

THAT TIRED FEELING

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while."

We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the

forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impure and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

"In the spring I felt very much run down—no strength or appetite. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improved and I did not have that tired feeling." H. R. Squires, East Leverett, Mass.

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Makes Pure Blood.

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NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, CHILDREN
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Deep Breathing is Healthy.
Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit was universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respirations will keep the tire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thin one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood currents by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.

In the middle of the ear are three small bones, respectively named the stirrup, the anvil and the mallet, from fancied resemblances to those articles.

Every man who is dissatisfied with his surroundings—who wants to better his condition in life—who knows that he can do so if given half a chance, should write to J. Francis, Omaha, Neb., for a copy of a little book recently issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route.

It is entitled "A New Empire" and contains 32 pages of information about Sheridan County and the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, a veritable land of promise, towards which the eyes of thousands are now hopefully turned.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"How goes it, fair cousin?" said Marsden, who was the last to enter. "It is quite thirty-six hours since I saw you. I suppose nothing strange has occurred in the interval? You shall have your puppy to-morrow. I told Stubbs to bring him over; do not feed him too well."

"What a pretty place," said Mrs. Ruthven, looking out on the lawn. "But the view is a little limited, is it not, Mr. Marsden? You must feel rather triste, my dear Miss L'Estrange, shut up here after the freedom of life abroad?"

"Life is much freer here, I assure you. I can go in and out as I like; and I find so much to do, the day is not long enough."

"When you are a little older, and ambition begins to wake," said Mrs. Ruthven, with a caressing smile, "you will sigh for a wider sphere—and, no doubt, find it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Nora, her heart overflowing with a vague, delicious, unaccountable sense of pleasure. "I believe I am incapable of ambition. Why should I trouble about anything beyond my present state? I have all I want, all I can possibly wish for; if I need a little change I can travel awhile—but always with the delicious sense of having a home ready for me. I look upon myself as a very lucky girl."

Mrs. Ruthven laughed lightly, with a tinge of mockery. "I have at least seen no contented individual," she said, throwing a languishing glance to Marsden, who came to her side.

"I am glad to have been able to introduce you to a happy valley, which the possessor, he said, does not pine to leave," he said.

A tempting table was spread with toast and hot cakes, and the conversation grew lively, and even noisy, as the prospects of the ball were discussed. At last the evening began to darken, and Lady Dorrington proposed their returning.

"You look pale and weary," said Marsden, in a low voice to Mrs. Ruthven; "stay here, and I will send the pony carriage over for you."

"Oh, thank you! I shall manage to walk back."

Adieus exchanged, the party set forth, Nora and her companions, with Mrs. Ruthven, the latter half way across. Marsden exclaimed, "Excuse me a moment—I quite forgot a message for Mrs. L'Estrange," and he turned quickly, overtaking Nora, who was alone.

"Be sure you send for what flowers you require," he said. "I told the gardener not to cut any till he knew what you wanted."

"You are really too good, squire. Your guests will want them all. I have what I need at home."

"Then I will select for you myself. See that you wear mine, if you prefer Winton's."

"Why, Mr. Winton would never dream of offering you any flowers," said Nora, laughing, "and take care of Mrs. Ruthven," and she ran away into the house, reaching it in time to say good-by to Winton, who was about to start on his homeward walk to Oldbridge.

Mrs. Ruthven was very tired, she said, and therefore silent, but in reality she was asking herself, over and over again, what it was that Marsden went back for. She deeply distrusted Nora.

CHAPTER III.

Both Mrs. L'Estrange and her step-daughter uttered exclamations of surprise and admiration as they entered the hall of Eveleigh Manor House on the night of the ball.

The ladies of Brookdale came early, they wished to see the rooms before the crowd assembled.

"Lady Dorrington is in the white drawing room," said the butler, opening the first door on the left.

This was the smaller of the two drawing rooms, and was as bright and beautiful as lights, flowers and groups of plants could make it.

Lady Dorrington, in velvet and diamonds, stood in the center, with nearly all the house party, re-enforced by several gentlemen Nora had not seen before, gathered round her.

Directly the butler announced "Mrs. and Miss L'Estrange," Marsden came forward, shook hands very cordially with Mrs. L'Estrange, and let her pass on to Lady Dorrington; then stopping Nora, to whom he showed a programme, said, "I have put down my name for the word 'Clifford,' pointing out the word 'Clifford,' written in ink against that number; 'you cannot alter it, you see.'"

"I shall not want to alter it," returned Nora, looking up with a smile. "I fancy you are the best dancer here."

She was struck with the expression of his eyes. They were fiercely bright, and had a certain indescribable look of intense resolution, while his face was white, and the veins in his forehead showed distinctly; otherwise he was strikingly handsome and distinguished. Evening dress suited him well.

"Mrs. and Miss Saunders, Captain Lethbridge, Mr. Winton," were announced in rapid succession. Lady Dorrington went forward to receive them.

"My severe duties are about to commence," said Marsden, who still held the programme, which he now put into Nora's hand, managing to catch and press it as he did so. "I look to you for my reward by and by."

"I wonder," thought Nora, looking after him as he went to greet his guests, "if the squire is ever in earnest?"

Her conjectures were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Ruthven, who came in from the room beyond. She looked radiant and fairy-like in soft satin and delicate lace, and absolutely ablaze with jewels.

"I never saw anything like her jewels," said Nora to Winton, who had taken his stand beside her.

"I should like to know their real value, and what they cost old Guthrie," he returned. "I fancy they are some curious stories attached to these fine things."

Here Mrs. Ruthven came straight to where they stood, followed by a neat, accurately dressed, keen-eyed man.

center, while a long mirror opposite the door reproduced the charming effect of the interior. "This is admirably done," said Winton, looking round.

"No doubt Mr. Marsden has had it done to please Mrs. Ruthven, and remind her of her Eastern life?"

"I don't suppose that would give her any particular pleasure," said Winton dryly.

"Are you sometimes taken with ill-natured fits?" asked Nora, looking up into his eyes.

"Never," he replied, emphatically, "I am always generous, just and reasonable! Will you sit down, and allow me to enlarge a little further on my own admirable qualities? The cushions are soft and comfortable."

"I must not, however interesting the subject! My partner will be looking for me—and—"

Without a syllable of remonstrance, Winton gave her his arm, and they began to retrace their steps. "When the waltz is over we must bring Helen to see this beautiful tent," said Nora. "Tell me, Mr. Winton," she went on after a short pause, "was Helen ever young and merry, and thoughtless, like me, for instance?"

"Never like you," quickly; "I wish she had been, for her own sake. She never had your buoyancy or vitality; but she was bright once, and full of feeling; she had had lines for some time after her father's death. I often used to wonder how she was getting on, poor dear little soul, and was glad to find her as happy as she is."

"Ah! Miss L'Estrange, where have you been hiding yourself?" cried Lord Alfred Harcourt, meeting them in the doorway of the refreshment room. "I have been looking everywhere for you; this is our waltz."

Winton resigned her to the new claimant and was almost immediately button-holed by an old officer who had known him in India. It was some time before he got back into safe anchorage beside Mrs. L'Estrange; with Nora he did not get a word till later, as she only returned at intervals to be immediately carried off again by a fresh partner.

Mrs. Ruthven, bland, smiling, attentive to all with whom she came in contact, was nevertheless keenly watchful of her host and his doings. He had opened the ball with her, and then his duties kept them apart until the fifth or sixth dance.

"At last!" exclaimed Marsden, coming up to the sofa where she sat talking to Lord Dorrington, who speedily effaced himself. "At last I have a moment's liberty, and I hope you can give me the next. It is a waltz. I have watched you floating around the room with sundry incapables unable to do justice to the rhythm of your fairy feet, till I cursed in my heart, though obliged to give good words with my tongue! Let me see your card. 'Sir George Brocklehurst,' may I go and dispose of him? Yes, do let me promise and vow three, or thirty-three, things in your name. I must have this waltz with you!"

"I give you carte blanche," replied Mrs. Ruthven, with downcast eyes, almost overpowered with an intoxicating sense of delight at his tone. "Here he comes."

"My dear fellow," cried Marsden, addressing him, "will you do me a very great favor? I have only this one waltz free till nearly the end of the evening; will you resign your great privilege of dancing it with Mrs. Ruthven in exchange for—how many?—two dances after supper—may I say two, Mrs. Ruthven?"

Mrs. Ruthven bowed with a gracious smile, saying: "Perhaps Sir George has not so many disengaged."

"With Mrs. Ruthven's approval, I can refuse nothing to my good host," returned Sir George, a tall, thin, pompous man, with a profound belief in his own importance.

"A thousand thanks! Now let me provide you with another partner."

"Thank you, no! I do not much care for dancing in the abstract."

A low bow. "The first and second dance after supper, then." He wrote them solemnly on his card, and disappeared.

"Then, there goes the Marshal Niel waltz! Don't let us lose time. Come, 'la belle Normah! May I presume to call you so?" said Marsden in a low tone as he gave her his arm and they walked into the ball room. "Certainly in your shining golden gown and flashing jewels, you suggest the Light of the Haram."

He put his arm around her, and they whirled away into the crush of dancers.

(To be continued.)

What Esau Hunted.
"About noon we saw a beast standing on a mountain top looking down at us. When we saw it we thought that it was a camel, but Callus said that the beast was a rhinoceros or unicorn. It had a horn set in the midst of its forehead, four feet long, and whatsoever it butts at it runs him through and pounds him against the rocks. It is said by writers on natural history that they place a young virgin in his way, whereat he puts away from him all his fierceness, and lays down his head, and is held thus entranced until he be taken and slain."

Thus wrote that delightfully naive observer, Father Felix Fabri, who visited Sinal 400 years ago. Modern pilgrims who have followed in his footsteps with their eyes open will at once recognize that the animal he saw was the bédan, or Sinalitic ibex, which gazes down on passing caravans from the cliffs which tower above their route. He is seldom visible to them unless his shapely figure happens to be silhouetted on the sky line. This wild goat inhabits the mountains on either side of the Red Sea and the steep gullies of Moab, and is the only representative of the deer or goat tribes in these regions. Esau doubtless hunted it, and those few sportsmen who have followed his example will not be surprised that the uncertainties of the chase cost him his birthright.—The Nineteenth Century.

Cheese Sandwiches.
Cut up fine any bits of cheese that cannot well be used any other way, add a little cream or melted butter and let it heat slowly till the cheese is melted and the whole becomes a paste. If liked, season with salt, cayenne pepper and mustard. Spread this mixture on thin slices of bread and put together.

Pineapples Are Wholesome.
Ripe pineapples have been put upon the list of food especially healthful for persons troubled with indigestion, the juice being especially valuable in such cases. In countries where the fruit is indigenous its value as a remedy for dyspepsia is well known.

Useful Inventions.
A Chicago woman has invented a useful fish-knife that scales, cleans, and bones a fish without mangling it. Another useful invention discovered during the year is a new liquid that makes lace curtains absolutely proof against fire from gas or lamp flames.

Eggs.
Ornithologists say it is a general rule of nature that the smallest birds lay the greatest number of eggs; but in the humming bird this rule is reversed. It lays only two eggs, which are white, round, and of the size of peas. The tiny bird is so fearless at the time of nesting that it has been known to attack and blind a person when searching for its eggs.

The Reins of Conversation.
The reader of human nature finds no difficulty in solving small social problems. For example, one never need be bored by constant talkers or cast into the shade by brilliant ones. It is only necessary to say to one of the former, "Now talk to me," to silence her completely, and no woman ever lived who could appear other than imbecile after being told that she was expected to be brilliant. The dullest person remembering these rules, may have the reins of conversation in her own hands.



Baked Veal.
Take two or three slices of veal steak, put them into a bake pan, cover rather thickly with fine bread crumbs seasoned with salt, pepper and a very little mace. Lay two or three thin slices of salt pork on the top of each steak and put one or two slices on the bottom of the pan; pour in about a cupful of hot water, and if convenient drop in a sprig or two of parsley. Bake until tender, basting every fifteen minutes. Add a little hot water as the water in the pan boils away, leaving enough for gravy. When done, place the steaks on a hot platter to keep warm while you make the gravy. Cook one scant tablespoonful of flour in one tablespoonful of hot butter till smooth and brown, add a little hot water to the gravy in the pan, scrape the sides and bottom of the pan carefully, to remove all the browned parts. Strain this gradually into the butter and flour, stirring constantly. Add the juice of half a lemon, and season with pepper and salt. Turn the gravy over the steaks and serve at once. This is an inexpensive dish, but if carefully prepared will be found very palatable.

The Chaffing-Dish Party.
So great is the rivalry among the owners of fine chaffing-dishes and choice recipes to be cooked in them, that cooking clubs, of both men and women, frequently meet and prepare a luncheon or tea-table supper entirely over the chaffing-dish. Each person brings or sends his dish and the materials for making it in advance, and the feast is cooked course by course by the different chefs. To prevent a superabundance of one kind of food, each guest is notified of the dishes that will compose the menu, or permitted to send in word of the concoction at which he is most skillful. In this fashion a chaffing-dish party may have much of the delight and terror of a summer picnic.

Ice Cream in Cups of Flowers.
Ice cream in the cups of flowers made of candy and tinted are furnished by fashionable caterers. At a luncheon not long ago the flower-cups were large lavender orchids; the same colored flowers, though they were natural, and not the creation of the caterer, were used in the center of the table, where a beautiful cluster of them was fringed by a mass of maidenhair ferns and then by a border of violets. The same violets were, though it was not apparent, made into separate bunches, and from each of them a lavender satin ribbon extended to the plate of a guest. After they were seated the ribbons were drawn forward and each woman had a bouquet of violets.

Dressing for Oysters.
A piquant and very good occasional dressing for raw oysters is made from a tablespoonful of chopped shallot, a teaspoonful of chives also chopped, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of white pepper, freshly and coarsely ground, five tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, and a tablespoonful of lime-juice. Put the ingredients together, mix them well, cover, and stand an hour before using.

Coffee Cake.
One egg, one cup of molasses, one cup of melted butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of strong, clear coffee, five cups of flour (reserving a little for the fruit), one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and cloves and one nutmeg grated, one cup of currants and two cups of raisins seeded and chopped. Mix in the order given and bake in one loaf.

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