

Money and expense are not essential to create homes and attractive rooms. One dollar and fifty cents' worth of material will completely restore a faded, dingy living room into a graceful, lovely apartment.

Really it is good taste and skill that make the home homelike. The decorative touch is worth twice as much as money. Wall paper is expensive; it costs money to buy it, to hang it and again to remove it. With the use of the substituted wall there is only one cost—the cost of the material—any one can brush it on—and it is not necessary to remove it when a fresh coat is required.

It is very easy to mix, very simple to apply, and the results are simply beautiful. A whole house can be done at a little more than the cost of the living room when ordinary materials are used. And this is true, that the substituted wall has so much better materials for use in the decoration of our homes, that wall paper, common wallpaper and paint are now as much out of date as the old time white-wash, yellow candles and brown floors. More money is no longer an essential in good home-making in artistic home making.

The new materials and labor-saving machines are most welcome to any woman who sees thoughtful woman, every woman who sees for her home, is quick to utilize them.

**There's No Place Like 'Em.**  
**Wife**—What sort of a play would you like to see?  
**Husband**—Something lively, that keeps you awake, and has plenty of music in it.  
**Wife**—You'd better stay at home and take care of the baby—Life.

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
 by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by restoring the hearing power to the natural condition. This can be done by the use of the Deafness Cure, which is a scientific method of restoring the hearing power. It is a scientific method of restoring the hearing power. It is a scientific method of restoring the hearing power.

**Uppers.**  
 "I was brought up by my colored nurse," said the southern girl at party on the seventh floor of a Harlem apartment house. "I was brought up by the elevator, the New York girl declared."

**Important to Mothers.**  
 Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of **W. D. Parke** in Use For Over 30 Years.

Those who believe that man descended from the monkey should remember that it's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

**DAVID PAINKILLER** should be taken within thirty minutes after each meal and at bedtime. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

There are lots of people who can't take a joke, and a good many times it isn't through any fault of their own.

Takers of the United States Census will use Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen because it is always ready and sure.

Take a good watch to a pawnbroker and see how quickly the time passes.

**FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS** and other respiratory ailments, take **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills**. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

Every man thinks he's a superior judge of human nature.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS** are a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**Stops Lameness**  
 Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and use it at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

**Here's the Proof.**  
 Mr. G. T. Roberts of Reno, Ga., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 4, writes: "I have used your Liniment on a horse for twenty years and effected a thorough cure on several occasions. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments."

**Sloan's Liniment** is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**Price 50c and \$1.00**  
 Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

# THE NATIONAL OCEAN SEPARATOR

It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**SYNOPSIS.**  
 The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, a young man of fortune, who is interested in the discovery of a new method of separating oil from water. He is a young man of fortune, who is interested in the discovery of a new method of separating oil from water.

**CHAPTER XVI.**  
 In which I Again Come to Command. Dado awoke me, the gray light of the Antarctic day gleaming through the portholes.

"I pounded on the door twice, sir," he explained, quickly, "but you were asleep so hard I had to come in. Something's gone wrong in Mr. Tuttle's stateroom, sir."

"Wrong! what do you mean?"  
 "Well, sir, a gun went off in this just now, sir."

"I was already upon my feet, pulling on my clothes."  
 "Did you see the man who shot?"  
 "No, sir, I did not. I was already upon my feet, pulling on my clothes."

"The ex-whaleman was lying on the floor in a curious position, his feet resting beside him, perhaps a foot from his head. The pungent odor of powder was still in the room. We turned him over, revealing a bullet wound just in front of the ear. Beyond all doubt he had shot himself while sitting upon the edge of the bunk, and had tumbled forward, dead before he struck the deck. I glanced toward De Nova, who stood staring silently down at the dead man, and at Dado, almost yellow with terror, peering cautiously in through the open door."

"He is beyond further trouble," I said, solemnly. "The poor devil. Help me lift him back into his berth."  
 Dado held aloof, but De Nova took hold with me, and together we straightened out the body, covering it decently with a sheet. Then we passed into the main cabin and closed the door.

"What sort of weather have we outside, Mr. De Nova?" I questioned, endeavoring to quell the beating of my heart.  
 "Clear as col', monsigner, 'st. win nor-west."  
 "What are we holding our course?"  
 "Oul, oul," gesticulating, "but 'at we do now?' 'at we do now?"  
 "Well, that depends entirely upon you and the crew," said De Nova. "Mr. Tuttle is dead, beyond recall. I am the only competent navigator left on board, and as the safety of my own life, as well as the safety of the women in my care, I propose assuming command. Have you anything to say?"

The crew alone motionless, grasping the edge of the table, his black eyes still fastened on Tuttle's closed door.  
 "Well, you had better decide," I went on, stoutly, "and anyway the only thing for us to do is to put this matter straight before the crew. They are quiet about what has happened until after breakfast—you, too, Dado—and then have a vote. As to Dado's barrow, re-entered the main room, returning with the chart upon which our course had been plotted, and then, as in the previous day, and spread it out across my knees. I was still engaged in studying it when Lady Darlington, fully dressed in evening gown, came in. She touched me before I was even aware of her presence."

"Is Mr. Tuttle still there?" she asked, anxiously, "and have you been on duty all night?"  
 "The first officer is dead," I answered, and made that I had done my duty all night."  
 She listened silently, her breath quickened from excitement, her face

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**A Free Book About Beautiful Walls**  
 We have just issued a book about house decoration. It tells how to produce these beautiful walls, how best in the finest of homes and hotels. It suggests color schemes—offers a wealth of ideas. And it tells what has brought alabastine into universal vogue.

**Alabastine**  
 The Sanitary Wall Coating  
 Alabastine is the only wall coating that is both fireproof and water-resistant. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**Here's a Chew**  
 TIGER FINE CUT CHEWING TOBACCO  
 That you will enjoy. Not dry and dusty. Not flat and tasteless—like fire cut that has been exposed to the air and dust in the dealer's store. But moist, clean, sweet.

**5 Cents**  
 Weight guaranteed by the United States Government.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE**

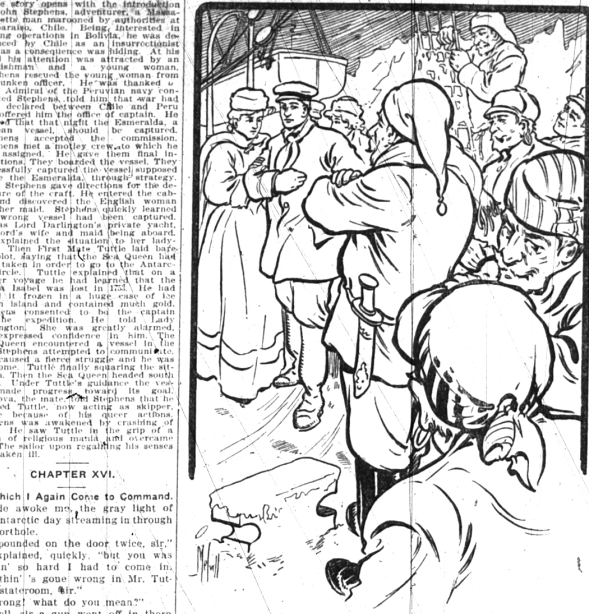
**COLT DISTEMPER**  
 It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**Don't Persecute your Bowels**  
**WESTERN CANADA**  
 What Governor Bennett of Minnesota Says About It?

**ABSORBINE**  
 It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

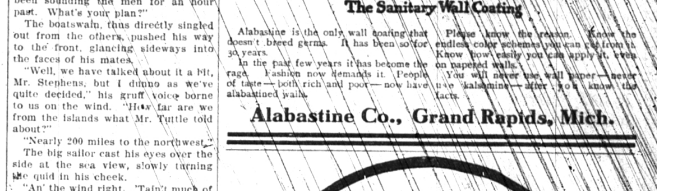
**Hay's Hair-Health**  
**LAZY LIVER**  
 It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.

**PATENT**  
 It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments. It is a safe and sure remedy for all ailments.



"To H— I did that sort of rot, Mr. Stephens—We're Sailors Men."  
 "I dived upon the man's mental condition, his ghostly hallucinations, my discovery of him in the main cabin, and his final act of self-destruction. The very retelling of the tragic story served to clear my own mind and strengthen my resolve."  
 "What—what will this mean to you?" she questioned, her lips trembling.  
 "Will it release us from our bondage?"  
 "Will it result in abandoning this crazy search after treasure?"  
 "Honestly I do not know, Lady Darlington," I acknowledged with reluctance. "The present attitude of the crew remains to be discovered. Practically we are as helpless as before. My one advantage lies in the fact that I am the only navigator on board. They have power to compel me to do their will. I cannot battle against them alone."  
 "But you no longer believe in Tuttle's story?"  
 "I never have really believed it. But this is not a question of what I believe; it all hangs upon the faith of the men forward."  
 "But if they realize he was insane, surely they must also decide that this treasure ship was likewise a delusion."  
 "I shook my head, gravely doubting her conclusion.  
 "I regret to say I possess no such explanation." The average sailor, Lady Darlington, is not given to reasoning; he is more a creature of impulse. I fear we are already too close to our goal to now be turned back by the death of the men who insist on completing the voyage. I intend to have the entire crew piped aft after breakfast, and will talk to them. I wish you to go on deck with me at the time, and help me to explain, vaguely, intently watching the expression of her face. Whatever decision I may be driven to, I hope it will not hurt me or your respect."  
 "Oh, no."  
 "You will retain confidence in me, even if the howl of the Sea Queen comes hours to night?"  
 She lifted her gray eyes to mine in unadvised frankness.  
 "Whatever you think best, Mr. Stephens, I shall believe you right," she responded, softly. "Will my trust help you?"  
 "It is the one thing needed. Thus armed, can you stand?"  
 The meal following was far from cheerful, although the bright sun streamed down through the deck transoms, and the golden bars along the table, as our thoughts would constantly recur to that silent figure lying in the nearby bunk, while our conversation was largely about his death, and the consequences of his will."  
 Finally, bidding both mistress and maid to go to their rooms, I called to the deck. I went forward to the bridge, relieving De Nova while he descended to the main cabin for his breakfast. The crew had already completed their meal and swarmed out of the forecastle, apparently aware that the morning's dining room would be big. Dan Anderson, talking earnestly, and felt convinced the crew was endeavoring to shove me down the hatch of action. Brutal and unlearned as he was, the boatswain was thorough as a lawyer, understanding how to influence his mates, and with enough at stake in this game to render him dispassionate. The second mate joined me at the table.  
 "Call all hands aft, Mr. De Nova," I said, after a glance into his face, "every man Jack of them, except the

have no lawful officers to take charge. It happens I'm the only navigator on board, and so I've called you aft, after talking with Mr. De Nova about it, to get your ideas on what ought to be done. Some of you speak up until we can find out what your notions are."  
 No one among those made any response, the long row of eyes staring dully up at us, the feet shuffling in uneasiness.  
 "Come, Anderson, open up. You've been sounding the men for an hour past. What's your plan?"  
 The boatswain, thus directly singled out for the view, slowly turned to the front, glancing sideways into the faces of his mates.  
 "Well, I have talked about it a bit, and I think I've got a notion. Mr. Stephens' his gruff voice broke to us on the wind. "How far are we from the islands what Mr. Tuttle told us?"  
 "Nearly 200 miles to the northwest."  
 The big sailor cast his eyes over the side at the sea view, slowly turning his head in his cheek.  
 "An' the wind right. 'Tain't much of a run, sir, after 'at we've already had getting on. I reckon you could find that pint of sea."  
 "Yes," I acknowledged, almost reluctantly, "I can find it, unless the ice shuts us in first. But what he knows in taking such a chance, Anderson? Tuttle was probably just as crazy about matters as the rest of us were. To my mind he was over. Government ships have surveyed all these waters again and again, and the charts show no land anywhere along that latitude. I'm for calling it a poor job, and turning back before we get mixed. Look where we are now, we haven't a mile of clear water either side of us, and a shift of wind will crush our sides like an eggshell."  
 The silent men stared gloomily out at that grim expanse of sea, ice and sky, but Anderson only scowled up at me, his sleeping his mitted hands together.  
 "To hell wid that sort of rot, Mr. Stephens," he broke forth, fiercely. "We're sailing men, and the most of us have seen ice before. This channel's wide enough for the hooker, an' 'at the devil do we want more? Maybe the man was in first nutty, but he know how to sail these seas, an' he told how a flat straight yarrn about that Spanish whig, just the same, an' I'm for finding out whether or not it's a lie. Maybe there ain't no pass awaitin' for us out yonder, but, by God, sir, I want to know it for sure. An' so do we. I placed at the bow, you say we're within 200 miles of findin' out the truth, an' I'm hanged if I'll consent to go back like a whipped cur without takin' even a squint along that latitude."  
 He stamped on the deck, glowering about him like a mad bull, evidently daring the others to contradict. I leaned farther over the rail.  
 "Is that right, lads? Has Anderson spoken your sentiments? Do you really mean to proceed in this crazy search in spite of all that ice out yonder?"  
 "Yes," his voice responded, although I could hear the hoarse grumbling in their throats and see their heads shaking affirmatively. I turned toward the mate, who was standing just behind me.  
 "The men are all tongue-tied. How do you wish you, Mr. De Nova? Are you for further search, or a quick run home?"  
 I noticed him glance across toward the men, and saw that the shelter of the lookout, her face showing white against the darker background. I even imagined the girl lifted her hand to her forehead, as if in great anxiety, the creole smiled confidently, his jet mustache clearly outlined against his cheek.  
 "What I say, monsigner? Oh, oul, I was for get up 'at steam in zo engine, and make a dash. By gar, maybe we'll get to the islands, an' be all rich. Why not? Why be steam we cheat ze ice-berg. Bah! I seen it wather as zat."  
 "I argued in final effort, 'but the season is young. We are driving south in the face of winter, the ice-jacks are running, and not breaking up. I warn every one of you as chances are we'll be hipped."  
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)



to the extreme of nervous force are found, and all are susceptible to the unknown law which, without warning, extinguishes the inner light and leads the afflicted groping in the darkness.  
 Was poverty, ill health or dishonor confronting the hapless one? Did he have the things that men desire, and was he about to lose them? Did any one of those things impend, which try men's courage and test their powers of resistance? Or was the question unanswered? Why should it be unanswered? There are things we know and things we may not learn. And among the latter is the mystery of mentality.

**Remains Always Sealed Book**  
 Mystery of Mentality Seeks Designed to Be Hidden from Mankind.  
 We say of one who has destroyed his life, "He must have been mentally unbalanced." Was he? What is the proof that comes from an action merely contrary to the ordinary rule of life? And what is his mental condition? We meet with the unbalanced, or the mentally dying. The fanatic, the man with large, but unbalanced, force, but with only one outlet. He looks on the world through a single window. His salvation is to open it, and let the world in. The unbalanced man struggles with kindness of purpose. The student lives among the facts of his brain. But extreme application brings the same results as extreme inhibition. The rash of a life and the desolation of the farm produce identical results. In a thousand persons the gradations from the extreme of brute physical domination to the extreme of nervous force are found, and all are susceptible to the unknown law which, without warning, extinguishes the inner light and leads the afflicted groping in the darkness.

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