

SO WEAK SO NERVOUS

How Miserable This Woman Was Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Toomsboro, Ga.—"I suffered terribly with backache and headache all the time, was so weak and nervous I didn't know what to do, and could not do my work. My trouble was deficient and irregular periods. I read in the papers what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to give it a trial. I got good results from its use so that I am now able to do my work. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to mine and you may use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. C. F. PHILLIPS, Toomsboro, Ga.

Weak, nervous women make unhappy homes, their condition irritates both husband and children. It has been said that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," irritability and backache arise from some displacement or derangement of a woman's system. Mrs. Phillips' letter clearly shows that no other remedy is so successful in overcoming this condition as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Keep Fit

Bowel regularity is the secret of good health. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.



MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1895; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes.

Cuticura Soap Imparts The Velvet Touch

PARKER'S HAIR BALMS

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., from all parts, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. No. 10, by mail or at drugists. Hirsch Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

PATENTS

Went a Little Farther. Eight-year-old Jack was invited to a party but his ten-year-old brother Joe was not. Yet Joe desired some of the refreshments, so he gave Jack some orders about procuring some. "If they have good cakes or anything you can carry, take some every time they offer you any and what you can't eat bring home to me."

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that shiny, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

Stumped. "Would it be right for me to hold you in my arms?" "You've got me there."—Brown Jug.

MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy

SPANISH DOUBLOONS



By CAMILLA KENYON

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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LAND HO! Synopsis.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgleby-Browne into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane, and is somewhat impressed by his explanation of the presence of himself and Shaw.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own. "And indeed it is too bad," he said coolly, "that the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking." The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on which side of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty demeanor, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard out of a story-book."

"Ah—yet the world would be poorer if certain wild trips had not been taken. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning flash of wrath I felt that this adventurer was laughing at me under his sober exterior—even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I flared out, "but Columbus did not inveigle a confiding old lady to go along with him!" Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden firm setting of his mouth.

"Lad," he said quietly, "lend a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'tween decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a bitter word you said. My head went up."

"Bitter, perhaps," I fang back, "but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

"No, it is not for me to answer, because it is not for you to ask. But since you talk of inveigling, let me give you the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw stiffly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together, whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by quarrels? Are we to be even the men of us to be set by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which their David-and-Jonathan friendship might split. Otherwise I suppose Miss Higgleby-Browne and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with—I hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really kidnaped along—than to look after my aunt. As to the treasure, of course I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

And I turned my back and looked steadily out to sea. After a moment or two I heard him turn on his heel and go away. It was none too soon, for I had already begun to feel unostentatiously for my handkerchief. Any way, I had had the last word.

The rest of my day was lonely, for the beautiful youth, probably by malevolent design, was kept busy between



"But Columbus Did Not Inveigle a Confiding Old Lady to Go Along With Him!"

decks. Mr. Tubbs danced attendance on Aunt Jane and Miss Brown, so assiduously that I already began to see some of my worst fears realized. There was nothing for me to do but to retire to my berth and peruse a tattered copy of Huckleberry Finn which I found in the cabin.

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. Directly dinner was at an end, remorselessly Captain Magnus led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to Huckleberry Finn. But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it in which I said all the brilliant and cutting things which had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship: "Land ho!"

CHAPTER IV.

The Isle of Fortune. I dropped my book and ran on deck. Everyone else was already there. The great gleaming orb of the tropic moon was blinding as the sun. Away to the faint translucent line of the horizon rolled an infinity of shining sea. Straight ahead rose a dark conical mass. It was the mountainous shape of Leeward Island.

Everybody was craning to get a clearer view. "Hail, Isle of Fortune!" exclaimed Miss Brown. I think my aunt would not have been surprised if it had begun to rain doubloons upon the deck.

"I bet we don't put it over some on them original Argonaut fellers, Ley?" cried Mr. Tubbs. Higher and higher across the skyline cut the dark crest of the island as the freighter steamed valiantly ahead. Sheer and formidable from the sea rose a line of black cliffs, and above them a single peak threw its shadow far across the water. Faintly we made out the white line of the

breakers foaming at the foot of the cliffs.

We coasted slowly along, looking for the mouth of the little bay. Meanwhile we had collected our belongings, and stood grouped about the deck, ready for the first thrilling plunge into adventure. My aunt and Miss Brown had tied huge green veils over their cork helmets, and were clumping about in tremendous hobnailed boots. All the luggage I was allowed to take was in a traveling bag and a gunny-sack, obligingly donated by the cook. Speaking of cooks, I found we had one of our own, a coal-black negro with grizzled wool, an unctuous voice and the manners of an old-school family retainer. So far as I know his name was Cookie. I suppose he had received another once from his sponsors in baptism, but if so, it was buried in oblivion.

Now a narrow gleaming gap appeared in the wall of cliffs, and the freighter whistled and lay to. There began a bustle at the davits, and shouts of "Lower away!" and for the first time it swept over me that we were to be put ashore in boats. Aunt Jane burst out in lamentation. She would not, could not go in a boat. She had heard all her life that small boats were most unsafe. Why didn't the captain sail right up to the island as she had expected and put us ashore? Even at Panama with only a little way to go she had felt it suicidal—here it was not to be thought of.

But the preparations for this desperate step went on apace, and no one heeded Aunt Jane but Mr. Tubbs, who had hastened to succor beauty in distress.

Then Aunt Jane clutched at Mr. Shaw's coat lapel as he went by, and he stopped long enough to explain patiently that vessels of the freighter's size could not enter the bay, and that there really was no danger, and that Aunt Jane might wait if she liked till the last boat, as it would take several trips to transfer us and our baggage. I supposed of course that this would include me, and stood leaning on the rail, watching the first boat fade to a dark speck on the water, when Mr. Vane appeared at my elbow.

"Ready, Miss Harding? You are to go in the next boat with me. I asked especially."

"Oh, thanks!" I cried fervently. He would be much nicer than Mr. Tubbs to cling to as I went down—indeed, he was so tall that if it were at all a shallow place I might use him as a stepping-stone and survive. I hoped drowning men didn't gurgie very much—meanwhile Mr. Vane had disappeared over the side, and a sailor was lifting me and setting my reluctant feet on the strands of the ladder.

"Good-by, auntie!" I cried, as I began the descent. "Don't blame yourself too much. Everybody has got to go some time, you know, and they say drowning's easy."

With a stifled cry Aunt Jane forsook Mr. Tubbs and flew to the rail. I was already out of reach.

"Oh, Virginia!" she wailed. "Oh, my dear child! If it should be the last parting!"

"Give my jewelry and things to Bess' baby!" I found strength to call back. Then the arms of the Honorable Mr. Vane reached me. The strong rowers bent their backs and the boat shot out over the mile or two of bright water between us and the island. Great slow swells lifted us. We dipped with a soothing, cradle-like motion. I forgot to be afraid. In the delight of the warm wind that fanned our cheeks, of the moonbeams that on the crest of every ripple were splintered to a thousand dancing lights. I forgot fear, forgot Miss Higgleby-Browne, forgot the harshness of the Scotch character.

"Oh, glorious, glorious!" I cried to Cuthbert Vane.

"Not so dusty, eh?" he came back in their ridiculous English slang. Now an American would have said: "Some little old moon that!" We certainly have our points of superiority.

All around the island white charging lines of breakers foamed on ragged half-seen reefs. Now our boat felt the lift of the great shoreward rollers, and sprang forward like a living thing. The other boat, empty of all but the rowers and returning from the island to the ship, passed us with a hail. We were in the little bay under the shadow of the frowning cliffs.

At the head of the bay, a quarter of a mile away, lay a broad white beach shining under the moon. At the edge of dark woods beyond a fire burned redly. It threw into relief the black moving shapes of men upon the sand.

Straight for the sand the sailors drove the boat. She struck it with a jar, grinding forward heavily. The men sprang overboard, wading half-way to the waist. And the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane had snatched me up and were bearing me safe and dry to shore.

Mr. Shaw approached and the two men greeted each other in their off-hand British way. As we couldn't well, under the circumstances, maintain a fiction of mutual invisibility, Mr. Shaw, with a certain obvious hesitation, turned to me.

"Only lady passenger, eh? Hope you're not wet through. Cookie's making coffee over yonder."

"I say, Shaw," cried the beautiful youth enthusiastically, "Miss Harding's the most ripping sport, you know! Not the least nervous about the trip, I assure you."

"A close call. Thought one time old Nep had got a strange-hold all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the 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. Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. 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.—Advertisement.

Women in Pulpit.

Numbered among the preachers of the Disciples of Christ (the Christian church) are almost one hundred women. The first woman minister of this sect was ordained 47 years ago and an average of two women a year has been added to its ministry since then. Illinois boasts 15 women preachers, while Kansas is second on the list with eight.

Well Directed.

Alice—Gladys is suing her husband for divorce. Virginia—Well, who else could she sue?

Moral lectures do not alter the practice of profiteering.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 48-1921.

E-Z Shining-up Days Are Here, Use STOVE POLISH

Its Shine Is Wonderful

Have the coupons for kitchen aprons. Martin & Martin, Chicago

WERE NOT REALLY "VAMPISH"

College Girls Hastily Become Prim When Their Favorite Professor Hove in Sight.

The girl might have been born in Greenwich village. She wore her hair bobbed, tortoise shell-rimmed glasses, a loose jersey dress, green earrings which dangled from her ears and she smoked a cigarette in an imitation jade cigarette holder. Not to overlook long green beads made of wood.

Her companion was a little less true to type. They were conspicuously at luncheon in a chop suey restaurant. Suddenly a tall, rather distinguished looking man entered the tea room. The girl, who faced the door, gasped. "Good Lord, Dolly, there's Professor—! Lay off quick."

Instantly the earrings were jerked out of the girl's ears, her cigarette was thrown to the floor and hastily stepped on, the cigarette holder was tucked into her bag and she rubbed her napkin briskly over her lips.

The professor sat down at the opposite table and never once glanced at the two girls.—Milwaukee Journal.

Spilled the Scenery.

A certain clergyman is a great believer in the widening influence of travel. When he and his wife set off last month for a holiday in Switzerland they took their maid with them.

She was much envied by the other girls of the village, and when she got back one of her friends asked: "Well, Gladys, what did you think of Switzerland?"

"Couldn't really" was the answer. "I couldn't much see what the country was like. The mountains got in the way!"

Profiteering.

"I suppose you marry a lot of eloping couples, squire. Quite a source of income, eh?"

"Yes; I git \$5 for marryin, each couple an' they come in such darned haste I'allus fine 'em \$10 more for speedin'."—Boston Transcript.

There Is no Substitute for It!

In order to do your best work, you must be healthy. You must sleep soundly at night, your nerves must be strong, steady and under perfect control. If you are accustomed to drinking tea or coffee with your meals or between meals, you may be loading yourself with a very great handicap. Your nervous system may be stimulated beyond what is natural for you.

For tea and coffee contain thein and caffeine. These are drugs as any doctor can tell you. They are known to irritate the nervous system by their action and to cause restlessness and insomnia, which prevent the proper recuperation of the vital forces.

If you want to be at your best, capable of doing the very best work that lies in you, why not stop drinking tea and coffee? Drink Postum, the rich, satisfying beverage made from scientifically roasted cereals.

Postum contains absolutely no drugs of any kind, but in flavor tastes much like rich coffee. It helps nerve and brain structure by letting you get sound restful sleep.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Ask your grocer for Postum. Sold everywhere.

Postum for Health "There's a Reason"

ARE YOU A SUFFERING WOMAN?

Health is Most Important to You Lincoln, Nebr.—"At one time I became very miserable with weakness from which women suffer. I suffered all the time. One of my neighbors urged me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription because it had cured her of similar symptoms, so I decided to try it. The first bottle made me feel so much better, I took four more, and feel certain that in that one experience 'Favorite Prescription' saved me from the operating table and the surgeon's knife. Two years afterwards when the turn of life commenced, I took the 'Prescription' again with the result that I came through strong and healthy and am still maintaining wonderful health."—Mrs. Martha Strayer, 218 So. 10th St. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's, Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Prescription tablets.

ITCH!

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail to treat Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other Itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. Sold by all reliable druggists. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas

Red Cross BALL BLUE

used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white until worn out. Try it and see for yourself. All green.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 48-1921.

Smithers and the Livers

Synonymous Symposium That Resulted in a Change in the Custom of Many Years.

Smithers sat slyly sipping slivers of liver into his mouth. Smithers always has livers for dinner, and he demands his livers in small slivers. Suddenly a frown came over his face. "Garcon!" he demanded. Smithers was proud of his French accent.

The waiter slipped softly to his side. "These livers are not cut into small enough slivers."

The waiter became confused. He was all apologies; in fact, he was one large apology.

"Monsieur Smithers wants his slivers in smaller livers."

"No! No! I want my livers in smaller slivers."

"You mean your slippers in slivered livers?"

"No! Slivers of slithers smithered in slivered livers?"

"Oh! Slivers of slithers smithered in slivered livers?"

"No! I say, slippared slivers in smaller smithers."

"Oh, yes, smithered slippers of slippared slithered livers."

Smithers changed a custom of years. "Bring me a kidney," he croaked.—Harvard Lampoon.

The man who apologizes never has to explain how he happened to get a black eye.

Don't believe the man who vows he likes you, or the girl who says she doesn't.

There is nothing slow about some fellows until you want them to pay back a loan.

Most of work's wear and tear on a man comes from his going to it all frazzled out by his play.

There is always room for one more oyster in the soup.