

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done a such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."

—Mrs. LEZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

MILLIONS Suffer from Acid-Stomach

Millions of people suffer year after year from ailments affecting practically every part of the body, never dreaming that their ill health can be traced directly to acid-stomach. Here is the reason: Poor digestion means poor nourishment of the different organs and tissues of the body. The blood impoverished—becomes weak, thin, sluggish. Ailments of many kinds spring from such conditions. Biliousness, rheumatism, lumbago, colic, general weakness, loss of power and energy, headache, insomnia, nervousness, mental depression—also many serious ailments such as catarrh and cancer of the stomach, intestinal ulcers, cirrhosis of the liver, heart trouble—of these can often be traced directly to acid-stomach.

EATONIC FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

BETTER FITTED FOR WORK

Testimony Shows That Service in the Army Has Made the Average Man More Efficient.

Evidence that returned soldiers, particularly those who saw service overseas, are going back into civil pursuits more efficient and better fitted for their work is furnished by one of the largest employers of labor in the country, a firm which has requested that its name be not disclosed.

Of more than six hundred returned soldiers who have been employed by this corporation 43 per cent have proved more efficient than they were before their military experience; 58 per cent are put down as just about the same as before in efficiency and the remaining 5 per cent are rated as having less efficiency.

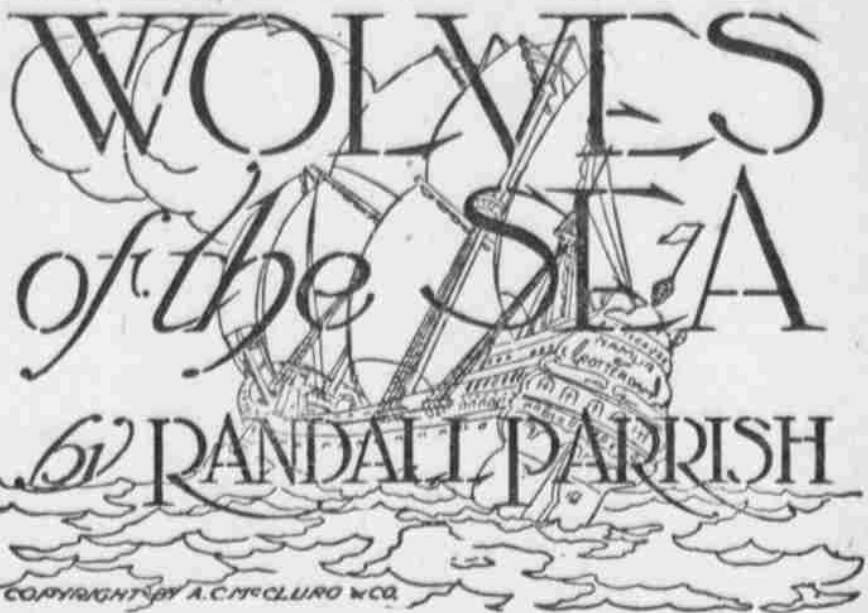
According to the letter giving these figures: "The analysis indicates that the men are more orderly in their routine work, more punctual, and a few who were rather difficult to handle are now amenable to discipline."

School "Beery" Class. Schoolmasters have good opportunities for collating curious groups of names. In one class, which a master called his "beery" class, were boys of the name of Negus, Maltster, Burton, Whitbeard and Stout.

BITRO-PHOSPHATE IS GOOD FOR THIN NERVOUS PEOPLE

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Kollie, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.



CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

I heard her cry out, and barely caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket and holding it where the full glare of light fell across the gressome object. Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs doubled back from lack of space, but otherwise lying as though she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her lips half smiling. It was a face of real beauty—an English face, although her eyes and hair were dark and her mantilla and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very contrast added immeasurably to the horror.

"She is alive! Surely she is alive!" The words were sobbed into my ear from Dorothy's lips. "Alive! No, that is impossible!" I touched the figure with my hand. "The flesh is like stone," I said, "thus held lifeless by some magic of the Indies. What can it all mean? Who could the woman be? Is it love or hate?"

"Not love, Geoffrey. Love would never do this thing. It is hate, the gloating of revenge; there can be no other answer—this is the end of a tragedy."

There was nothing, not a scrap of paper, not even the semblance of a wound exposed. The smile on those parted lips had become one of mockery; I could bear the sight no longer, and rose to my feet, clasping Dorothy close to me, as she still gazed down in fascination at the ghastly sight.

"We will never know. The man who could tell is dead."

"Captain Partridge?" "Who else could it be? This was his schooner, and here he alone could hide such a secret. There is nothing more we can learn, and the horror unnerves me. Hold the light, dear, while I replace the lid of the chest."

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boat Attack. He waited for us just without the companion, but my eyes caught nothing unusual as I emerged into the daylight. I could barely see amidships, and on either side hung the impenetrable bank of cloud, leaving sea and sky invisible.

"What is it, Watkins? Where are the men?"

"Forsard, sir, a-nagin' over the starboard rail. That's somethin' cursedly strange a-happenin' in that fog. Ole was the first ter hear the clatter or en our slippin' in a rowlock. Then, sir, while we was a-listenin' we both caught sound of a Spanish oath, spoke as plain as if the buck was aboard."

"A lost boat, likely—shipwrecked sailors adrift in the fog; perhaps our other quarterboat. No one hailed them?"

"No, sir; I told the men ter keep still till I called you."

The crew were all gathered at the rail, staring out into the mist, whispering to each other. I pressed my way in among them. We may have been clinging there a minute or two, breathlessly listening. Then a voice spoke directly in front of me out from the dense fog.

"Try the port oar, Pedro; we must have missed the d—n a ship."

I straightened up as though struck, my eyes seeking those of Watkins, who stared back at me, his mouth wide open in astonishment.

"You heard that?" I whispered. "Do you know who spoke?"

became in the fog and liable to become an easy prey, if they can only slip on us unseen. How are you, bullies? Ready to battle your old mates?"

"Those were no mates o' ours, sir," said Watkins indignantly. "They are half-breed mongrels, and no sailors; Estevan is a hell-hound, an' so far as my voice goes, I'd rather die on this deck than ever agin be a bloody pirate. It that the right words, lads?"

The others grumbled assent, but their muttered words had in them a ring of sincerity, and their faces exhibited no cowardice. One only asked a question.

"I'm fer fightin', sir," he said grimly, "but what'll we use? Them lads ain't comin' aboard bare-handed, but damn if I've seed a weapon on this hooker."

"Dar's three knives, an' a meat cleaver in der galley, sah," chimed in Sam.

"We'll do, well enough; some of you have your sheath knives yet, and the rest can use belaying pins and capstan bars. The point is to not let them get aboard, and, if there is only one boat, we will be pretty even-handed. Pick up what you can, and man this rail—quietly now, hearties, and keep your eyes open."

It proved a longer wait than I expected. Unable to withstand the inaction any longer I turned and took a few steps aft, thinking to gauge our progress by the wake astern. I was about the cabin on the port side when Dorothy called my name—a sudden accent of terror in her voice.

The alarm was sounded none too soon. Either fortune, or skill, had served those demons well. They had succeeded in circling the stern of the Santa Marie, unseen and unheard by anyone aboard. Even as she shrieked the alarm, a hand was at her throat, and she was struggling desperately in the merciless grip of a half-naked Indian.

Yet at that they were too late, the advantage of surprise had failed them. A half dozen had reached the deck, leaping from the rail, the others below clambering after their leaders, when with a rush we met them. It was a fierce, mad fight, fist and club pitted against knife and cutlass, but the defenders struck like demons incarnate. I doubt if the struggle lasted two minutes. I heard the blows, the oaths, the cries of pain, the dull thud of wood against bone, the sharp clang of steel in contact, the shuffling of feet on the deck, the splash of bodies buried overboard. Each man fought for himself, in his own way. I thought only of her, and leaped straight for her assailant with bare hands, smashing recklessly through the hasty guard of his cutlass and gripped the copper devil by hair and throat. I knew she fell to the deck beneath our feet, but I had my work cut out for me. He was a hell-hound, slippery as an eel in his half nakedness, strong as an ox, and fighting like a fiend. Yet I had him foul, my grip unbreakable, as I forced his neck back against the rail, until it cracked, the swarthy body sliding inert to the deck. Whirling to assist the others I found no need. Except for bodies here and there the deck was clear; men were struggling in the chains; two below in the boat were endeavoring to cast off, and Schmitt, with Estevan helpless in his arms, staggered to the side and flung the shrieking Spanish cur overboard into dark water. I heard the splash as he fell, the single cry his lips gave, but he never again appeared above the surface. Above the bedlam Watkins roared out an order.

"That's it, bullies! That's it! Now let her drop! We'll send them to hell where they belong. Good shot; she landed!"

It was the hank of a spare anchor, balanced for an instant on the rail, then sent crashing down through the frail bottom of the boat beneath. The wreck drifted away into the fog, the two miserable occupants clinging desperately to the gunwates. I lifted Dorothy to her feet, and she clung to me unsteadily, her face yet white.

"Watkins, have you figured up results?"

"Two of our men are cut rather badly, and one hasn't come to yet from a smart rap on the head."

"None got away?"

"Not less they swim, that's six dead ones aboard. Four took ter the water, mostly because they hed to. The nigger livin' one o' the bunch is that nigger 'longside the wheel, an' nuthin' but a thick skull saved him."

"Then there were eleven in the party. What do you suppose has become of the others aboard the Namur?"

"I dunno, sir; they might be a waitin' out there in fog. Perhaps the nigger cud tell you."

man was a repulsive brute, his face stained with blood, dripping from a cut across his low forehead. He looked up sullenly at our approach, but made no effort to rise.

"Look yere, you black villain," roared Watkins, driving the lesson home with his foot, "don't be a playin' possum yer. Stand up an' answer Mister Carlyle, or yer'll git a worse clip than I give yer afore. What is the bloody bark?"

"Pounding her heart out on the rocks yonder," he said civilly, "unless she's slid off an' gone down. To the west, maybe a mile or so."

"What about the crew?"

"They got away in the boats, an' likely mostly are ashore. We were in the last boat launched, and headed out so far ter get 'round a ledge o' rocks we got lost in the fog. Then the mist sorter opened an' give us a glimpse o' yer topsails. We didn't expect no fight, once we got aboard."

"Expected to find something easy, of course? Perhaps it would have been if—what is it you see out there, Simms?"

The seaman, who was standing with hollowed hands shading his eyes, started forth into the swirling drapery of fog, turned at my call and pointed excitedly.

"There's a bark aground yonder, sir; and it looks like the Namur!"

Even as I crossed the deck to his side the wreaths of obscuring mist seemed to divide, as though swept apart by some mighty hand, and there in the full glow of the sun, a picture in a frame, lay the wrecked vessel. Others saw it as I did, and gave vent to recognition.

"Damned if it ain't the old hooker!" "She got what was coming to her all right mates."

"And she's lousy with treasure!" "Come here, Sam! That's the last of the Namur."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Last of the Namur. The vessel was plainly a total wreck, rapidly pounding to death on a sharp ledge of rock. Both masts were down, and, lifted as the bow was, it was easy to perceive the deck was in splinters where falling spars and topmasts had crushed their way through. The bows had caught, seemingly jammed in between rocks, the stern sunk deep, with cabin port holes barely above reach of the waves. Not a living thing appeared on board, and, as the fog slowly drifted away, my eyes could discern no sign of any boat, no evidence of the crew, along the wide sweep of water. A voice aroused me.

"What was it you said, Jack, 'bout treasure on the old hooker? Why not get it afore it's too late?"

"It's thar, all right, Ole," and I knew the speaker to be Haines. "Ain't it, Mr. Carlyle?"

"Yes, lads, there must be money on board, unless those fellows took it with them in the boats. I know of fifty thousand pounds stolen in Virginia, and no doubt there is more than that. The bark is liable to slide off that rock any minute and go down like a stone. What do you say, bullies? Here is a risky job, but a pocket full of gold pieces, if we can get aboard and safely off again. Who'll go across with me?"

There was a babel of voices, the men crowding about me, all else forgotten as greed gripped their imaginations.

"Stand back, lads! I cannot use all of you. Four will be enough. You'll not lose anything of what we bring back; it'll be share and share alike, so fall to, hearties."

I paused an instant to speak to Dorothy, seated on the flag locker, explaining to her swiftly my object in exploring the wreck and pledging myself not to be reckless in attempting to board. I read fear in her eyes, yet she said nothing to dissuade me.

I slipped down a rope and dropped into the boat, taking my place with a steering oar at the stern, and we shot away through the green water. The Namur proved to be a more complete wreck than our distant view had revealed, and lying in a more precarious position. It was no pleasant job getting aboard, but ordering Haines to accompany me, and the others to lie by, I made use of a dangling backstay, and thus hauled myself up to a reasonably secure footing. The fellow joined me breathless, and together we perched on the rail to gain view of the deck.

It was a distressing, hopeless sight, the vessel rising before us like the roof of a house, the deck planks stove in, a horrible jumble of running rigging, booms and spars, blocking the way forward. There were three bodies tangled in the wreckage within our sight, crushed out of all human resemblance, and the face of a negro, caught beneath the ruins of the galley, seemed to grin back at me in death. Every timber groaned as the waves struck and rocked the sodden mass, and I had no doubt but that the vessel had already broken in two.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bigger and Heavier Hen Fruit.

It is thought by naturalists that the eggs of domestic hens of the present day are larger and heavier by nearly a third than those of the hens of the ancients. Eggs differ a good deal in weight, the average weight being about two ounces. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, 60 parts white and 30 parts yolk. The white of an egg contains about 2 per cent animal matter and 1 per cent of the phosphates of lime and magnesia, the rest consisting of carbonate of lime. Half the various specimens of snakes lay eggs. Instead of shell the covering of the egg is a tough, white, leathery substance. The largest egg of any bird today is the ostrich egg.

Insured—Gold Bond Clothes

Snappy Styles for High School Chaps Young Men and Men—who appreciate style without extravagance.

The "Gold Bond" Certificate in the pocket of each garment insures complete and lasting satisfaction.

Popular Prices

The Milton Ochs Company Cincinnati

Soldier's Hard Luck.

"How did you get so many wounds?" I asked the corporal in the bathhouse, seeing his body covered with scars. "Accidental discharge of duties?"

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER

All is fair in love and war—or, in other words, during courtship and after marriage.

"Now, you see it was this way: I was standin' on the edge of our trench leavin' up against our barrage, when they lifted the barrage and I fell into the trench."—Exchange.

In the good old summer time when fruits of all kinds are getting ripe and tempting, when cucumbers, radishes and vegetables fresh from the garden are too good to resist, when the festive picnic prevails and everybody overeats and your stomach goes back on you, then is the time for "August Flower," the sovereign remedy for tired, overworked and disordered stomachs, a panacea for indigestion, fermentation of food, sour stomach, sick headache and constipation. It gently stimulates the liver, cleanses the intestines and alimentary canal, making life worth living. Sold everywhere. Adv.

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarrh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100 for any case of Catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. DRUGGISTS 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

WIDE DIFFERENCE IN LIVES

Something of a Moral in the Careers of John Burroughs and the Late Jay Gould.

WILD ANIMALS VISIT BANFF

Deer and Bears So Tame That They Are Everyday Sights in Canadian Village.

More than seventy years ago two boys attended the village school of Roxbury, among the Catskills, together. They sat in adjoining seats. One wrote a composition for the other, and charged him 70 cents for the performance. The man who collected the cash for his writing was Jay Gould, who died at the age of fifty-six and left an estate valued at \$70,000,000. The man who paid cash for the composition was John Burroughs, the famous naturalist and writer, who recently celebrated his eighty-second anniversary at his beautiful vine-clad cottage on the Hudson.

Although Banff is a bustling village during the summer, and is thronged with tourists, wild deer from the mountains are to be seen daily on the streets, and at night stately elk leap from the roads into the bushes to escape approaching automobiles. If a Banff cottager expects to eat his own "garden truck," he builds a deer-proof fence around his patch. The grounds of Brett hospital are open from the street, and the other night half a dozen deer made a raid upon the flower garden. Banff is the capital of Rocky Mountain park, and shooting game within the park limits is forbidden by law. The deer, being un molested, have become very tame, and even a bear now and then pays a friendly visit to the village. Not long ago a bicyclist, speeding down one of the side streets at night, hit a dark object, and turned a somersault or two before he hit the macadam. Sitting up, he looked around and discovered a bear hitting the trail for home as fast as four legs could carry him. Although tame and somewhat obtrusive, the deer, elk and bear do not relish too close an acquaintance with man, and have proved themselves to be not only picturesque but perfectly safe neighbors.—Canadian News Letter.

Burroughs hasn't been bending all his efforts to getting money, although he has acquired a competence of this world's goods. He says he has taken real joy out of life. Nature appeals to him in a marvellous way, and he has passed his feelings on to the world in his many books.

"I'm just as spry as I ever was and haven't an ache or pain," he says. "It is all because I live the simple life."

A Trouble Glutton.

A man who had seven wives, has just been sent to Sing Sing. That sort of a glutton for trouble will probably find serving a jail sentence merely a vacation.

Give The Folks The Original POSTUM CEREAL

for their table drink. That will dispose of those coffee troubles which frequently show in headache, irritability, indigestion and sleeplessness.

"There's a Reason"

At Grocers.

Two sizes, usually sold at 15c and 25c