



SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Wolf hates a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Hump. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brute. Hump is made mate on the hell-ship and proves that he has learned to stand on his own legs. Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maude Brewster, the rescued girl, sees the cook toward overboard to give him a bath and his foot bitten off by a shark as he is hauled aboard. She begins to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maude. Wolf's brother, Death Larsen, comes on the sealing grounds in the steam sealer Macdonald, "hogs" the sea, and Wolf captures several of his boats. The Ghost runs away in a fog. Wolf furnishes liquor to the prisoners.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"He led a lost cause, and he was not afraid of God's thunderbolts," Wolf Larsen was saying. "Hurled into hell, he was unbeaten. A third of God's angels he had led with him, and straightway he incited man to rebel against God, and gained for himself and hell the major portion of all the generations of man. Why was he beaten out of heaven? Because he was less brave than God? Less proud? Less aspiring? No! A thousand times no! God was more powerful, as he said, Whom thunder hath made greater. But Lucifer was a free spirit. To serve was to suffocate. He preferred suffering in freedom to all the happiness of a comfortable servility. He did not care to serve God. He cared to serve nothing. He was no figurehead. He stood on his own legs. He was an individual."

"The first anarchist," Maude laughed, rising and preparing to withdraw to her stateroom.

"Then it is good to be an anarchist!" he cried. He, too, had risen, and he stood facing her, where she had paused at the door of her room, as he went on:

"Here at last we shall be free; the Almighty hath not built here for his envy; will not drive us hence; here we may reign secure; and in my choice to reign is worth ambition, though in hell: Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

It was the defiant cry of a mighty spirit. The cabin still rang with his voice, as he stood there, swaying, his bronzed face shining, his head up and dominant, and his eyes, golden and masculine, intensely masculine and insistently soft, flashing upon Maude at the door.

Again that unnamable and unmistakable terror was in her eyes, and she said, almost in a whisper, "You are Lucifer."

The door closed and she was gone. He stood staring after her for a minute, then returned to himself and to me.

"I'll relieve Louis at the wheel," he said shortly, "and call upon you to relieve at midnight. Better turn in now and get some sleep."

CHAPTER XXIII.

I knew not what had aroused me, but I found myself out of my bunk, on my feet, wide awake, my soul vibrating to the warning of danger as it might have thrilled to a trumpet call. I threw open the door. The cabin light was burning low. I saw Maude, my Maude, straining and struggling and crushed in the embrace of Wolf Larsen's arms. I could see the vain beat and flutter of her face as she strove, pressing her face against his breast, to escape from him. All this I saw on the very instant of seeing and as I sprang forward.

I struck him with my fist, on the face, as he raised his head, but it was a puny blow. He roared in a ferocious, animal-like way, and gave me a shove with his hand. It was only a shove, a flirt of the wrist, yet so tremendous was his strength that I was hurled backward as from a catapult. I struck the door of the stateroom which had formerly been Mr. Griggs's, splintering and smashing the panels with the impact of my body. I struggled to my feet, with difficulty dragging myself clear of the wrecked door, unaware of any hurt whatever. I was conscious only of an overwhelming rage. I think I, too, cried aloud, as I drew the knife at my hip and sprang forward a second time.

WICKEDEST CITY ON EARTH

Irkutsk, in Siberia, May Well Lay Claim to That Allogher Unenviable Distinction.

Which is the wickedest city in the world? If you ask an American this question, he will probably name Chicago, which has a most unenviable reputation. But he will be wrong. The discredit undoubtedly belongs to Irkutsk in Siberia. The population of Irkutsk—the very name has a cut-throat sort of sound about it—is 120,000, and every year there are five hundred murders committed there. That is a world record; and, what is worse, the murderers generally get off scot-free, for arrests average only about one in every fifty murders, and only one-half of the arrests are followed by convictions.

In order to remedy this state of affairs, Irkutsk once decided to have a vigilance committee of its own. It got one—the worst vigilance committee on record, for ex-convicts and active thugs enrolled themselves by

But something had happened. They were reeling apart. I was close upon him, my knife uplifted, but I withheld the blow. I was puzzled by the strangeness of it. Maude was leaning against the wall, one hand out for support; but he was staggering, his left hand pressed against his forehead and covering his eyes, and with the right he was groping about him in a dazed sort of way. It struck against the wall, and his body seemed to express a muscular and physical relief at the contact, as though he had found his bearings, his location in space as well as something against which to lean.

Then I saw red again. All my wrongs and humiliations flashed upon me with a dazzling brightness, all that I had suffered and others had suffered at his hands, all the enormity of the man's very existence. I sprang on him, blindly, insanely, and drove the knife into his shoulder. I knew then, that it was no more than a flesh wound—had felt the steel grate on his shoulder-blade—and I raised the knife to strike at a more vital part.

But Maude had seen my first blow, and she cried, "Don't! Please don't!" I dropped my arm for a moment, and a moment only. Again the knife was raised, and Wolf Larsen would have surely died had she not stepped between. Her arms were around me, her hair was brushing my face. My pulse rushed up in an unwonted manner, yet my rage mounted with it. She looked me bravely in the eyes.

"For my sake," she begged. "I would kill him for your sake!" I cried, trying to free my arm without hurting her.

"Hush!" she said, and laid her fingers lightly on my lips. I could have kissed them, had I dared, even then, in my rage, the touch of them was so sweet, so very sweet. "Please, please," she pleaded, and she disarmed me by the words, as I was to discover they would ever disarm me.

I stepped back, separating from her, and replaced the knife in its sheath. I looked at Wolf Larsen. He still pressed his left hand against his forehead. It covered his eyes. His head was bowed. He seemed to have grown limp. His body was sagging at the hips, his great shoulders were drooping and shrinking forward.

"Van Weyden!" he called hoarsely, and with a note of fright in his voice. "Oh, Van Weyden! where are you?"

I looked at Maude. She did not speak, but nodded her head.

"Here I am," I answered, stepping to his side. "What is the matter?"

"Help me to a seat," he said, in the same hoarse, frightened voice.

"I am a sick man, a very sick man, Hump," he said, as he left my sustaining grip and sank into a chair.

"What is the matter?" I asked, resting my hand on his shoulder. "What can I do for you?"

But he shook off my hand with an irritated movement, and for a long



I Saw Maude—Crushed in the Embrace of Wolf Larsen's Arms.

time I stood by his side in silence. Maude was looking on, her face awed and frightened. What had happened to him we could not imagine.

"Hump," he said at last, "I must get into my bunk. Lend me a hand. I'll be all right in a little while. It's those damn headaches, I believe. I was afraid of them. I had a feeling—no, I don't know what I'm talking about. Help me into my bunk."

the score, and were given exceptional power by the governor.

The reign of terror which followed is unparalleled in criminal history. The police were massacred. Rich merchants were shot in broad daylight, under pretence of being suspects. A system of "house-inspection" and "penal confiscation" was introduced, which was another way of saying wholesale burglary.

Where Accordions Are Popular. The natives of Madagascar are great lovers of music, and in addition to their own primitive instruments the accordion is very popular. Within the last few years the importation of these instruments has shown a steady increase, about 20,000 being imported annually to the value of about 150,000 francs (\$25,950). These goods have practically all been imported from Germany.

Tedious. "Scribbler claims that his latest novel is absolutely true to life."

"He must be awfully tired of life if he thinks it is anything like that."

But when I got him into his bunk he again buried his face in his hands, covering his eyes, and as I turned to go I could hear him murmuring, "I am a sick man, a very sick man."

Maude looked at me inquiringly as I emerged. I shook my head, saying: "Something has happened to him. What, I don't know. He is helpless, and frightened, I imagine, for the first time in his life. It must have occurred before he received the knife-thrust, which made only a superficial wound. You must have seen what happened."

She shook her head. "I saw nothing. It is just as mysterious to me. He suddenly released me and staggered away. But what shall we do? What shall I do?"

"If you will wait, please, until I come back," I answered.

I went on deck. Louis was at the wheel.

"You may go for'ard and turn in," I said, taking it from him. He was quick to obey, and I found myself alone on the deck of the Ghost. As quietly as was possible, I clew up the topsails, lowered the flying jib and staysail, backed the jib over, and flattened the mainsail. Then I went below to Maude. I placed my finger on my lips for silence, and entered Wolf Larsen's room. He was in the same position in which I had left him, and his head was rocking—almost writhing—from side to side.

"Anything I can do for you?" I asked.

He made no reply at first, but on my repeating the question he answered, "No, no; I'm all right. Leave me alone till morning."

But as I turned to go I noted that his head had resumed its rocking motion. Maude was waiting patiently for me, and I took notice, with a thrill of joy, of the queenly poise of her head and her glorious, calm eyes. Calm and sure they were as her spirit itself.

"Will you trust yourself to me for a journey of six hundred miles or so?" I asked.

"You mean—?" she asked, and I knew she had guessed aright.

"Yes, I mean just that," I replied. "There is nothing left for us but the open boat."

"For me, you mean," she said. "You are certainly as safe here as you have been."

"No, there is nothing left for us but the open boat," I reiterated stoutly. "Will you please dress as warmly as you can, at once, and make into a bundle whatever you wish to bring with you?"

"And make all haste," I added, as she turned toward her stateroom.

The lazaretto was directly beneath the cabin, and, opening the trapdoor in the floor and carrying a candle with me, I dropped down and began overhauling the ship's stores. I selected mainly from the canned goods, and by the time I was ready, willing hands were extended from above to receive what I passed up.

We worked in silence. I helped myself also to blankets, mittens, oilskins, caps, and such things, from the slop-chest. It was no light adventure, this trusting ourselves in a small boat to so raw and stormy a sea, and it was imperative that we should guard ourselves against cold and wet.

We worked feverishly at carrying our plunder on deck and depositing it amidships, so feverishly that Maude, whose strength was hardly a positive quantity, had to give over, exhausted, and sit on the steps at the break of the poop. This did not serve to recover her, and she lay on her back, on the hard deck, arms stretched out and whole body relaxed. It was a trick I remembered of my sister, and I knew she would soon be herself again. I knew, also, that weapons would not come amiss, and I re-entered Wolf Larsen's stateroom to get his rifle and shotgun. I spoke to him, but he made no answer, though his head was still rocking from side to side and he was not asleep.

"Good-by, Lucifer," I whispered to myself as I softly closed the door.

Next to obtain was a stock of ammunition—an easy matter, though I had to enter the stateroom companion-way to do it. Here the hunters stored the ammunition boxes they carried in the boats, and here, but a few feet from their noisy revels, I took possession of two boxes.

Next, to lower a boat. Not so simple a task for one man. Having cast off the lashings, I hoisted first on the forward tackle, then on the aft, till the boat cleared the rail, when I lowered away, one tackle and then the other, for a couple of feet, till it hung snugly, above the water, against the schooner's side. I made certain that it contained the proper equipment of oars, rowlocks and sail. Water was a consideration, and I robbed every boat aboard of its breaker. As there were nine boats all told, it meant that we should have plenty of water, and ballast as well, though there was the chance that the boat would be overloaded, what of the generous supply of other things I was taking.

A few minutes sufficed to finish the loading, and I lowered the boat into the water. As I helped Maude over the rail and felt her form close to mine, it was all I could do to keep from crying out, "I love you! I love you!" Truly Humphrey Van Weyden was at last in love, I thought, as her fingers clung to mine while I lowered her down to the boat. I held on to the rail with one hand and supported her weight with the other, and I was proud at the moment of the feat. It was a strength I had not possessed a few months before, on the day I said good-by to Charley Furuseth and started for San Francisco on the ill-fated Martinecz.

As the boat ascended on a sea, her feet touched and I released her hands. I cast off the tackles and leaped after her. I had never rowed in my life, but I put out the oars and at the expense of much effort got the boat clear of the Ghost. Then I experimented with the sail. I had seen the boat steers and hunters set their spritsails many times, yet this was my first attempt. What took them possibly two minutes took me twenty, but in the end I succeeded in setting and trimming it, and with the steering oar in my hands hauled on the wind.

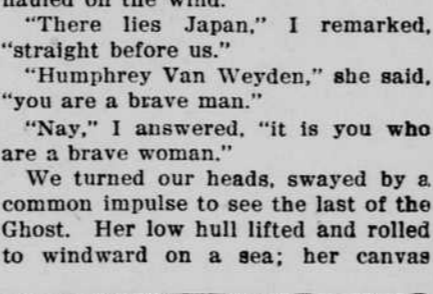
"There lies Japan," I remarked, "straight before us."

"Humphrey Van Weyden," she said, "you are a brave man."

"Nay," I answered. "It is you who are a brave woman."

We turned our heads, swayed by a common impulse to see the last of the Ghost. Her low hull lifted and rolled to windward on a sea; her canvas

loomed darkly in the night; her lashed wheel creaked as the rudder kicked; then sight and sound of her faded away and we were alone on the dark sea.



"Good-by, Lucifer," I whispered to myself, as I softly closed the door.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There is no need of going into an extended recital of our suffering in the small boat during the many days we were driven and drifted, here and there, willy-nilly, across the wide expanse of ocean. The high wind blew from the northwest for twenty-four hours, when it fell calm, and in the night sprang up from the southwest. This was dead in our teeth, but I took in the sea-anchor I had roughly made and set sail, hauling a course on the wind which took us in a south-easterly direction. It was an even choice between this and the westerly westerly course which the wind permitted, but the warm airs of the south fanned my desire for a warmer sea and swayed my decision.

In three hours—it was midnight, I well remember, and as dark as I had ever seen it on the sea—the wind, still blowing out of the southwest, rose furiously, and once again I was compelled to set the sea-anchor.

Day broke and found me wan-eyed and the ocean lashed white, the boat pitching, almost on end, to its drag. We were in imminent danger of being swamped by the whitecaps. As it was, spray and spume came aboard in such quantities that I bailed without cessation. The blankets were soaking. Everything was wet except Maude, and she, in oilskins, rubber boots, and sou'wester, was dry, all but her face and hands and a stray wisp of hair. She relieved me at the bailing hole from time to time, and bravely she threw out the water and faced the storm. All things are relative. It was no more than a stiff blow, but to us, fighting for life in our frail craft, it was indeed a storm.

Cold and cheerless, the wind beating on our faces, the white seas roaring by, we struggled through the day. Night came, but neither of us slept. Day came, and still the wind beat on our faces and the white seas roared past. By the second night Maude was falling asleep from exhaustion. I covered her with oilskins and a tarpaulin. She was comparatively dry, but she was numb with the cold. I feared greatly that she might die in the night; but day broke, cold and cheerless, with the same clouded sky and beating wind and roaring seas.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

would be to his great benefit, the committee said.

The war has created a big demand for timber, boards and scantling, especially the kind used in the erection of huts. During the last twelve months more pit wood has found its way to the English coal field than has been the case for the last twenty years.

Some of the men present said that while they would do all that was possible to give aid to the government in this direction, they were disinclined to feather the nests of the timber dealers.

Oppose Ostriches in Harness. The Humane society of Los Angeles, Cal., has taken up arms against the use of the ostrich in harness and has introduced a measure seeking to make their use for that purpose unlawful. Some of the reasons advanced are: The birds are dangerous because they are liable to kick in any direction; they violate the speed laws and they are a menace to traffic because, with their well-known fondness for hardware, they are apt to eat auto accessories, licenses, tail lights, etc.

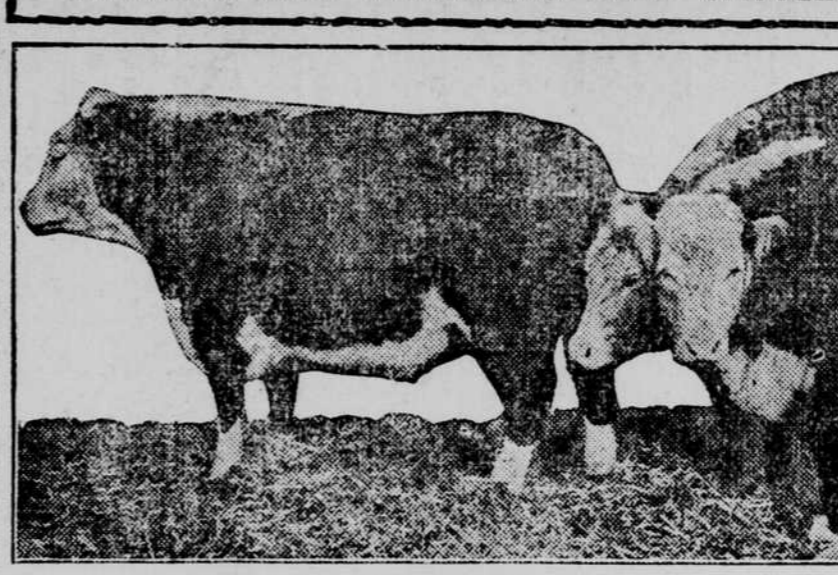
Prepare for Breeding Season. When getting ready for the breeding season, all undesirable specimens, like those which are undersize, weak in constitution, off color for the breed, not good shape, etc., should be taken out of the breeding pen and only the best bred from.

Prolific Garden Essential. The first essential for a prolific garden is rich soil. There is little encouragement for the gardener who cultivates poor soil.

To Force Rhubarb. Covering a couple of rhubarb roots with an old barrel from which the ends have been knocked out will force the plant and result in plentiful crop much earlier in the season. Banking the barrel with fresh horse manure will hasten the process.

Raise Good Horses. Don't continue in the same old rut year after year by raising scrub horses, when good, well-bred horses are easier to raise.

GROWING AND FATTENING BEEF CATTLE



Animals Like These Are Always in Demand.

"Possibly this is the wrong way to look at it, but it seems to me that in our efforts to develop the dairy business we are about to lose sight of the fact that growing and fattening beef cattle is a big part of cattle raising. I hear lots of discussion of dairying. Someone is always trying to start a creamery or a dairy," writes S. A. Perry of Missouri in Farm Progress, "but the beef-cattle business does not get so much attention."

Undoubtedly this is wrong. We can't all go into the dairying or cream-selling business. There are great stretches of good cattle growing and fattening country in every state where the dairying end of the business cannot amount to very much for a long time to come. There are no markets for the cream, the milk and the butter. Railroad transportation is poor and there are no buyers in reach of the cream.

Where a man has enough land for a reasonable amount of pasture and can go ahead raising plenty of grain and forage at the same time he need not count himself out of the cattle business even if there is no trolley line running through his place and no railroad depot. What he can do is to buy up calves, raise all he can from the cows on his home place and turn these youngsters into big steers with the help of his pastures, his forage and his silo.

The silo is one of the pieces of equipment on the dairy farm that the beef grower can use to a great advantage. It will help make beef and will do it cheaply. With a couple of well-filled silos the beef grower can get through short pasture periods in dry summers and can keep his young stuff growing right along through the winter. He won't have to spend all his possible profits for "cake" and other "store feeds" in order to do so. Any farmer who wants to go a little deeper into steer feeding as a plain money-making proposition ought to fit himself out with plenty of silo room right in the beginning, no matter how much pasture land and forage he may have in sight.

For two or three years back men who have had a good many cattle

could be made to grow the steers and do most of the work of finishing them for the market. There is no need of worrying about low prices of beef and overproduction. Beef is in fully as much demand as bread right now and is likely to continue in that way as long as armies of millions of men are in the field demanding rations.

GOOD FORMULA FOR BROOD SOW RATION

Combination of Corn, Alfalfa and Meat Meal Tankage Recommended by an Expert.

Corn, alfalfa and meat meal tankage make a very exceptionally good trio of brood sow feeds if happily combined. This is the opinion of John M. Evvard, the Iowa hog feeding expert. He suggests giving the sows enough corn to keep them in good condition, adding alfalfa in a rack and giving them about one-fifth to one-fourth of a pound of the meat meal tankage daily.

The alfalfa may be ground and mixed with the corn, using 100 pounds of each, and the mixture then fed from self-feeders. An average gilt of 250 pounds will eat about five to six pounds of this daily, so to get the necessary tankage into it, mix with every 100 pounds about five pounds of the meat product. If the sows get too fat, increase the proportion of ground alfalfa accordingly. The results should be happy ones at farrowing time.

"Don't forget," adds Mr. Evvard, "the common salt at free will and plenty of good wholesome water."

Corn may not be plentiful in this state this year and all farmers may not have alfalfa hay. However, they also may benefit from the foregoing suggestions. They may feed barley instead of the corn and clover hay instead of the alfalfa hay and expect almost equally good results. Meat meal, though it may cost \$50 per ton, is a relatively economical feed for balancing such highly carbonaceous feeds as corn and barley. It is a very highly concentrated feed.

MAKING MONEY WITH WETHERS AND LAMBS

Get Animals to Market Soon as Fit—When Pastures Are Short Feed Grain.

Get all wethers and lambs in the market as soon as fit. A good article never goes a-begging in a good market.

No animal is profitable when standing still in condition. There is profit in growth.

A mere maintenance system of feeding is a losing game.

If the pastures are short, feed grain in troughs, in the pasture. Feed regularly.

A very small quantity of grain given daily and regularly often turns the scale from loss to profit.

Keep the flock tagged or maggoted may breed under the flith.

Examine the horns and around the ears.

Turpentine dropped in holes and on sores will dislodge maggots; then smear with tar.

The flock must have shade and shelter during the hot days of August. Be sure it is provided.

Unless you have fed roots you cannot realize how valuable they are for all stock, particularly sheep.

BIRDS PROVE TRUE FRIENDS OF FARMER

Sparrow Consumes One-Fourth Ounce of Noxious Weed Seed in Course of Day.

A tree sparrow is said to consume one-fourth of an ounce of injurious weed seeds a day, and weed seeds constitute three-fourths of the diet of the song sparrow. Quail, bobolinks, blackbirds, some of the larks and wild ducks are among the birds that are valuable to farmers as destroyers of noxious weed seeds.

The government has estimated that the American sparrow family alone saved farmers \$80,260,000 in 1910 by keeping down the spread of weeds.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHÉ JEFFERSON, 708 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 18-1916.

Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day. Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should, each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism; others who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any store that handles drugs which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.—Adv.

If a girl in love becomes thinner it is a case of "loved and lost."

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of 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.

According to this it would seem that a medicine for the kidneys, possessing real healing and curative properties, would be a blessing to thousands.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the well known kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is remarkably successful in sickness caused by kidney and bladder troubles. It is mild and gentle in its action and its healing influence is soon noticed in most cases. There is no other remedy like Swamp-Root. It will surely and effectively overcome kidney, liver and bladder troubles—and you can depend upon it. Go to any drug store and get a bottle so as to start treatment today. You will soon see a marked improvement.

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.—Adv.

No, Jane, it isn't the bad eggs that produce tough chickens.

HUSBAND OBJECTS TO OPERATION

Wife Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Des Moines, Iowa.—"Four years ago I was very sick and my life was nearly spent. The doctors stated that I would never get well without an operation and that without it I would not live one year. My husband objected to any operation and got me some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and commenced to get better and am now well, am stout and able to do my own housework. I can recommend the Vegetable Compound to any woman who is sick and run down as a wonderful strength and health restorer. My husband says this if it had not been for your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. BLANCHÉ JEFFERSON, 708 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Before submitting to a surgical operation it is wise to try to build up the female system and cure its derangements with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it has saved many women from surgical operations.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice—it will be confidential.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilelessness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 18-1916.