

MOTHERS, PREPARE

Kansas City, Kans.—"When I was a girl just coming into womanhood I became ill run-down, weak and nervous. I was pale as death; my people became very much alarmed—thought I was going into a decline. My mother took me to our druggist and asked him if he could recommend some medicine that he thought would be good for my case. He told her to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and she did. I had only taken it a short time when I began to improve and it was not long when I was well—in the best of health. I have since taken 'Favorite Prescription' during pregnancy and found it a wonderful help, keeping me well and strong the entire time."—MRS. BELLE GAMMON, 2919 Roosevelt Ave.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots, does not contain alcohol or narcotics. Its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

WOMAN'S CRITICAL TIME

Omaha, Nebr.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for many years at certain critical times when such a tonic was necessary and it never failed to strengthen and build me up. When I was raising my family I took it and always the results were most satisfactory; then during middle life it helped me to come through in a strong and healthy condition. I am very enthusiastic concerning Dr. Pierce's remedies and have recommended them not only to members of my own family but to many others besides and have never heard one complaint. Dr. Pierce's book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, has been in my home for 35 years and I know it has saved me many a doctor bill, as well as many of my friends who I have advised through it."—MRS. THOS. GRAY, 4316 Erskine St.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a remedy that any ailing woman can safely take because it is prepared from roots, does not contain alcohol or narcotics. Its ingredients are printed on wrapper.

Send 10c. for trial package of Favorite Prescription tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Stormy Sea of Matrimony. The family thunderstorm in a Revere beach cottage was not quite over. Deep rumblings could still be heard.

"Well," snapped the woman, "I hope that I can now take my beauty nap without your interruptions."

"My dear," replied the man, "if that is what you are going to take, you'll need to imitate Rip Van Winkle."

A second storm broke with violent lightning.—Boston Post.

CARBON!

Rid System of Clogged-up Waste and Poisons with "Cascarets."

Like carbon clogs and chokes a motor, so the excess bile in liver, and the constipated waste in the bowels, produce foggy brains, headache, sour, acid stomach, indigestion, sallow skin, sleepless nights, and bad colds.

Let gentle, harmless "Cascarets" rid the system of the toxins, acids, gases, and poisons which are keeping you upset.

Take Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced. Cascarets never gripe, sicken, or cause inconvenience. They work while you sleep. A box of Cascarets costs so little too.—Adv.

Suitable Vehicle.

"Why doesn't your literary friend buy a motor-car?" "I guess it is because he is a hack writer."

Cuticura Soap for the Complexion. Nothing better than Cuticura Soap daily and Ointment now and then as needed to make the complexion clear, scalp clean and hands soft and white. Add to this the fascinating, fragrant Cuticura Talcum and you have the Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

Many a good man, black shoes and many a bad ones black character.

HEALTH RESTORED

Mr. Knight Was Down With Kidney Complaint; Found Doan's the Remedy Needed.

"Kidney trouble put me in a bad way," says Thomas A. Knight, Retired Insurance Agent, 624 N. Ninth St., East St. Louis, Ill. "It came on with pain across my back and the attacks kept getting worse until I had a spell that held me up. Morphine was the only relief and I couldn't move without help. The kidney secretions were scanty, painful and filled with sediment."



Mr. Knight

"I was unable to leave the house, could not rest, and became utterly exhausted. The only way I could take ease was by bolstering myself up with pillows. For three months I was in that awful condition and the doctor said I had gravel. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me back to good health and I have gained wonderfully in strength and weight."

Doan's Kidney Pills. A. M. BOGMANN, Notary Public. Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLEBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Bronchial Troubles

Disrupts the irritation and you will feel the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—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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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

I turned my eyes over the sea—I could move them, at all events; how gloriously it was shining out there! And here was I, helpless, with arms extended, as one crucified. I closed my eyes in anguish, and let my body relax; perhaps I dozed, or perhaps I fainted—but, suddenly, what was that that aroused me, summoned me back to life? It seemed a short, sharp sound of firing! I opened my eyes and looked out to sea, and then I gave a great cry:

"Calypso! Calypso!" I cried. "Calypso!" and it seemed as though a giant's strength were in me—that I could rend the rocks apart. I made a mighty effort, and, whether or not my relaxing had made a readjustment of my position, I found that for some reason I could move forward again, and, with one desperate wriggle, I had my head through the narrow space. To wrench my shoulders and legs after it was comparatively easy, and, in a moment, I was safe on the outer side, where, as I had surmised, the aperture did widen out again. Within a few moments, I was on the edge of the sea, had dived, and was swimming madly toward—

But let me tell what I had seen, as I hung there, so helpless, in that crevice in the rocks.

CHAPTER IX.

Action.

I had seen, close in shore, a two-masted schooner under full sail sweeping by, as if pursued, and three negroes kneeling on deck, with leveled rifles. As I looked, a shot rang out, from my right, where I could not see, and one of the negroes rolled over. Another shot, and the negro next him fell sprawling with his arms over the bulwark.

At that moment, two other negroes emerged from the cabin hatchway, half dragging and half carrying a woman. She was struggling bravely, but in vain. The negroes—evidently acting under orders of a white man, who stood over them with a revolver—were dragging her toward the main mast. Her head was bare, her hair in disorder, and one shoulder from which her dress had been torn in the struggle, gleamed white in the sunlight. Yet her eyes were flashing splendid scornful fires at her captors; and her laughter of defiance came ringing to me over the sea. It was then that I had cried "Calypso!" and wrenched myself free.

The next moment there came dashing in sight a sloop also under full canvas, and at its bow, a huge white man, with a leveled rifle that still smoked. At a glance, I knew him for Charlie Webster. He had been about to fire again, but, as the man dragged Calypso forward, he paused, calm as a rock, waiting, with his keen sportsman's eyes on Tobias—for, of course, it was he.

"You—coward!" I heard his voice roar across the rapidly diminishing distance between the two boats, for the sloop was running with power as well as sails.

Meanwhile, the men had lashed Calypso to the mast, and even in my agony my eyes recorded the glory of her beauty as she stood proudly there—the great sails spread above her, and the sea for her background.

"Now, do your worst," cried Tobias, his evil face white as wax in the sunlight.

"Fire, fire—don't be afraid," rang out Calypso's voice, like stinging gold. At the same instant, as she called Tobias sprang toward her with raised revolver.

"Another word, and I fire," shouted the voice of the brute. But the rifle that never missed its mark spoke again. Tobias' arm fell shattered, and he staggered away screaming. Still once more, Charlie Webster's gun spoke, and the staggering figure fell with a crash on the deck.

"Now, boys, ready," I heard Charlie's voice roar out again, as the sloop tore alongside the schooner—where the rest of the negro crew with raised arms had fallen on their knees, crying for mercy.

All this I saw from the water, as I swam wildly toward the two boats, which now had closed on each other, a mass of thundering canvas, and screaming and cursing men—and Calypso there, like a beautiful statue, still lashed to the mast, a proud smile on her lovely lips.

Another moment, and Charlie had sprung aboard, and, seizing a knife from one of the screaming negroes, he cut her free.

His deep calm voice came to me over the water.

"That's what I call courage," he said. "I could never have done it."

The "king" had been right. He knew his daughter. By this I was nearing the boats, though as yet no one had seen me. They were all too busy with the confusion on deck, where four men lay dead, and three others still kept up their gibberish of fear.

I saw Calypso and Charlie Webster stand a moment looking down at the figure of Tobias, prostrate at their feet.

"I am sorry I had to kill him," I heard Charlie's deep growl. "I meant to keep him for the hangman."

But suddenly I saw him start forward and stamp heavily on something. "No, you don't," I heard him roar—and I learned afterward that Tobias, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead, and that, as the two had stood looking down on him, they had seen his hand furtively moving toward the fallen revolver that lay a few inches from him on the deck. Just as he had grasped it, Charlie's heavy boot had come down on his wrist. But Tobias was still game.

"Not alive, you English brute!" he was heard to groan out, and, snatching free his wrist too swiftly to be prevented, he had gathered up all his remaining strength, and hurled himself over the side into the sea.

I was but a dozen yards away from him, as he fell; and, as he rose again, it was for his dying eyes to fix with a glare upon me. They dilated with terror, as though he had seen a ghost. Then he gave one strange scream, and fell back into the sea, and we saw him no more.

It will be easier for the reader to imagine, than for me to describe, the look on the faces of Calypso and Charlie Webster when they saw me appear at almost the same spot where poor Tobias had just gone bubbling



"Now, Do Your Worst!" Cried Tobias.

down. Words I had none, for I was at the end of my strength, and I broke down and sobbed like a child.

"Thank God you are safe—my treasure, my treasure!" was all I could say, after he had lifted me aboard, and I lay face down on the deck, at her feet. Swiftly she knelt by my side, and caressed my shoulder with her dear hand.

All of which—particularly my reference to "my treasure"—must have been much to the bewilderment of the good simple-hearted Charlie, towering, innocent-eyed, above us. I believe I stayed a little longer at her feet than I really had need to, for the comfort of her being so near and kind; but, presently, we were all aroused by a voice from the cliffs above. It was the "king," with his bodyguard, Erebus and the crew of the Flamingo—no Samson, alas! The sound of the firing had reached them in the woods, and they had come hurrying to discover its cause.

So we deferred asking our questions, and telling our several stories, till we were pulled ashore.

As Calypso was folded in her father's arms, he turned to me:

"Didn't I tell you that I knew my daughter?" he said.

"And I told you something too, O king," I replied—my eyes daring at last to rest on Calypso with the love and pride of my heart.

"And where on earth have you been, young man?" he asked, laughing. "Did Tobias kidnap you too?"

It was very hard, as you will have seen, to astonish the "king."

But, though it was hard to astonish and almost impossible to alarm him, his sense of wonder was quite another matter, and the boyish delight with which he listened to our several stories would have made it worth while to undergo tenfold the perils we had faced. Our stories, said the "king," were quite in the manner of "The Arabian Nights," dovetailing one into the other.

"And now," he added, "we will begin with the 'Story of the Murdered Slave and the Stolen Lady.'"

Calypso told her story simply and in a few words. The first part of it, of which the poor murdered Samson

had been the eloquent witness, needed no further telling. He had done his brave best—poor fellow—but Tobias had had six men with him, and it was soon over. Her they had gagged and bound and carried in a sort of improvised sedan chair; Tobias had done the thing with a certain style and—she had to admit—with absolute courtesy.

When they had gone a mile or two from the house, he had had the gag taken from her mouth, and, on her promise not to attempt to escape (which was, of course, quite impossible) he had also had her unbound, so that her hurried journey through the woods was made as comfortable as possible.

They were making, she had gathered—and as we had surmised—for the northern shore, and, after about a three hours' march, she heard the sound of the sea. On the schooner she had found a cabin all nicely prepared for her—even dainty toilet necessities—and an excellent dinner was served, on some quite pretty china, to her alone. Poor Tobias had seemed bent on showing—as he had said to Tom—that he was not the "carrion" he had thought him.

After dinner, Tobias had respectfully asked leave for a few words with her. He had apologized for his action, but explained that it was necessary—the only way he had left, he said, of protecting his own interests, and safeguarding a treasure which belonged to him and no one else, if it belonged to any living man. It had seemed to her that it was a monomania with him.

While he was talking, she had made up her mind what she would do. She would tell him the plain truth about her doubloons, and offer him what remained of them as a ransom. This she did, and was able at last to persuade him that, so far as anyone knew, that was all the treasure there was, and then the digging among the rubs of the old house was a mere fancy of her father's. There might be something there or not—and she went so far as to give her word of honor that, if anything was found, he should have his share of it.

Tobias had seemed impressed, and promised his answer in the morning, leaving her to sleep—with a sentry at her cabin door. She had slept soundly, and awakened only at dawn. As soon as she was up, Tobias had come to her, saying that he had accepted her offer, and asking her to direct him to her treasure.

This she had done, and to avoid passing the settlement, they had taken the course round the eastern end of the island. As they had approached the cave (and here Calypso turned a quizzical smile on me, which no one, of course, understood but ourselves), a sloop was seen approaching them from the westward . . . and here she stopped and turned to Charlie Webster.

"Now," said the "king," "we shall hear the story of Apollo—or, let us say, rather Ajax—the Far-Darter—the mark of the arrow that never missed its mark."

And Charlie Webster, more at home with deeds than words, blushed and blushed through his part of the story, telling how—having called at the settlement—he had got our message from Sweeney, and was making up the coast for the hidden creek. He had said what he felt sure was Tobias' schooner—had called on him "in the king's name" to surrender—"I had in my pocket the warrant for his arrest," said Charlie, with innocent pride—"the d—d scoundrel!" but had been answered with bullets. He had been terribly frightened, he owned, when Calypso had been brought on deck, but she had given him courage—he paused to beam on her, a broad-faced admiration, for which he could find no words—and, as he had never yet missed a flying duck at—I forget how many yards Charlie mentioned—well . . . perhaps he oughtn't to have risked it.

And so his story came to an end, amid reassuring applause.

"Now," said the "king," "for the Story of the Disappearing Gentleman and the Lighted Lantern."

And then I told my story as it is already known to the reader, and I have to confess that, when I came to the cheerful of doubloons and pieces of eight, I had a very attentive audience. The "king" was for starting off that very night. But, reminded of the difficult seclusion in which the treasure still lay, he was persuaded to wait till the morrow.

"At dawn then," he said, "tomorrow—what time, the rosy-footed dawn . . . so be it. And now I am going to talk to Ajax the Far-Darter of duck shooting."

"But wait!" I cried. "Why did 'Jack Harkaway' go to Nassau?"

Calypso blushed. The "king" checked.

"I prefer not to be known in Nassau, yet some of my business has to be done there. Nor is it safe for beauty like Calypso's to go unprotected. So from time to time, 'Jack Harkaway' goes for us both! And now enough of explanations!" and he launched into talk of game and sport in various

parts of the world, to the huge delight of the great simple-hearted Charlie.

But, after a time, other matters claimed the attention of his other auditors. During the flow of his discourse night had fallen. Calypso and I perceived that we were forgotten—so, by an impulse that seemed to be one, we rose and left them there, and stole out into the garden where the little fountain was dancing like a spirit under the moon, and the orange trees gave out their perfume on the night breeze. I took her hand, and we walked softly out into the moonlight, and looked down at the closed lotuses in the little pool. And then we took courage to look into each other's eyes.

"Calypso," I said, "when are you going to show me where you keep your doubloons?"—and I added, in a whisper, "Jack—when am I going to see you in boy's clothes again?"

And, with that, she was in my arms, and I felt her heart beating against my side.

"Oh! my treasure," I said—ever so softly—"Calypso, my treasure."

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, such readers as have been "gentle" enough to follow me so far in my story, may possibly desire to be told what lay behind those other locked doors in the underground gallery where I so nearly laid my bones.

Those caverns, we afterward discovered, had actually communicate with Blackbeard's ruined mansion, and the "king," who has now rebuilt that mansion and lives in it in semiformal state with Calypso and me, is able to pass from one to the other by underground passages which are an unfulfilling source of romantic satisfaction to his dear, absurd soul.

As to whether or not the mansion and the treasure were actually Blackbeard's—that is, Edward Teach's—we are yet in doubt, though we prefer to believe that they were. At all events, we never found any evidence to connect them at all with Henry P. Tobias, whose second treasure, we have every reason to think, still remains undiscovered.

As for the sinister and ill-fated Henry P. Tobias, Jr., we have since learned—through Charlie Webster, who every now and again drops in with sailors from his sloop and carries off the "king" for duck hunting—that his real name was quite different; he must have assumed, as a nom de guerre, the name we knew him by, to give color to his claim. I am afraid, therefore, that he was a plain scoundrel, after all, though it seemed to me that I saw gleams in him of something better, and I shall always feel a sort of kindness toward him for the saving grace of gallant courtesy with which he invested his abduction of Calypso.

Calypso . . . She and I, just for fun, sometimes drop into Sweeney's store, and, when she has made her purchases, she draws up from her bosom a little bag, and, looking softly at me, lays down on the counter—a golden doubloon; and Sweeney—who, doubtless, thinks us all a little crazy—smiles indulgently on our make-believe.

Sometimes, on our way home, we come upon Tom in the plantations, superintending a gang of the "king's" janissaries—among whom Erebus is still the blackest—for Tom is now the lord high steward of our estate. He beams on us in a fatherly way, and I lay my hand significantly on my left side—to his huge delight. He flashes his white teeth and wags his head from side to side with inarticulate enjoyment of the allusion. For who knows? He may be right. In so mysterious a world the smallest cause may lead up to the most august results and there is nothing too wonderful to happen.

(THE END.)

Key of Happiness.

It is very difficult to realize it sometimes, and it is very hard on our pride to admit it when we do realize it, but it is a fact nevertheless, and a fact that we should let get hold of us, and stay with us—that the joy and happiness and satisfaction of our lives depend very much more upon ourselves and the kind of people we are than upon the kind of things that happen to us. It is the kind of will we carry round with us, and the attitude of our mind and the temper of our spirit and decides whether our lives shall be happy and hopeful, and not the things that come to us. Given the right kind of will, the same attitude and the wholesome temper of soul, we shall be able to adjust ourselves to life with some comfort and satisfaction, no matter what its accidents and incidents, until they become quite satisfying. We carry the key of our own happiness ourselves and no one can give it to us or take it away.

Only Worth-White Boss.

"De good boss," said Uncle Eben, "ain't de man dat lets you loaf on de job, but de one dat shows you how you kin take pleasure an' pride in de work."

Eases Colds

At once! Relief with "Pape's Cold Compound"

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 gripe 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.

A Question.

"One consolation, corks will be cheaper."

"Corks cheaper, eh? And what use have you for 'em, hey?"

ASPIRIN FOR HEADACHE

Name "Bayer" is on Genuine Aspirin—say Bayer



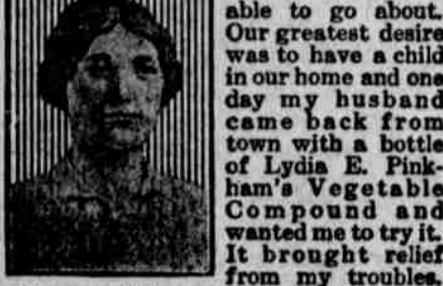
Insist on "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in a "Bayer package," containing proper directions for Headache, Colds, Pain, Neuralgia, Lumbago, and Rheumatism. Name "Bayer" means genuine Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.

It is more difficult for some men to collect their wits than their bills.

THE JOY OF MOTHERHOOD

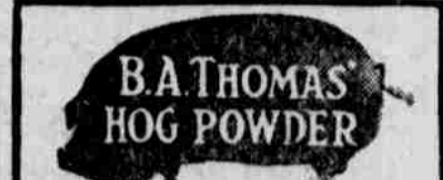
Came to this Woman after Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Restore Her Health

Ellensburg, Wash.—"After I was married I was not well for a long time and a good deal of the time was not able to go about. Our greatest desire was to have a child in our home and one day my husband came back from town with a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wanted me to try it. It brought relief from my troubles. I improved in health so I could do my housework; we now have a little one, all of which I owe to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. O. S. JOHNSON, R. No. 3, Ellensburg, Wash.



There are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years experience is at your service.



Saves the Bacon

Mr. Pleasant, Ia.—"When I found sickness appearing in my herd I got a 50 lb. pail of B. A. Thomas Hog Powder. Before I finished feeding it, I was so satisfied that I got another, and when my hogs were all well I got a third, and find that this hog feed keeps them well. Jim Kermesen, R. No. 1, OLD KENTUCKY MFG. CO., Inc., Paducah, Ky.

Cuticura Soap Best for Baby

Soap 5c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample packet mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

