

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation for ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bingh. Lott, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Just So.
"The girls seem giddy."
"These dances would make anybody giddy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Freshen a Heavy Skin
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum)—Advertisement.

Isn't it strange that in feeling the public pulse, most politicians never let go of their own wrists?

BEFORE AND AFTER CHILDBIRTH

Mrs. Williams Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her in Health

Overpeck, O.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me both before and after my baby was born. I suffered with backache, headache, was generally run down and weak. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and decided to try it. Now I feel fine, take care of my two boys and do my own work."

I recommend your medicine to anyone who is ailing. You may publish my testimonial if you think it will help others."—Mrs. CARRIE WILLIAMS, Overpeck, Ohio.
For more than forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring women to health who suffered from irregularities, displacements, backaches, headaches, bearing-down pains, nervousness or "the blues." Today there is hardly a town or hamlet in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been made well by it. That is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for such ailments.

SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Red Cross BALL BLUE

Use it for your daughter's sake. She will then have that well-groomed appearance that girls admire. At all grocers.

In Wrong.
"Our esteemed colleague allowed himself to put some rather questionable language into the Congressional Record."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I am afraid he has made a mistake in applying his talents to politics. He ought to be writing dialogue for some of the musical shows."

True.
Customer—What's good for a bald head?
Barber—Hair!



SPANISH DOUBLOONS



By CAMILLA KENYON

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COOKIE'S "HANT."
Synopsis—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Migglesworthy-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 and 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. Talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a steady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island in a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it. The dead sailor's map is produced.

(CHAPTER VI—Continued).

It was fortunate that Cookie knew nothing of the solitary grave somewhere on the island, with its stone marked with B. H. and a cross-bones, nor that the inhabitant thereof was supposed to walk. If he had, I think the strange spectacle of a lone negro in a small boat rowing lustily for the American continent might soon have been witnessed on the Pacific by any eyes that were there to see. And we could ill have spared either boat or cook.

Yet even though unweaved by this grewsome knowledge, after two or three days I noticed that Cookie was ill at ease. As the leisure member of the party, I enjoyed more of Cookie's society than the rest. On this occasion while the morning was still in its freshness he was permitting me to make fudge. But his usual joviality was gone. I saw that he glanced over his shoulder at intervals, muttering darkly to himself. Also that a rabbit's foot was slung conspicuously about his neck.

Having made my fudge and set the pan on a stone in the stream to cool, I was about to retire with a view to conducting a limited exploring expedition of my own. The assurances of Mr. Shaw—not personally directed to me, of course; the armed truce under which we lived did not permit of that—had convinced me that I had not to dread anything more ferocious than the pigs, and the wildest of them would retire before a stick or a stone. Besides, I boasted a little automatic, which I carried strapped to my waist in a businesslike manner. Mr. Vane had almost got me to the point where I could shoot it off without shutting my eyes.

Thus equipped, I was about to set off into the woods. I had turned my back on Cookie and the camp, when I was arrested by an exclamation: "Miss Jinny!"

I turned to find Cookie gazing after me with an expression which, in the familiar phrase of fiction, I could not interpret, though among its ingredients were doubt and anguish. Cookie, too, looked pale. I don't in the least know how he managed it, but that was the impression he conveyed, dusky as he was.

"Miss Jinny, it mos' look lak yo' 'bout to go pambelat'n' in dese yere woods?"
"I am, Cookie." I admitted.
The whites of Cookie's eyes became alarmingly conspicuous. Drawing near in a stealthy manner he whispered:

"Yo' bettah not, Miss Jinny!"
"Oh, nonsense, Cookie!" I said impatiently. "There's not a thing on the island but the pigs!"
"Miss Jinny," he solemnly replied, "dey's pigs and pigs."
"Yes, but pigs is pigs, you know," I answered, laughing.
"Dey's pigs and pigs, chile—live ones and—dead ones."
"Dead ones? Of course—haven't we been eating them?"
"Yo' won't nevah eat dis yere kind o' dead pig, Miss Jinny. It's—it's a hant!"

The murder was out. Cookie leaped against a cocoa-palm and wiped his ebony brow.
Perseverently questioned, he told at last now, today and yesterday, arising in the d'na dawn to build his fire before the camp was stirring, he had seen lurking at the edge of the clearing a white four-footed shape. It was a pig, yet not a pig; its ghostly hue, its noiseless movements, divided it from all proper mundane porkers by the dreadful gulf which divides the living from the dead. The first morning Cookie, doubtful of his senses, ad flung a stone and the spectral thing had vanished like a shadow. On its second appearance, having had

a day and a night for meditation, he had known better than to commit such an outrage upon the possessor of ghostly powers, and had resorted to prayer instead. This had answered quite as well, for the phantom pig had dissolved like the morning mists. While the sun blazed, what with his devotions and his rabbit's foot and a cross of twigs nailed to a tree, Cookie felt a fair degree of security. But his teeth chattered in his head at the thought of approaching night. Meanwhile he could not in conscience permit me to venture forth into the path of this horror, which might, for all we knew, be lurking in the jungle shadows, even through the daylight hours. Also, though he did not avow this motive, I believe he found my company very reassuring. It is immensely easier to face a ghost in the sustaining presence of other flesh and blood.

For a moment I wavered in my determination. What if the island had its wild creatures after all? But neither lynx nor panther nor any other beast of prey is white, except a polar bear, and it would be unusual to meet one on a tropical island.

I decided that Cookie's pig was after all a pig, though still in the flesh. I thought I remembered having seen quite fair pigs, which would pass for white with a frightened negro in the dim light of dawn. I consoled Cookie as best I could by promising to cross my fingers if I heard or saw anything suspicious, and struck out into the woods.

For all my brave words to Cookie, I had no intention of going very far afield. From the shore of the cove I had observed that the ground behind the clearing rose to the summit of a low ridge, perhaps four hundred feet in height, which jutted from the base of the peak. From this ridge I thought I might see something more of the island than the limited environment of Lantern bay.

As the woods shut out the last glimpse of the white tents in the clearing, as even the familiar sound of the surf died down to a faint, half-imagined whisper mingling with the rustling of the palms overhead, I experienced a certain discomfort, which persons given to hard and unqualified terms might have called fear. It seemed to me as if a very strong cord at the rear of my belt were jerking me back toward the inglorious safety of the camp. I fingered my automatic and marched on up the hill, trying not to gasp when a leaf rustled or a coconut dropped in the woods.

I gained the summit of the ridge, and stood upon a bare rock platform, scantily sheltered by a few trees, large shrubs, rather, with a smooth, waxy leaf of vivid green. On the left rose the great mass of the peak.



"Yo' Bettah Not, Miss Jinny!"
From far above among its crags a beautiful foamy waterfall came hurtling down.
I had not dreamed of getting a view so glorious from the little eminence of the ridge. Here was an item of news to take back to camp. Having with great originality christened the place Lookout, I turned to go. And as I turned I saw a shape vanish into the woods.

It was an animal, not a human shape. And it was white. It had, indeed, every distinguishing trait of Cookie's phantom pig. Only it was not a pig. My brief shadowy glimpse of it had told me that. I knew what it was not, but what it was I could not, as I stood there rooted, even guess.
Would it attack me, or should I only die of fright? I wondered if my heart

were weak, and hoped it was, so that I should not live to feel the teeth of the unknown Thing sink in my flesh. I thought of my revolver and after an infinity of time managed to draw it from the case. My fingers seemed at once nervelessly limp and woodenly rigid. This was not at all the dauntless front with which I had dreamed of meeting danger. I had fancied myself with my automatic making a rather pretty picture as a young Amazon—but I had now a dreadful fear that my revolver might spasmodically go off and wound the Thing, and then, even if it had mediated letting me go, it would certainly attack me. Nevertheless I clung to my revolver as to my last hope.

I began to edge away crab-wise into the wood. Like a metronome I said to myself over and over monotonously, "Don't run, don't run!"

I did not run. Instead, I stepped on a smooth surface of rock and slid downhill like a human toboggan until I fetched up against a dead log after a confused interval during which I vaguely believed myself to have been swallowed by an alligator. While the alligator illusion endured I must have lain comatose and immovable. Indeed, when my senses began to come back



The Strange Beast of the Jungle Was a White Bull-Terrier.

I was still quite inert. I experienced that curious tranquillity which is said to visit those who are actually within the jaws of death. There I lay prone, absolutely at the mercy of the mysterious white prowler of the forest—and I did not care. The whole petty business of living seemed a long way behind me now.

Languidly at last I opened my eyes. Within three yards of me, in the open rock-paved glade where I had fallen, stood the Thing. Yes, there it was—only now it had put an ear back and was sniffing at me with a mingling of interest and apprehension.

The strange beast of the jungle was a white bull-terrier.

Abruptly I sat up. The terrier gave a startled sidewise bound, but paused again and stood regarding me.

"Here, pup! Here, pup! Nice dog-gums!" I said in soothing accents.
The dog gave a low whine and stood shivering, eager but afraid. I continued my blandishments. Little by little the forlorn creature drew nearer, until I put out a cautious hand and stroked his ears. He dodged and frightenedly, but presently crept back again. Soon his head was against my knee, and he was devouring my hand with avid caresses. Some time, before his abandonment on the island, he had been a well-brought-up and petted animal. Months or years of wild life had estranged him from humanity, yet at the human touch the old devotion woke again.

The thing now was to lure him back to camp and restore him to the happy service of his gods. With another alluring, "Here, doggums!" I started on my way. He shrank, trembled, hesitated, then was after me with a bound. So I brought him triumphantly across the Rubicon of the little stream, and marched him into camp under the astounded eyes of Cookie.

At sight of the negro the dog growled softly and crouched against my skirt. Cookie stood like an effigy of amazement done in black and white.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny," he burst at last, "am dat de ghos' pig?"
"It was, Cookie, but I changed him into a live dog by crossing my fingers. Mind your rabbit's foot. He might eat it, and then very likely we'd have a ghost on our hands again."

"Yo' go 'long, Miss Jinny," said Cookie valiantly. "Yo' think I scared of any ghos' what lewer himself to be a live white mong'ol dog? Yere, yo' ki-ya, yo' bettah mek friends with o' Cookie, 'cause he got charge o' de grub. Yere's a li'le fat ma'ow bone what mebbe come off'n yo' own grandchile, but yo' ain' goin' to mind dat now yo' is evidentemente dis yere way." And incidentally the reincarnated ghost-pig did not.

"You are impertinent. Let me pass!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Iron Currency.
Sword-shaped bars of iron were used by the ancient Britons as money, and many of these are now found in British museums. A recent investigation shows that six different denominations were used, distinguished by their sizes.



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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

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"Why do you object to children in your apartment house?"
"As a matter of kindness. People who are raising families can't be expected to pay the rentals I require."

The most vital material problem facing the human race is the preservation of the soil's productive power.

Write your name and address below. Mail to Loring Park Sanatorium and receive Diet List and Menus FREE.



Sounded Different.

"Mr. S.," exclaimed Jones indignantly, "you are no gentleman!"
"What makes you think that?"
"My wife called at your house yesterday, didn't she?"
"Yes, and was very welcome."
"And as she drove away she heard you say to your wife that she had a mouth like a horse collar."
"Why, man, all I said was that she had a horse of a mouse color."

No Money in That.
"Professor Diggs seems to be upset about something." "He's had another grievous disappointment." "What was it?" "He thought an official looking envelope that came in the morning mail contained a lecture contract, but it was only a notification that he was going to be awarded another honorary degree."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Saved by Swollen Grain.
The steamer Scapool struck an iceberg off Newfoundland and began to fill. The swelling of the grain in her forehold stopped the hole and prevented her from sinking.

Style.
"Clothes do not proclaim the man."
"No, but they often reveal the woman."

To date the British government has awarded 1,228,888 silver war badges.
Illinois produced more than 12,000,000 barrels of petroleum last year.

Real Rest Depends Largely Upon the Depth of Your Sleep

A warning to "light" or "poor" sleepers
The deeper and sounder you sleep the better you feel. Five hours sound refreshing sleep does you more actual good than ten hours restless, disturbed sleep.

This is because the final conversion of food into vital tissue and nerve cells goes on more rapidly when the physical and mental forces are at rest.

You can't get sound, refreshing sleep if your nerves are agitated with tea or coffee. Both these drinks contain caffeine, which is sometimes very irritating to the brain and nervous system.

If you want to know the joy, vigor and stamina that comes to the person who gets sound, healthful sleep, why not stop taking tea or coffee for a while, and drink delicious, invigorating Postum instead.

Thousands of people everywhere have found that this was the only thing they needed in order to bring about these very happy results.

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Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tin) 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.

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"There's a Reason"