

## WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Adv.

### Truly, the Mother Pays!

Here is an account from a Paris paper of what was said at his trial by the mother of Cotti, the young anarchist who shot Clemenceau: "Cotti's mother stops. She wants to speak, but tears choke her words. She makes an effort and one hears a voice that is nothing but a sob: 'I did not come to defend him. But I don't want that they should call him unpatriotic. He was so sad to see all those soldiers die. He wept when he spoke to me about all those boys dying with the word "mother" on their lips. He wanted to enlist. It's a pity they did not accept him. He was brave. They might have given him dangerous errands, and at least he would be dead by now.' But she hasn't strength to finish what she wants to say. She turns back and collapses on a bench, sobbing."

### Give Again.

Small Daughter (tired of playing alone)—Mummy, when I get to heaven shall I always play with angels?

Mother—Yes, my darling.

S. D.—Mummy, don't you think that if I've been vewy, vewy good all the morning playing with angels, in the afternoon p'waps God will give me a tickle devil to play with?

### Maintained His Reputation.

Young Wife—I wonder how they arrange these pickles in the bottle so nicely.

Young Hub—They pile the pickles up, dearest, and then blow the bottle around them.

### An Exception.

The Modiste—It's all down on my books, and figures don't lie.

Mr. Rooksmith—The things you've done to my wife's figure have made it very deceiving.

Snowy Linens are the pride of every housewife. Keep them in that condition by using Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry. 5 cents at grocers.

### Imbibing It.

"What a liquid voice that prima donna has." "That's why he audiences drink in her notes."

### It Always Does.

"It's kept me poor." "What has?" "Trying to make other people think I'm rich."

### His Trouble.

"His feet kept him out of the army." "Flat?" "No; cold."

### Occult Device.

"How is it you got so many joy rides?" "Oh, I practice auto suggestion."

Nurture your mind with great thoughts, for to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

The human body is really a temple. Let us beware of its desecration or defilement.

## NERVOUS PROSTRATION

May be Overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—This Letter Proves It.

West Philadelphia, Pa.—"During the thirty years I have been married, I have been in bad health and had several attacks of nervous prostration until it seemed as if the organs in my whole body were worn out. I was finally persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made a well woman of me. I can now do all my housework and advise all ailing women to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will guarantee they will derive great benefit from it."—Mrs. FRANK FITZGERALD, 25 N. 41st Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

There are thousands of women everywhere in Mrs. Fitzgerald's condition, suffering from nervousness, backache, headaches, and other symptoms of a functional derangement. It was a grateful spirit for health restored which led her to write this letter so that other women may benefit from her experience and find health as she has done.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

70,000 A. Land; stock ranch; workable coal; near oil wells; drilling; \$8 per a. Will sell single sections. Hugo Seaberg, Raton, N. M.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 21-1919.

# WOLVES OF THE SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

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## Foreword.

Anson Carlyle, aged twenty-three, the ninth in descent from Capt. Geoffrey Carlyle of Glasgow, Scotland, was among the heroic Canadian dead at Vimy ridge. Unmarried, and the last of his line, what few treasures he possessed fell into alien hands. Among these was a manuscript, apparently written in the year 1687, and which, through nine generations, had been carefully preserved, yet never made public. The paper was yellowed and discolored by years; occasionally a page was missing, and the writing itself had become almost indecipherable. Much indeed had to be traced by use of a microscope. The writer was evidently a man of some education, and clear thought, but exceeding diffuse, in accordance with the style of his time, and possessing small conception of literary form. It editing this manuscript for modern readers I have therefore been compelled to practically rewrite it entirely, retaining merely the essential facts, with an occasional descriptive passage, although I have conscientiously followed the original development of the tale. In this reconstruction much quaintness of language as well as appeal to probability, may have been lost, and for this my only excuse is the necessity of this making the story readable. I have no doubt as to its essential truth, nor do I question the purpose which dominated this rover of the sea in his effort to record the adventures of his younger life. As a picture of those days of blood and courage, as well as a story of love and devotion, I deem it worthy preservation, regretting only the impossibility of now presenting it in print exactly as written by Geoffrey Carlyle.

R. P.

## CHAPTER I.

### Sent Into Servitude.

Knowing this to be a narrative of unusual adventure, and one which may never even be read until long after I have departed from this world, when it will be difficult to convince readers that such times as are herein depicted could ever have been reality, I shall endeavor to narrate each incident in the simplest manner possible. My only purpose is truth, and my only witness history. Yet, even now lately as this all happened, it is more like the recollections of a dream, dimly remembered at awakening, and, perchance, might remain so, but for the scars upon my body, and the constant memory of a woman's face. These alone combine to bring back in vividness those days that were—days of youth and daring, of desperate, lawless war, of wide ocean peril, and the outstretched hands of love. So that here, where I am writing it all down, here amid quietness and peace, and forgetful of the past, I wander again along a deserted shore, and sail among those isles of a southern sea, the home for many a century of crime and unspeakable cruelty. I will recall the truth, and can do no more.

It was still early morning when we were brought out under heavy guard and marched solemnly forth through the opened gates of the jail. Ahead we could perceive a forest of masts, and what seemed like a vast crowd of waiting people. That we had been sentenced to exile, to prolonged servitude in some foreign land, was all that any of us knew.

The guards prodded the crowd savagely with the butts of their muskets, thus making scant room for us to shuffle through, out upon the far end of the wharf, where we were finally halted abreast of a lumping brig, apparently nearly ready for sea. There were more than forty of us. I gained glimpse of the hooker's name—Romping Betsy of Plymouth. A moment later a sailor passed along the edge of the dock and instantly a whisper passed swiftly from man to man. "It's Virginia, mate; we're bound for Virginia."

The eyes of a prisoner met mine. "Virginia, hey?" he grunted. "Ye're a sailorman, ain't ye, mate? Well, then, what is this yere Virginia?"

"That's all right, mates," I returned cheerily. "We'll fall into the hands of Englishmen out there. In America, where all the tobacco comes from, I've been there twice—and to a land beyond they call Maryland. 'Tis a country not so unlike England."

"Ye better stow that, my man," growled someone above me, and I looked up into the stern eyes of the captain of the guard, "or it may be the 'cat' for ye. So ye've been ter the Virginia plantation, hev ye? Then ye must be Master Carlyle, I take it."

I heard tell about ye at the trial, but supposed ye ter be an older man."

"I am twenty-six."

"Ye don't look even that. Ay, they're ready for ye now. Fall in there—all of yer. Step along, yer d—d rebel scum!"

I stared aft at the poop deck. There were a number of persons gathered along the low rail, probably all passengers. Then my eyes encountered a strange group foregathered beside the lee rail.

There were four in the little party, one of them a negress. Another was clearly enough a colonial proprietor, a heavily built man of middle age, purple faced. I passed these by with a glance, my attention concentrating upon the other two—a middle-aged man and a young woman standing side by side. The former was a dashing looking blade, of not more than forty, attired in blue slashed coat, ornamented with gilt buttons, and bedecked at collar and cuffs with a profusion of lace. A saffron colored waistcoat failed to conceal his richly buffed shirt, and the hilt of a rapier was rather prominently displayed. Such dandies were frequently enough seen, but it was this man's face which made marked contrast with his gay attire. He was dark and hook-nosed, apparently of foreign birth, with black mustache tightly clipped, so as to reveal the thin firmness of his lips, and even at that distance I could perceive the lines of a scar across his chin. Altogether there was an audacity to his face, a daring, convincing me he was no mere lady's knight but one to whom fighting was a trade. He was pointing us out to his companion, apparently joking over our appearance, in an endeavor to amuse. Seemingly she gave small heed to his words, for although her eyes followed where he pointed they never once lighted with a smile, nor did I see her answer his salutes. She was scarcely more than a girl, dressed very simply in some clinging dark stuff, with a loose gray cloak draping her shoulders and a small, neat bonnet of straw perched upon a mass of coiled hair. The face beneath was sweetly piquant, with dark eyes and rounded cheeks flushed with health. She stood, both hands clasping the rail, watching us intently. I somehow felt as though her eyes were upon me, and within their depths, even at that distance, I seemed to read a message of sympathy and kindness. The one lasting impression her face left on my memory was that of innocent girlhood, dignified by a womanly tenderness.

What were those two to each other? I could not guess, for they seemed from two utterly different worlds. Not



What Were Those Two to Each Other?

brother and sister surely; and not lovers. The last was unthinkable. Instinctively I disliked the man, aware of an instant antagonism, realizing that he was evil; while his companion came to me as revelation of all that was true and worthy, in a degree I had never known before. From the instant I looked upon these two I felt convinced that, through some strange vagary of fate, we were destined to know more of each other; that our life lines were ordained to touch and become entangled, somewhere in that mystery of the western world to which I had been condemned.

Then the guards came to me, and, with my limbs freed of fetters, I was passed down the steep ladder into the semidarkness between decks, where we were to be confined. It proved a dismal, crowded hole in which we were quartered like so many cattle, the only ventilation and light furnished by the open hatch above. The ticket given me called by number for a certain berth, and I found this, throwing with in the small bundle I bore. Almost immediately there was a sound of tramping feet on the deck above, and the creaking of blocks. Then a sud-

den movement of the hull told all we were under way.

## CHAPTER II.

### The Prison Ship.

The greater portion of that voyage of 63 days I would blot entirely from memory if possible. I cannot hope to describe it in any detail—the foul smells, the discomfort, the ceaseless horror of food, the close companionship of men turned into mere animals by suffering and distress, the wearisome days, the black, sleepless nights, the poisonous air, and the brutality of guards. I can never forget these things, for they have scarred my soul. The hatch above remained open, but carefully guarded night and day, while we were permitted on deck for air and exercise only in squads of ten, two hours out of every twenty-four. This alone served to break the dread monotony of the voyage. From our exercise on deck we generally returned below drenched to the skin, but glad to even pay that price for two hours of fresh air, and an opportunity to gaze about at sea and sky. We were herded well forward, a rope dividing us from the main deck, which space the passengers aft used as a promenade. There were only three women aboard, a fat dowager, the young lady I had noticed at embarkation, and her colored maid. I gained but one glimpse of the young lady in the first two weeks at sea, and then only as we were being ordered down to our quarters for the night. Just as I was approaching the hatch to descend our eyes met fairly, and I instantly knew she saw and recognized me. For a single second our glances clung, as though some mysterious influence held us to each other—then the angry guard struck me with the stock of his piece.

"What er ye standin' thar fer?" he demanded savagely. "Go on down—lively now."

I saw her clasping fingers convulsively grip the rail, and, even at that distance, marked a sudden flame of color in her cheeks. That was all her message to me, yet quite enough. Although we had never spoken, although our names were yet unknown, I was no criminal to her mind, no unrecognized prisoner beneath contempt, but a human being in whom she already felt a personal interest, and to whom she extended thought and sympathy. I continued entirely ignorant of the identity of the young woman. She remained in my memory, in my thoughts nameless, a dream rather than a reality. I did learn that the gay gallant was a wealthy Spaniard, supposedly of high birth, by name Sanchez, and at one time in the naval service, and likewise ascertained that the rotund planter was a certain Roger Fairfax of Saint Mary's in Maryland, homeward bound after a successful sale of his tobacco crop in London. It was during his visit to the great city that he had met Sanchez, and his praise of the colonies had induced the latter to essay a voyage in his company to America. But strange enough no one so much as mentioned the girl in connection with either man.

## CHAPTER III.

### Dorothy Fairfax.

We were not far from two hundred miles east of the Cape. I had been closely confined to my bunk for two days with illness, but now, somewhat stronger, had been ordered to deck by the surgeon. The last batch of prisoners, after their short hour of recreation, had been returned to the quarters below, but I was permitted to remain alone undisturbed.

I was still standing there absorbed when a voice, soft-spoken and feminine, broke the silence.

"May I speak with you?"

I turned instantly, so thoroughly surprised my voice faltered as I gazed into the upturned face of the questioner. She stood directly beside me, her head uncovered. Instantly my cap was off, and I was bowing courteously.

"Most certainly," with a quick side glance toward the guard, "but I am a prisoner."

"Of course I know that," in smiling confidence. "Only you see I am rather a privileged character on board. Perhaps you may be punished if you talk with me—is that what you meant?"

"I am more than willing to assume the risk. I have made few friends forward, and am even bold enough to say that I have longed for a word with you ever since I first saw you aboard."

Captain Carlyle finds a friend but at the same time he finds that he has an enemy on board the Romping Betty. His enemy warns that he will get revenge, but why? Geoffrey racks his brain in vain for the answer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Too Generous.

The trouble with the fellow who borrows trouble is that he wants to loan some of it to everyone he meets.

## HOW SOME MEN GET RICH

Probably in Years to Come This Trader Will Boast of His Great Financial Ability.

"Some years ago," says an old trader, "I was standing by the ticker in a dull and reactionary market. An acquaintance came up and asked me what to buy. At the time I was absolutely bearish and could see nothing good on the list. It was early afternoon and just then the time came on the tape, '1 p. m.' So, with a laugh, I turned away, remarking, 'I guess P. M.'s as good as anything."

"Some months later I was accosted in the street by the same man, who greeted me with the greatest cordiality. 'That was some tip you gave me,' he said. 'I plunged on it and cleaned up a whole lot of coin.'

"Tip?" I said. "When did I ever give you a tip?"

"Sure," he replied. "You said to buy Pacific Mail and I bought all I could carry."

### "Tiviere Rivers.

General Pershing at a luncheon in Tours talked about his visit to the Riviera.

"I liked the sunny Riviera," he said, "and I especially liked the rivers—the Var, the Pallon, the Tines."

"I liked these rivers because they are all navigable, not only by carriage and automobile, but also by bicycle and high-heeled slippers, and, furthermore, I would ask those among you who have visited Nice if you ever saw a better river than the Pallon for drying clothes in?"

### Business Viewpoint.

"What do you think about the possibility of Mars being inhabited?"

"I've never given the matter much thought," answered the practical business man.

"But the idea is interesting."

"Maybe so, but not to me. Even if there were people on Mars and we could get there, I don't think it would be a good market for our product. I manufacture corsets, sir."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### More Than a Page.

A very stout, massive man obtained an interview with a celebrity and asked for a job.

"But you said you knew me," protested the celebrity.

"I do sir," said the fat man. "Don't you remember when I was a page in your employ?"

"Ah, des," said the celebrity; "but I didn't recognize you; you see, you've become a volume."—London Answers.

### LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES

One size smaller and shoes last longer after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the anti-septic powder for the feet. Shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy; gives instant relief to corns and bunions, prevents blisters, Callous and Sore Spots. Sold everywhere.—Ad.

### Probably.

Dibbs—They claim to be connected with some of the best families.

Tibbs—By telephone?

### Daylight Saving.

"Night was drawing on."

"Drawing on what?"

"Drawing on day for daylight."

Immortality is the greatest of all gifts, and involves the greatest of all duties.

Unpaid bills are sometimes the source of a poet's best efforts.

## Grow Wheat in Western Canada

One Crop Often Pays for the Land

Western Canada offers the greatest advantages to home seekers. Large profits are assured. You can buy on easy payment terms.

**Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 per Acre**—Land similar to that which through many years has averaged from 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Hundreds of cases are on record where in Western Canada a single crop has paid the cost of land and production. The Government of the Dominion and Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta want the farmer to prosper, and extend every possible encouragement and help to Grain Growing and Stock Raising.

Though Western Canada offers land at such low figures, the high prices of grain, cattle, sheep and hogs will remain.

Loans for the purchase of stock may be had at low interest; there are good shipping facilities; best of markets; free schools; churches; splendid climate; low taxation (none on improvements).

For particulars as to location of lands for sale, maps, illustrated literature, reduced railway rates, etc., apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or W. V. BENNETT, Room 4, Bee Building, OMAHA, NEB.

Canadian Government Agent

## Two Sorts of Joker.

Willie Willis—What is a practical joker?

Papa Willis—One who jokes with his subordinates; and an impractical joker, my boy, is one who jokes with his wife.—Judge.

### Apt Designation.

Dentist—Which tooth is it that troubles you, Sam?

Pullman Porter—Lower five, sah.

Yesterday's neglect causes two-thirds of today's worries.

All the world's a stage—and the ocean is used in the tank drama.

**Your Eyes**

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motorizing or Gelf with your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. 4-15 Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

## GOODBY, WOMEN'S TROUBLES

The tortures and discomforts of weak, lame and aching back, swollen feet and limbs, weakness, dizziness, nausea, as a rule have their origin in kidney trouble, not "female complaints." These general symptoms of kidney and bladder disease are well known—so is the remedy.

Next time you feel a twinge of pain in the back or are troubled with headache, indigestion, insomnia, irritation in the bladder or pain in the joints and lower abdomen, you will find quick and sure relief in GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules. This old and tried remedy for kidney trouble and allied derangements has stood the test for hundreds of years. It does the work. Pains and troubles vanish and new life and health will come as you continue their use. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day.

GOLD MEDAL Haerlem Oil Capsules are imported from the laboratories at Haerlem, Holland. Do not accept a substitute. In sealed boxes, three sizes.—Adv.

### Trees to Honor Roosevelt.

A group of red oaks in Bedford park, Brooklyn, have been set out with appropriate ceremony in honor of the late Colonel Roosevelt and because of his interest in the conservation movement and in outdoor life, the American Forestry association of Washington points out that no more fitting memorial than trees can be erected to his memory. The association is making a national honor roll of all memorial trees planted to men who served in the army or navy during the great war.

### In Doubt.

"John," said the nervous woman, "there is a burglar in the house."

"Have we anything left worth stealing?"

"I doubt it."

"Well, what are I to do; have him arrested or thank him for the compliment?"

Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

## THIN PEOPLE SHOULD TAKE PHOSPHATE

Nothing Like Plain Bitro-Phosphate to Put on Firm, Healthy Flesh and to Increase Strength, Vigor and Nerve Force.

Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are usually due to starved nerves. Our bodies need more phosphate than is contained in modern foods. Physicians claim there is nothing that will supply this deficiency so well as the organic phosphate known among druggists as bitro-phosphate, which is inexpensive and is sold by most all druggists under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. By feeding the nerves directly and by supplying the body cells with the necessary phosphoric food elements, bitro-phosphate quickly produces a welcome transformation in the appearance; the increase in weight frequently being astonishing.

This increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, soon disappear, dull eyes become bright, and pale cheeks glow with the bloom of perfect health.

CAUTION:—Although bitro-phosphate is unsurpassed for relieving nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness, it should not, owing to its remarkable flesh-growing properties, be used by anyone who does not desire to put on flesh.

## NEW SOUTH WALES INFORMATION BUREAU

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Will be pleased to send government bulletins or answer any inquiries regarding opportunities for farming, stock raising, fruit growing, mining and investment in New South Wales, Australia.

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Plumbing, Steam Heating and Water Supplies

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BEST BUYERS AND SELLERS OF CATTLE HOGS AND SHEEP STOCK YARDS-OMAHA

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