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HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.

"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Fortune is a knocker, all right."

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Nenning, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

The Miser of Sag Harbor.

"Economy," said Isabel W. Field, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Boston, who at the age of forty-five has entered Harvard, "economy is essential to wealth, but by economy I don't mean niggardliness.

"Too many men fail to attain to wealth because they practise a cheeseparing and mean economy that gets everybody down on them.

"They practise, in fact, an economy like that of old William Brewster of Sag Harbor. William, you know, would never buy oysters because he couldn't eat shells and all."

TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT

After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Ease (antiseptic tablets for the foot-bath) in the water, it will take out all soreness, inflaming and tenderness, restore foot colors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Ease instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot nervousness of the feet at night. Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder into your shoes. Sold everywhere 25c. Avoid substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Ease sent FREE or our regular size sent by mail for 25c. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

"Foot-Tabs for Foot-Tubs."

He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

Tactful.

A woman with a pronounced squint went to a fashionable photographer.

He looked at her and she looked at him and both were embarrassed.

He spoke first.

"Won't you permit me," he said, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."—Beacon.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Artistic Temperament.

Hamlet seemed to speak with authority in his advice to the players.

"Yes," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, "although he was rather quiet and patient. But in his other scenes he was as nervous and irascible as a regular stage manager."

Heard Many a One.

The Judge—Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?

The Witness—You seem to forget, your honor, that I've been married for over 20 years.

Every mind has its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.—Emerson.

LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DON HAMPTON OF FLACER, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER
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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 commanded 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 name of the 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 up. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt, the island 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 and the crew started. Dr. Cole, He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that a Mr. Sandy Inspiration, Engineer McKnight played "ghost" to scare the man 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 continued the search in a fine 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 natural love. She revealed herself as the school chum of Stephens' sister. She entered 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 vessel 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, 156 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 3,000,000 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. The next morning they departed. Stephens went back to try to rescue Cole, a gold-crazed negro, who was hunting treasure in the hold. Stephens plunged into the icy sea a moment before the Donna Isabel sank. His mates rescued him. the negro being lost.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

If anything the women managed to bear up better than the men, but whether this was because of their distress or failure to comprehend fully the desperation of our situation, I am unable to say. Yet outwardly they seemed to retain courage longer. However, their eyes told me plainly enough how heavily the hours rested upon them. Saw comparatively little of Celeste, as she chose a position near the foot of the mast, and remained there much of the time, wrapped warmly in blankets, ministered to by De Nova, who sat beside her. But Doris remained aft with me, resting when I was off duty, but sitting wide awake, her head touching my knee whenever it was my trick at the tiller. It seems a strange thing to say, yet I believe it was the very certainty of death which kept her strong, self-reliant, almost happy. Not for one instant did she consider our final rescue as possible. She lived in her love for me, utterly insensible to the drear surroundings, and merely anxious to prolong our life together. It was a revelation to me of a woman's heart, a woman's constancy. May I never forget the clasp of her hand, the tender lovelight in her gray eyes, the words of faith and hope on her lips, as we sat thus through those long hours battling against the sea, the motionless forms of the blanketed sleepers alone evidencing other human life within the boat. It was her presence, her love, her inspiration, which stiffened me to the continued performance of a labor growing harder with each day.

It became easy to see what this meant to us all. It was neither hunger nor thirst, although I felt it safer to put all upon short rations from the beginning, but rather the awful, continuous strain of hopeless loneliness in that vast desert of ocean. The contemplation of it maddened us one moment into frenzy, and depressed us the next into profound melancholy. We could not shake it off; awake or in dreams it held us to slavery. Everywhere, everywhere the same eternal swell of the seas, the same eternity of clouded sky, the same dull, dead monotony of scene and motion, hour after hour, day after night. It drove us mad, crushing down upon the brain as though it was a real weight, merciless, agonizing. The air remained frosty, the southwest wind chilling, the spray which slapped into our faces

She Still Sat at My Knee, Yielding Me New Courage.

icy cold. Our fingers stiffened with cold, our bodies shook from the chill; only beneath the warmth of the blankets could we find comparative comfort. Hour after hour the men lay, curled up and motionless, only crawling forth reluctantly to take their turn on watch. Our greatest effort was to keep the straining cordage free from ice, and to prevent its formation along the gunwale or at the bows, over which spray dashed in constant shower.

Good God, how those hours dragged, with the same heartless scene without, the same hopeless faces within! Most of us continued to live merely because we could not die. Indifference took the place of hope, and we performed our simple tasks automatically, almost unconsciously. Johnson, De Nova and I took our tricks at the helm, with one man always awake forward to manage the running gear, and only once during those first six days were we compelled to lower our sail or take a reef in the lift.

Then a fierce squall came tearing down upon us from out the northwest, a swift, sharp blow, heralded by a blinding snow flurry which kicked up an ugly sea, lashing us with heavier stinging spray, and coating everything with ice. For seven hours we fought in a blinding smother, every man awake, crouching beneath blankets, the women stowed away under the thwarts, and De Nova and I at the tiller, the huge surges pounding against our backs, as we thus kept them from sweeping the laboring boat fore and aft, and swamping her. I never believed we could weather it, the increasing waves tossing us about like a cork, yet, as the dawn broke, we succeeded in broaching to, with canvas drag holding her, and the very moment I realized she would ride safely I fell forward dead asleep. Either Doris or one of the men covered me with blankets, my icy clothing drying on my body. But it was Doris who welcomed me back to life again, as a little glimpse of westering sun grew barely visible through a rift in the dun clouds, with the mainsail again spread, and the longboat leaping to the foaming summits. Oh, but it was worth all suffering just to read the confession of her eyes, and to feel her bend down over me in sudden tenderness! I am not ashamed that the tears dimmed my eyes so I could scarcely see her dear face or that my voice choked so I could do no more than whisper her name. She must have understood, for her soft hands touched my cheek, and so we rested for a long time, scarcely exchanging a word between us.

It was later that same day, just at the edge of twilight, when Kelly called, "A sail!" pointing eagerly out over the port quarter. Then, some upon knees, some standing, we all saw it, a misty, white reflection, showing vague against the darkening horizon. I know not what it really was —a gleam of canvas, a speck of cloud, or the pinnacle of an iceberg—but as we swept toward it, the night dropped down over the waters blotting the last faint vestige from view. Yet we hung on desperately, the man staring out into the black void, grumbling and cursing, until the long night wore away with no reward.

That was about the last I recall clearly; afterwards all grew indistinct, commingled, confused. It was as a matter of fact, it is not a corporeal delight at all, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Its sole physical accompaniment, indeed, is a sensation of suffocation, and this, as all will admit, is scarcely agreeable. No; the insidious charm of the pastime must be sought in its psychic effects—in its marvelous and delightful interference with the normal processes of ratiocination. A man kissed is a man transfigured and transmogrified. Let him be the worst of misanthropes before the sweet impingement of nose upon nose, and he may yet emerge from the turmoil a philanthropist. One kiss, properly stage-managed, is enough to transform a pirate into a poet, a politician into a philosopher, or vice versa. One small kiss, indeed, is sufficient to turn a proud, heaven-kissing bachelor into a servile married man—the most stupendous, antipodal and lamentable transformation possible, at this writing, in a mere human being.

came up again. McKnight was the first to speak.

"He had his pockets full o' gold. I saw him takin' it las' night."

There was a fierce storm of oaths, the faces of the men wolfish and savage as they glared down into the water; but Kelly fell on his knees and began to pray.

It almost seems to me that this was the last, though it could not have been. There were hours after that, perhaps even days and nights, when I lived without really knowing that I lived. It was a period of fancies, phantoms, dreams, weird and fantastic, haunting horrors that left all reality blank. I know that Johnson helped me at the tiller while De Nova lay prone in the bottom of the boat, sometimes talking to himself, occasionally lifting his head to peer over the side. What he said had no meaning, just a jumble of French words, and he smiled like that dead Spaniard in the cabin of the Donna Isabel. I know that Sanchez, who had brawled by done his round in spite of his broken leg, fell into the delirium of fever, screamed for hours that he was dying, and had at last to be bound fast in his blankets. I know Kelly came creeping aft with a knife in his hand, imagining he had been robbed, and I had to knock him down with the tiller-bar, the boat falling off into the trough of the sea and nearly capsizing before I could get her head about again. Doris was bending over Sanchez, who seemed to have an interval of sanity at the moment—that was the last I remember then. I think, I pitched over against Doris when she came back to me, and everything went dark.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Which We Come to the End.

I was lying between white sheets in a rather wide berth when I came again to consciousness, a yellow glow of sunlight streaming in through an open port, and the clanking sound of machinery in my ears. I closed my eyes again, weakly, my head reeling yet from the delusions of the past. No, this was real—a steamer, rising and falling on the swell, but pushing steadily forward to the rapid revolutions of the screw. I could hear the tramping of feet on deck, even the slush of the sea without. I opened my eyes and, watching a curtain wave to the fresh air rushing in through the port, and then I turned my head on the pillow. Doris sat on a low stool gazing out through the aperture on the sea, her face partially turned away. She looked pale, careworn, her eyes weary and sad. Suddenly she turned her glance in my direction, and sprang up with a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack, you have been lying there so long unconscious!"

I could only clasp her hands and gaze into the depths of her gray eyes.

"I have proved rather a poor specimen of a man, I fear, dear," I confessed at last, ashamed of my weakness. "How long?"

"It is three days since we were brought on board, and we were a day and night in the boat after you lost consciousness."

I endeavored to think it out, to comprehend. She leaned farther over, her lips touching my cheek.

"Don't worry about it, Jack; everything is all right now. Johnson took your place at the tiller, and—and we were picked up."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Terms for Inebriety.

According to Hotten, some of the terms denoting inebriety are as follows: Beery, bemused, boozy, bosky, corned, foggy, fou, fresh, hazy, elevated, kisky, lushy, moony, muggy, muzzy, on, screwed, stewed, tight and winy. In an intermediate class stand podgy, beargered, blued, cut, primed, lumpy, plowed, muddled, obfuscated, sappy, three sheets in the wind and topheavy. "But the acme," says the same authority, "is only obtained when the disguised individual 'can't see a hole in the ladder,' or when he is 'all mops and brooms,' or 'off his nut' or 'with his main-brace well spliced,' or 'with the sun in his eyes,' or when he has 'lapped the gutter' and 'got the gravel rash,' or 'on the ran-tan,' or 'on the re-raw,' or when he is 'sowed up,' or 'regularly scammered.'"

Camphor Cures Colds.

Take gum camphor and dissolve in kerosene, having enough so that there is always a little camphor undissolved in the bottom of the bottle. Rub the lame parts thoroughly and often with this and you will have relief. Do not bandage it on, as it will blister if used that way. This is also an excellent remedy for cold in throat or lungs. Rub it in well.

Not a Corporeal Delight

Real Nature of the Kiss, as Viewed by a Writer Who Has Clearly Studied the Subject.

It is the fashion of the more bilious moralists to put kissing among the gross pleasures, with eating, yodling, smoking and the use of tobacco; but, as a matter of fact, it is not a corporeal delight at all, says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. Its sole physical accompaniment, indeed, is a sensation of suffocation, and this, as all will admit, is scarcely agreeable. No; the insidious charm of the pastime must be sought in its psychic effects—in its

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family

Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his every word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobile. The moment the Roosevelt family and immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt, again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of home-forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Touring to a breakfast at the Travers Island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

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of Tiger Fine Cut and you will agree you never tasted any other half as good.

Tiger tastes good—because it *is* good. Pure, full-flavored, clean and sweet.

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Always in proper condition. Always a clean, delicious chew.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

The morning after is responsible for many good resolutions.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styes Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Accept No Substitute—Trial Size—25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Many people are busy mortgaging the future in order to acquire a past.

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

Rich relatives have a mania for living to a ripe old age.

Weak Women

should heed such warnings as headache, nervousness, backache, depression and weariness and fortify the system with the aid of

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Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 10c. and 25c.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
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"375 "Guarantee"

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that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them. adv

CASCARETS are a box full of health—a treatment, all kinds of ailments—a guarantee to cure—a penny a week—what more could you ask? Millions have a standing order.

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