

MOTHER! OPEN

CHILD'S BOWELS WITH CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

Your little one will love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup" even if constipated, bilious, irritable, feverish, or full of cold. A teaspoonful never fails to cleanse the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the sour bile, and undigested food out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advertisement.

Don't follow the crowd if you want to be a leader.

ASPIRIN INTRODUCED BY "BAYER" IN 1900

Look for Name "Bayer" on the Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

If you want the true, world-famous Aspirin, as prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, you must ask for "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

The name "Bayer" is stamped on each tablet and appears on each package for your protection against imitations.—Advertisement.

A boast isn't always a boast; sometimes it means a "bust."

SUFFERED ALL A WOMAN COULD

Mrs. Meyer Finally Found Relief and Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Orange, Cal.—"I always feel very grateful to you, as some twenty years ago three doctors said I had to have a serious operation. I had a tumor, and ulcers which would gather and break. I had displacement so badly that I could hardly sit down at times, and it seemed as if I suffered everything that a woman could suffer. Then someone advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I took it until I was cured and saved from the operation. I have told women of your wonderful medicine times without number, and I am willing that you should use these facts and my name if you like. I also used your Compound during the Change, and I can do all my own work but the heavy part, and can walk miles every day as I help my husband in the office."—Mrs. J. H. Meyer, 412 South Orange St., Orange, California.

It is quite true that such troubles as Mrs. Meyer had may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource. On the other hand, a great many women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Vaseline PETROLEUM JELLY

For burns, cuts, sprains and all skin irritations. Relieves dryness of scalp.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. State Street New York

New Method

Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative. 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.



SPANISH DOUBLOONS



"MY LASSIE!"

Synopsis.—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than 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 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 shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is 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. Virginia finds a mysterious dog, Crusoe. Virginia visits the wreck of the Island Queen. The dog saves Virginia from advances by Captain Magnus.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Lassie, Lassie..."

Two or three days later occurred a painful episode. The small unsuspected germ of it had lain unobserved in a discourse of Mr. Shaw's, delivered shortly after our arrival on the island, on the multifarious uses of the cocopalim. He told how the juice from the unexpanded flower-spines is drawn off to form a potent toddy, so that where every prospect pleases man may still be vile. Cookie, experimentally disposed, set to work. Mr. Vane, also experimentally, sampled the results of Cookie's efforts. The liquor had merely been allowed to ferment, whereas a complicated process is necessary for the manufacture of the true arrack, but enough had been achieved to bring about dire consequences for Cuthbert Vane, who had found the liquid cool and refreshing, and was skeptical about its potency.

Aunt Jane took the matter very hard, and rebuked the ribald mirth of Mr. Tubbs. He had to shed tears over a devastating poem called "The Drunkard's Home," before she would forgive him. Cookie made his peace by engaging to vote the prohibition ticket at the next election.

Mr. Shaw was disturbed over Cuthbert, who was not at all bad, only queer and sleepy, and had to be led away to slumber in retirement. Also, it was exceptionally low tide and Mr. Shaw had counted on taking advantage of it to work in the cave. Now Cuthbert was laid up—"You and I will have to manage by ourselves, Magnus."

"Nothing doing—boat got to be patched up—go out there without it and get caught!" growled the captain. "Well, lend a hand, then. We can be ready with the boat inside an hour."

The captain hesitated queerly. His wandering eyes seemed to be searching in every quarter for something they did not find. At last he mumbled that he thought he felt a touch of the sun, and had decided to lay off for the afternoon and make his way across the island. He said he wanted to shoot water-fowl and that they had all been frightened away from the cove, but that with the glass he had seen them from Lookout thickly about the other bay.

"Very well," said the Scotchman coldly. "I suppose you must suit yourself. I can get the boat in shape without help, I dare say." I saw him presently looking in an annoyed and puzzled fashion after the vanishing figure of the sailor.

was the opportunity of all others to explore it, unhampered by any one, just Crusoe and I alone, in the fashion that left me freest to indulge my dreams.

I waited until the Scotchman's back was safely turned, because if he saw me setting forth on this excursion he was quite certain to command me to return, and I had no intention of submitting to his dictatorial ways and yet was not quite sure how I was successfully to defy him.

The retreating tide had left deep pools behind, each a little cosmos of fairy seaweeds and tiny scuttling crabs and rich and wonderful forms of life which were strange to me. Crusoe and I were very much interested, and lingered a good deal on the way. But at last we reached the great archway, and passed with a suddenness which was like a plunge into cool water from the hot glare of the tropic sunshine into the green shadow of the cavern.

At the lower end, between two arches, a black, water-worn rock piling rang under one's feet. Further in under the point the floor of the cave was covered with white sand. All the great shadowy place was murmuring like a vast sea-shell.

I wished I could visit the place in darkness. It would be thrice as mysterious, filled with its hollow whispering echoes, as in the day. From the ledge far above my head led off those narrow, teasing crevices in which the three explorers did their unwarded burrowing. I could see the strands of a rope ladder lying coiled at the edge of the shelf, where it was secured by spikes. The men dragged down the ladder with a boat-hook when they wanted to ascend. I looked about with a hope that perhaps they had left the boat-hook somewhere.

I found no boat-hook, but instead a spade, which had been driven deep into the sand and left, too firmly imbedded for the tide to bear away. At once a burning hope that I, alone and unassisted, might bring to light the treasure of the Bonny Lass seethed in my veins. I jerked the spade loose and fell to.

I now discovered the great truth that digging for treasure is the most thrilling and absorbing occupation known to man. Time ceased to be, and the weight of the damp and close-packed sand seemed that of feathers. This temporary state of exaltation passed, to be sure, and the sand got very heavy, and my back ached, but still I dug. Crusoe began to fuss about and bark. He came and tugged at my skirt, uttering an uneasy whine.

"Be quiet, Crusoe!" I commanded, threatening him with my spade. The madness of the treasure-lust possessed me. I was panting now, and my hands began to feel like baseball mitts,



A Shriek Echoed Through the Cave.

but still I dug. Crusoe had ceased to importune me; vaguely I was aware that he had got tired and run off. I toiled on, pausing now and then for breath. I was leaning on my spade, rather dejectedly considering the modest excavation I had achieved, when I felt a little cool splash at my feet. Dropping my spade I whirled around—and a shriek echoed through the cave as I saw pouring into it the dark fuidous torrent of the returning tide.

How had I forgotten it, that deadly thing, muttering to itself out there, ready to spring back like an unleashed beast? Crusoe had warned me—and then he had forsaken me, and I was alone. And yet at first, wild as my ter-

ror was, I had no thought but that somehow I could escape. That these waters were for me the very face of death, sure and relentless, terrible and slow, did not at once seize hold upon my heart.

Frantically I sprang for the entrance on the cove. The floor of the cave was sloping and the water deepened swiftly as I advanced. Soon I was floundering to my knees, and on the instant a great wave rushed in, drenching me to the waist, dazing me with its spray and uproar, and driving me back to the far end of the cave.

With a dreadful hollow sucking sound the surge retreated. I staggered toward the archway that was my only door to life. The water was deeper now, and swiftly came another fierce rush of the sea that drove me back.

I fled to the far end of the cave, but the sea pursued me. Swiftly the water climbed—it flung me against the wall, then dragged me back. I clutched at the naked rock with bleeding fingers.

Again, after a paroxysm during which I had seemed to stand a great way off and listen to my own shrieks, there came to me a moment of calm. I knew that my one tenuous thread of hope lay in launching myself into that wild flood that was tearing through the cove. I was not a strong swimmer, but a buoyant one. I might find refuge on some half-submerged rock on the shores of the cove—at least I should perish in the open, in the sunlight, not trapped like a desperate rat. And I began to fight my way toward the opening.

And then a dreadful vision flashed across my mind, weighted down my feet like lead, choked back even the cry from my frozen lips. Sharks! The black cutting fin, the livid belly, the dreadful jaws opening—no, no, better to die here, better the clean embrace of the waters—if indeed the sharks did not come into the cave.

And then I think I went quite mad. I remember trying to climb up to the ledge which hung beetling fifteen feet above. Afterward my poor hands showed how desperately. And I remember that once I slipped and went clear under, and how I choked and strangled in the salt water. For my mouth was always open, screaming, screaming continually.

And when I saw the boat fighting its way inch by inch into the cave I was sure that it was a vision, and that only my own wild beseeching of him to save me had made the face of Dugald Shaw arise before my dying eyes. Dugald Shaw was still mending the boat on the shore of the cove, and this was a mocking phantom.

Only the warm human clasp of the arms that drew me into the boat made me believe in him.

The boat bobbed quietly in the eddy at the far end of the cave, while a wet, sobbing, choking heap hung to Dugald Shaw. I clasped him about the neck and would not let him go, for fear that I should find myself alone again, perishing in the dark water. My head was on his breast, and he was pressing back my wet hair with strong and tender hands.

What was this he was saying? "My lassie, my little, little lassie!"

And no less incredible than this it was to feel his cheek pressed, very gently, against my hair—

After a little my self-control came back to me. I stopped my senseless childish crying, lifted my head and tried to speak. I could only whisper, "You came, you came!"

"Of course I came!" he said huskily. "There, don't tremble so—you are safe—safe in my arms!"

After a while he lifted me into the stern and began to maneuver the boat out of the cave. I suppose at another time I should have realized the peril of it. The fierce flow through the archway all but swamped us, the current threatened to hurl us against the rocks, but I felt no fear. He had come to save me, and he would. All at once the dreadful shadow of the cavern was left behind, and the sunshine immersed my chilled body like a draught of wine. I lay huddled in the stern, my cheek upon my hand, as he rowed swiftly across the cove and drove the boat upon the beach.

Everybody but Captain Magnus was assembled there, including Crusoe. Crusoe it was who had given warning of my danger. Like a wise little dog, when I ignored his admonitions he had run home. At first his uneasiness and troubled barking had got no notice. Once or twice the Scotchman, worried by his fretfulness, had ordered him away. Then across his preoccupied mind there flashed a doubt. He laid down his tools and spoke to the animal. Instantly Crusoe dashed for the rocks, barking and crying with eagerness.

Then Mr. Shaw understood. He snatched the painter of the boat and dragged it down the beach. He was shoving off as Cookie, roused by Crusoe's barking, appeared from the seclusion of his afternoon siesta. To him were borne the Scotchman's parting words:

"Virginia Harding—in the cave—hot blankets—may be drowning—"

"And at dat," said Cookie, relating his part in the near tragedy with unction, "I jes' natchfully plumped right down on mah bones and wrestled with de Lawd in prayah."

Virginia finds a diary on the Island Queen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) More Than Ever Then. Beware of the man who knows it all, especially if it happens to be yourself.—Boston Transcript.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio. Having cleared your skin keep it clear by making Cuticura your every-day toilet preparations. The soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. No toilet table is complete without them. 25c everywhere.—Advertisement.

An Oversight. "Ma, doesn't the Lord care for good boys?" "Of course, Willie." "Then it's funny. He hardly ever makes good boys strong enough to lick bad boys."—Boston Transcript.

**Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION**

**BELLANS** 6 BELLANS Hof water Sure Relief **BELLANS** 25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 51-1921.

Genuine **Aspirin**

Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

**WARNING!** Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache Rheumatism  
Toothache Neuralgia Neuritis  
Earache Lumbago Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monopentadiene of Salicylic Acid

His Talent. North—How come Brown to be playing in movie comedies? West—He's a good runner!

There is nothing more satisfactory after a day of hard work than a line full of snowy white clothes. For such results use Red Cross Ball Blue.—Advertisement.

Safety First. "We pedestrians should stand up for our rights," said the choleric old gentleman. "I quite agree with you," said a meek little man, "but if we are going to do anything of that sort I suggest that we make our demonstration from the sidewalk."

It Was a Fine Stream. A New Hampshire man had his estate up for sale and a prospective purchaser had been looking over it. "I find everything just as you advertised, he reported; "That is, all except the fine stream you mentioned." "It runs through the piece of woods at the end of the meadow," the owner explained. "What! that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?" "Well, if it was much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the owner blandly.—Boston Transcript.

Uses Carbon Copy for Love Letters. "I'm through with Gloria for the rest of my life," said Charlie as he seated himself in a comfortable chair at the club. "What's the trouble?" asked Jack. "Hasn't she written to you lately?" "Yes, I just received a long letter from her," answered Charlie with a long face. "Wasn't it as endearing as usual?" asked Jack with a twinkle in his eye. "Yes, just as much as ever," replied Charlie. "Then, for Pete's sake, what is the trouble?" inquired Jack impatiently. "The letter," mumbled Charlie, "was a carbon copy."

THE SCHOOL HERO CHANGES

No Longer Does the Freshman Win Football Games Single Handed—Style Improved.

There has been a noticeable slump in the demand by boys at libraries for the school story, with the hero who always won the big football game and who knocked the home run with three on bases when, as a substitute player, he brought the baseball honors to Tushtushville prep school. Boys who have tried to go out and win football games single handed and who have sought an opportunity to make home runs at crucial moments in school baseball series, have found out what rot has been handed them in fiction. They know that boys simply don't do such things—not as "frosch," anyway.

The school hero still maintains, but he is traveling at a slower pace. Prexy does not know how to get the gifted youth as suddenly as in the heyday of such fiction. Librarians say that the big improvement in school fiction has come through saner plots and more careful work in characterization. The author must really show his own interest in a school character if he is going to get the hero "over."—Arthur Chapman in the New York Tribune.

Prompt Punishment.

There was a great stampee for the omnibus. A man was pushed off the step and he and his son failed to secure places. "Did God see the man that pushed us off?" asked the little boy. "Of course he did." "And will he punish him?" "He has punished him, sonny." "Already, father?" "Yes, I've got his watch."—London Tit-Bits.

If a man knows a great deal, he is bound to tell it, either vocally or with the pen.

P. S.—The business end of a woman's letter.

**What Kind of a Day Do You Wish Yourself?**

Suppose you could make a wish at the breakfast table and finally have the wish come true. Would you say, "I want this to be a good day," or—"I am willing for this day to drag along?"

If you keep on wishing your days with the food you eat, finally the wish is likely to come true.

Grape-Nuts helps your wish for a good day. Nothing miraculous; just the natural result from right food with the right taste.

There is a charm of flavor and crispness in Grape-Nuts that is like the smile of a good friend at the breakfast table—

And Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (fresh or tinned), is fully nourishing—feeding the tissues and glands, the bone and blood, with just those elements which Nature requires—building strength without any "heaviness."

Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley, scientifically developed—ready to eat from the package. A Grape-Nuts breakfast or lunch is a practical wish for good luck.

**"There's a Reason"**

Sold by all grocers