

A Short Time Ago I Weighed Only 80 Pounds--I Now Weigh 112 Pounds and

TANLAC

is what built me up so wonderfully, says Mrs. Barbara Weber, 315 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco. She is but one of thousands similarly benefited.

If you are under weight, if your digestion is impaired, if you are weak and unable to enjoy life to the fullest measure, you should take Tanlac. At all good druggists.

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Another big puzzle contest just started by Mr. E. J. Reecer. This fascinating puzzle game is all the rage. Everybody's playing it.

Amazing Health and Beauty Discovery. This great offer is made to introduce Reecer's Yeast Tablets, the great Vitamin Health Builders.

\$5,000 Prize Picture. FREE. Buy ten or more boxes of Reecer's Yeast Tablets to enter this contest or win a prize.

HIS TURN TO ASK QUESTIONS

Proving That Sometimes the Wheel of Fortune Actually Does Make the Required Turn.

He was one of our prominent manufacturers. The other day the policeman stopped him for exceeding the speed limit.

"What's your name?" asked the policeman. He told him. "How do you spell it?" He told him that, too.

"Where do you live?" "Are you married?" "Have you any children?"

"What are their names and ages?" "Why," yelled the manufacturer, "what's the sense of asking me a lot of silly questions like that?"

"Well," smiled the policeman, "I applied at your factory once for a job, and the chap in the office asked me all those questions and a lot more. I thought they were foolish, too."

Telephone on Trolley Car. Talking by telephone from a moving trolley car with a point more than three miles distant, recently took place on the lines of a New York electric railway company.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the signature of J. C. Fletcher.

Public Health. With a \$2,000,000 foundation fund from the Rockefeller interests, Harvard university will establish a school of public health providing both instruction and research in this great field.

The loudest applause goes to the fellow who tells the crowd what it wants to hear.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION. 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS 25c and 75c Packages, Everywhere

Mothers of the World! Mothers!! Write for 32-Page Booklet, "Mothers of the World"

Lloyd Loom Products. Baby Carriages & Grubbers. Use This Coupon. The Lloyd Mfg. Co., 231 North 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Lloyd Mfg. Co. Company. Please send me your booklet, "Mothers of the World."

A Man To His Mate By J. ALLEN DUNN

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CHAPTER X--Continued. Lund sooner or later, meant to take her, willing or unwilling. He had said so, none too covertly, that very evening.

For the time being, the safety of the Karluk and the successful carrying out of the purpose of the trip took all of Lund's attention and energy. Twice he had been thwarted by the weather from gleaming his golden harvest, and it began to look as if the third attempt might be no more fortunate.

"The Karluk's stout," he said once, "but she ain't built for the Arctic. If we get nipped badly she'll go like an eggshell."

"And then what?" Rainey asked. "Git the gold! That's what we come for. If we have to make sleds an' use the hunters for a dog-team," he laughed indomitably.

Lund was snatching sleep in scraps, seeking always to feel a way toward the position of the island through the ice that continually baffled progress. Against all opposition he forced his way until, just after sunset one night, as the dusk swept down, he gave a shout and pointed to a fitful flare over the port bow.

"It's the crater atop the island," he said. "Nothin' dangerous. Regular lighthouse. Now, boys," he went on, his deep voice ringing with exhilaration, "there's gold in sight! Whistle for a change of weather, every mother's son of you!"

The change of weather came about three in the morning, though not as Lund had hoped. A sudden wind materialized from the north, stiffening the canvas with its ice-laden breath, glazing the schooner wherever mois-

every one came trooping, to gather in two groups either side of the cabin skylight. Their faces were eager with the proximity of the gold, yet half sullen as they waited to hear what Lund had to say.

"There's the island," said Lund. "We'll make it afore sundown. The beach is there, waitin' for us to dig it up. It'll be some job, I don't reckon it's frozen hard, en'y crusted. If it is we'll bust the crust with dynamite. But we got to hop to it. There'll be another cold spell after this one peters out an' the next is like to be permanent."

"I want the gold washed out afore then, an' us well down the strait. It's up to you to hump yore-selves, an' I'll help the humpin'."

"We'll cradle most of the stuff an', if they's time, we'll flume the slit tail- in for the fine dust. Providin' we can git a full of water. There'll be plenty for all hands to do. An' the shares go as first fixed. I ain't expectin' you to do the diggin' an' not git a pinch or two of the dust."

The men's faces lighted, and they shuffled about, looking at one another with grins of relief.

"No cheere?" asked Lund ironically. "Wall, I hardly expected enny. Hanson, you'll be one of the foremen, with pay accordin'." "I can't dig," said the hunter truculently.

"You've got a sweet nerve," said Lund. "I reckon you've won enough to be sure of yore shares, if the boys pay up. Enough for you to do some diggin' in yore pockets for Beale. His ribs 'ud be whole if you hadn't started the bolshevik stunt. But I'll find something for both of you to do. Don't let that worry you none."

"We've got mercury aboard somewhere," Lund continued, to Rainey, when the men had dispersed, far more cheerful than they had gathered.

grindings, while the surf ever boomed on the resonant sheets of ice. Dawn came before they were aware of it, a sudden rush of light that dyed the ice in every hue of red and orange, that tipped the frozen coast with bursts of ruby flame that flared like beacons and gilded the crests of the long swells, tingling all their world with a wild, unnatural glory.

Lund, striding the deck, his red beard iced with his breath, suddenly stopped and stared into the east. There, in the very eye of the dawn, was a trail of smoke, like a plume against the flaming, three-quarters circle of the rising sun!

Lund's face, on which the bruises were fast fading, changed purple-black with rage. He whirled upon Sandy, gaping near, and ordered him to fetch his binoculars. Through them he stared long at the smoke. Then he turned to the girl and Rainey.

"Come down inter the cabin," he said. "We'll need all our wits. That's a patrol boat, Japanese, for a million! None other this far west. An' it's d-d funny it should come up right at this mornin'. We've made the trip on schedule time, an' here they show. But we'll let that slide. We've got to think fast. They'll board us. They'll overhaul us lookin' for seal pelts. At least I hope so."

"We've got none. Our hunters an' our rifles an' shotgun'll prove our claim to be pelagic sealers. We got to trust they believe us. If there is a hide aboard or a club, or a sign of a dead seal on the benches they'll nail us. They may ennyway, just on suspicion."

"It's lucky we didn't start mussin' up that beach. But they'll go over everything. I know 'em. They claim to own the seas hereabouts, an' they're cockier than ever, since the war. Rainey, you got to git busy on the log. If yore father didn't keep it up, Miss Peggy, so much the better. If he has, you got to fake it someways, Rainey."

"I'm Simms, got me, until we're clear of 'em. An' you, Rainey, are Doc Carlson. Nothin' must show in the log about enny deaths."

"But why?" asked the girl. "Why do we have to masquerade if we haven't touched the seals?" "Lund barked at her: 'I gave you credit for sharper wits,' he said. 'We've got to have every-

thing so regular they can't find an excuse for haulin' us in an' settin' fire to the schooner. They'd do it in a jiffy. We got to show 'em our clearance papers, an' we've got to tally up all down the line. Rainey ain't on the ship's books--Carlson is. Lund ain't but Simms is. Mm Simms, An' you--' he stopped to grin at her--"yore my daughter. I'll dissolve the relationship after a while, I promise you that. An' I'll drill the men. They know what's ahead of 'em if the Japs git suspicious."

"That ain't the worst of it! They may know what we're after. If they do, we're goners. Ever occur to you, Rainey, that Tamada, who is a deep one, may have tipped off the whole thing to his consul while the schooner was at San Francisco? He was along the last trip. He'd know the approximate position. Might have got the right figgers out of the log, him havin' the run of the cabin. A cable would do the rest. He'll git his whack out of it, with the order of the Golden Chrysanthemum or some fignargin' to boot, an' git even with the way he feels 'tard our outfit fo'ard, that ain't bin none too sweet to him."

The suggestion held a foundation of conviction for Rainey. He had thought of the consul. He had always sensed depths in Tamada's reserve. It looked plausible. Lund rose.

"I'll fix Tamada," he said. But the girl stopped him.

"You don't know that's true. Tamada has been wonderful--to me. What do you intend to do with him?" "I'll make up my mind between here and the galley," said Lund grimly.

"This is my third time of tacklin' this island, an' no Jap is goin' to stand between me an' the gold, this trip. Why, even if he ain't blown on us, he'll give the whole thing away. If he didn't want to they'd make him come through if they laid their eyes on him. They've got more tricks than a Chinese mandarin to make a man talk. Stands to reason he'll tell 'em. If he can talk when they git 'em," he added ominously, standing half-way between the table and the door of the corridor, his hand opening and closing suggestively.

"The crowd's settle his hush if I didn't. They ain't fools. They know what's ahead of 'em in Japan. You, Rainey, git busy with that log. That gunboat'll have a boat alongside this fice inside of ninety minnits."

But Peggy Simms was between him and the door.

"You shan't do it," she said, her eyes hard as flints, if Lund's were like steel. "You don't know what he was to me when--when dad was buried. Call him in and let him talk for himself or--or I'll tell the Japanese myself what we have come for!"

Lund stood staring at her, his face hard, his beard thrust out like a bush with the jut of his jaw. Still she faced him, resolute, barely up to his

But Peggy Simms Was Between Him and the Door.

California they may make trouble, if they find me. So I go sampan. Sometimes Japanese cross to California in sampan. "That's right," said Rainey. He had handled more than one story of Japanese crews landing on some desolate portion of the coast to avoid immigration laws and steamer fares. Generally they were rounded up after their perilous, daring crossing of the Pacific. Tamada's story held the elements of truth. Even Lund nodded in reserved affirmation.

"Also I ship on Karluk as cook because of perhaps trouble if some one know me in San Francisco. I think much better if they do not see me. I have a plan. Also I want my share of gold. Suppose that gunboat find me, find out about gold, they will not give me reward. You do not know Japanese. They will put me in prison. It will be suggest to me, because I am of daimio blood--Tamada drew himself up slightly as he claimed his nobility--"that I make haru-ka. That I do not wish. I am Progressive. I much rather cook on board Karluk and get my share of gold."

Lund surveyed him moodily, half convinced. The girl was all eager approval.

"What is your plan, Tamada?" "We're losin' time on that log," cut in Lund. "Git busy, Rainey. Look among Carlson's stuff. He may have kept one. Dope up one of 'em, an' burn the other. Now then, Tamada, dope out yore scheme; it's got to be a good one."

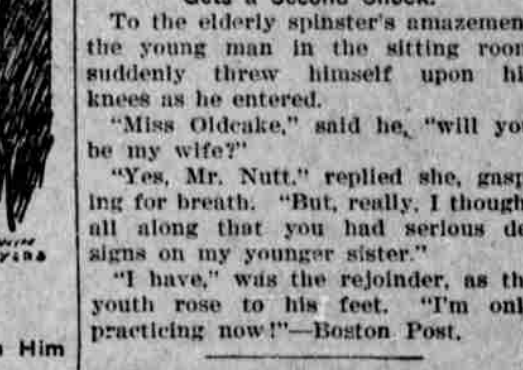
CORNS



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Frezzone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Frezzone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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Relieved Without the Use of Laxatives. Nujol is a lubricant--not a medicine or laxative--so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.



SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

Gets a Second Shock. To the elderly spinster's amazement the young man in the sitting room suddenly threw himself upon his knees as he entered. "Miss Oldenke," said he, "will you be my wife?" "Yes, Mr. Nutt," replied she, gasping for breath. "But, really, I thought all along that you had serious designs on my younger sister."

DYED HER BABY'S COAT. A SKIRT AND CURTAINS WITH "DIAMOND DYES"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old, worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

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