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Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicines have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad again sever. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Willie Edwards, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in any farm land in the United States."

70,000 Americans

Settled in Western Canada this year. 1000 yield of 40 bushels per acre of wheat, oats and barley. Land still to be had at $10 per acre; within an immediate radius of railway stations. Excellent facilities for threshing and marketing the crops. Healthful climate. Schools convenient. Churches and good railways.

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(Use address nearest you) ⊕

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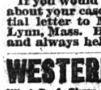

Mrs. Hare—Old Snail got his boy a position last week and he only held it one day.

Mr. Hare—What was it?

Mrs. Hare—A messenger boy.

Oh, Mr. Wright!

Wilbur Wright was talking to a Dayton reporter about the Daily Mail's $50,000 aerial race from London to Manchester.

"It was shocking, though," said the reporter, "that Graham White, an Anglo-Saxon flying man, let himself be beaten by a Frenchman."

Mr. Wright smiled.

"Shocking?" he said. "It was more than that. It was a Paulhan."

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Adding strawberries or any kind of fresh or stewed fruit makes a delicious summer dish.

The crisp, golden-brown bits have a most delightful flavour—a fascination that appeals to the appetite.

"The Memory Lingers"

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POSTUM CEREAL CO. LTD.
Battle Creek, Mich.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

BY RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "DARKNESS OF PLACER, ETC."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REARDON MEEHAN

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, adventurer, a Massachusetts man, harassed 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 cake 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 overheard 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 cold 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, 124 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 set a lust for gold. Stephens quelled it by whipping one. The Donna Isabel showed signs of sinking. They prepared to depart with what treasure had been found.

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 sudden bulk 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.

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

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 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 suddenness 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 and wallowing which made me think each plunge would prove her last. I swung Doris into the stern of the long-boat, 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, lend 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 cut 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 enderly; "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.

"Did me no 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 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."

"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.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become worn-out, impaired and broken down from indiscretions which date back to when the early ages, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of serious and long-continued constitutional troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glycerin compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhœa and other intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

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