

A KANSAS WOMAN Run-down—Nervous, Weak

Kansas City, Kan.—"I found Dr. Pierce's medicine a wonderful help to me during middle life. At that time I became all run-down, nervous and was weak. I would have smothered and dazed myself so bad that I could not stand up and my back would ache terribly all the time. I took both Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and these medicines built me up, gave me strength, and brought me through the change in the best of health. I am glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's medicine, for I know they are good."—MRS. GEORGE JACOBS, R. Route 3.

MOTHERS Bushong, Kan.—"I am the mother of four children and from my experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I fully appreciate its value and can highly recommend it to prospective mothers as it helps to alleviate one's suffering. During my first pregnancy I suffered untold pains, so the second time I was determined that I would avail myself of some means to lessen the agony, and I can say without any hesitation that this 'Favorite Prescription' carried me through that trying time with all the desired ease and comfort. Later on, however, I made a grievous mistake in believing that I could dispense with the 'Favorite Prescription' during motherhood and I did so to my sorrow. It will always be my stand-by hereafter. 'I hope that through this statement some other woman may be relieved of the dread of motherhood.'"—MRS. V. W. ROWLEY, Route 1.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a non-alcoholic remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots and herbs containing tonic properties of the most pronounced character. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial package of any of his medicines.

HEARTBURN Caused by Acid-Stomach

That bitter heartburn, belching, food-rotting, indigestion, after eating, all are caused by acid-stomach. But they are only first symptoms—danger signals to warn you of awful troubles if not stopped. Headache, biliousness, rheumatism, sciatica, that tired, listless feeling, lack of energy, flatulency, insomnia, even cancer and ulcers of the intestines and many other ailments are traceable to ACID-STOMACH. Thousands—yes, millions of people who ought to be well and strong are mere weaklings because of acid-stomach. They really starve in the midst of plenty because they do not get enough strength and vitality from the food they eat. Take EATONIC and give your stomach a chance to do its work right. Make it strong, cool, sweet and comfortable. EATONIC brings quick relief for heartburn, belching, indigestion and other stomach troubles. Improves digestion—helps you get full strength from your food. Thousands say EATONIC is the most wonderful stomach remedy in the world. Brought them relief when everything else failed. Our best testimonial is what EATONIC will do for you. So get a big 50c box of EATONIC today from your druggist, use it five days—if you're not pleased, return it and get your money back.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

Wasn't it a Pity? Little Anne was very fond of ripe olives, and her mother had to watch her to see that she did not indulge too freely. One day there was company, and Anne managed to have the olive dish stopped near her plate. After the dinner her mother pointed to the pile of pits on Anne's plate and asked: "How could you make such a pig of yourself? I should think you would be ashamed to see so many pits, and ashamed to have others see them." Anne hung her head and replied: "I was. That's the reason I threw all the rest of them on the floor."

Ask for "HILL'S" FIVE MILLION PEOPLE USED IT LAST YEAR HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiate—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red Seal with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

B. A. THOMAS' POULTRY REMEDY Means Plenty Eggs and Healthy Chicks OLD KENTUCKY MFG. CO., Inc., Paducah, Ky.

Are You Sick? Write to Dr. S. C. Dredrick, Worthington, Minn. for FREE BOOKLET which explains his wonderful new method of treating acute and chronic diseases. FOR SALE—Good, clean \$5,000 harness stock. Only shop in city of 1,200. Fine opportunity. Schooley & Koch, Concord, Neb. Deep-Seated Coughs develop into complications if neglected. Use an old and time-tried remedy that has given satisfaction for more than fifty years PISO'S

PIECES OF EIGHT

By Richard Le Gallienne

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903. Now First Given to the Public.

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CALYPSO

Synopsis—The man who tells this story—call him the hero, for short—is visiting his friend, John Saunders, British official in Nassau, Bahama Islands. Charles Webster, a local merchant, completes the trio of friends. Saunders produces a written document purporting to be the death-bed statement of Henry P. Tobias, a successful pirate, made by him in 1583. It gives two spots where two millions and a half of treasures were buried by him and his companions. The conversation of the three friends is overheard by a pock-marked stranger. The document disappears. Saunders, however, has a copy. The hero, determined to seek the buried treasure, charts a schooner. The pock-marked man is taken on as a passenger. On the voyage somebody empties the gasoline tank. The hero and the passenger clash, the passenger leaving a manifesto bearing the signature, "Henry P. Tobias, Jr." The hero lands on Dead Men's Shoals. There is a fight, which is followed by several funerals. The hero finds a cave containing the skeletons of two pirates and a massive chest—empty save for a few pieces of eight scattered on the bottom. The hero returns to Nassau and by good luck learns the location of Short Shrift Island. Webster buys the yawl Flamingo, and he and the hero sail for Short Shrift Island. As the Flamingo leaves the wharf a young fellow, "Jack Harkaway," jumps aboard and is allowed to remain. Jack proves an interesting and mysterious passenger. The adventurers capture Tobias. "Jack Harkaway" proves to be a girl and disappears. The hero sails to Short Shrift Island, sees an entrancing girl with a Spanish doublet. Follows an even more entrancing sight of the girl.

found; "very true, indeed, and yet, wasn't it the great Bacon who said: 'Whoever is delighted with solitude is either a beast or a god?'—and this particular solitude, I confess, sometimes seems to me a little too much like that enforced solitude of the Pontic marshes of which Ovid wailed and whimpered in the deaf ears of Augustus."

I could not help noticing at last as he talked on with fantastic magnificence, the odd contrast between his speech and the almost equally fantastic poverty of his clothing. The suit he wore, though still preserving a certain elegance of cut, was so worn and patched and stained that a negro would hardly have accepted it as a gift; and his almost painful emaciation gave him generally the appearance of an animated framework of



CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Hal ha!" called a pleasant voice, evidently belonging to a man of an unusually tall and lean figure who was approaching me through the palm trunks; "so you have discovered my hidden paradise—my Alcinous garden, so to say," and he quoted two well-known lines of Homer in the original Greek, adding: "or if you prefer it in Pope's translation, which I think—don't you?—remains the best:

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies, From storms defended and inclement skies—

"and so on. Alas! for an old man's memory! It grows shorter and shorter—like his life, eh? Never mind, you are welcome, sir stranger, mysteriously tossed up here like Ulysses, on our island coast." I gazed with natural wonderment at this strange individual, who thus in the heart of the wilderness had snatched me with a meticulously pure English accent, and welcomed me in a quotation from Homer in the original Greek. Who, in the devil's name, was this odd character who, I saw, as I looked closer at him, was, as he had hinted, quite an old man, though his unusual erectness and sprightliness of manner, lent him an illusive air of youth? Who on earth was he—and how did he happen in the middle of this haunted wood?

CHAPTER III.

Calypso.

Of course a glance and the first sound of his voice had told me that I had to do with a gentleman—one of those vagabond English gentlemen in exile who form a type peculiar, I think, to the English race; men that are a curious combination of aristocrat and Gypsy, soldier, scholar, and philosopher; men of good family, who have drifted everywhere, seen and seen through everything, but in all their wanderings have never lost their sense and habit of "form," their boyish zest in living, their humorous stoicism, and, above all, their lordly accent.

"Now that you have found us, Sir Ulysses"—continued my eccentric host, motioning me, with an indescribably princely wave of the hand to accompany him—"you must certainly give us the pleasure of your company to luncheon. Visitors are as rare as black swans on this Ultima Thule of ours—though, by the way, the black swan, cygnus atratus, is nothing like so rare as the ancients believed. I have shot them myself out in Australia. Still they are rare enough for the purpose of imagery, though really not so rare as a human being one can talk intelligently to on this island."

Talk! My friend indeed, very evidently was a talker—one of those fantastic monologists to whom an audience is little more than a symbol. I saw that there was no need for me to do any of the talking. He was more than glad to do it all. Plainly his encounter with me was to him like a spring in a thirsty land. "Solitude," he continued, "is perhaps the final need of the human soul. After a while, when we have run the gamut of all our ardors and our dreams, solitude comes to seem the one excellent thing, the summum bonum."

I murmured that he certainly seemed to have come to the right place for it. "Very true, indeed," he assented, with a courtly inclination of his head, "though I had said something pro-



"Hal Ha!" Called a Pleasant Voice.

rag and bones, startlingly embodying the voice and the manners of a prince. Yet the shabby tie about his neck was bound by a ring, in which was set a turquoise of great size and beauty.

Presently, as we loitered on through the palms, we came upon two negroes chopping away with their machetes, trimming up the debris of broken and decaying palm fans. They were both sturdy, ferocious-looking fellows, but one of them was a veritable giant.

"Behold by bodyguard!" said my magnificent friend, with the usual possessive wave of his hand; "my Switzers, my Janissaries, so to say."

The negroes stopped working, touched their great straw hats, and flashed their splendid teeth in a delighted smile. Evidently they were used to their master's ways of talking, and were devoted to him.

"This chap here is Erebus," said my host, and the appropriateness of the name was apparent, for he was certainly the blackest negro I had ever seen, as superbly black as some women are superbly white.

"And this is Samson. Let's have a look at your muscles, Samson—there's a good boy!"

And, with grins of pleasure, Samson proudly stripped off his thin calico jacket and exposed a torso of terrifying power, but beautiful in its play of muscles as that of a god.

Leaving Samson and Erebus to continue their savage play with their machetes, we walked on through the palms, which here gave a particularly junglelike appearance to the scene from the fact of their being bowed out from their roots and sweeping upward in great curves. One involuntarily looked for a man-eating tiger at any moment, standing striped and splendid in one of the openings.

Then suddenly to the right, there came a flash of level green, suggesting lawns, and the outlines of a house, partly covered with brilliant purple flowers—a marvelous splash of color.

"Bougainvillea! Bougainvillea spectabilis—of course, you know it. Was there ever such a purple? Not Solomon in all his glory, et cetera. And here we are at the house of King Alcinous—a humble version of it indeed."

It was a large rambling stucco house, somewhat decayed looking, and evidently built on the ruins of an older building. We came upon it at a broad Italian-looking loggia, supported by stone pillars bowed in with vines—very cool and pleasant—with mossy slabs for its floor, here and there tropical ferns set out in tubs, some wicker chairs standing about, and a table at one side on which two little barelegged negro girls were busy setting out yellow fruit, and other appurtenances of luncheon, on a dazzling white cloth.

"Has your mistress returned yet, my children?" asked the master. "No, sar," said the older girl, with

a giggle, twisting and grimacing with embarrassment.

"My daughter," explained my host, "has gone to the town on an errand. She will be back at any moment. Meanwhile, I shall introduce you to a cooling drink of my own manufacture, with a basis of that coconut milk which I need not ask you whether you appreciate, recalling the pleasant circumstance of our first acquaintance."

Motioning me to a seat, and pushing toward me a box of cigarettes, he went indoors, leaving me to take in the stretch of beautiful garden in front of me, the trees of which seemed literally to be hung with gold—for they were mainly of orange and grapefruit ranged round a spacious beautifully kept lawn with the regularity of sumptuous decoration. In the middle of the lawn, a little rocky fountain threw up a jet of silver, falling with a tinkling murmur into a broad circular basin from which emerged the broad leaves and splendid pink blossoms of an Egyptian lotus. Certainly it was no far-fetched allusion of my classical friend to speak of the garden of Alcinous; particularly connected as it was in my mind with the white beach of a desert isle, and that marble statue in the moonlight.

As I sat dreaming, bathed in the golden-green light of the orange trees, and lulled by the tinkling of the fountain, my host returned with our drinks, his learned disquisition on which I will spare the reader, highly interesting and characteristic though it was.

Suffice it that it was a drink, whatever its ingredients—and there was certainly somewhere a powerful "stick" in it—that seemed to have been drawn from some cool grotto of the virgin earth, so thrillingly cold and invigorating it was.

While we were slowly sipping it, and smoking our cigarettes, in an unwanted pause of my friend's fanciful verbosity, I almost jumped in my chair at the sound of a voice indoors. It was instantly followed by a light and rapid tread, and the sound of a woman's dress. Then a tall, beautiful young woman emerged on the loggia.

"Ah! there you are!" cried my host, as we both rose; and then turning to me, "this is my daughter—Calypso. Her real name I assure you—none of my nonsense—doesn't she look it? Allow me, my dear, to introduce—Mr. Ulysses!"—for we had not yet exchanged each other's names.

I am a wretched actor, and I am bound to say that she proved herself no better. For she gave a decided start as she turned those glowing eyes on me, and the lovely olive of her cheeks glowed as with submerged rose color. Our embarrassment did not escape the father.

"Why, you know each other already!" he exclaimed, with natural surprise.

"Not exactly"—I was grateful for the sudden nerve with which I was able to hasten to the relief of my lovely mistress—"but possibly Miss Calypso recalls as naturally as I do, our momentary meeting in Sweeney's store, one evening. I had no expectation of course, that we should meet again under such pleasant circumstances as this."

She gave me a grateful look as she took my hand, and with it—or was it only my eager imagination?—a shy little pressure, again as of gratitude.

I had tried to get into my voice my assurance that, of course, I remembered no other more recent meeting—though, naturally, as she had given that little start in the doorway, there had flashed on me again the picture of her standing, moonlit, in another resounding doorway, and of the wild start she had given then, as the golden pieces streamed from her lovely surprised mouth, and her lifted hands. And her eyes—I could have sworn—were the living eyes of Jack Harkaway! Had she a brother, I wondered. Yet my mind was too dazzled and confused with her nearness to pursue the speculation.

As we sat down to luncheon, waited upon by the little barelegged black children—waited on, too, surprisingly well, despite the contortions of their primitive embarrassment—my host once more resumed his character of the classic king welcoming the storm-tossed stranger to his board.

"Far wanderer," he said, raising his glass to me, "eat of what our board affords, welcome without question of name and nation. But if, when the food and wine have done their genial office, and the weariness of your journey has fallen from you, you should feel stirred to tell us somewhat of yourself and your wanderings, what manner of men call you kinsman, in what fair land is your home and the place of your loved ones, be sure that we shall count the tale good hearing, and, for our part, make exchange in like fashion of ourselves and the passage of our days in this lonely isle."

We all laughed as he ended—himself with a whinny of laughter. For, odd as such discourse may sound in the reading, it was uttered so whimsically and in so spirited and humorous a

style that I assure you it was very captivating.

"You should have been an actor, my lord Alcinous," I said, laughing. I seemed already curiously at home, seated there at that table with this fantastic stranger and that being out of fairland toward whom I dared only turn my eyes now and again by stealth. The strange fellow had such a way with him, and his talk made you feel that he had known you all your life.

"Ah! I have had my dreams. I have had my dreams!" he answered, his eyes gazing with a momentary wistfulness across the orange trees.

Then we talked at random, as friendly strangers talk over luncheon, though we were glad enough that he should do all the talking—wonderful, iridescent, madcap talk, such as a man here and there in ten thousand, gifted with perhaps the most attractive of all human gifts, has at his command."

And, every now and again, my eyes, falling on the paradoxical squalor of his clothing, would remind me of the enigma of this courtly vagabond; though—need I say it?—my eyes and my heart had other business than with him, throughout that wonderful meal, enfolded as I felt myself once more in that golden cloud of magnetic vitality, which had at first swept over me, as with a breath of perfumed fire, among the salt pork and the tinware of Sweeney's store.

Luncheon over, Lady Calypso, with a stately inclination of her lovely head, left us to our wine and our cigars.

The time had come for the far-traveled guest to declare himself, and I saw in my host's eye a courteous invitation to begin. I had been pondering what account to give of myself, and I had decided, for various reasons—of which the Lady Calypso was, of course, first, but the open-hearted charm of her father a close second—to tell him the whole of my story. Whatever his and her particular secret was, it was evident to me that it was an innocent and honorable one; and, besides, I may have had a notion that before long I was to have a family interest in it. So I began—starting in with a little prelude in the manner of my host, just to enter into the spirit of the game:

"My Lord Alcinous, your guest, the far wanderer, having partaken of your golden hospitality, is now fain to open his heart to you, and tell you of himself and his race, his home and his loved ones across the wine-dark sea, and such of his adventures as may give pleasure to your ears. . . . though, having no talents in that direction, I was glad enough to abandon my lame attempt at his Homeric style for a plain straightforward narrative of the events of the past three months. I had not, however, proceeded very far, when, with a courteous raising of



"Behold My Bodyguard!"

his hand, King Alcinous suggested a pause.

"If you would not mind," he said, "I would like my daughter to hear this too, for it is of the very stuff of romantic adventure in which she delights. She is a brave girl, and, as I often tell her, would have made a very spirited dare-devil boy, if she hadn't happened to be born a girl."

This phrase seemed to flash a light upon the questionings that had stirred at the back of my mind since I had first heard that voice in Sweeney's store.

The hero's search for the Tobias treasure begins again under most fascinating circumstances.

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Why be miserable with a "bad back?" It's time you found out what is wrong! Kidney weakness often causes much suffering from backache, lameness, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness and kidney irregularities. Neglected, it may lead to dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease, but if taken in time it is usually easily corrected by using Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands.

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Mrs. S. P. Carr, Plandreau, S. D., says: "I had a bad spell of kidney trouble which started with a steady ache through my kidneys. I began having headaches, too, and became all run down. I felt weak and tired during the day but couldn't get much rest at night. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of the attack and I have had no kidney trouble since."

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All druggists, Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Toilet 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 5, Boston."

Just Shopping. "Your wife seems to be carrying on a voluminous correspondence." "Quite so." "What about?" "Oh, she's getting prices from hotels she has no idea of going to. Shopping by mail."

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A little "Danderine" stops your hair coming out and doubles its beauty.



To stop falling hair at once and rid the scalp of every particle of dandruff, get a small bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter for a few cents, pour a little in your hand and rub it into the scalp. After several applications the hair usually stops coming out and you can't find any dandruff. Help your hair to grow strong, thick and long and become soft, glossy and twice as beautiful and abundant.—Adv.

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The first dose eases your cold! Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! A dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all grippe misery.

Relief awaits you! Open your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages of your head; stop nose running; relieve the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the quickest, surest relief known and costs only a few cents at drug stores. It acts without assistance. Tastes nice. Contains no quinine. Insist on Pape's!—Adv.

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