

ANOTHER SKEPTIC CONVERTED

The United Doctors Daily Convince Hundreds of Their Great Power in Curing Diseases.

Are you a skeptic—has disease fastened his terrible hold on you—have you tried so many doctors that you come to the conclusion that none of them know how to cure a real disease? If so, you are in a bad way. But don't let your doubts keep you from going to these really great specialists—

Dear Doctors:—

"When I came to the United Doctors I was a complete wreck from asthma. For years I had been so that I could not rest at night, and if I walked a short distance against a moderate wind I would have to sit down and rest to regain my breath. I was scarcely ever able to breathe without great labor, and life was a burden to me. I have been under treatment now with the United Doctors for five months and I must say they have done me worlds of good. It will be some time before I can regain my entire strength, although I can do a fair day's work, right now at the carpenter's trade, and eat and sleep good every day. As for the asthma, that is entirely gone, and I feel that with treatment for a little while longer it will never return.

I am always ready to tell what I know about the United Doctors and their methods, and there is nothing I would not do to help any other sufferer from the affliction of asthma to find the right place for relief."

JOHN NEFF.

If you are a skeptic, how are you to be convinced? If testimonials from your friends and neighbors won't convince you, what will? Would you be convinced if you saw the wonderful cures made, saw it with your own eyes? If so, go to the United Doctors, whose Omaha Institute is on the second floor of the Neville Block, corner of Sixteenth and Harney streets, and see it. Their waiting rooms are always crowded with patients from all over the country, who are being quickly cured. A visit to the institute will convince any skeptic.

Pa's Conclusion.

"What is an old adage, pa?" "Generally speaking, an old chestnut, my son."

Don't Risk Your Life

By neglecting Constipation. It leads to autotoxemia. There is just one right remedy for Constipation, that is NATURE'S REMEDY (NK tablets). It's different from all others because it is thorough. It corrects the entire digestive system and the kidneys, cures Dyspepsia and Rheumatism. Its easy and sure to act. Take one tonight—you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 50 Box. All Drugstores. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

Shameful.

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice: "Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—Lippincott's.

Old Men in Responsibility.

The American business system, which gives mere boys responsible positions before they have acquired practical experience, is to an Englishman quite unaccountable. He wonders whether it does not cause reckless trading and wild speculation. In other countries they prefer to keep elderly men in responsible positions because they can be depended upon. Messrs. Drye & Sons, Somerset, England, employ 56 men. More than half have completed 30 years' service, 20 have been there 40 years, nine over 50 years and one 70 years.

Willing to Pay for Rammer.

When the British square at the battle of Abu Klea, in the Nubian desert, was penetrated by the dervishes, one of them attempted to spear a gunner who was in the act of ramming home a charge. The Briton brained the Sudanese, but the rammer head split on the man's hard skull. Next day the gunner was sent for. Mistaking the reason, and knowing from experience that soldiers are charged for government property which they break, he led off with: "Please, sir, I'm very sorry I broke the rammer, but I never thought the fellow's head could be so hard. I'll pay for the rammer so as to hear no more of the case."

There is a reason Why Grape-Nuts does correct A weak, physical, or a Sluggish mental condition. The food is highly nutritious And is partially pre-digested, So that it helps the organs of the stomach To digest other food. It is also rich in the Vital phosphates that go Directly to make up The delicate gray matter of brain and nerve centres.

Read "The Road to Wellville" In pkgs. "There's a Reason." POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, L.A., Battle Creek, Mich.

The KITCHEN CABINET

IS THIS a time to be cloudy and sad, When our Mother Nature laughs around, When even the deep blue heavens look glad, And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

A Few Salads.

A salad is one of the most appetizing of dishes and one should never consider the preparation of a salad as too much trouble.

A salad should be simple and may be prepared in a very few moments. One of these dishes is:

Strawberry Salad.

Take the heart leaves of lettuce, heap a few ripe strawberries in each, dust with powdered sugar. On each portion place a teaspoonful of mayonnaise and a piece of lemon.

Grape Fruit and Cherry Salad.

Cut the grape fruit through the center, removing the sections and freeing them of the white fiber. Marinate in a little French dressing of three tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Place some of the grape fruit on heart leaves of head lettuce, on these nests add enough cherries to make an attractive salad.

Spanish Salad.

Cut in halves several hard cooked eggs, and place them at intervals on the lettuce in a salad bowl or plate. Between the eggs lay stuffed olives and halves of tomatoes. Cover each egg with mayonnaise, and serve each guest with each of the ingredients of the salad.

Fish Filets.

Cut the large filets into three smaller ones, dip in flour, season with salt and red pepper. Place a nest in the meat and on this place strips of salt pork and sliced onion, then lay on the filets. On each place a bit of pork and onion, and cover closely and bake until well done. Serve with a white sauce in which chopped parsley and sour pickle is added.

Grape Juice Soup.

Cook half a cupful of tapioca until soft, with a pint of water. Add three pieces of stick cinnamon. Strain and add one cupful of grape juice. Sweeten to taste and serve hot.



Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Eggs.

Eggs are now becoming reasonable in price so that the frugal housewife may feel that she can use them more plentifully. They may often take the place of meat in a meal, especially for a breakfast, luncheon or supper dish.

When making angel food the yolks may be used for any number of dishes. A salad dressing, or a gold cake will use most of the yolks. Beat the yolks left from the angel cake, add a little cream or milk and salt, then turn into a hot buttered omelet pan and stir constantly until all cooked. Serve as a supper or breakfast dish. If more cream is added the egg may be served on toast.

For a simple little luncheon dessert there is nothing daintier than a plain omelet spread with apple jelly, which has been heated in hot water to soften. Fold and cut in slices. It tastes very good and looks even prettier than it tastes.

Save the egg shells (washing the egg before breaking), and use them to settle the coffee.

Breakfast Eggs.

Put six eggs into a vessel which will hold five pints. Pour over boiling water to fill the dish, cover closely and set on the back part of the stove or the rack to cook. Leave seven minutes for a soft cooked egg, ten for a medium cooked, fifteen for a firm and thirty for a hard cooked egg.

Nellie Maxwell.

Qualifications of Maids of Honor. A girl who aspires to become a maid of honor intimates, usually through her parents, to the mistress of the robes that she would like to serve her majesty in this capacity, and if she is a suitable candidate her name is put down and submitted to the queen when a vacancy among the maids of honor occurs, or in the event of her majesty wishing to increase the number, which is at present limited to three.

A maid of honor must of course occupy a well established social position, though it is now necessary, as it was once, that they should be of titled rank. A maid must be able to speak French fluently and should be able to converse in German; she must be a good pianist, and be able to read accompaniments at sight, and she must, it is scarcely necessary to say, be thoroughly well educated and have traveled on the continent. A good well trained voice is a qualification.—Gentleman.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH AUTHOR OF "BOB HAMPTON OF FLACER, ETC."



SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an adventurer, a Massachusetts man employed by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens reacted to the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that he had been declared by Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He declined that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, could be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the Lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1853. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle being in a desperate situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The mate ordered Stephens to resign the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieutenant Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez's inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen sailed northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out on a life hunt for the treasure. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to him. The Sea Queen's sister, she had been harbored for a time, yearning for absent love. She was revealed as the school chum of Stephens's sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. Stephens was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 125 years previous.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

I clenched my hands, my nerves throbbing, tramping from rail to rail in excitement as the men hacked, yet I was first to grasp the exposed latch, and force the released wood backward in its grooves. Through the narrow opening thus attained there came whistling a blast so frigid as to drive us headlong back, gasping for breath. Cold as it was without there on the open deck, that cabin revealed a temperature so awful in intensity as to make us recoil before it, our hands to our faces. A hundred years of winter—the black eternal winter of the south pole—smote us with icy breath, seeming fairly to sear the flesh with its frozen touch. Dade dropped under it, and we dragged him aside, sobbing like a baby. It was several minutes before we could even draw near enough to hack away more of the ice and, with the ax, drive the door farther back into its grooves.

It was intensely dark within, every window and porthole shrouded, only the narrow door-opening permitting the slight glimmer of the moon to touch the edge of the black interior. I wrapped my muffler to the very eyes, and stepped across the threshold, feeling as if the icy air grasped me with actual fingers, yet resolute to learn all, and confident no other there would ever venture it. I touched an overturned bench with my knee; my fingers explored the back of a heavy chair having a carven top, and then came into contact with a bare table, heavily ridged along the edge. Seemingly this stood crossways of the cabin; and I felt cautiously along it, a deeper cowardice gripping me with every hesitating step forward in the dark. Suddenly I touched hair and the gelled coldness of frozen flesh, and as instantly leaped backward, mad with nameless terror. The overturned bench tripped me, and I fell, grasping at the door casements, and thus dragged myself out of that hell-hole by my arms.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Which I Explore the Cabin. De Nova assisted me to my feet, the other men crowding about, their faces filled with wonderment. "For God's sake, what is it, monsieur?"



Nothing Except the Remembrance of the Women Afforded Me Strength and Courage to Remain.

"There are dead men in there," I explained, already ashamed of my display of terror. "I—I touched one in the dark." They drew back from the open door, gazing with new horror into the blackness of the interior; but my own courage was rapidly returning, as I realized that I must lead and control. "Well, lads, it startled me, all right, but we cannot afford to give up this ship to dead men. De Nova, take Kelly with you, and try to discover something on board with which to make a flare. There ought to be plenty of dry stuff in the galley. Not a word to the women about what I found aft."

The rest of us hacked away, while they were gone, at the ice concealing the front window shutters, and partly uncovered one. But we could get no purchase upon it from the outside and no one volunteered to venture within. I kept them all busy, however, the hard work and sense of command combining to restore my own nerves to a normal condition. The mate despairing of doing better, finally brought back a table-leg of pitch pine which we contrived to ignite after several unsuccessful experiments, the yellowish-red flames circling the heavy end like so many coiling serpents, and sending forth a weird reflection through spirals of black smoke. It was a poor glim enough, yet it would serve; and I bore it inside, holding the torch well before me, the men clustering about the door.

The mottled flare cast mingled light and shadow over the horrors thus dimly revealed, rendering the ghastly sight one to chill the blood of any man. The cabin was a long one, extending aft clear to the stern, the immense butt of the mizen-mast almost separating it into two apartments. About this was arranged a great arm-rack completely filled with a variety of weapons, many of them flashing back the glittering rays of the torch. At one time that had been a rare sea-parlor, but now it was a wreck, the walls and ceiling dingy with smoke, the gilt defaced and battered. Overturned furniture was everywhere; piles of clothing, and a perfect rifraff of articles strewed the deck floor; a violin lay almost at my feet, all but one string snapped; and some sort of an odd music-box rested against the bench over which I had fallen. A great square box-stove stood just before the mast-but, a huge pile of ashes all about. An immense lantern, as strange a looking contrivance as ever I saw, swung solemnly from a deck-beam, and just beyond, suspended by wires, was a gorgeously colored picture of the "Madonna and Child."

I beheld all these details at a glance, although at the time I scarcely realized any of them, my entire horrified attention being riveted upon the scene of death revealed. The table, which I had previously touched, extending crossways of the cabin, was uncovered but contained plates, cups, a large

bottle half-filled, and some scraps of frozen food. The bodies of two men, one with a cloak over his shoulders, occupied the bench within three feet of me. The one nearest had fallen sideways, and hung there, his arm hooked across the back of the bench, his long, black hair dangling over his face; the other sat with head bowed on the table, his features hidden by his arms, but the gold rings in his ears plainly showing. Directly opposite these two, sitting bolt upright in a chair, eyes wide open, staring straight at me, was a third. My God! it was De Nova! The same eyes, the same dark curly hair, the same little black mustache, the same smile curling the thin lips. I could have sworn it was the mate, endeavoring to frighten and mock me. I even wheeled about angrily, flashing the light of my torch over that cluster of faces in the doorway. No! by heavens, the creole stood behind, and this, this counterpart, was a dead man—dead for a hundred years. No words can ever retell the struggle I made to control myself, the smoking torch shaking in my hand and casting its miserable flicker over that charnel house, every limb trembling like aspen, my eyes staring into the shadows. My very violence of fear angered me; what had I to be afraid of? How could these poor frozen bodies injure me? Nerved to the endeavor I stepped forward around the end of the table, throwing the faint glare of the torch into the after space concealed by the huge mast-but. A tall, thin man sat on the deck, bearded against the wall, his long, gray beard almost concealing his face, on a wide divan, nearly opposite, lay a woman, her dark hair loosened, a large diamond glittering on the hand which hung rigid over the edge of the couch. Just below her fingers, as if dropped there in final weakness, lay a baby's well-worn shoe.

I scarcely comprehend how I overcame the sickly horror that smote me as I gazed about upon this scene of death, rendered even more terrible by the silence and the flickering, smoking torch that furnished the only light. Nothing except the sense of command, the remembrance of those women waiting outside in the cook's galley, ever afforded me strength and courage to remain. The task must be done; by some one it must be accomplished, and that some one, of necessity, was myself. With clenched teeth, my face as white as those of the frozen dead about me, I advanced from door to door down one side of that cabin, and up the other. Out from the staterooms that had remained closed there came the same awful breath of the frigid south, rendering even the icy air of the main cabin ten times colder, and causing me to breathe with difficulty as I peered hastily within. These staterooms were all of fair size, the two situated farthest aft being unusually large and comfortably fitted, although in great disorder. In

one only did I discover a body, that of a child of three or four years, flaxen-haired and bonny even in death. Upon the deck at the foot of the mast I discovered the vessel's log-book lying wide open, a quill pen beside it, exactly as it had been dropped. I did not take time to decipher the Spanish, inscribed in a scrawling hand, but my glance caught the date of that last entry—"September 11, 1753."

The date rang in my head crazily, as I stood there staring at them, totally unable to grasp or apprehend the truth. One hundred and twenty-six years!—Merciful God! And all at that time those men had been there at that table; all through those days and nights, those months and years, that frozen image of De Nova had been smiling, his cold fingers clutching the glass; all through those decades that woman had been lying on the couch, that flaxen-haired baby in the bunk! There, exactly as we found them, during a century of inky blackness, tossed about by the sea, cradled in the pitiless ice, smitten by the awful breath of eternal Winter, those bodies had remained rigid, motionless, even as the souls left them, for 126 years! It was unthinkable, inconceivable, miraculous, beyond all my power of apprehension. Blessed Mary! what changes the world had witnessed since these died! What wonders of discovery; what growth in faith; what widening of human knowledge; what generations of men and women had been born, lived, loved, and died since the deadly ice locked these into this floating tomb!

Not until after I had explored the last empty room and returned to the group at the door did I regain my senses and feel myself again a living, responsible being upon whose strength of will depended the future of all on board. A glance into those horrified faces told me instantly that they were ready for a mad retreat to the boat; that the slightest exhibition of weakness on my part would set them into a panic. I stiffened into resistance, all memory of the past blotted out utterly by the demands of the present.

"Men, we've come into a hard job here, but it is one which must be attempted," I said, gravely. "However, we'll wait until after breakfast before tackling the worst of it. Day is beginning now, and we will need all the light it gives us. Dade, get out some provisions from the boat, start a fire in the galley, and prepare a hot meal. Sanchez, go along and help; you will probably have to cut away some ice before the fire will draw. Not a word to the women about what you have seen aft, my lads."

The two started forward willingly enough, and I immediately turned to the others, marking their uneasy glances, and fully assured that I must keep them also busily employed, or else lose control altogether.

"We have too much to accomplish here to waste any time while those fellows are getting a 'meal ready,'" I continued, quickly. "McKnight, you tackle these front shutters. Kelly, climb up on the poop and dig the ice off the skylight and out of the funnel. We've got to have daylight and a fire. Now, De Nova, I want you and Johnson to help me. Come on, men; what are you two afraid of? These are all dead."

I fairly drove them to it, but it did them both good, although the manner in which they advanced down the cabin, their faces blanched under the torch glare, their bodies shaking as with ague, made me nervous and irritable. I put them at the after-ports, Johnson with the cleaver, and De Nova with his sheath-knife, and between the three of us we finally succeeded in wrenching both stern-ports free of their icy fetters. As we burst them open, through the wide apertures we looked forth into the gray dreariness of the dawn. Satisfied with what had thus been accomplished, we retraced our steps back through the cabin, observing that Kelly had made some progress above, the faint daylight already beginning to tinge that grim interior.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Legal Triumph.

A seasoned old lawyer was cross-examining a recalcitrant witness. The question at issue was the identification of an individual charged with assault and battery. For some time the lawyer endeavored to break down the attempt on the part of the witness to describe the guilty party, and at last, becoming irritated, he put the following question:

"You say the assailant had black hair?" "I did," calmly replied the witness. "What is the color of my hair?" continued the attorney. "It is brown," was the answer. Thereupon the lawyer rose to his feet, and snatching off his wig, which disclosed a pate as bald as an egg, belted out to her as he glanced in triumph toward the jury box, "What is the color of it now?"—Harper's Weekly.