

## For Your Benefit

## "SARSAPARILLA"

## CEYLON TEA

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BLACK, MIXED, 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. AT ALL GROCERS NATURAL GREEN HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

## TANGLED THREADS

They were warmly greeted by the Benjony, who introduced them to those who were strangers to them, and fifteen minutes later the pretty, white-winged craft, The Jonquill, was rising over the blue waves with all the speed and grace of a bird in its native element.

It was a fine company that the Benjony had invited to partake of their hospitality for the day—a cultured, high-toned party, who, while they could not fail to enjoy to the utmost the outing, the exhilarating breeze of old ocean, the perfect weather, the elegant appointments of the beautiful vessel, and the charming companionship of each other, never once forgot it was the Sabbath, and preserved throughout a proper and decorous regard for it.

It was, indeed, an ideal trip. A fine lunch was served on deck at noon, and an elaborate dinner in the saloon at six, and, after the latter meal, the skipper, according to the previously arranged programme, changed his course to make the return trip.

The voyagers gathered in groups upon the deck, and quietly watched the gorgeous sunset as the orb of day gradually sank out of sight in masses of golden, rose, purple and gray clouds, which eventually turned to a threatening black, and, mounting upward with indescribable and threatening fleetness, warned the company that a storm would soon overtake them.

On and on it came, until the whole sky was overcast, and darkness settled over the face of the deep.

Vivid flashes of lightning were followed by terrific claps of thunder, and sweeping sheets of rain fell heavily on every one below, and several of the voyagers in a helpless condition.

A considerable alarm was manifested in the company, but they were assured the skipper and crew were sailors and true, and thoroughly knew their business; that the yacht was a strong, well-built craft, and had weathered many a storm even more severe than the one they had now encountered.

These proved to be no idle boasts, for under the hand of her skillful master the staunch little vessel rode the angry billows like a bird at rest, and kept straight on her course.

The storm finally spent itself, the rain ceased, the wind subsided, and though the clouds were still heavy and the waves ran high, those of the voyagers who were able gathered courage to return to the deck for the sake of air, and because the motion of the vessel was less perceptible above than below.

They finally entered the harbor, where the water was much more calm, and, feeling that they were now out of danger, all hearts became lighter.

It was still dark, however, although the clouds were beginning to break, and little rifts of light shone through, showing that the friendly moon was behind, and would soon reveal her shining face, and their progress was necessarily slow because of other craft which were all about them.

All at once, without sign or warning and in spite of the precautions of the faithful skipper, there came a terrible crash and jar; the jaunty yacht suddenly careened over upon her side, there was heartrending shriek, which struck terror to the soul of every one who heard it, and everything white was seen to go over the railing and disappear; then there came a noise, hoarse order to reverse the engines, and make ready a life-boat, for a woman had been swept overboard!

## CHAPTER VI.

note: h esokQemfuypp pup upu Hubert Alton, having constituted himself the escort of Mrs. and Miss Seymour for the outing, had, of course, remained with them mostly throughout the day, their every wish, and assiduously looked after their comfort and lightest need.

He was a good-looking, gentlemanly appearing fellow, with a vein of quiet humor, and, being well read and a good talker, he contributed not a little towards the entertainment of the party, even Mr. and Mrs. Benjony pronouncing their son's friend quite an acquisition.

But, over and above his desire to ease in a general way, Hubert Alton, but one object in view—the establishing a foothold in the confidence and regard of Mrs. Seymour and her

amples and blotches

are not the only signs that a blood-cleansing, tonic medicine is needed. Faded, languid feelings, loss of appetite and general debility are other signs, and they may be worse signs.

The best blood-cleansing, tonic medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts directly and peculiarly on the blood, purifying it of all foreign matters and adding up the whole system. This statement is verified by the experience of thousands radically cured.

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lovely daughter, with the hope of ultimately winning the latter.

After the storm abated, and the rain had ceased to fall, several of the party, mostly young people, disliking the closeness and confinement of the saloon, returned to the deck, as has already been stated.

Hubert and Helen were among them, and, after pacing the planks for awhile, took their stand at one side of the yacht, to watch the harbor lights, as well as those of the city, which they were approaching, while they fell into a friendly conversation upon various topics, their school experiences predominating.

That terrible crash when the unseen vessel had struck The Jonquill had come upon the opposite side from where they were standing, and the force of the collision, together with the violent careening of the boat, threw Helen off her feet, and over the railing, before Hubert could put out a hand to save her, while her shriek of despair, as she sank into the black depths below, was like a dagger plunged into his heart.

It was a horrible moment, a moment during which every drop of blood seemed to freeze in his veins, and every nerve and muscle of his body to become paralyzed with fear. The next, reasoning that Helen would be left in the wake of the vessel, he sprang toward the stern, tearing off his coat and vest as he went, then leaped over after the girl, without pausing to consider how desperate was the deed he contemplated.

Down, down he went beneath the murky waves, and to his impatient heart it seemed as if he would never begin to rise.

When he finally arose, and gratefully drew the fresh, pure air into his lungs, his heart bounded with sudden joy and hope to find that the heavy clouds had parted, and the moon had come forth, flooding the whole harbor with its silvery light, while just beyond him he caught a glimpse of Helen's white skirts as, for the second time, she arose to the surface.

With an eager cry, the young man put forth all his energy, and, being a good swimmer, he struck out boldly toward her, and managed to get a grip upon her clothing, and drew her unconscious form within the embrace of his arm, while he vigorously trod water, and shouted for help.

He was seen and heard by the sailors upon the yacht, who, under the brief, authoritative orders of the skipper, were already lowering a boat to go to the unfortunate girl's rescue, while they showed her encouragement to her brave deliverer.

In less time than it takes to relate it, they were speeding toward the young hero and his fortunately helpless burden, whose head and his own were just above the surface of the water. It is doubtful if either of them could have been saved if Helen had been conscious, for, like all drowning persons she would probably have struggled frantically, and so jeopardized both their lives.

The friendly moon still shone brightly, as if to aid the sailors' Herculean efforts. The boat drew near, and nearer, until, within arms' length, strong hands were outstretched to grasp the young man and his precious charge, and drew them carefully into the frail craft, then sped swiftly back toward the yacht.

In less than 20 minutes from the moment of the accident, both Helen and her rescuer were landed safely upon the deck of The Jonquill.

Living, but still senseless, girl was borne directly below to one of the staterooms, where vigorous measures were employed to restore her.

As far as could be ascertained at that time, and in the confusion that prevailed, no great damage had been done to the yacht.

The vessel that had run her down had been very skillfully managed, getting out of the way almost immediately as the yacht careened over after the crash, and then, upon seeing her risk herself, had moved on upon its own.

Hubert, although considerably exhausted from his violent exertions and the intense excitement under which he had labored, was really none the worse for the accident, and, after having been supplied with some dry clothing by the sailors and others of the company, presented himself upon deck with all possible dispatch, where he made anxious inquiries for Helen.

"She has revived," one of the ladies informed him, "but seems very weak from the shock which she has sustained."

Later, the young man went below, to ascertain for himself from Mrs. Seymour her exact condition. The grateful, but almost unmoved, woman came to the door of the stateroom, with extended hands and streaming eyes.

"Mr. Alton, what can I say? How can I express my gratitude for the heroic deed you have performed?" she brokenly exclaimed, adding, with quivering lips: "I have known trouble in my life such as falls to the lot of few women, but if I had lost my darling, I should have been utterly crushed. Words fall me in view of the debt I owe you."

"Pray do not make more of the affair than I deserve," said Hubert, with becoming modesty. "I should have been a coward, indeed, if I had left Miss Seymour to perish without making an effort to save her. Only assure me that she will come out of it all right, and I shall be more than repaid for what I have done," he concluded, with visible anxiety.

"How unfortunate that there is no physician on board," said Hubert regretfully.

"Ah, but we have had plenty of kind

friends, who seemed to know exactly what to do. I doubt if a physician could have done more for her," replied Mrs. Seymour, smiling through her tears. Then, laying one white hand almost affectionately upon the young man's arm, as she earnestly searched the still pale face, she inquired: "But are you fully recovered from the shock which you also must have sustained?"

"Physically, yes. And, now that I know that Miss Seymour is doing well, I shall soon be wholly myself," Hubert replied; then added considerably: "But I will not keep you from her, and, if there is anything I can do for either of you, do not fail to call upon me."

Mrs. Seymour thanked him, and then went back to her dear one in the stateroom.

Three-quarters of an hour later, under the light of a full moon and a clear, star-lit sky, The Jonquill rode gently up to her pier, and discharged her precious freight, every heart thrilling with thankfulness, in view of the wonderful escape they had had.

Helen, carefully wrapped in blankets, was borne on deck, where her companions crowded around her, with grave faces and anxious eyes, to ascertain her condition.

The reaction was complete, and their spirits returned almost immediately when she lifted a brave and smiling, though still white, face, and laughingly assured them that, except for her soiled and water-soaked plumage, she was "as good as new."

She continued to make merry with them, as the kind-hearted sailors carried her gently off the boat, claiming, with a pretty assumption of importance, the superiority of her position in having such devoted attendants.

A carriage was obtained, when she was placed within it, accompanied by her mother and Hubert, who insisted upon seeing them safely housed at home, she drove away, waving a cheerful good night to her friends upon the wharf.

Alton was a daily visitor in their pretty apartment after that during the little time that they remained in the city. They did not leave on Wednesday, as they had planned to do, but delayed their fitting until Thursday, for Mrs. Seymour felt that Helen needed the rest, and would not be strong enough to attempt the trip before.

Hubert was very attentive during these few days, and made himself so useful in helping them to get away that Mrs. Seymour found herself wishing that she had a strong and manly son like him to lean upon during the remainder of her life.

Both mother and daughter urged him to visit them, if only for a day or two, while they were in the Adirondacks; but this he felt he could not do, because of the time and expense that would be involved in going and returning. They took leave of him with heartfelt expressions of gratitude and regret, and declared that they should expect to see him often upon their return.

The young man naturally found himself both depressed and lonely after their departure, but he finally reasoned that six weeks would soon slip away, and it would be poor judgment to spend the time in mourning.

He devoted himself assiduously to business, for he was determined to win the additional salary that had been promised him at the end of three months, if he gave satisfaction.

He took special pains to make himself agreeable to Mr. Russel, the head clerk, frequently offering to assist him by working overtime when he found that he was pressed, thus shrewdly ingratiating himself into his confidence, and learning the ropes of business; for, he told himself, with an eye to the future, in the event of an emergency, he might possibly be able to step up into his position.

Thursday evening found Mrs. Seymour and Helen cozily ensconced in their pretty six-room cottage in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Seymour, as we have learned, was a fashionable dress-maker. She had begun in a very small way, many years ago, and prosperity had attended her until she was now mistress of a fine establishment, and had accumulated quite a little property, besides.

[To be Continued.]

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The picturesquely French Foreign Legion, which has just obtained the honor of bearing the insignia of the Legion of Honor on its standard, dates from 1831, and to some extent takes the place in the French service of the old Swiss mercenaries, many of whom are numbered among its earliest recruits. It only serves abroad, however, and has principally served in Algeria.

A MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE DAY.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

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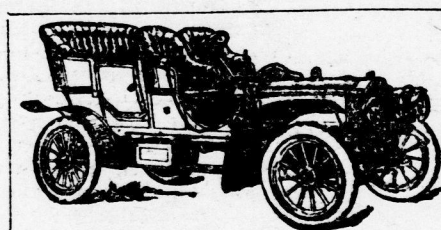
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