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If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promise of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale." According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Advertisement Modesty is a virtue that many people would blush to own.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Hutchins. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS By CAMILLA KENYON

CHAPTER XIII. —15— Mr. Tubbs interrupts. I had determined as an offset to my pusillanimous behavior about the cave to show a dogged industry in the matter of the Island Queen. It would take me a long while to get down through the sand to the chest, but I resolved to accomplish it, and borrowed of Cookie, without his knowledge, a large iron spoon which I thought I could wield more easily than a heavy spade.

But that afternoon I was tired and hot—it really called for a grimmer resolve than mine to shovel sand through the languor of a Leeward island afternoon. Instead, I slept in my hammock, and dreamed that I was queen of a cannibal island, draped in necklaces made of the doubloons now hidden under the sand in the cabin of the derelict.

Later, the wailing of Cookie was heard in the land, and I had to restore the spoon to free Crusoe of the charge of having stolen it. I said I had wanted to dig with it. But of course it occurred to no one that it was the treasure I had expected to dig up with Cookie's spoon.

A more serious obstacle to my explorations on the Island Queen presented itself next day. Instead of putting to sea, Mr. Shaw and Captain Magnus hailed the boat up on the beach and set to work to repair it. The preceding day had been filled with hardship and danger—so much so that my heart sank a little at the recollection of it. You saw the little boat threading its way among the reefs, tossed like seaweed by the white teeth of gnawing waves, screamed at by angry gulls whose homes were those clefts and caves which the boat invaded. And all this, poor little boat, on a hopeless quest—for no reward but peril and wounds. Cuthbert Vane had a sprained thumb which could not be ignored, and on the strength of which he was dismissed from the boat-repairing contingent, and thrown on my hands to entertain. So of course I had to renounce all thoughts of visiting the sloop. I should not have dared to go there anyway, with Mr. Shaw and the captain able more or less to overlook my motions from the beach, for I was quite morbidly afraid of attracting attention to the derelict. It seemed to me a happy miracle that no one but myself had taken any interest in her, or been inspired to ask by what chance so small a boat had come to be wrecked upon these desolate shores. Fortunately in her position in the shadow of the cliff she was inconspicuous, so that she might easily have been taken for the half of a large boat instead of the whole of a small one, or she must before this have drawn the questioning notice of the Scotchman. As to the captain, his attention was all set on the effort to discover the cave, and his intelligence was not lively enough to start on an entirely new tack by itself. And the Honorable Cuthbert viewed derelicts as he viewed the planetary bodies; somehow in the course of nature they happened.

So, dissembling my excitements and anxieties, I swung placidly in my hammock, and nearby sat the beautiful youth with his thumb carried tenderly in a bandage. Was it merely my being so distrustful, or was it quite another reason that led him to open up so suddenly about his Kentish home? Strange to say, instead of panting for the title, Cuthbert wanted his brother to go on living, though there was something queer about his spine, poor fellow, and the doctors said he couldn't possibly—Of course I was surprised at Cuthbert's views, for I had always thought that if there were a title in your family your sentiments toward those who kept you out of it were necessarily murderous, and your tears crocodile when you pretended to weep over their biers. But Cuthbert's feelings were so human that I mentally apologized to the nobility. As to High Staunton manor, I adored it. It is mostly Jacobean, but with an ancient Tudor wing, and it has a chapel and a ghost and a secret staircase and a frightfully beautiful and wicked ancestress hanging in the hall—I mean a portrait of her—and quantities of oak paneling quite black with age, and silver that was hidden in the family tombs when Cromwell's soldiers came, and a chamber where Elizabeth once slept, and other romantic details too numerous to mention. It is a little bit run down and shabby, for lack of money to keep it up, and of course on that account all the more entrancing.

The present Lord Grasmere lived up to his position so completely that he had the gout and sat with his foot on a cushion exactly like all the elderly aristocrats you ever heard of, only when I inquired if his lordship cursed his valet and flung plates at the footmen when his foot hurt him, his son was much shocked and pained. He did not realize so well as I—from an extensive course of novel-reading—that such is the usual behavior of titled persons.

It was delightful, there in the hot stillness of the island, with the palms rustling faintly overhead, to hear of that cool, mossy, ancient place I

asked eager questions—I repeated glisteningly fragments of description—I wondered enviously what it would be like to have anything so old and proud and beautiful in your very blood—when suddenly I realized that, misled by my enthusiasm, Cuthbert was saying something which must not be said—that he was about to offer the shelter of that ancient roof to me. To me, whose heart could never nest there, but must be ever on the wing, a wild bird of passage in the track of a ship—

I sat up with a galvanic start. "Oh—listen—didn't you hear something?" I desperately broke in. For somehow I must stop him. I didn't want our nice jolly friendship spoiled—and besides, fancy being cooped up on an island with a man you have refused! Especially when all the while you'd be wanting so to pet and console him! But with his calm doggedness Cuthbert began again—"I was a bit afraid the old place would have seemed too quiet and dull to you—when the day was saved and my interruption strangely justified by a shrill outcry from the camp. I knew that high falsetto tone. It was the voice of Mr. Tubbs, but pitched on a key of quite insane excitement. I sprang up and ran, Crusoe and the Honorable Cuthbert at my heels. There in the midst of the camp Mr. Tubbs stood, the center of a group who were regarding him with astonished looks. Mr. Shaw and the captain had left their tinkering, Cookie his saucepans, and Aunt Jane and Violet had come hurrying from the hut. Among us all stood



"Eureka!" He Repeated, "I Have Found It!"

Mr. Tubbs with folded arms, looking round upon the company with an extraordinary air of complacency and triumph.

"What is it, oh, what is it, Mr. Tubbs?" cried Aunt Jane, fluttering with the consciousness of her proprietorship. But Mr. Tubbs glanced at her as indifferently as a sated turkey-buzzard at a morsel which has ceased to tempt him. "Mr. Tubbs," commanded Violet, "speak—explain yourself!" "Come, out with it, Tubbs," advised Mr. Shaw.

Then the lips of Mr. Tubbs parted, and from them issued this solitary word: "Eureka!" "What?" screamed Miss Higglesby-Browne. "You have found it?" Solemnly Mr. Tubbs inclined his head. "Eureka!" he repeated. "I have found it!"

Amidst the exclamations, the questions, the general commotion which ensued, I had room for only one thought—that Mr. Tubbs had somehow discovered the treasure in the cabin of the Island Queen. Indeed, I should have shrieked the words aloud but for a providential dumbness that fell upon me.

"Friends," Mr. Tubbs began, "it has been known from the start that there was a landmark on this little old island that would give any party discovering the same a line on that chest of money right away. There's been some that was too high up in the exploring business to waste time looking for landmarks. They had rather do more fancy stunts, where what with surf, and sharks, and bangle up the boat, they could make a good show of gettin' busy. But old Ham Tubbs, he don't let on to be a hero. Jest a plain man o' business—that's old H. H. Consequence is, he leaves the other fellows have the brass band, while he sets out on the q. t. to run a certain little clue to earth. And, ladies and gentlemen, he's run it!"

"You have found—you have found the treasure!" shrieked Aunt Jane. Contrary to his bland custom, Mr. Tubbs frowned at her darkly. "I said I found the clue," he corrected. "Of course, it's the same thing. Ladies and gentlemen, not to

appear to be a hot-air artist, I will tell you in a word, that I have located the tombstone of one William Halliwell, deceased!"

Of course. Not once had I thought of it. Bare, stark, glaring up at the sun, lay the stone carved with the letters and the cross-bones. Forgetting in the haste of my departure to replace the vines upon the grave, I had left the stone to shout its secret to the first comer. And that happened to be Mr. Tubbs. Happened, I say, for I knew that he had not had the slightest notion where to look for the grave of Bill Halliwell. This running to earth of clues was purely an affair of his own picturesque imagination.

I wondered uneasily what he had made of the uprooted vines—but he would lay them to the pigs, no doubt. In the countenance of Mr. Tubbs, flushed and exultant, there was no suspicion that the secret was not all his own.

Miss Higglesby-Browne had a closed umbrella beneath her arm, and she drew and brandished it like a saber as she took a long stride forward. "Mr. Tubbs," she commanded, "lead on!"

But Mr. Tubbs did not lead on. "Oh, no indeed," he said. "Old H. H. wasn't born yesterday. It may have struck you that to possess the sole and exclusive knowledge of the whereabouts of a million or two—ratin' it low—is some considerable of an asset. And it's one I ain't got the least idee of partin' with unless for inducements held out."

Aunt Jane gave a faint shriek. I had been silently debating what my own course should be in the face of this unexpected development. Suddenly I saw my way quite clear. I would say nothing. Mr. Tubbs should reveal his own peridy. And the curtain should ring down upon the play, leaving Mr. Tubbs foiled all around, bereft both of the treasure and of Aunt Jane.

Little I dreamed what surprises ensuing acts of the play were to hold for me, or their astounding contrast with the farce of my joyous imagination.

I took no part in the storm that raged round Mr. Tubbs. His face adorned by a seraphic, buttery smile, he stood unmoved, while Miss Higglesby-Browne uttered cyclonic exhortations and reproaches, while Aunt Jane sobbed and said, "Oh, Mr. Tubbs!" while Mr. Shaw strove to make himself heard above the din. He did at least succeed in extracting from the traitor a definite statement of terms. These were nothing less than fifty per cent of the treasure, secured to him by a document, sealed and delivered into his own hands. To a suggestion that as he had discovered the all-important tombstone, so might some one else, he replied with tranquility that he thought not, as he had taken precautions against such an eventuality.

In other words, as I was later to discover, the wily Mr. Tubbs had contrived to raise the boulder from its bed and push it over the cliff into the sea, afterward replacing the mass of vines upon the grave.

As to the entrance to the tunnel, it was apparent to me that Mr. Tubbs had not yet discovered it. Even if he had, I am certain that he would have been no more heroic than myself about exploring it, though there was no missing Peter to haunt his imagination. But with the grave as a starting point, there could be no question as to the ultimate discovery of the cave.

I was so eager myself to see the inside of the cave, and to know whatever it had to reveal of the fate of Peter, that I was inclined to wish Mr. Tubbs success in driving his hard bargain, especially as it would profit him nothing in the end. But this sentiment was exclusively my own. On all hands indignation greeted the rigorous demands of Mr. Tubbs. With a righteous joy I saw the fabric of Aunt Jane's illusions shaken by the rude blast of reality. For where was the Tubbs of yesterday—the honey-tongued, the suave, the anxiously obsequious Tubbs? Gone, quite gone. Instead, here was a Tubbs who cocked his helmet rakishly, and leered round upon the company, deaf to the claims of loyalty, the pangs of friendship, the voice of tenderness—Aunt Jane's.

Manfully Miss Higglesby-Browne stormed up and down the beach. She demanded of Mr. Shaw, of Cuthbert Vane, of Captain Magnus, each and severally, that Mr. Tubbs be compelled to disgorge his secret. You saw that she would not have shrunk from a regimen of racks and thumb-screws. But there were no racks and thumb-screws on the island. Of course we could have invented various instruments of torture—I felt I could have developed some ingenuity that way myself—but too fatally well Mr. Tubbs knew the civilized prejudices of those with whom he had to deal. With perfect impunity he could strut about the camp, sure that no weapons worse than words would be brought to bear upon him, that he would not even be turned away from the general board to browse on recollections in solitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRAMPS, PAINS AND BACKACHE

St. Louis Woman Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered with cramps and pains every month and had to go to bed as I could not work. My mother and my whole family always took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for such troubles and they induced me to try it and it has helped me very much. I don't have cramps any more, and I can do my housework all through the month. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends for female troubles."—Mrs. DELLA SCHOLZ, 1412 Salisbury Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Just think for a moment. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been in use for nearly fifty years. It is prepared from medicinal plants, by the utmost pharmaceutical skill, and superior methods. The ingredients thus combined in the Compound correct the conditions which cause such annoying symptoms as have been troubling Mrs. Scholz. The Vegetable Compound exercises a restorative influence of the most desirable character, correcting the trouble in a gentle but efficient manner. This is noted, by the disappearance, one after another, of the disagreeable symptoms.

Keep Clean Internal cleanliness means health. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then easily remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it. Nujol For Constipation. 16799 DIED

In New York City alone from kidney trouble last year. Don't allow yourself to become a victim by neglecting pains and aches. Guard against this trouble by taking GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES



TO KILL RATS and MICE. Always use the genuine STEARNS' ELECTRIC RAT & ROACH PASTE. It forces these pests to run from the building for water and fresh air. Ready for Use—Better Than Traps. Directions in 15 languages in every box. 8c and 15c. "Money back if it fails." U. S. Government buys it.

He Was Only Sparring. Judge—A few minutes ago you swore that you were only sparring with the plaintiff and that was what injured him. Now we have proved that you struck him over the head with a blunt instrument. Why did you lie? Prisoner—I was telling the exact truth, your honor; it was a piece of spur I hit him with.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum. When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisite face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Advertisement.

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Every man possesses something that some other man envies. Use MURINE Night and Morning Keep Your Eyes Clean—Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.

Unpropitious Setting. "Hum," said the magazine editor, "this is going a bit too far." "What's the trouble?" "A chap who says he has received fifty rejection slips from me in the last twelve months states in this note that he'd like to meet me." "Well, you might grant the poor devil an interview." "But he adds, 'in an alley, after dark.'"

A man never realizes what a sponge he is until he falls into a puddle of water and mops it all up.

A Big Reduction. A certain young man, who was ambitious to shine in the newspaper world, did not last very long on the paper in a Western town that gave him his chance. He was assigned to "cover" a fire in a group of ice houses near town. After telling how they went up in flames, he inserted this statement in his story: "Accordingly twelve hundred tons of ice were reduced to ashes." The pocketbook is the most popular book, but not the best seller.

How Yeast Vitamon Tablets Put On Firm Flesh. Quickly Increase Your Energy and Beautify the Complexion—Easy and Economical to Take. Thin or run-down folks! Take Mastin's VITAMON—two tablets with every meal. Then weigh and measure yourself each week and continue taking Mastin's VITAMON regularly until you are satisfied with your gain in weight and energy. Mastin's VITAMON contains highly concentrated yeast-vitamins as well as the two other still more important vitamins (Fat Soluble A and Water Soluble C). It is now being used by thousands who appreciate its convenience, economy and quick results. By increasing the nourishing power of what you eat Mastin's VITAMON supplies just what your body needs to feed the shrunken tissues, strengthen internal organs, clear the skin and renew shattered nerve force without upsetting the stomach or causing gas, pimples, boils and skin eruptions seem to vanish as if by magic and the complexion becomes radiantly clear and beautiful. IMPORTANT! While the amazing health-building value of Mastin's VITAMON has been clearly and positively demonstrated in cases of lack of energy, nervous troubles, anemia, indigestion, constipation, skin eruptions, poor complexion and a generally weakened physical and mental condition, it should not be used by anyone who OBJECTS to having their weight increased to normal. You can get Mastin's VITAMON tablets at all good druggists. Are Positively Guaranteed to Put On Firm Flesh, Clear the Skin and Increase Energy When Taken With Every Meal or Money Back. if it isn't MASTIN'S it isn't VITAMON