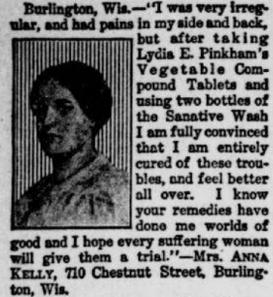


PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.



Burlington, Wis.—'I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound...

Similar, But Different. Miss Sycamore (of Terre Haute)—Waiter, you may bring me some deviled crabs.

STOMACH MISERY GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food...

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world...

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known.

That Camping Trip. "Have good weather on your camping trip?" "You bet!" "There were enough sunny days to dry out all the bed clothes before the next rain came."

FOR BABY RASHES

Cuticura Soap is Best Because So Soothing and Cooling. Trial Free.

If baby is troubled with rashes, eczemas, itchings, chaffings or hot, irritated skin follow Cuticura Soap bath with light application of Cuticura Ointment to the affected part.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

The man who attempts to match his logic against a woman's tears is one kind of a padded-cell candidate.

COVETED BY ALL. but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.

Why does a selfish man expect the whole world to mourn for him when he is gone?

Makes Hard Work Harder. A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in.

An Arkansas Case. Wm. Roy, 121 N. Third St., Fort Smith, Ark., says: "I had attacks of backache for two years. The last cold or exertion made the pain worse and could hardly move. My kidneys acted too freely. Doan's Kidney Pills went right to the root of the trouble, ridding me of all the pains and aches."

Get Doan's at Any Store, or a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. POSTER-MELBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS. Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him.

CHAPTER V—Continued. After breakfast I had another unenviable experience. When I had finished washing the dishes I cleaned the cabin stove and carried the ashes up on deck to empty them.

Later in the morning I received a surprise of a totally different sort. Following the cook's instructions, I had gone into Wolf Larsen's stateroom to put it to rights and make the bed.

I could not reconcile these books with the man from what I had seen of him, and I wondered if he could possibly read them. But when I came to make the bed I found, between the blankets, dropped apparently as if he had sunk off to sleep, a complete Browning, the Cambridge edition.

"I have been robbed," I said to him, a little later, when I found him pacing up and down the poop alone.

"Str," he corrected, not harshly, but sternly. "I have been robbed, sir," I amended.

"How did it happen?" he asked. "Then I told him the whole circumstance, how my clothes had been left to dry in the galley, and how, later, I was nearly beaten by the cook when I mentioned the matter."

"I smiled at my recital. 'Pickings,' he concluded; 'Cooky's pickings. And don't you think your miserable life worth the price? Besides, consider it a lesson. You'll learn in time how to take care of your money for yourself. I suppose, up to now, your lawyer has done it for you, or your business agent.'

"I could feel the quiet sneer through his words, but demanded, 'How can I get it back again?'"

"That's your lookout. You haven't any lawyer or business agent now, so you'll have to depend on yourself. When you get a dollar, hang on to it. A man who leaves his money lying around, the way you did, deserves to lose it. Besides, you have sinned. You have no right to put temptations in the way of your fellow-creatures. You tempted Cooky, and he fell. You have played his immortal soul in jeopardy. By the way, do you believe in the immortal soul?"

"His lids lifted lazily as he asked the question, and it seemed that the deeps were opening to me and that I was gazing into his soul. But it was an illusion. Far as it might have seemed, no man has ever seen very far into Wolf Larsen's soul, or seen it at all—of this I am convinced. It was a very lonely soul, I was to learn, that never unmasked, though at rare moments it played at doing so."

"I read immortality in your eyes," I answered, dropping the "sir"—an experiment, for I thought the intimacy of the conversation warranted it.

"Then to what end?" he demanded. "If I am immortal—why?"

I faltered. How could I explain my idealism to this man? How could I put into speech a something felt, a something like the strains of music heard in sleep, a something that convinced yet transcended utterance?

"What do you believe, then?" I countered. "I believe that life is a mess," he answered promptly. "It is like a yeast, a ferment, a thing that moves and may move for a minute, an hour, a year, or a hundred years, but that in the end will cease to move. The big eat the little that they may continue to move, the strong eat the weak that they may retain their strength. The lucky eat the most and move the longest, that is all. What do you make of those things?"

He swept his arm in an impatient gesture toward a number of the sailors who were working on some kind of rope stuff amidsthips.

"They move; so does the jellyfish move. They move in order to eat in order that they may keep moving. There you have it. They live for their belly's sake, and the belly is for their sake. It's a circle; you get nowhere. Neither do they. In the end they come to a standstill. They move no more. They are dead."

"They have dreams," I interrupted, "radiant, flashing dreams—"

"Of grub," he concluded sententiously. "And of more—"

"Grub. Of a larger appetite and more luck in satisfying it." His voice sounded harsh. There was no levity in it. "You and I are just like them. There is no difference, except that we have eaten more and better. I am eating them now, and you, too. But in the past you have eaten more than I have. You wear the warm clothes. They made the clothes, but they shiver in rags and ask you, the lawyer, or the business agent who handles your money, for a job."

"But that is beside the matter," I cried. "Not at all." He was speaking rapidly, now, and his eyes were flashing. "It is pigishness, and it is life. Of what use or sense is an immortality of pigishness? What is the end? What is it all about? To be pigish as you and I have been all our lives does not seem to be just the thing for immortals to be doing. Again, what's it all about? Why have I kept you here?"

"Because you are stronger," I managed to blurt out. "But why stronger?" he went on at once with his perpetual queries. "Because I am a bigger bit of the ferment than you? Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"But the hopelessness of it," I protested. "say you haven't any idea what your mother is going to give you for a birthday gift?"

"Oh, yes, I have," was the unexpected answer. "She promised to give me a safety razor."

When the rector rushed into the hall to see what had caused the loud crash he had heard he found the boy's mouth or lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Moral: Old Father Time calls all bluffs.

Appropriately Named. "I tripped over something in the darkness and nearly broke my leg!" cried the Kansas City drummer who was marooned in Petunia overnight, and had ventured out to a picture show.

"Why in torment do you people brag of your White Way when there isn't a street light going in town?"

"Because it is tollable white when they are going," replied the landlord of the tavern. "When they ain't, which I am compelled to say is every now and again, you turn white yourself for fear you'll break your neck every step you take."—Kansas City Star.



A MAN WHO IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ABOARD SHIP WAS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

CHAPTER VI. By the following morning the storm had blown itself quite out and the Ghost was rolling slightly on a calm sea without a breath of wind.

All this, and more, I have learned. The Ghost is considered the fastest schooner in both the San Francisco and Victoria fleets. In fact, she was once a private yacht, and was built for speed. Johnson was telling me about her in a short chat I had with him during yesterday's second dog watch.

Every man aboard, with the exception of Johansen, who is rather overcome by his promotion, seems to have an excuse for having sailed on the Ghost. Half of the men forward are deep-water sailors, and their excuse is that they did not know anything about her or her captain. And those who do know whisper that the hunters, while excellent shots, were so notorious for their quarrels and rascally proclivities that they could not sign on any decent schooner.

I have made the acquaintance of another one of the crew—Louis, he is called, a rotund and jovial-faced Nova Scotia Irishman, and a very sociable fellow, prone to talk as long as he can find a listener. In the afternoon, while the cook was below and asleep and I was peeling the everlasting potatoes, Louis dropped into the galley for a "yarn." His excuse for being aboard was that he was drunk when he signed. He is accounted one of the two or three very best boat steerers in both fleets.

"Ah, my boy"—he shook his head ominously at me—"tis the worst schooner ye could get selected, nor were ye drunk at the time as was I. Don't I remember him in Hakodate two years gone, when he had a row an' shot four iv his men? An' there was a man the same year he killed with a blow iv his fist. An' wasn't there the governor of Kura Island, an' the chief iv police, Japanese gentleman, sir, an' didn't they come aboard the Ghost as his guests, a-bringing their wives along—were an' pretty little bits of things like you see 'em painted on fans. An' as he was a gettin' under way, didn't the fond hands get left astern—like in their sampan, as it might be by accident? An' wasn't it a week later that the poor little ladies was put ashore on the other side of the island, with nothin' before 'em but to walk home across the mountains on their weeny-teeny little straw sandals, which wouldn't hang together a mile? Don't I know? 'Tis the best he is, this Wolf Larsen—the great, big beast mentioned in Revelation; an' no good end will ever come to. But I've said nothin' to ye, mind ye. I've whispered never a word; for old fat Louis'll live the voyage out if the last mother's son of ye goes to the fishes."

"But if he is so well known for what he is," I queried, "how is it that he can get men to ship with him?"

"I always get along with the officers," he remarked to me in a confidential tone. "I know the w'y, I do to myke myself appreciated. There was my last skipper, 'Mugridge,' sez 'e to me, 'Mugridge,' sez 'e, 'you've missed yer yokition.' 'An' 'ow's that?' sez I. 'Yes, youk'd a' been born a gentleman, an' never 'ad to work for yer livin'.' God strike me dead, 'Ump, if that ain't wot 'e sez, an' me a-sittin' there in 'is own cabin, jolly-like an' comfortable, a-smokin' 'is cigars an' drinkin' 'is rum."

This chitter-chatter drove me to distraction. I never heard a voice I hated so. Positively, he was the most disgusting and loathsome person I have ever met. The filth of his cooking was indescribable, and as he cooked everything that was eaten aboard, I was compelled to select what I ate with great circumspection, choosing from the least dirty of his concoctions.

My hands bothered me a great deal, unused as they were to work. Nor was my knee any better. The swelling had not gone down, and the cap was still up on edge. Hobbling about on it from morning to night was not helping it any. What I needed was rest, if I were ever to get well.

Rest! I never before knew the meaning of the word. I had been resting all my life and did not know it. But now, from half past five in the morning till ten o'clock at night, I am everybody's slave, with not one moment to myself, except such as I can steal near the end of the second dog watch. Let me pause for a minute to look out over the sea sparkling in the sun, or to gaze at a sailor going aloft to the gaff-topsails, or running out the bowsprit, and I am sure to hear the hateful voice, "Y're, you, 'Ump, no sodgerin'. I've got y'r peepers on yer."

There are signs of rampant bad temper in the steerage, and the gossip is going around that Smoke and Henderson have had a fight. Henderson seems the best of the hunters, a slow-going fellow, and hard to rouse; but roused he must have been, for Smoke had a bruised and discolored eye, and looked particularly vicious when he came into the cabin for supper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REFLECTED FROM THE LAND. Mirage Frequently Seen by Travelers Through the Red River Valley of Minnesota.

That phenomenon known as the mirage has always been of interest to travelers. Sometimes even people on the train can get a glimpse of such an illusion. In the Red River valley of Minnesota are occasionally to be seen some of its effects. In a guide book issued by the United States Geological survey Warren Upham says: "The mirage, typical of plains country or the ocean, may be seen in the Red River valley almost any sunny day in spring, summer or autumn. This queer phenomenon makes the high land at the sides of the valley and the tops of the distant trees and houses appear to be raised a little above the horizon, with a narrow strip of sky between. The more complex and astonishing effect of mirage may be seen from the highland on either side of the lake-bed floor. There, in looking across the valley from one and one-half to two hours after sunrise on

"An' how is it ye can get men to do anything on God's earth an' sea?" Louis demanded with Celtic fire. "There's them that can't sail with better men, like the hunters, and them that don't know, like the poor devils of wind-jammers for'd there."

"Them hunters is the wicked boys," he broke forth again, for he suffered from a constitutional plethora of speech. "But wait till they get to cutting up iv jinks and rowin' round. He's the boy'll fix 'em. Look at that hunter iv mine, Hornor. Didn't he kill his boat steerer last year? An' there's Smoke, the black little devil—didn't the Russians have him for three years in the salt mines of Siberia, for poachin' on Copper-Island, which is a Russian preserve? Shackled he was, hand an' foot, with his mate. An' didn't they have words or a ruction of some kind?—for 'twas the other fellow Smoke sent up in the buckets to the top of the mine; an' a piece at the time he went up, a log today, an' tomorrow an arm, the next day the head, an' so on."

"But you can't mean it!" I cried out, overcome with the horror of it.

"Mean what?" he demanded, quick as a flash. "'Tis nothin' I've said. Deef I am, and dumb, as ye should be for the sake iv your mother; an' never once have I opened me lips but to say fine things iv them an' him. God curse his soul, an' may he rot in purgatory ten thousand years, and then go down to the last an' deepest hell iv all!"

Johnson seemed the least equivocal of the men forward or aft. He seemed to have the courage of his convictions, the certainty of his manhood. It was this that made him protest, at the commencement of our acquaintance, against being called Yonson. And upon this, and him, Louis passed judgment and prophecy.

"'Tis a fine chap, that squarehead Johnson we've for'd with us," he said. "The best sailorman in the fo'c'sle. He's my boat puller. But it's to trouble he'll come with Wolf Larsen, as the sparks fly upward. The Wolf is strong, and it's the way of a wolf to hate strength, an' strength it is he'll see in Johnson—no knucklin' under, and a 'Yes, sir' thank ye kindly, sir, for a curse or a blow."

Thomas Mugridge is becoming undependable. I am compelled to mistrust him and Sir him with every speech. One reason for this is that Wolf Larsen seems to have taken a fancy to him. It is an unprecedented thing, I take it, for a captain to be chummy with the cook; but this is certainly what Wolf Larsen is doing. Two or three times he put his head into the galley and chaffed Mugridge good-naturedly, and once, this afternoon, he stood by the break of the poop and chatted with him for fully fifteen minutes. When it was over, and Mugridge was back in the galley, he became greatly radiant, and went about his work, humming the cozier songs in a nerve-racking and discordant falsetto.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Guaranteed ten years. Bridal Wreath pattern. Learn all about this grand offer and about the Nine kinds of Macaroni Products: Macaroni Spaghetti, Egg Noodles, Cut Macaroni, Cut Spaghetti, Elbows, Soup Rings, Alphabets, Vermicelli.



Keep Your Locks Youthful, Dark, Glossy and Thick With Garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.—Adv.

Thoughtless. "Didn't the fire spoil your party?" "Oh! dreadfully. Not one of the firemen was in evening dress."

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK. Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely. A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again. Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

New York city has 526 mounted policemen, Philadelphia 435, and Chicago 186.

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The bewhiskered old hatter is more popular than the barefaced lie.

Waterloo. "What lost Stringem the election?" "He promised the workmen more work."

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Better than you expect—a cloth that's built to stand wear and tear and weather. Three generations of wearers have found it the most-for-the-money cloth.

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