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Dogfish and Sharks.

Several varieties of large dogfish and small sharks are found around the British coast. The fox-shark, or thresher, follows the shoals of herrings, pilchards and sprats, destroying great numbers and often doing much damage to nets. It often attains a length of 15 feet, including its long, narrow tail, which often exceeds in length the remainder of the body. The Greenland shark, which sometimes grows to 20 feet, occasionally strays from arctic waters to the latitudes of Great Britain. The tope is a dogfish common on the coast of England and Ireland. It is of a slate-gray color and attains a length of six feet. Another dogfish is also common. It attains a length of from three to four feet.

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Mark Twain Exposed a "Hog."

A "call down" letter from Mark Twain to a London theatrical manager, Bram Stolsler, recently was reprinted in part by the New York Times on the occasion of the sale of the letter in New York to an autograph collector. It is dated London, Nov. 2, 1891. Mark Twain wrote: "My object in writing this note is to say to you that the large blond man with spectacles, who was selling seats in your box office this afternoon, grossly insulted my two daughters by his brutal and surly behavior. Apparently their offense lay in asking to buy cheap tickets—4 shilling ones. Perhaps he can imitate a gentleman's gentleman when people apply for boxes. But in any case he is a hog, he was born a hog and will die one. But he shall not die uncelebrated if I can help it."

Strictly Neutral.

Dean was playing with his brother, Dick, and a neighbor boy, John, when John and Dick began to fight. Dean came in the house and I asked him why he didn't help his brother, for I had been watching out the window. "I just told him he could battle his own fights," he said.—Chicago Tribune.

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SPANISH DOUBLOONS



By **CAMILLA KENYON**

PICTURES BY **A. WEIL**

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COOKIE'S 'HAUNT.'

Synopsis—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgleby-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel and is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage, Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it. The lead sailor's map is produced.

(CHAPTER VI—Continued.)

It was fortunate that Cookie knew nothing of the solitary grave somewhere on the island, with its stone marked with B. H. and a cross-bones, nor that the inhabitant thereof was supposed to walk. If he had, I think the strange spectacle of a lone negro in a small boat rowing lustily for the American continent might soon have been witnessed on the Pacific by any eyes that were there to see. And we could ill have spared either boat or cook.

Yet even though unversed by this grewsome knowledge, after two or three days I noticed that Cookie was ill at ease. As the leisure member of the party, I enjoyed more of Cookie's society than the rest. On this occasion while the morning was still in its freshness he was permitting me to make fudge. But his usual joviality was gone. I saw that he glanced over his shoulder at intervals, muttering darkly to himself. Also that a rabbit's foot was slung conspicuously about his neck.

Having made my fudge and set the pan on a stone in the stream to cool. I was about to retire with a view to conducting a limited exploring expedition of my own. The assurances of Mr. Shaw—not personally directed to me, of course; the armed truce under which we lived did not permit of that—had convinced me that I had not to dread anything more ferocious than the pigs, and the wildest of them would retire before a stick or a stone. Besides, I boasted a little automatic, which I carried strapped to my waist in a businesslike manner. Mr. Vane had almost got me to the point where I could shoot it off without shutting my eyes.

Thus equipped, I was about to set off into the woods. I had turned my back on Cookie and the camp, when I was arrested by an exclamation:

"Miss Jinny!"

I turned to find Cookie gazing after me with an expression which, in the familiar phrase of fiction, I could not interpret, though among its ingredients were doubt and anguish. Cookie, too, looked pale. I don't in the least know how he managed it, but that was the impression he conveyed, dusky as he was.

"Miss Jinny, it mos' look lak yo' 'bout to go perambulating in dese yere woods?"

"I am, Cookie," I admitted.

The whites of Cookie's eyes became alarmingly conspicuous. Drawing near in a stealthy manner he whispered:

"Yo' bettah not, Miss Jinny!"

"Oh, nonsense, Cookie!" I said impatiently. "There's not a thing on the island but the pigs!"

"Miss Jinny," he solemnly replied, "dey's pigs and pigs."

"Yes, but pigs is pigs, you know," I answered, laughing.

"Dey's pigs and pigs, chille—live ones and—dead ones."

"Dead ones? Of course—haven't we been eating them?"

"Yo' won't nevah eat dis yere kind o' dead pig, Miss Jinny. It's—it's a ha'n't!"

The murder was out. Cookie leaned against a cocoa-palm and wiped his ebony brow.

Persistently questioned, he told at last how, today and yesterday, arising in the dim dawn to build his fire before the camp was stirring, he had seen lurking at the edge of the clearing a white four-footed shape. It was a pig, yet not a pig; its ghostly hue, its noiseless movements, divided it from all proper mundane porkers by the dreadful quiff which divides the living from the dead. The first morning Cookie, doubtful of his senses, had flung a stone and the spectral thing had vanished like a shadow. On its second appearance, having had

a day and a night for meditation, he had known better than to commit such an outrage upon the possessor of ghostly powers, and had resorted to prayer instead. This had answered quite as well, for the phantom pig had dissolved like the morning mists. While the sun blazed, what with his devotions and his rabbit's foot and a cross of twigs nailed to a tree, Cookie felt a fair degree of security. But his teeth chattered in his head at the thought of approaching night. Meanwhile he could not in conscience permit me to venture forth into the path of this horror, which might, for all we knew, be lurking in the jungle shadows, even through the daylight hours. Also, though he did not avow this motive, I believe he found my company very reassuring. It is immensely easier to face a ghost in the sustaining presence of other flesh and blood.

For a moment I wavered in my determination. What if the island had its wild creatures after all? But neither lynx nor panther nor any other beast of prey is white, except a polar bear, and it would be unusual to meet one on a tropical island.

I decided that Cookie's pig was after all a pig, though still in the flesh. I thought I remembered having seen quite fair pigs, which would pass for white with a frightened negro in the dim light of dawn. I consoled Cookie as best I could by promising to cross my fingers if I heard or saw anything suspicious, and struck out into the woods.

For all my brave words to Cookie, I had no intention of going very far afield. From the shore of the cove I had observed that the ground behind the clearing rose to the summit of a low ridge, perhaps four hundred feet in height, which jutted from the base of the peak. From this ridge I thought I might see something more of the island than the limited environment of Lantern bay.

As the woods shut out the last glimpse of the white tents in the clearing, as even the familiar sound of the surf died down to a faint, half-imagined whisper mingling with the rustling of the palms overhead, I experienced a certain discomfort, which persons given to hard and unqualified terms might have called fear. It seemed to me as if a very strong cord at the rear of my belt were jerking me back toward the inglorious safety of the camp. I fingered my automatic and marched on up the hill, trying not to gasp when a leaf rustled or a coconut dropped in the woods.

I gained the summit of the ridge, and stood upon a bare rock platform, scantily sheltered by a few trees, large shrubs, rather, with a smooth, waxy leaf of vivid green. On the left rose the great mass of the peak.



"Yo' Bettah Not, Miss Jinny!"

From far above among its crags a beautiful foamy waterfall came hurtling down.

I had not dreamed of getting a view so glorious from the little eminence of the ridge. Here was an item of news to take back to camp. Having with great originality christened the place Lookout, I turned to go. And as I turned I saw a shape vanish into the woods.

It was an animal, not a human shape. And it was white. It had, indeed, every distinguishing trait of Cookie's phantom pig. Only it was not a pig. My brief shadowy glimpse of it had told me that. I knew what it was not, but what it was I could not, as I stood there rooted, even guess.

Would it attack me, or should I only die of fright? I wondered if my heart

were weak, and hoped it ~~was~~ so that I should not live to feel the teeth of the unknown Thing sink in my flesh. I thought of my revolver and after an infinity of time managed to draw it from the case. My fingers seemed at once nervously limp and woefully rigid. This was not at all the dauntless front with which I had dreamed of meeting danger. I had fancied myself with my automatic making a rather pretty picture as a young Amazon—but I had now a dreadful fear that my revolver might spasmodically go off and wound the Thing, and then, even if it had meditated letting me go, it would certainly attack me. Nevertheless I clung to my revolver as to my last hope.

I began to edge away crab-wise into the wood. Like a metronome I said to myself over and over monotonously, "Don't run, don't run!"

I did not run. Instead, I stepped on a smooth surface of rock and slid downhill like a human toboggan until I fetched up against a dead log after a confused interval during which I vaguely believed myself to have been swallowed by an alligator. While the alligator illusion endured I must have lain comatose and immovable. Indeed, when my senses began to come back



The Strange Beast of the Jungle Was a White Bull-Terrier.

I was still quite inert. I experienced that curious tranquility which is said to visit those who are actually within the jaws of death. There I lay prone, absolutely at the mercy of the mysterious white prowler of the forest—and I did not care. The whole petty business of living seemed a long way behind me now.

Languidly at last I opened my eyes. Within three yards of me, in the open rock-paved glade where I had fallen, stood the Thing. Yes, there it was—only now it had put an ear back and was sniffing at me with a mingling of interest and apprehension.

The strange beast of the jungle was a white bull-terrier.

Abruptly I sat up. The terrier gave a startled sideways bound, but paused again and stood regarding me.

"Here, pup! Here, pup! Nice dog-gums!" I said in soothing accents.

The dog gave a low whine and stood shivering, eager but afraid. I continued my blandishments. Little by little the forlorn creature drew nearer, until I put out a cautious hand and stroked his ears. He dodged awfully, but presently crept back again. Soon his head was against my knee, and he was devouring my hand with avid caresses. Some time, before his abandonment on the island, he had been a well-brought-up and petted animal. Months or years of wild life had estranged him from humanity, yet at the human touch the old devotion woke again.

The thing now was to lure him back to camp and restore him to the happy service of his gods. With another alluring, "Here, doggums!" I started on my way. He shrank, trembled, hesitated, then was after me with a bound. So I brought him triumphantly across the Rubicon of the little stream, and marched him into camp under the astounded eyes of Cookie.

At sight of the negro the dog growled softly and crouched against my skirt. Cookie stood like an effigy of amazement done in black and white.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny," he burst at last, "am dat de ghos'-pig?"

"It was, Cookie, but I changed him into a live dog by crossing my fingers. Mind your rabbit's foot. He might eat it, and then very likely we'd have a ghost on our hands again."

"Yo' go 'long, Miss Jinny," said Cookie valiantly. "Yo' think I scared of any ghos' what lower hisself to be a live white mong'ol dog? Yere, yo' ktyl, yo' bettah mek friends wth of Cookie, 'cause he got charge o' de grub. Yere's a little fat ma'ow bone what mebbe come off'n yo' own grand-chille, but yo' ain' goin' to mind dat now yo' is transmuted dis yere way." And evidently the reincarnated ghost-pig did not.

"You are impertinent. Let me pass!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Iron Currency.

Sword-shaped bars of iron were used by the ancient Britons as money, and many of these are now found in British museums. A recent investigation shows that six different denominations were used, distinguished by their sizes.

DICE LONG KNOWN TO WORLD

Amusement is Probably the Most Ancient Game, According to Records of Old Writers.

The oldest amusement in the world is dice-throwing. In some form or another, dice have existed in every period of history. They are shown on early Egyptian monuments, and some dug up at Thebes recently are exactly similar to those in use today. They are mentioned in laws regulating games played in ancient Greece and Rome and most other countries in Europe.

The invention of dice is attributed to Palamedes, one of the heroes who sailed against Troy, about the year 1244 B. C., but the use of cubes with numbered sides for gambling purposes is probably much earlier.

Frequent passages in the works of ancient writers and numerous representations in marble and paintings show how popular dice-playing was among them.

MOTHER, QUICK! GIVE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP FOR CHILD'S BOWELS

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

EXPLAINING LACK OF DETAIL

Youthful Artist Had Excellent Reason for Leaving Out Characters in Her Illustration.

A primary class in one of the grade schools was asked to illustrate a story that had been read to the little ones by the teacher. The story told of three children going to a wood in a goat wagon, and staying until the sun went down. Most of the pictures showed the goat with big horns pulling the wagon containing the children, and a sun going down behind a hill. One of the small girls in the class handed in a picture showing merely a hill and some grass.

"Why, what does your picture mean?" inquired the teacher. "Where are the goat and the children?"

"They have all gone home," replied Opal.

Shaw and the Tourist.

George Bernard Shaw recently convulsed an audience by relating a story of a tourist who asked a rustic whether he was on the right track for Stratford-on-Avon. The yokel remained silent. "Come, come," said the tourist encouragingly. "Stratford—Shakespeare's town—Shakespeare, the famous poet, you know. Surely you know Shakespeare?" "Yus," replied the rustic, brightening. "Be you he?"

Idle Hours With Statisticians.

It is estimated that a man who reaches the age of eighty years spends two years of his life dressing. Nobody has the courage to estimate how many of her years a woman devotes to—but, as we were saying, it's a hard winter that has no soft spots.

Dry Goods.

"Colonel, should a dry goods store sell soda water?"

"Yes, I guess it's dry enough."

If you are ashamed of your calling hire a boy to call for you.

Wise men cultivate the art of talking things easy.

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"Bayer" Introduced Aspirin to the Physicians Over 21 Years Ago.

To get quick relief follow carefully the safe and proper directions in each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." This package is plainly stamped with the safety "Bayer Cross." The "Bayer Cross" means the genuine, world-famous Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years.—Advertisement.

WOULD HAND LORD DOLLAR

But Some People Will Doubt Whether Such a Man Will Ever Get Close Enough.

A young man in Missouri was collecting funds for a benevolent institution. He tried hard to get a dollar from an old gentleman who was noted for his closeness.

When the young man had stated his mission and asked for the dollar, the elderly person asked:

"Well, young man, how old are you?"

"I am twenty-five," said the youth.

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "I am seventy-five years old, and as you are only twenty-five years, I think that I will get to see the Lord sooner than you. I will hand him the dollar myself."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

From Abraham to Allenby.

In the Book of Genesis it is told how Abraham dug "the Well of the Oath" at Beersheba, and from time immemorial the Bedouins have watered their flocks from the wells of Beersheba. The occupation of Palestine has brought Twentieth century methods to the oldest country in the world, and Abraham's wells are now equipped with modern pumping machinery.

A Materialist's Decision on Ducks.

It is possible, Lord Grey has found, to bore one's friends with talk about birds. In an after-dinner speech at a Selborne society gathering he recalled an instance when he himself had talked freely about his waterfowl. His listener gave vent to his boredom in a pregnant sentence: "Ducks should be talked about only when they are cooked."—Manchester Guardian.

Then the Fun Began.

Voice (at the other end)—Is that you, darling?

Gouty Father—Er—yes.

Voice—Oh, good! How's the old boy's gut, my pet? I mean to say, if he still has it I'll come round tonight, but if he hasn't we'll go out to some show.

The Critic.

The brilliant Edgar Saltus of unhappy memory sat in his club one afternoon when a widower entered.

The widower, with a deep sigh, sank into a chair, pressed a black-bordered handkerchief to his eyes and groaned:

"I tell you, Saltus, old man, a chap never realizes the full value of his wife till he loses her."

"True, true," said Mr. Saltus, "and especially true if she was insured."

Operations on Old Men.

The venerable Dr. Beverley Robinson, in a letter to the Medical Record (New York), protests against some of the operations which are performed nowadays on elderly persons, whom there is scarcely a chance of saving. Too many of these are done, he says, and the result is only increased discomfort to the patient.

Women in Sculpture Society.

Ten American women sculptors have been honored with membership in the National Sculpture society.

Speed of Glaciers.

Studying Alaskan glaciers, Prof. W. S. Cooper finds that Muir glacier has receded 60 miles in the last 127 years.

Armchair Hint.

Economy Hint—When corn and beans are high eat succotash.

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