

Hardly conscious of what she was doing, but dimly realizing that while this drawer was never known to contain a pad, she reached into it and drew forth a single sheet of paper. It was blank, save for one line written across it, in the handwriting of the dead poet, bearing the words "The Shadow of the Flowers."

When or why he had written it Mrs Aldrich does not know, nor how it ever got stored away in that unlikely spot for her to find.

"In the story of the Nutter house—

**Street Dust gets into the pores of the skin, causes irritation and inflammation. Hood's Lotion quickly relieves. Get it today. 50c.**

## Bad Blood

Is the cause of all humors, eruptions, boils, pimples, scrofulous sores, eczema or salt rheum, as well as of rheumatism, catarrh and other troubles. In the opinion of many that have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla it is the

greatest blood-remedy for all these troubles. It has received more than forty thousand testimonials in two years.

"My hands were a running sore, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine entirely cured me." George A. Thompson, Elkton, Md.

There is no real substitute for

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today in usual liquid form or in tablets known as Sarsatabs.

## Indigestion

Sour stomach, wind in the stomach, belching, acid eructations, heartburn and nausea, are quickly relieved by

## Dys-pep-lets

Made only by C. I. HOOD CO.

Combine the best digestives, carminatives and correctives. 10c. 50c. or \$1.

Take the name **Dys-pep-lets** Substitute

## "Have You Lost Weight?"

### How to Gain.

With the impoverishment of the blood comes usually a loss of weight, accompanied, too, with such symptoms as nervousness, sleeplessness, sometimes drowsiness—dullness of sensation, numbness of arms and limbs, cold extremities, and a general disordered condition of the system, evidenced by constipation, biliousness, fluttering heart, stomach and bowel disorders. Frequently the impoverished blood follows an attack of la grippe, bad colds, coughs and catarrh. No treatment seems effective, and all because the elements in the system fail to assimilate real true nourishment from the food eaten. It is obvious that assimilation and nutriment must be corrected or red and white corpuscles added to the blood to overcome the vitiated life fluid, and to add to the weight of the body.

Experience teaches that ordinary medicines will fail, but it also teaches that the formula of Weller's Tonic Pills is peculiarly adapted for just this purpose, and several weeks' usage of this really valuable pill will convince any sufferer, or the purchase price of fifty cents per box will be refunded by the pharmacy where purchased.—Advt.

And when she went she took  
The Spring time in her book,  
The peach blow on her cheek,  
The laughter from the brook,  
The blue from out the May—  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day.

It's little that I mind  
How the blossoms, pink or white,  
And every touch of wind  
Fall a-trembling with delight.  
For in the leafy lane  
Beneath the garden boughs  
And thro' the silent house  
One thing alone I seek.  
Until she comes again  
The day is not the May—  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day.

It is of peculiar significance that when Mrs Aldrich entered her husband's study for the first time following his death, she found a book which she had never seen or even heard of before lying on one of the tables. Its title was "The Lonely Lady."

Of all the interesting rooms in the Aldrich house, the dining room is one of the most famous. In this have been entertained at table most of the world-famed folk of this country and visitors from abroad of the generation passing.

### Their Dearest Possession.

The atmosphere of association has been wonderfully preserved in the room. It is easily understood how it is that

the family butler, who has been in the service for over 20 years, growing up from a page, has developed to the point that he has been intrusted with the direction of the Aldrich Portsmouth Memorial for a large part of the year. To a friend of the family he once said: "I've stood behind that chair there all these years and listened to the greatest teachers in the world and to the finest conversation."

In was in the dining room of the little house on Pinckney st where the Aldrichs once lived before coming to Mt Vernon st, that the poet Longfellow conceived the "Hanging of the Crane."

Back in 1872 they occupied Elmwood, James Russell Lowell's home. At that time Mrs Aldrich was not well and the doctor said they must seek the country. Owing to Lowell's appointment as Ambassador to Spain the Aldriches were able to rent "Elmwood." It was here that Mr Aldrich declared he actually saw ghosts.

"One of the sweetest incidents of my life happened there," said Mrs Aldrich. "My twin boys were about 5, and at that time their most treasured plaything was a strawberry plant. They had been nursing and caring for it for weeks, until at last a wee blossom grew into a bit of green berry. How they loved it, spending hours watching its development. One day I was ill, and as I was carried up over the stairs to my room I saw two bewildered little faces leaning down over the banisters.

They peeped from behind the door, then stole silently and tea

bedside. "Suddenly they turned and hand in hand. I heard little pattering hurriedly down the stairs, heard them on their return, the steps ringing with childish eagerness.

"They peeped into my room once more. I smiled and then they ran forward with the tiny, straggly but deeply cherished strawberry plant in their hands. They were carrying it between them, each little fist clinging gently around its tendrils from which the damp, loosened soil was dropping with each step.

"They had torn it up—root and all—the dearest thing they possessed, and before I could speak had pressed it against my breast."

The one surviving son of this story—Talbot Aldrich—has, with Carl Nordell, charmingly illustrated "The Shadow of the Flowers."

Lillian Leslie Tower.

Every day—Be sure to read  
the Daily Globe every day this  
week.

### BURIED VILLAGE UNCOVERED.

Gale Sweeps Sand From Eccles, Entombed in 1605.

In the year 1605 the sea rolled up to the village of Eccles, on the Norfolk coast of England, engulfed it and drowned every inhabitant, covering the whole with tons and tons of sand.

Only a tower of the parish church remained above to mark the place where a whole community had lived for centuries. In 1893 the tower collapsed.

Last week, after a terrific gale, the covering sand was found to have been swept right away from the Eccles beach, leaving the church and village exposed.—New York Sun.