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TRIAL FOR LIFE

Resistance on her part was perfectly vain; expostulation was equally useless. Half fainting with terror, she was borne along and forced into another closed carriage, where she sank among the cushions, utterly overcome by terror. The carriage started, and she felt herself borne swiftly onward through the darkness—whither, she dared not even guess—she felt herself in the power of unscrupulous ruffians, and she prayed for speedy death as for the least evil that could befall her. Intense terror takes no account of time. It seemed to her that she had been driven through the darkness for an eternity of anguish, when suddenly the gallop of horses was heard, a pistol was fired, torches blazed around the carriage, and a sonorous voice cried out:

"Stop, villains, on your lives!" At the same moment the heads of the horses were seized, and the driver, as if struck with panic, sprang from the box and fled. "This is deliverance! Oh, thank heaven," cried Lady Etheridge, nearly swooning under the strong reaction of feeling.

The carriage door was then opened, and a tall, dark, military-looking man, holding a torch in his hand, appeared, and, bowing respectfully, hoped that the young lady was uninjured. "Oh, quite, thank you," replied Rose, still too strongly agitated to require an explanation of this unexpected deliverance.

"The miscreants have fled, young lady—even the fellow that was upon the box; but if you will kindly tell us where you wish to be driven, I will gladly perform the duty of your coachman." "We were on our way to Windsor when we were stopped," said Lady Etheridge. "Windsor! You are entirely out of the road, madam. Windsor lies some fifteen miles off to the left, and the crossroads are difficult and dangerous travelling by night."

"Then where is the Magpie Inn, which my unfortunate servants thought we could reach by supper time?" "The Magpie Inn, madam, is on the London and Windsor road, full twenty miles from this spot." "Then I have been taken very far out of my way," said Lady Etheridge, in perplexity.

"Some eighteen miles, I should judge, madam." "Indeed I do not know what to do," exclaimed Rose, directly. Then, as a bright thought flashed through her brain, she said: "Yes, late as it is, I will request you to drive me directly to the nearest justice of peace, if you know of one in the neighborhood."

"Certainly, madam, under all the circumstances, the wisest plan; it is my very advice I should have offered had I dared to counsel," said the stranger. "You know of one, then?" "I gladly inquired Rose. "Yes, my lady; there is Squire Howlet, of Howlet's Close, about a mile from this spot; he is a very zealous magistrate, and will not mind being knocked up in the night to receive such important information as of this daring violence."

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with anxiety of her servants and longed to reach her journey's end that she might send relief to them. In the latest part of the wood the carriage at length drew up before an old-fashioned, gloomy looking country house. McCarthy got down and knocked.

After a little delay the door was opened by an old servant in a very suspicious state of readiness. "Well, Jones, your master has been in bed hours, of course. "Yes, please your honor." "And the housekeeper, of course." "Yes, please your honor."

"Well, show us into the most comfortable room at hand, and then see the horses put away after which come to meet said McCarthy, and he helped Lady Etheridge to alight and attended her into the house. The old servant preceded them into the drawing-room, and retired to attend to the horses.

McCarthy seated Lady Etheridge upon a sofa, and inquired what refreshments she would be pleased to take. Rose declined any. Soon the old servant showed himself at the door, and McCarthy went out to speak with him. After a few moments he returned to the drawing-room, and going to Lady Etheridge, said:

"Mr. Howlet is ill, and must not be disturbed to-night. In the morning, in-room, and going to Lady Etheridge, him. In the meantime, I will attend to all your comforts for the night." "I feel very grateful; but, oh, my poor coachman, I must be exposed to this rain storm!" exclaimed Rose, sorrowfully.

"Be comforted, madam; it is most probable that before this hour some passenger more than has frequented the road has discovered and released them; indeed, I think it quite certain to be so, because a rumor was rife along the road that a carriage had been waylaid and robbed, and a lady had been carried off. It was the rumor that led us to challenge the suspicious-looking vehicle in which we found your ladyship a captive. Now, how could have such a rumor have got off so soon, if your servants had not been discovered and released?" inquired McCarthy, ingeniously.

"Oh! heaven grant that they may be!" said Lady Etheridge, fervently. The appearance of the housekeeper now interrupted the conversation. She was a tall, stout, coarse, and florid woman, of fifty years of age, whose scarred face and overdone form did not add to the respectability of her office.

"I very much regret that your master is too ill to rise. I commend it to your care, and hope you will make her comfortable." "I shall endeavor to do so, madam, would you choose to take refreshments before retiring?" said Mrs. Thomas, addressing Lady Etheridge.

"No, I thank you. I need rest more than anything else," replied her ladyship. "Then I will show you at once to your room," said Mrs. Thomas, lighting a bedroom candle, and leading the way. Lady Etheridge bowed to Colonel McCarthy, and followed the housekeeper from the drawing-room.

They passed up a flight of broad stairs, along several intricate passages, and finally entered a large, sombre chamber, with the windows and the heavy, four-post bedstead thickly curtained with dark damask.

The housekeeper set the candle upon the mantelpiece, and out a night dress, and wishing the guest pleasant night's repose, withdrew from the room. But weary and exhausted as she was, Lady Etheridge was still too excited to think of sleep. She needed calmly to review all that had happened during the night in order to understand it. So, dressed as she was, she threw herself into an armchair, and with a sigh of loneliness, she looked out at the dawn of day. The latest passengers had passed on, and the earliest had not come. The road before them stretched silent and solitary over the murky shadows of the heath. Suddenly, as she gazed helplessly upon this scene—oh, sight of joy!

she perceived a post-chaise containing two persons just appearing at the top of the hill and driving silently toward them. Her companion, sitting quietly, had not seen the approaching vehicle. Rose took her resolution, and acted upon it instantly. Dashing open the window, she moved a little outward, and though she believed that her senses had deceived her, she shuddered with a vague fear, and kept her eyes fixed upon the door. It swung half open; she hoped the motion might have been caused by the wind, yet her heart stood still in doubt and terror—only for a moment, when the figure of a tall, stout man, wrapped in the voluminous folds of a black cloak, and having his face covered with a black mask, emerged from the closet, and advanced into the room.

Lady Etheridge shrieked, and started toward the door with the impulse of flying. "Be not frightened; I will not harm you," said the intruder, in a low whisper, as he glided to the door, and standing before it, intercepted her passage. "I am betrayed; but not by me, who would save you," said the stranger, in the same low whisper. "In the name of Heaven, who are you?" "A friend, who would rescue you from a danger worse than death."

"Why do you intrude upon my privacy at this hour?" "To warn you as I must; to save you, if I may," said the stranger, in the same low, impressive whisper in which he had spoken from the first. "I am in the house of a magistrate—I will summon assistance!" cried Rose, in terror, as she rushed from her chair. "This chamber is provided with no bell ropes; and it is, besides, far removed from the inhabited part of the house. But do not be alarmed; I will advance no nearer to you than I am now. Listen to me: You said that you were in the house of a magistrate. You are deceived. You are in a house in which no honorable woman ever entered and departed without leaving her honor behind."

"Oh, Heaven of heavens! what shall I do! how can I turn? whom can I trust?" exclaimed Rose, in the extremity of distress. "Trust me. We are nearer London than you have been led to suppose. I will conduct you safely from this house, and take you to that of your friend, the justice of the peace."

A FOREST'S HISTORY.

Many Trees Start, But Few Survive—The Survival of the Fittest Well Illustrated.

In all forestry work it is very necessary to bear in mind the history of a typical forest. The way in which nature starts a forest may sometimes be observed on an area that has some years before been visited by a fire which burned all the trees, or by a severe wind-storm, which blew them all down. Then seed from near-by trees fell on this area; some of this seed germinated, but only a fraction of the seed that fell, for nature is very lavish in this regard.

The First Years. A year or two after the fire or wind-storm, if the tract is visited, many little seedling trees will be found. For a few years every one of these little seedlings will have a chance to grow as much as it likes. It will have to meet many dangers—from frost, for instance, or from drought, or from too much moisture—and naturally many of the little trees will die from such causes. After overcoming these, however, each little tree is free to grow at its best rate for some time, with all the soil, space and light it has any need for.

Crowding Begins. But after some years, as the trees become taller and spread out more, a tree comes when the crown of the tree begins to touch one another. (The term "crown" is a general word, meaning the branches and foliage of the trees.) This tends, by shading the soil, to keep the light and heat away from it, and is beneficial; the moisture is kept from evaporating, and moreover, the soil is made richer now by the leaves and twigs which fall from the trees, and decaying, form new leaf-mould or humus.

The effect on the trees is very noticeable. They begin to grow in height much more rapidly. Growth sideways is, of course, hindered, and the entire strength of the tree is centred on growing upward. Besides, the trees are forced to grow upward in order to keep alive, and the tree that can grow fastest in height is the one that finally survives the rest. The reason for this is that a tree, like every other plant, absolutely needs light for its healthy growth, for without light it cannot make food for itself. It is of no use for the tree to grow out horizontally, in trying to get to the light, for if it is cut off by its neighbors. So it must grow upwards, and, perhaps, kill it out altogether. The same effect can be noticed on the lower branches of any of the trees, from which the light is cut off by the upper parts of the tree. These, after a few years, die, and are finally blown off by the wind, knocked off by other branches, or are broken off in some other way.

The Fastest Growers Survive. As the fastest growing trees get the most light, they have the best chance for development. First they grow above their neighbors, and so they get the chance to spread out sideways at the top. So they shade these neighbors and keep them back—perhaps finally killing them altogether. This process goes on for years and years, and in the end only a small proportion of the trees which originally started in the race will be alive.

Examples From Nature. A good example of this is seen in the case of the poplar in the Turtle Mountain forest reserve in Manitoba. Study of this tree by officers of the Dominion Forestry Branch showed that, while, at the age of ten years, the average number of poplar trees per acre is four thousand (4,000), at eighty years of age their number has been reduced to three hundred (300). At forty years of age there had been 850 left, and at sixty years of age 425 remained.

The white pine in New England was studied similarly by the United States forest service. They found that where there were twenty hundred (2,000) trees per acre at ten years of age, there were only two hundred and sixty (260) at sixty years of age. At thirty years of age almost half had died out, the number remaining being 1,000; at forty years 600 had been left, and at fifty years four hundred (400).

Close Planting. Foresters, in planting trees, take a lesson from the foregoing facts. The trees are planted very close together—five feet apart each way, for instance. In a few years—six to eight, probably—the crowns of these will meet and shade the ground. The great majority of these trees die, of course; the forester knew they would do so. But such close planting is far the cheapest way of preserving the moisture in the soil and of further enriching it through the formation of new humus. Besides, trees grown so closely as this will be far taller and straighter than if they had more space.

The Beginning of the End. Trees that tower above their neighbors are known as "dominant" trees, while those which are killed out or badly stunted are known as "suppressed" trees. These, between these two extremes, which manage to live on in pretty good health, though they do not keep up to the dominant trees, are known as "sub-dominant" trees.

Finally, however, growth in height comes to an end; the chief reason for this is that the tree is no longer able to pump up water so as to give a proper supply to the crowns. The tree con-

tinues to grow in diameter, however, for some years after the main growth in height ceases; and that, too, at a pretty rapid rate. Sooner or later, however, the rapid growth in diameter falls off, though the tree continues to increase in diameter (at a less rate, however) to a very old age.

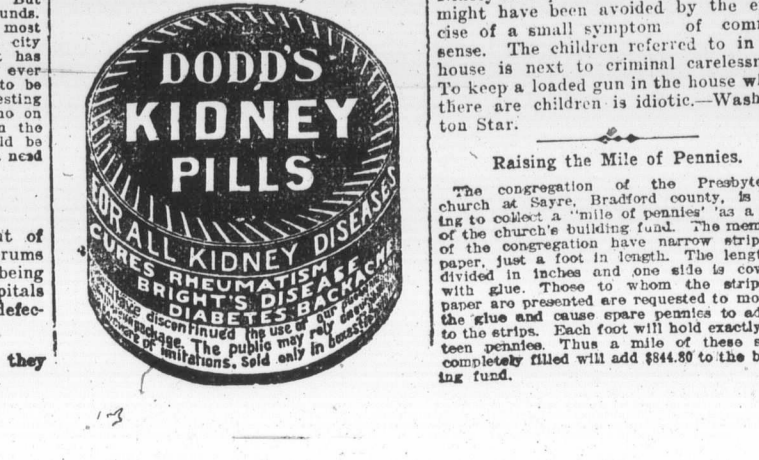
It is contrary to forestry principles to allow the tree to grow too old. Very old trees, when cut down, are often found to be more or less rotten at the stump, so that the best timber is obtained by cutting down the tree before it attains such an age.

SPRING ADVICE. Do Not Dose With Purgatives and Weakening Medicines—What People Need at This Season is a Tonic. Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the spring feeling. You are easily tired, appetite variable, sometimes, headaches and a feeling of depression. Or perhaps pimples and eruptions appear on the face, or you have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. All these symptoms indicate that the blood is out of order, that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you, and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgative medicines in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system, and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need is a tonic medicine that will make new, rich, red blood, build up the weakened nerves and thus give you new health and strength. And the one medicine to do this speedily and surely is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of medicine that makes new, rich blood which makes weak, easily tired and ailing men and women feel bright, active and strong. If you need a medicine this spring, try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will never regret it. This medicine has cured thousands in every part of the world, and what it has done for others it can easily do for you.

POWER FROM THE PLANETS. Stellar Influence Measured by Scientists of the Naval Observatory. Among the earliest ideas of mankind concerning the stars was the popular belief that they exercised some mysterious power over the inhabitants of the earth. This notion gave rise to astrology, whose superstitious practices still find votaries even at this late day. The advance of science long ago put an end to astrological fancies in the minds of well-informed people, while in place of the old notions about the influences of the stars new conceptions, not less wonderful in many respects, have been formed. We know, for instance, that if the law of gravitation prevails, as we have a reason to believe it does, among the stars then every star in proportion to its mass and its distance exercises an attractive influence upon every inhabitant of the earth. These attractions, however, are necessarily so slight that we have as yet no means of detecting them. In some other respects, however, the influence of the stars can be measured. The heat that comes from some of them has been thought sufficient to effect delicate thermopiles exposed to their radiation, although this is still open to some question. Of late years, experiments have been conducted which, if they are to be trusted, reveal a distinct electromagnetic power exercised by the stars. Using a reflecting telescope of two feet aperture to concentrate the stars' rays and a sensitive electrometer to note their influence, two scientists of the naval observatory at Washington believe that they have been able not only to detect, but to readily measure the electromagnetic force of both stars and planets. To Venus, for instance, they ascribe a force of about seventeen one hundredths of a volt, and to Jupiter a force of at least three one hundredths of a volt. In the case of Jupiter only a part of the planet's light fell upon the electrometer, so that the experimenters infer that its entire electric influence must be much greater than that stated. Sirius, which appears to us as the brightest of the fixed stars, showed a force amounting to two one hundredths of a volt.

Carelessness About Firearms. A few days ago at Brockton, Mass., a 6-year-old child blew a man's head off with a shot-gun; at Bangor, Me., a small boy killed his infant sister with a lead bullet, and similar occurrences have recently been reported from other places. Ninety-nine percent of gun accidents might have been avoided by the exercise of a small symptom of common sense. The children referred to in the house is next to criminal carelessness. To keep a loaded gun in the house where there are children is idiotic.—Washington Star.

Raising the Mile of Pennies. The congregation of the Presbyterian church at Sayre, Bradford county, are trying to collect a "mile of pennies" as a part of the church's building fund. The members of the congregation have narrow strips of paper, just a foot in length. The length is divided in inches and one side is covered with glue. Those to whom the strips of paper are presented are requested to moisten the glue and cause spare pennies to adhere to the strips. Each foot will hold exactly fifty pennies. Thus a mile of these strips completely filled will add \$844.80 to the building fund.



Silver Ear Drums. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Mail says that ear-drums made of thin leaves of silver are being used in the Russian military hospitals for diseases of the ear, to replace defective organs. Some men are so versatile that they never know which side they are on.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T I S I N V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N