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. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cockney cook, Mugridge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Hump's quarters are changed aft. Mugridge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big of life—"like yeast, a ferment . . . the big eat the little . ." Cooky is jealous of Hump and hazes him. Wolf hazes a seaman and makes it the basis for another philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his. from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his, Wolf's, by right of might. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Hump. Wolf discusses the Bible, and Omar with Hump and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute.

## CHAPTER XII.

Several days more passed before Johnson crawled on deck and went about his work in a half-hearted way. He was still a sick man, and I more than once observed him creeping painfully aloft to a topsail, or drooping wearily as he stood at the wheel. But, still worse, it seemed that his spirit was broken. He was abject before Wolf Larsen and almost groveled to Johansen. Not so was the conduct of Leach. He went about the deck like a tiger cub, glaring his hatred openly at Wolf Larsen and Johansen.

"I'll do for you yet, you slab-footed Swede," I heard him say to Johansen one night on deck.

The mate cursed him in the darkness, and the next moment some missile struck the galley a sharp rap. There was more cursing, and a mocking laugh, and when all was quiet I stole outside and found a heavy knife imbedded over an inch in the solid wood. A few minutes later the mate. came fumbling about in search of it but I returned it privily to Leach next day. He grinned when I handed it over, yet it was a grin that contained more sincere thanks than a multitude of the verbosities of speech common to the members of my own class.

Unlike anyone else in the ship's company, I now found myself with no quarrels on my hands and in the good graces of all. The hunters possibly no more than tolerated me, though none of them disliked me; while Smoke and Henderson, convalescent under a deck awning and swinging day and night in their hammocks, assured me that I was better than any hospital nurse and that they would not forget me at the end of the voyage when they were paid off. (As though I stood in need of their money! I, who could have bought them out, bag and baggage, and the schooner and its equipment, a score of times over!) But upon me had devolved the task of tending their wounds, and pulling them through, and I did my best by them.

Wolf Larsen underwent another bad attack of headache which lasted two days. He must have suffered severely. for he called me in, and obeyed my commands like a sick child. But nothing I could do seemed to relieve him. At my suggestion, however, he why such a magnificent animal as he

I talked with Johansen last nightthe first superfluous words with which | deck?" he has favored me since the voyage began. He left Sweden when he was eighteen, is now thirty-eight, and in all the intervening time has not been home once. He had met a townsman, a couple of years before, in some he knew his mother to be still alive.

"She must be a pretty old woman prepared to descend. how," he said, staring meditatively into the binnacle and then jerking a steering a point off the course.

"About seventy," he answered. And then, boastingly, "We work from the was missing. time we are born until we die, in my It was my first descent into the fore- the ladder, trembling and unable to the long arctic winter the steady I will live to a hundred."

I shall never forget this conversation The words were the last I ever swinging sea-lamp I saw every bit of physical violence. In this instance I fuel of any kind is exceedingly exheard him utter. Perhaps they were available wall space hung deep with could not see but I could hear the im- pensive in that region, the power will

SNAPS THIEF AT HIS WORK | is able to furnish the police the very | CUTTING OUT WASTE MOTION | Our offices and factories are being rebest kind of a description of the thief In fact, he turned over several photo-Automatic Device That Photographs graphs of the burglar at work-one Burglar While in the Act of

For the fellow who would rather ateal than work, life is getting harder the photograph. being powerful though all the time, says the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Plying His Trade.

Take the case of the thief who broke into a photographic studio in Belleville, Ill., the other day. From the viewpoint of the prowler, a photograph shop ought to be quite safe for the plying of his trade. Nothing more dangerous than the chemicals would be expected in such a place-and likewise little of value to any save tue

photographer would be found there. But the owner of the studio in Belleville had been fearful of robbery for some time. Therefore he installed an vals, the device being operated by ordinary burglar alarm apparatus. Now the photographer is out, consid- his father said he needed a new suit the relation of labor to a given task

erab a photographic supplies, but he of clothes."

Not a Mourning Suit. Browning-"l just met Whyte on automatic device to photograph the his way downtown to recover his son's working conditions in many indusinterior of his studio at stated inter- body." Greening—"What! Do you tries. The application of so-called effimean to tell me that his son was drowned?" Browning-"Oh, no. But



cided that it was too stuffy to sleep | Though it was a mild night on the | against flesh. Then there was the below. It was a calm night. We were sea, there was a continual chorus of crashing about of the entwined bodies, out of the trades, and the Ghost was the creaking timbers and bulkheads the labored breathing, the short, quick forging ahead barely a knot an hour. and of abysmal noises beneath the gasps of sudden pain. So I tucked a blanket and pillow un- flooring.

der my arm and went up on deck. As I passed between Harrison and eyes were wide and staring. He seemed greatly perturbed.

you sick?"

breath. "You'd better get on your course,

then," I chided. watched the compass card swing minded me of a story out of Boccac- strength I felt that there was no hope slowly to NNW and steady itself with cio.

slight oscillations. I took a fresh hold on my bedclothes and was preparing to start He began at the first bunks forward on, when some movement caught my on the starboard side. In the top of eve and I looked astern to the rail. A sinewy hand, dripping with water. splendid seaman, so named by his

blood, which flowed from some wound flushed wide open, big and black, and He drew himself inboard with a Wolf Larsen put his finger to his lips quick effort, and arose to his feet, as a sign for silence, and the eyes bees aroused by some marauder. glancing swiftly, as he did so, at the closed again. man at the wheel, as though to assure himself of his identity and that there sea water was streaming from him. While Wolf Larsen held his wrist he neath him in the darkness. It made little audible gurgles which stirred uneasily. distracted me. As he stepped toward

death. "All right, Hump." he said in a low

voice. "Where's the mate?" I shook my head. "Johansen!" he called softly. "Jo-

hansen!" Harrison.

The young fellow seemed to have swered steadily enough, "I don't know, sir. I saw him go forward a little while ago."

"So did I go for'ard. But I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?" "You must have been overboard.

"Shall I look for him in the steerage, sir?" I asked. Wolf Larsen shook his head. "You

do. Come on. Never mind your bedding. Leave it where it is." I followed at his heels. There was

nothing stirring amidshins. "Those cursed hunters," was his comment. "Too damned fat and lazy to stand a four-hour watch."

But on the forecastle head we found three sailors asleep. He turned them over and looked at their faces. They composed the watch on deck. and it was the ship's custom, in good weather, to let the watch sleep with the exception of the officer, the helmsman and the lookout.

"Who's the lookout?" he demanded. "Me, sir," answered Holyoak, one gave up smoking and drinking; though of the deep-water sailors, a slight tremor in his voice. "I winked off just should have headaches at all puzzles this very minute, sir. I'm sorry, sir. Wolf Larsen Put Finger to the Wrist It won't happen again."

"Did you hear or see anything on "No, sir, I-"

sailor rubbing his eyes with surprise instant, straight down on Wolf Larat having been let off so easily.

sailor boarding house in Chile, so that me in a whisper, as he doubled his conflict between a bull and a wolf. body into the forecastle scuttle and I heard a great, infuriated bellow go

I followed with a quaking heart. sharp glance at Harrison, who was than did I know what had happened. joined him immediately, so that his But blood had been shed, and it was abject and groveling conduct on deck "But does she work? now? How old through no whim of Wolf Larsen that the past few days had been no more he had gone over the side with his than planned deception. scalp laid open. Besides, Johansen I was so terror-stricken by this

country. That's why we live so long. castle, and I shall not soon forget my impression of it. It smelled sour and sickness at the pit of the stomach, low 20 miles an hour, which is ample musty, and by the dim light of the caused always by the spectacle of for driving the power plant. Since the last he did utter, too. For, going sea-boots, oilskins and garments, pact of the blows-the soft, crushing serve the dual purpose of illuminating

of which shows him in the act of put-

Once the thief is caught there should

be no difficulty in proving his guilt-

Herein is a suggestion which may

well be taken advantage of by manu-

facturers of burglar alarm apparatus,

for if it worked so well in the photo-

graphic studio, it might prove effec-

It's hard on the thief, of course, but

popular as an occupation, anyway.

then burglary is getting rather un. motion study.

and other repositories of valuables.

ting a lens into his pocket.

silent witnesses.

The sleepers did not mind. There the conspiracy to murder the captain were eight of them-the two watches and mate, for by the sounds I knew the binnacle, which was built into the below-and the air was thick with that Leach and Johnson had been top of the cabin, I noticed that he was the warmth and odor of their breath- quickly re-enforced by some of their this time fully three points off. His ing. and the ear was filled with the mates. noise of their snoring and of their sighs and half-groans, tokens plain "What's the matter?" I asked. "Are of the rest of the animal-man. But were they sleeping? all of them? Or He shook his head, and with a deep had they been sleeping? This was evisigh, as of awakening, caught his dently Wolf Larsen's quest-to find sen made no noise. He was fighting the men who appeared to be asleep grimly and silently for his life. He and who were not asleep or who had was sore beset. Down at the very not been asleep very recently. And first, he had been unable to gain his He put a few spokes over, and I he went about it in a way that re- feet, and for all of his tremendous

He took the sea-lamp from its swinging frame and handed it to me. one lay Oofty-Oofty, a Kanaka and was clutching the rail. A second hand mates. He was asleep on his back took form in the darkness beside it. and breathing as placidly as a woman. I watched, fascinated. What visitant One arm was under his head, the from the gloom of the deep was I to other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf behold? Whatever it was, I knew that Larsen put thumb and forefinger to it was climbing aboard by the log- the wrist and counted the palse. In line. I saw a head, the hair wet and the midst of it the Kanaka roused. He straight, shape itself, and then the un- awoke as gently as he slept. There mistakable eyes and face of Wolf was no movement of the body what-Larsen. His right cheek was red with ever. The eyes, only, moved. They

In the lower bunk lay Louis, gross-

stared, unblinking, into our faces.

Satisfied with the honesty of his me I shrank back instinctively, for I and the Kanaka's sleep, Wolf Larsen comparative silence. saw that in his eyes which spelled passed on to the next two bunks on the starboard side, occupied top and



and Counted the Pulse.

sureness of detection, for the light was at once dashed from my hand But Wolf Larsen had turned away and the forecastle left in darkness. He with a snort of disgust, leaving the must have leaped, also, at the same

"Softly, now," Wolf Larsen warned | The first sounds were those of a up from Wolf Larsen, and from Leach a snarling that was desperate and What was to happen I knew no more blood-curdling. Johnson must have

fight in the dark that I leaned against be driven by large windmil's. During ascend. And upon me was that old winds in that region seldom fail bedown into the cabin to turn in, I declean and dirty, of various sorts. sound made by flesh striking forcibly and heating.

Unnecessary Fatigue May Be Avoided

and Much Greater Amount of

Work Accomplished.

This remark was made in a talk be-

Devising ways of preventing this

attention, and bringing to economy of

labor the application of scientific prin-

ciency methods in business means

sire ly showing an exact regard for

sary fatigue."

ened to they knew not what. "It's the bloody mate!" was Leach's | pitiful! crafty answer, strained from him in a smothered sort of way. This was greeted with whoops of

joy, and from then on Wolf Larsen had seven strong men on top of him, Louis, I believe, taking no part in it. The forecastle was like an angry hive of

N THIS TALE

JACK LON-

DON'S SEA EX-

PERIENCE IS

USED WITH ALL

THE POWER OF

HIS VIRILE PEN-

There must have been more men in

"Get a knife, somebody!" Leach

"Pound him on the head! Mash

But after his first bellow, Wolf Lar-

The force with which they struggled

was vividly impressed on me; for I

"All hands! We've got him! We've

was knocked down by their surging

bodies and badly bruised. But in the

empty lower bunk out of the way.

his brains out!" was Johnson's cry.

was shouting.

for him.

"What ho! below there!" I heard Latimer shout down the scuttle, too ly fat and warm and sweaty, asleep cautious to descend into the inferno was nothing to fear from him. The unfeignedly and sleeping laboriously. of passion he could hear raging be-

"Won't somebody get a knife?" Leach pleaded in the first interval of

The number of the assailants was a cause of confusion. They blocked bottom, as we saw in the light of their own efforts, while Wolf Larsen, the sea-lamp, by Leach and Johnson. with but a single purpose, achieved As Wolf Larsen bent down to the his. This was to fight his way across lower bunk to take Johnson's pulse, I. the floor to the ladder. Though in total standing erect and holding the lamp. darkness, I followed his progress by its saw Leach's head raise stealthily as sound. No man less than a giant could he peered over the side of the bunk to have done what he did, once he had see what was going on. He must have gained the foot of the ladder. Step by recovered his composure, for he and divined Wolf Larsen's trick and the step, by the might of his arms, the whole pack of men striving to drag him back and down, he drew his body up from the floor till he stood erect. And then, step by step, hand and foot. he slowly struggled up the ladder.

The very last of all, I saw. For Latimer, having finally gone for a lantern, held it so that its light shone down the scuttle. Wolf Larsen was see him. All that was visible was the Dalton shook his head drearily. mass of men fastened upon him. It squirmed about, like some huge manylegged spider, and swaved back and forth to the regular roll of the vessel. And still, step by step, with long intervals between, the mass ascended. Once it tottered, about to fall back, but the broken hold was regained and it still went up.

"Who is it?" Latimer cried. In the rays of the lantern I could see his perplexed face peering down. "Larsen," I heard a muffled voice from within the mass.

Latimer reached down with his free hand. I saw a hand shoot up to clasp his. Latimer pulled, and the next couple of steps were made with a rush. Then Wolf Larsen's other hand reached up and clutched the edge of the scuttle. The mass swung clear of the ladder, the men still clinging to their escaping foe. They began to looked excited and exhilarated. drop off, to be brushed off against the sharp edge of the scuttle, to be knocked off by the legs which were now kicking powerfully. Leach was the last to go, falling sheer back from the top of the scuttle and striking on head and shoulders upon his sprawling mates beneath. Wolf Larsen and the the entire broomcorn consignment." lantern disappeared, and we were left

in darkness. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Draw Power From Air.

The mission settlement at Mt. Hope 100 miles north of the arctic circle, in Alaska, is contemplating the installation of an electric lighting plant to

adjusted so that time and unnecessary steps shall be saved.

Establishing motion standards for the performance of routine work has resulted in increased output and increased wages, with an accompanying "There is no waste of any kind in decrease in cost. Mr. Gilbreth points the world that equals the waste from out that most of us do not stop to needless, ill-directed and ineffective think about the time we waste in the motions, and their resulting unn cesperformance of ordinary duties.

It is declared that what motion study has done for the industry it will fore the American Academy of Poli- do for all human activities, and that tical and Social Science by Frank B. a little more clear thinking about the tive as a protection to bank vaults Gilbreth, the man who discovered lost things we do-a little less senseles motions in bricklaying and who has hurry-and at the end of the day we since devoted his time to scientific will have attained greater accomplishment, with less fatigue, and will be in better sorts with ourselves and the waste is now occupying a great deal of | world.

> Misinformed. Singleton-I am told you cursed the

day you were married. Is it true? Wedderly-No, it wasn't quite that bad. I didn't curse until the day after.

Envy has torpedoed many a friend se that there shall be no waste effort. | ship.

The Straight Tip

EVANS MACAULAY RANDALL

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.) "I'm through!"

Roland Dalton looked it. Young, handsome, well dressed, sober, energetic, ambitious-this had been his record "on the Board" for two years, but just now there was in his face an

appalling discouragement. "See here, Jerry," he said to his trader and manager, "there's no need to publish it, but I don't dare to go

with other people's money." "But, sir, we owe nothing, the decks

are clear-"And I'm going to quit, while they are. You follow orders. Pay off every bill and close up the office. I'll pay you and Miss Blount a month's ices. I'm going up into Wisconsin and paper he had seen for nearly a month get as far away from the hubbub and think I'll strike out for the coast and of the wonderful coup that had given begin all over again."

confusion I managed to crawl into an Loyal Jerry Watson's lips puckered. Marcia Blount, at the typewriter, was got him!" I could hear Leach crying. white as a sheet. Dalton stole a "Who?" demanded those who had glance at her and he gulped down a sigh. Shattered business, a shattered, and prosperity. Jerry beamed upon been really asleep, and who had wakthough half-fledged, romance-it was

> "Close up the office and tell any inquirer that I'm off for a rest," proceeded Dalton, "but pay everybody



and let Dalton & Co. fade away with-

out any sensation." "But, sir," expostulated Jerry, "things aren't so bad as you think. We're square. Well, then, how about were used only by the wealthy. It love to take it; that it never fails to nearly to the top, though I could not the big broomcorn consignment?"

> on that and may stay down." "But the ten thousand dollar option,

"I'll lose it rather than take the lot and involve others in loss. No, I'm through, I tell you, for good."

Then Roland Dalton went away reckless, desperate. Jerry stood look ing about him like a lost soul. Miss

Blount was crying softly. "I never thought he'd flunk!" mut tered Jerry. "Well, we're through, ris' method, and in 1831 John I. Howe too. It's a new job for both of us, I'm

thinking." "I will stay and get everybody checked up," volunteered the pretty stenographer. "You're feeling blue, sir. Go home and forget it all."

Jerry was seated in the midst of his family that evening when Miss Blount unexpectedly intruded. She

"Mr. Watson," she announced, "two strange things happened at the office after you left."

"Yes?" murmured Jerry, interrogatively. "The first was a notification that

our people at Aberdeen had shipped "Why!" fairly shouted Jerry, in dire consternation. "a million dollars" worth! No market! Freight charges a small fortune in themselves! A tenthousand dollar forfeit up!"

"Don't vou see." suggested Marcia, eagerly, "they are banking on the good credit of our house. They are not afraid to trust Mr. Dalton."

"But, my dear Miss Blount," exclaimed Jerry, "there is absolutely no demand for the stuff, the quotations are disastrously below the profit point, no one can handle it on our contract price without a disastrous loss, and we simply cannot take it!"

"We must!" Never had Jerry Watson seen so determined a look on the little lady's face. There was power unutterable in the expression.

"Mr. Watson," she said, resolutely, and there was a tremulous thrill in her voice, "I am not willing that an opportunity should be allowed to pass unregarded, after his extreme kindness to us, that may mean the rehabilitation of Mr. Dalton's business."

"But that is impossible!" "So I thought until, just after receiving the telegram from the broomcorn people, Ned Prossee came into the office."

"That kid," ejaculated Watson, du-

for us some day. Well, he comes into the office this afternoon, all excitement. 'I've got the straight tip,' he declared Vermilve & Co. are going to run a corner in stock feed and broomcorn. They are going to rush the market up twenty to thirty points delivery day, and hold it there. It's a sure play-any good to you?' Mr. in the French patent office.

Watson, it is more than good to us-if is the salvation of our business!" "Allowing we can depend upon the

tip, where is the capital coming from to carry the stuff until settling day?' "I have thought it all out," responded Marcia. "The Dalton credit is good-isn't the Dalton word a power everywhere? We will go to the bank and borrow sufficient to cover carrying charges. Then-oh! I have blocked it all out. We cannot fail. We will send confidential word to all our clients. We will give them the tip of a corner. We will guarantee ten points profit within thirty days."

"A daring scheme!" fairly gasped Jerry. "And how about the payments to the broomcorn people?"

"Why, that is simple. As we sell to our clients, we will borrow on our bills of lading. That will make us square all the way around. We can certainly place half our consignment for cash. The amount we realize wil, satisfy our shippers. When the squeeze comes in this market we will any further. If I did, it would be on release the actual stuff in warehouse baseless credit and I'll take no chance to supply the shorts, get the highest price and close out at a big profit."

"It's a dream!" spoke Jerry, musingly-"but it looks tangible. I'm willing

Go ahead with the scheme.' Three weeks later Roland Dalton left his remote solitude, which no gossip or newspaper had invaded. On salary ahead. I'll leave each of you a the train bound for the city he sat first-class recommendation to Burtelle spellbound, as his eye scanned the & Co., who will be glad of your serv- commercial column of the first news It was the graphic story of the worry as I can for a month. Then I broomcorn corner in Chicago. It told Dalton & Co. practical control of the market and a profit of a quarter of a million dollars!

Dalton burst into the office two days later. It wore an air of briskness him, Marcia stood flushing, eager, trembling like a child who had assumed a daring initiative and wondered if the result would be punishment or appreciation.

"What have you two been doing here?" challenged Dalton, and then Jerry told, and Dalton added, "Come into my private office until I discipline

in his hand a little strip of paper. It was a check for more money than he had ever thought of possessing. He nodded to Marcia, who took her way to the "inquisitorial room."

Roland Dalton poured forth his surging soul to the loyal girl who had saved the house on the point of col-

Dalton & Co. were to take in two new partners-herself and Jerry. She Remember the "dose" mother insisted was to send to her widowed mother in a distant country town sufficient How you hated them, how you fought to make her comfortable for life.

"I say, they're in there a long time!" murmured Jerry Watson, and then, as physic simply don't realize what they the door finally opened and Marcia do. The children's revolt is well-foundand Dalton came forth hand in hand, ed. Their tender little "insides" are the chuckling old fellow understood injured by them. that love as well as sucess had come to the house of Dalton & Co.

Why "Pin Money."

pin was made by filing one end of a row. wire of the proper length to a point. thirteen different operations, requiring as many different persons. In 1797 Timothy Harris of England succeeded in making the first solid-headed pin. In 1824 an American named Wright made a great improvement over Harof New York city invented a machine for making pins as we now have them. At one period, when pins were expensive luxuries, it was customary to give a young lady a certain amount on her marriage for "pin money." The custom disappeared long ago, but the term "pin money" remains.

Snowsheds a Necessity.

Travelers passing through the Sierra Nevadas during the winter are familiar with the peculiar sights that follow a heavy snowfall not accompanied with wind, for they have seen buildings completely buried from view, the only indication of their presence being a mound of snow shaped like the roof. They have seen small buildings with snow perhaps ten feet deep on the roof, and posts with such a big white cap that they looked like giant mushrooms.

At numerous points snow twentyfive feet deep on the level is not uncommon, and a one-story building, buried to the eaves, is a frequent sight. This peculiar condition in the Sierras was the cause for building the snowsheds, which extend 32 miles along the railway tracks between Blue canyon and the Truckee. Without these sheds the railroad could not be operated, but their cost is enormous.

Unexpected Cigar Smoker.

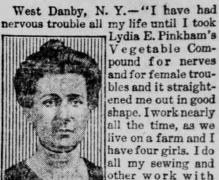
James Payn tells us that Harriet Martineau smoked cigars! She was told it was good for deafness and tried it. He supplied her with a mild brand, and says he smoked with her often. Yet she would be the last guess, the most unlikely puffer of the weed in the whole category of famous women! One would almost as soon think of Hannah More or Susannah Wesley having an after-dinner cigarette!

Horse Not Really Intelligent. a great deal more intelligence than ways boasted he would do great things do certain things just because he is too stupid to have ideas of his own. Like many human prize pupils, he can learn but cannot think.

> Screw Propeller Old Device. That a patent for a screw-propelled steam vessel had been issued as far back as 1803 recently was discovered

## **WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE**

Lvdia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."-Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In the Suburbs. "Why do you believe your neighbor a confirmed bachelor?"

"By the language of flowers." "How does that tell you?" "Yesterday he dug up the matrimony vine on the wall, and this morning I caught him sowing bachelors'

buttons." Out of it Jerry came a few minutes later. His eyes were aglow. He held A CHILD'S BOWELS

> It is cruel to force nauseating. harsh physic into a sick child.

> Look back at your childhood days. on-castor oil, calomel, cathartics. against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions For a long time after pins were in of mothers keep this harmless "fruit vented in the fourteenth century they laxative" handy; they know children cost so much to manufacture them clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the sto "Jerry," he said, "the market's down classes could not afford them. Each given today saves a sick child tomor-

> Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle and then twisting a piece of finer wire of "California Syrup of Figs," which about the other end. The complete has full directions for babies, children process is said to have involved about of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle, Adv.

Procrastination is the thief of time -and the plunder cannot be recov-

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole

Brand, 35c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Buy the 3 lb. Canister Can for \$1.00.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum

Achy Joints Give Warning

A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pains, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recomnended kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case

had taken them only a short time be fore I found relief. Two boxes per manently cured me." Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a B

DOAN'S HIDNEY

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

Horses are generally given credit for great deal more intelligence than —Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right

They do their duty. stipation.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 10-1916.

biously. "What's he got to do with they actually possess. Scientific tests show that in wisdom such as human "Everything. You remember I got beings display, horses are hopelessly outclassed by dogs, monkeys, and even in a few days. him his position with Vermilye & Co. He is a grateful little fellow. He alby cats. The horse can be taught to