# THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

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### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was denounced by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hiding. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman. Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He desired that that night the Esmeralda, a Chilean vessel, should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lord Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, saying that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge case of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This caused a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, insane because of his queer actions. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a spasm of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure-hunt, the islands being supposed to be only 200 miles distant. Tuttle was buried in the sea, Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from sleep saw the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a fist fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward. She was wrecked in a fog. Stephens, De Nova, Lady Darlington and her maid being among those to set out in a life boat. Ten were rescued. Stephens saw only one chance in a thousand for life. Lady Darlington confessed her love to Stephens and he did likewise. Lady Darlington told her life story, how she had been bartered for a title, her yearning for absent love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She expressed a wish to die in the sea rather than face her former friends and go back to the old life. A ship was sighted. The craft proved to be a derelict. They boarded her. She was frozen tight with hundreds of years of ice. The vessel was the Donna Isabel, lost in 1753, 126 years previous. The frozen bodies of the former crew were removed. They read the log of the Isabel, which told how the Spaniards had died from cold, one by one. Lady Darlington sang to prevent the men from becoming moody. The crew commenced the hunt for treasure. They found the iron chest, said to contain a part of 2,000,000 pesos, firmly imbedded in ice. Lady Darlington expressed the belief that it would never benefit the men, for she said the Donna Isabel would never reach port. The men got a lust for gold. Stephens quelled it by whipping one. The Donna Isabel showed indications of sinking. They prepared to depart with what treasure had been found

With All My Strength I Flung Myself Forth—Straight Out Into the Sea.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

The negro Cole acted as though he had lost his mind, entirely, and after studying him awhile I concluded to let him do as he pleased. He ate breakfast with the rest of us, but without speaking, and afterward, when we left the table, picked up the cleaver and made directly for the lazarette. I called to him, but he merely rolled his eyes up at me from the blackness below and disappeared, the icy water slushing underfoot. We soon heard him vigorously slashing away at the ice, muttering constantly to himself. I went part way down the ladder, with a candle in my hand, whence I could see him toiling away at the end of the hole the men had excavated in the ice, though he paid no attention to my call. The water was fully six inches deep over the lazarette deck, splashing back and forth as the vessel rolled, and I could see drops of seawater squeezing in through the sides of her and dripping steadily down. There was nothing to do but leave the fellow alone, so after telling Dade to look down the ladder once in a while and keep an eye on him I joined the others on deck.

"Gone clear nutty," commented McKnight, tapping his head. "The very sight o' them yellow boys was too much for him."

"I only hope it wasn't my blow," I said soberly.

"Blow—hell! Why, that crack never hurt his skull, Mr. Stephens. The fellow was plumb crazy as soon as the box was open. He never thought there was so much money in the world. Why, you ought to 'a' heard him tell of the junk he was goin' to buy when he got his share back to the States. Oh, he'll come out of his dream all right if we only let him alone for a day or so."

So we left him down there alone, pegging away in the dark. He came up, however, at the call for dinner, eating away heartily without uttering a word and going back to his solitary labor, paying not the slightest heed to any of us. When night came I compelled him to remove his icy trousers and boots and lie down in one of the bunks. When I looked in a few minutes later he was sound asleep.

That the wreck was slowly settling down under us was beyond doubt, and laden with ice as she was the sodden hull would probably drop at last like a stone. The thickening sky to the southward made me exceedingly anxious; and just before dark we talked the conditions over together, each man having his say. The decision was to remain on board, all alike believing the Donna Isabel would keep afloat several days yet, unless the weather became serious. Everything was made ready, however, for a hasty escape, and a deck-watch set.

Doris passed the greater part of my watch on deck with me, and as Kelly was on the poop we were the nearest to being alone together we had ever been. It was an exceedingly dark night, but still an awful sense of loneliness brooding over the black waters, the canvas forward flapping mournfully, the huge rudder continually creaking to the slap of the waves, and a faint gurgle of water sounding from below. The dreariness of it affected us both, in spite of an effort at cheerfulness; besides, we had little to talk about except our perilous situation. Yet there was an acute pleasure in thus being together, and so she lingered on beside me, her eyes wandering from my face out into the gloom, much of the time silent, yet content. Finally, after urging her to go in out of the chill, I took a turn forward, even clambering up the ice hummock to the fore peak, and testing the rise of water with a measuring rod. As I returned aft, where Kelly was slapping himself to keep warm, a light flaky snow began falling and soon powdered the decks.

I did not undress, but flung myself on the couch in the main cabin after replenishing the fire, and lay there some time, staring up at the smoky deck-beams, listening to the slush of water in the lazarette, half-frightened by the soddenness of the hulk's rolling. Yet my conviction that she would keep afloat for hours yet finally lulled me to sleep.

De Nova woke me with a fierce grip on the shoulder, and I started up, noting the gray dawn on the front windows, and reading the truth in his face before he uttered a word.

"Is she going?"

"Oui, Oui; by gar, she sink quick!"

"Call all hands; get the boat clear and ready to swing. I'll bring the women."

The men were tumbling out as I pounded on the after state-room door. A glance through the stern-ports brought my heart into my throat, the crests of the pursuing waves were so close. Knowing that both women would be fully dressed, I flung open the door and began hastily gathering up their belongings. Within a brief minute we were outside on the deck. A single glance told us there was no time to waste. The sea ran somewhat heavier, yet with a regular swell, the Donna Isabel reeling and staggering like a drunken man. The vessel had sunk so deeply that her main-chains dipped, while her list permitted the water free entrance through the gap in the port bulwarks, and flooded the deck. There was a desperation to her mad wallowing which made me think each plunge would prove her last. I swung Doris into the stern of the longboat, bidding her hold tight.

"Now jump, men—lively, or she'll go down under us! De Nova, Johnson, tumble in and handle the ropes; Sanchez, fend off, and have an oar ready. Now, then, tail on the rest of you, and let her go—easy, there, easy! Slide down the line everybody, and cast off—oars, men, oars, or she'll swamp us."

The dip of the chains missed us by the barest inch; then we swung clear, tossed high on the creamy crest of a huge roller, which enabled us to look straight down on the sloping deck.

"Is every one here?" I asked.

"All but Jem Cole, sir."

"Cole, where is he?"

It was Johnson who answered.

"Well, all I know about it is, I hauled him out o' the bunk, and shook him wide awake. Then I left him to go out and rout out Kelly. That's the last I saw of him, sir, but it's a sure thing he ain't here."

De Nova had hold of the tiller, and I sprang forward, pushing past Sanchez, who was in the bow.

"Lay her nose close in where I can jump for the chains," I ordered sharply. "We can't leave Cole behind to drown."

It was a bit of a ticklish job the way the sea was running, and that lumping wreck sagging under, but the mate knew his trade, and, as the boat rose high on the swell, I leaped and hung on, my feet dangling in the froth. As the sodden hull swung reeling over I clambered up, and dropped to the deck. The missing negro was nowhere in sight. I leaned over, staring down at the bobbing boat being hurled back by the rebound of the surge, yet seeing only the white face of Doris upturned appealingly toward me.

"Pull out, boys; strong, now! Give her plenty of room so she won't suck you down when she drops. I've got to try the cabin."

I got aft that far. I even got fairly within the door, and my ears caught the dull, muffled sounds of blows between decks. My God! the fellow had actually gone back into that icy hold to dig for gold! As I stood there, trembling, wondering if I could dare the passage, I felt a sudden quiver of the deck, heard a sharp, ripping sound forward, a yell of mingled voices, and turned and ran for the rail. With all my strength I flung myself forth—straight out into the gray sea. I went down, down, down, feeling as if the very life was being sucked out of me, every muscle paralyzed by the icy coldness of the water. As I came up, gasping, struggling, scarce able to move a cramped limb, the suction caught me, dragging me back and down again. I battled against it like a madman, every instant an agony; and then, all at once, I found the crest and breathed in the welcome air, my stiffened limbs moving mechanically, my brain throbbing with pain. I could see nothing until a huge roller flung me upward, buffeting my face with icy spray, and there, below in the hollow, tossed the long-boat, every pallid face staring up at me. I saw them frantically back water, as the great surge hurled me down headlong. I was beside them; they clutched at me and missed. The stern, swung suddenly about by the blow of the sea, loomed over me, and then my fingers gripped a dripping oar-blade. God knows how I ever clung to it, wrenched by that sea—how the strength remained in my numbed hands; but some one twisted a boathook in the collar of my jacket, and so they hauled me, dripping and half-conscious, over the gunwale. I saw Doris. I looked into her eyes. I felt her bare hands on my wet cheek. I think it was the simple touch of her that gave me back life and comprehension of my condition. I endeavored weakly to lift my head, fighting against the awful numbness that held me prostrate. Everything seemed a dream, yet in that dream I heard De Nova's voice:

"Take him for'ard zare, dam' quick. Strip ze wet clothes off, or he freeze dead. By gar, jump you, Kelly, an' get blanket roun' him!"

I hardly know what they did, for I scarcely retained sufficient life to realize that I was still alive; but, when I was fairly warm beneath a pile of blankets, I saw Doris sitting where she could look down into my face, and the men busy stepping the mast and getting up sail. I pushed my hand out from under the covers and found hers.

"Don't cry, little girl," I whispered tenderly; "it is all right now."

She bent down, her cheek pressed against mine, unable to speak.

"Did—did the Donna Isabel go down?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes, and—and it nearly caught us," her voice sobbing, as the memory of it all came back. "I—I saw you jump, and then there was nothing—nothing but the sea. Oh! how did God ever save you—ever bring you back to me?"

I could only press her hand under the warmth of the blankets, still feeling it difficult to breathe.

"Did—did you see Cole?" she questioned at last, more calmly.

"No, but I heard him; he was down in the lazarette, chopping at the ice, poor devil."

I felt her shiver; then she lifted her head, looking forth over the sea.

"To the very end the dead are doomed to guard that gold," she said soberly. "I wish we had none of it aboard." I lay watching the delicate profile of her face, happy, yet with a little of foreboding.

"Lift me up a little, dear, until I can look about."

She did so with much gentleness, and I leaned against the gunwale. It was a raw, cloudy morning, sea and sky the same dull, dreary expanse of gray, with nothing anywhere to relieve the awful loneliness of water on which we tossed. Our eyes met and our handclasp tightened.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### In Which We Fight Death.

I remember distinctly enough the first six days of that boat voyage; it seems as if every detail was burned upon my brain with fire. I see the faces of the men constantly becoming more haggard and hopeless as they stared, dull-eyed and aimlessly, out over the endless waste of water to the dun sky. We were so tired of it; it had grown so hateful in its pitiless vacancy, its dull, dreary void. It seemed to me that with every recurring dawn those within the boat appeared older, grayer, more deeply lined; their exposed flesh caked more heavily with the salt spray; their limbs cramped from confinement and cold; their eyes lusterless and heavy with despair. They conversed with some effort at cheerfulness at first, figuring on the speed with which we sailed, dividing up the treasure, counting the gold pieces, and speculating upon their probable value. But depression followed swiftly as day merged into day, with only that same desert of tumbling waters stretching about us, that same wild sky overhead. Finally the growling voices ceased entirely, the fellows becoming moody and sullen, scarcely answering even when addressed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Probably True.

"Say," said the farmer, who was unloading potatoes at the grocery, "do you believe that story about little George Washington and the hatchet and the cherry tree?"

"Don't ask me," laughed the grocer.

"Well, I think it is probably true. I've got a boy ten years old at home, and after he had teased me for a year or so I bought him a boy's ax."

"And did he cut down your favorite cherry tree?"

"He did a heap better than that. He cut down most of the apple orchard orchard."

"And did he tell a lie about it?"

"Nope. Owned up like a little man."

"And, like Washington, you praised him?"

"Unlike Washington, I didn't do any such blamed thing. I gave him a hiding on the spot, and have licked him once a day since and am going to keep it up until he is twenty-five years old."

## Judgment of Human Nature

#### But One Infallible Way by Which Test Can Be Made, According to One Writer.

Some people claim to make a study of human nature. They will tell you they can read character at sight—know faces and what they index. Let us grant all this to be so—maybe they can. Then again, maybe they can't—they only think they can. Faces don't always tell the whole story. Behind the frown and the knitted brow may lurk a big heart and a soul full of healing humor. Behind the easy smile may skulk the worst old wolf of a temper you ever saw. Often you will face a face so closed up you wouldn't ask it for a cent, itching to subscribe heavily to your half-dozen benevolent schemes in your inside pocket. Then again a face so bland you think you could say "Brickelbrit" to it, and see it cough up specie, like the donkey in the fairy tale, will cough up nothing. A man tells me that to study human nature in the wood you need to be a person of little influence, and to go around with a subscription paper for some religious or charitable object. Then you find out. Because you have no personal influence the cause looks the giver (or the non-giver) right smack in the face, and the nature of the person concerned will be as evident as an open-faced watch. Whether much, little or nothing be given matters little, but the spirit matters a whole lot—so the informant tells us.

## LIKES HAWAIIAN PRINCESS

#### Washington Society Finds Delegate's Wife Rapidly Adapts Herself to Its Usages.

Washington. — One of the most striking figures in Washington official life is "Princess" Kalanianaole, wife of the delegate from Hawaii. Since the election of "Prince Cupid," as he is popularly known, to congress, ten years ago, he and his wife have established a reputation for hospitality and have made a large circle of friends.

"Princess" Kalanianaole, to give her the Hawaiian title, never fails to attract much attention at social functions. She is a fine type of Hawaiian womanhood and dresses sumptuously in the brilliant colors of which her countrymen are so fond. She is unusually tall and carries herself in the

regal manner which is characteristic of her people. Princess Kalanianaole is fond of society and has readily adapted herself to Washington social conditions.

Before her marriage to the scion of Hawaiian royalty Princess Kalanianaole was Elizabeth Kahanu Kaauwai, daughter of a native chief of the island of Maui. Her marriage to "Prince Cupid," October 8, 1896, was the occasion of great rejoicing throughout the islands. Princess Kalanianaole was educated in English schools and took a finishing course in France. She is a thorough linguist, an artist of no small ability and an especially fine musician. She has been largely instrumental in creating a vogue for Hawaiian music.

The native instrument of Hawaii, a variety of guitar which lends itself readily to Kanaka folk music, is frequently heard in the drawing room of the fine residences in Massachusetts avenue maintained by the Kalanianaoles. Former Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, the aunt of "Prince Cupid," is a much feted guest when she comes to visit her young relatives.

Princess Kalanianaole has a fine collection of native jewelry and curios. Among them is the war helmet of the national hero, Kalakaua I. Some bits of pottery which she possesses are of untold antiquity and are highly valued by collectors. The "bofuka," the native dress of the Hawaiian women, is shown in great variety in a collection made by Princess Kalanianaole. The garment is a sort of sublimated mother-hubbard and is often made of costly fabrics and even ornamented by precious stones The princess possesses, by the way, some of the finest jewelry in Washington.

## HEADS ILLINOIS PHYSICIANS

#### Dr. Alfred Cleveland Cotton of Chicago Elected President of State Medical Association.

Chicago.—Dr. Alfred Cleveland Cotton, recently elected president of the Illinois State Medical association, has been in practise in Chicago for thirty-two years. For the last three years he has been superintendent of the Jackson Park sanitarium for babies, and for eighteen years he has been

physician of the Presbyterian hospital, in which institution he is also professor of pediatrics. Dr. Cotton was born in Griggsville, Pike county, Ill., in 1847 and was graduated from Rush Medical college in 1878. In the civil war he was a drummer in Company F, One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Illinois Volunteer infantry. He formerly was city physician, in charge of isolation hospitals.

#### Chicks in Snake.

Long Beach, Cal.—Three little chicks belonging to W. B. McCracken, the other day pecked their way into the world after an unusual experience. For 13 days the mother hen had been busily attending to her sitting duties when a hungry snake drove her from the nest and gorged itself with three eggs.

The snake lingered about the premises and McCracken shot it. Wondering at its odd proportions, he performed an operation and found the eggs. They were placed back under the hen, and at the end of the regulation time were hatched.

## STATE CAPITAL LINCOLN CHAT.

#### Finds Campus Corner.

Robert Harvey, state surveyor, has found the initial corner of the campus of the Peru state normal school after a search of many weeks which led him through many experiences that might have caused a Sherlock Holmes to give up in despair. By his own efforts and the aid of many old settlers who remembered the marks made in the 60's, he found the stone that marked the center of the section in which the campus is located, but proved that it was incorrectly placed. As all surveys have been based on this old survey it will be taken as the correct one. Mr. Harvey placed a dozen or more new monuments at the different zigzag corners of the campus and future generations may find a history of the survey chiseled on brick under cement and with iron pipe and wooden poles to mark the spots.

#### Lack of Water for Irrigation.

State Engineer E. C. Simpson, as secretary of the state board of irrigation, has received many complaints from western Nebraska from irrigators. Complaints are made that claimants are using water to which others have prior rights. Information received indicates that the North Platte river and all of the smaller streams in the western part of the state are almost dry. Lack of snow in the mountains in Colorado and Wyoming is given as the reason for lack of water in the Platte river. Usually these rivers rise the latter part of June from the melting snow.

#### Governor's At Home Days.

Much having been said about the absence of Governor Shallenberger from his office, Private Secretary Furse has looked up the record and finds that Governor Sheldon was absent from the state ninety-eight days in two years, being an average of over four days a month, and that Governor Shallenberger was absent from the state forty-eight days in eighteen months, being an average of less than three days a month. A record is kept of the number of days the governor is absent from the state, but no record is kept of the number of days he is absent from the capital.

#### University Place Depot.

The railway commission which recently permitted a slight change in the proposed location of the Rock Island depot at University Place has approved plans and specifications for the building. The plans approved call for a structure 40x20 feet with a waiting room at one end and a freight room at the other with a telegraph and ticket office between the two rooms. The work of construction will soon be commenced.

#### Lincoln Not Free High School.

Because the Lincoln high school has issued contracts with school districts and requires a promise that non-resident pupils will pay $18 a year additional to the $27 tuition allowed under the free high school law, State Superintendent E. C. Bishop has issued a notice that he is under the necessity of withdrawing from the Lincoln high school recognition under the free high school tuition law.

#### Appeal to Supreme Court.

J. E. Lichenstiger and Charles H. Freadrich, Lincoln retailers who were found guilty in the court of Judge Stewart with a violation of the pure food law of Nebraska, were arraigned and fined $10 each. The defendants were charged with selling lard and cottolene in cans not properly labeled or branded. The fines were not paid as an appeal had already been taken to the supreme court.

The Direct Legislation league will proceed with its original plans for securing the election of a direct legislation legislature this fall, now that the special session is out of the question. President John H. Mockett, jr., said: "The league from now on will work to two ends. It will try to secure favorable pledges in all the party platforms, and also from all the legislative candidates. The public interest in the question is shown to be such that we cannot see how any party convention can justly refuse a chance to vote on the question, no matter what the individual views of party leaders may be on the merits of the question. But the work will not stop with the party platforms. For the information of voters at the primaries the league will question candidates for the legislature. With the voters informed in advance of the position of candidates on this question there should be no difficulty, in most districts to secure the nomination on all tickets of initiative and referendum men."

State Auditor Barton has registered bonds in the amount of $650 for school district No. 118, Cherry county. Cherry county is noted for large school districts, but if there are any larger than this one it has not yet been discovered. The district comprises 99 sections of land, being nearly ten miles square, has 27 children of school age, 24 voters and the assessed valuation of all the property amounts to $65,400. At the special election to vote these bonds but 12 votes were cast, all in favor of the bonds.

Coal for all of the state institutions has been contracted for by the board of purchase and supplies comprising Governor Shallenberger, Secretary of State Junkin, Treasurer Brian, Land Commissioner Cowles and Attorney General Thompson. The board uses its discretion as to contracting for coal for three months or a longer period. It has been customary to contract for the year's supply. This time the board contracted for coal for one year although prices are about 25 cents a ton higher than they were one year ago.


#### MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

The Rooster—What! You're my long-lost brother? Get out!

The Duck—Sure I am! Don't you remember when I tried to teach you to swim and you were afraid of the water?

## BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee.

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising, the inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema.

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone, Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."


#### When Father Helped.

The fond father held the manuscript while his son practised the oration.

"Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant," cried the youth, "to—to—to—well, what is it?"

The father was wrestling with the manuscript.

"Oh, yes," he muttered, "here it is: 'to dessicate.' Go on."

"It's desecrate," cried the boy, indignantly. "'Shall we permit the ruthless hand of the hydra-headed tyrant to desecrate the—the—the—' why don't you prompt me?"

The father was staring hard at the manuscript.

"The—the poodle—paddle—poodle-um of our liver ties," he stammered.

"It's the 'palladium of our liberties,'" roared the boy. "Gimme that paper—I'll say it meself."

And he stalked away angrily.

#### Protest of a Shipper.

Jonah emerged.

"It wanted to increase the freight rates," he complained.

Thus the first transportation protest was filed.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Plato.


Dr. Pierce's pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.


Gunner—They say since Coggwood bought his new automobile he has run into wealth. Guyer—Yes, he ran into a 400-pound hog the other day.


Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.


It's the things we don't get that we should sometimes be most thankful for.


Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.


Don't throw kisses, my boy; deliver them in person.


THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

The best medicine to safeguard your health is the Bitters. Its merit has been thoroughly proven during the past 57 years. Try a bottle for Poor Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Cramps and Diarrhoea.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature: Brent Good