice my marriage. The child has made all the difference in the world, and I haven't been allowed to see him. It is a crime to treat a father so. Even an American court must recognize my rights."

"I have no confidence that you would treat your wife decently if she came back. It would be an unwise experiment," Oliver said, coldly.

"But I give you my word I will. She can have that awful suit with her alimony. I will not say three words to her."

"I have not written her," said Oliver, awkwardly, "except a little note thanking her for her letter. I shall not write what she wanted."

"I have, though," said Dr. John; "both to Mrs. Minny and her aunt. The Frenchman cannot trouble them long, and after a year or so Mrs. Minny will be a Parisian. All I know of Paris is some one who had heard. How can I think if they are true Mrs. Minny will be quite at home in France. She likes things different, you know."

"I should be a coward to advise her in this matter," cried Oliver. "I shall have nothing to do with it."

However, after an hour's talk with his sensible old friend he changed his mind and wrote a severely formal letter to Mrs. de Restaud, advising her to return to her husband. Her answer was a piteous appeal. What did he mean by that? Had he happened to see her? After all that had happened, did he think she should trust herself with a man who everyone said was crazy? Dr. John read and shook his head. "She won't come," he said; "but you keep on writing, for the Frenchman means what he says. I see him often as he comes to my office. She need not say three words to him, and her aunt can be with her always until she is safe at her father's."

This was duly written, but the answers both from Miss Patten and her aunt, after all that had happened, a few days before the time set by De Restaud, Oliver, maddened by her disregard of his warning, for he learned De Restaud had his lawyer engaged and the case would be presented, telegraphed her: "Are you coming or not? I beg you will come at once. We cannot face the consequences." He felt like a coward, but what else could he do? Fight with a madman in a courtroom? It was horrible. The answer came promptly from Mrs. de Restaud; she would start at once, and a few days later she was in New York.

Oliver took the telegram and went to find De Restaud. The suit for divorce must be stopped. He had done his part, and there was no need for further anxiety. He drove to Dr. John's office, but the doctor was up in the mountains attending a case, and would not be back for a day or two. He knew where De Restaud lived—a furnished

house he had hired for a few months—and he drove there. After some delay, Annette, more corpulent than ever, opened the door in response to his ring. She seemed worried and timid in her manner, and looked at him blankly as he asked her in English if Monsieur was at home. Then Oliver remembered, and tried in imperfect French. She brightened up.

"No, monsieur," she said, eagerly; "he is seldom here; and Louis is always away. I like the farm better. I am alone always, always. Monsieur is so bad, too—oh, dreadful even Louis is afraid of him."

Oliver hesitated. The poor soul was even friendly, she was so lonely. Perhaps she was not bad-hearted.

"Do you think it would be safe for Madame to return?" he asked, slowly, recalling each word from an imperfect memory. He repeated it, as she did not comprehend; then her manner changed.

"Oh, monsieur," she cried, in horror, "never, never! He has said he will kill her. He walks all night, sometimes, and raves about her, and looks so dreadful. Louis said he did not like Madame, but for the general's sake, she must keep away from Monsieur. There would be a crime, and the De Restauds are so proud. I think Monsieur is quite mad now; and he is so thin; he eats nothing, and some nights there are two men to hold him, he sees such things. I did not like Madame, she was not a French lady, but I wish my worst enemy no such fate as to be here."

"You knew," said Oliver, "there was a baby, a little boy?"

"Yes, monsieur, and I am thankful. Madame may have a good heart; she loved the little dog. I think she would do right to go to France—to the general; he is a grand man, and now there is no one of the name. Little Alphonse in Paris is dead, and his beautiful mother is dying of grief, they write us."

Oliver slipped a dollar in the woman's hand. "You are a good soul," he said, kindly. "I trust some day you will be back in France and have a farm of your own."

"Thanks, monsieur—and the beautiful poultry I had such comfort with in the mountains; it is better there."

He heard the bolts rattle behind him as he went to the waiting carriage. The poor soul was almost a prisoner from her fears. What should he do? Mrs. Minny had started, and he could not reach her by telegraph. He told the driver to go to the different gambling houses, and at each one he got out and searched for the Frenchman. He was not gambling, the dealers told him, all knowing De Restaud only too well, for the mad Frenchman had been a familiar figure in the night world of Denver for years. At the police station Oliver could learn nothing; De Restaud had evidently bought immunity from arrest. Sick at heart, Oliver gave a description of the object of his search to a detective and went home.

"YOU ARE AN INFERNAL SCOUNDREL," SAID OLIVER.

Oliver rose and opened the door. "Mr. de Restaud, I will write you my decision. I really must ask you not to prolong this interview. There is a limit to my forbearance."

De Restaud bowed, mockingly. "I shall look for your answer soon. Perhaps the doctor also could influence Mrs. de Restaud. I esteem the doctor; he is an honest man, and has been good to my son."

With a polite bow the Frenchman disappeared, and Oliver went back to his desk. What did he do? De Restaud would carry out his threat, there was no doubt of that. And, after all, would it not be better for his wife to return? If the family in France would care for her and the child they would be safe, and most women would look forward to such a bright future. If she refused to come, a trial, the publicity of a courtroom, the newspapers, a lifelong scandal—would be whispered about her name, and she would be a laughing stock. What did he do? De Restaud would carry out his threat, there was no doubt of that. And, after all, would it not be better for his wife to return? If the family in France would care for her and the child they would be safe, and most women would look forward to such a bright future. If she refused to come, a trial, the publicity of a courtroom, the newspapers, a lifelong scandal—would be whispered about her name, and she would be a laughing stock. What did he do? 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