IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a fair trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

Dr. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy

for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it or 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.

Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

She Explains.

Mabel—You and Harold seem inseparable.

Gertrude—We are together a good deal. You see, Mabel, I take a peculiar interest in him.

Mabel—Oh, do you?

Gertrude—Yes. I was engaged to him at one time, and in love with him at another.

Pimply Rashy Skins

Quickly soothed and healed by Cuticura often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." At druggists and by mail, Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50.—Adv.

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"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh, I hates to give in. If I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to git rid of me."—Everybody's Magazine.

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We offer $100.00 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Sold by druggists for over forty years. Price 75c. Testimonials free.

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Of course, a man may scrape up the necessaries of life—but the women and children can't smoke.

MARCH TO VICTORY

Courage is a matter of the blood. Without good red blood a man has a weak heart and poor nerves.

In the spring is the best time to take stock of one's condition. If the blood is thin and watery, face pale or pimply, generally weak, tired and listless, one should take a spring tonic. One that will do the spring housecleaning, an old-fashioned herbal remedy that was used by everybody nearly 50 years ago is still safe and sane because it contains no alcohol or narcotic. It is made up of Blood root, Golden Seal root, Oregon Grape root, Queen's root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark—extracted with glycerine and made into liquid or tablets. This blood tonic was first put out by Dr. Pierce in ready-to-use form and since then has been sold by million bottles as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If druggists do not keep this in tablet form, send 60 cents for a vial to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Kidney disease carries away a large percentage of our people. What is to be done? The answer is easy. Eat less meat, eat coarse, plain food, with plenty of vegetables, drink plenty of water between meals, and take an uric acid solvent after meals for a while, such as Anuric (double strength), obtainable at almost any drug store. It was first discovered by Dr. Pierce. Most every one troubled with uric acid finds that Anuric dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. You can obtain a trial package by sending ten cents to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

—take a prompt and effective remedy—one that acts quickly and contains no opiates. You can get such a remedy by asking for

PISO'S

"CONTRABAND"

A Thrilling War Story of the North Atlantic

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.
—19—

The pain room and the forepeak came next, and I explored the latter myself, as there was scarcely room in the narrow space for even one to creep about. Pushing the lantern before me, every nerve singing like a copper wire, I crawled out at last, dripping with perspiration, and as black as though I had been for half a day in the coal hole. To Leavord's inquiries I could only shake my head.

"Well, sir," he said obstinately, "I'm a sailorman, but I never did believe in ghosts, an' I ain't a-goin' fer ter believe in 'em now. It warn't no spooks what did this job. This yere Bascom was a sure enough human the last time I put eyes on him, an' I don't reckon he's changed much since, 'cept maybe in his line o' brains; do you, sir?"

"He's flesh and blood, all right, if that is what you mean; only insanity makes them cunning."

"That's what I said to Red here while we was crawlin' 'round in the forepeak, lappin' up bilge-water. He reckoned it might o' bin a ghost a doin' these things; but I claimed thet ghosts don't shove knives into sailormen; leastways I never heard o' none that did. So it naturally stands to reason, sir, that this bloomin' lunatic is still aboard somewhere."

He leaned forward, striking one hand on the other to better express his argument. I was thinking, paying little attention to his words, my eyes unconsciously viewing the ship aft. The deck was so wrapped in gloom that outside the radius of our lantern I could perceive no movement, not even determine the presence of the two men left on guard. The two masts, with their heavy spars, cast an inkier into dense shadow, but beyond, on the poop, the faint rays of the binnacle lamp reflected softly on the face of the girl at the wheel, making her appear almost as a vision. The sight for an instant fascinated me.

"Ain't thet so, sir?"

"Why, yes, Leavord; I am unable to see it any other way—but where?"

"Well, there ain't but one place aboard unexplored, sir. Hanged if I know how he ever got there, but he's either there, overboard, or aloft; or else I've got to take off my hat to Red here, an' acknowledge it's a real ghost we've got aboard the old hooker."

"The cargo hold?"

"Aye, aye; I'm fer takin' off the hatches, and letting a man or two creep down there; we've got to find out where that devil is."

There was no answering his logic, and a determination to complete the job was already in my own mind.

"Get the tarpaulin out of the way, Liverpool," I said sharply, throwing the lantern where the light was needed. "Cut it loose, man; don't waste time with the lashings; there's plenty of spare canvas in the sailroom. What's stowed first below, Mr. Leavord?"

"That's the devil of it, sir," he replied soberly, as I never told you, for I didn't see no cause. There was a lot o' boxes come on board, sir, maybe a thousand of 'em, the ends clamped with iron, an' they was almighty heavy. We had to lond 'em with the donkey engine, an' mighty few were dumped in just below the main hatch."

"Do you know what they contained?"

"Mr. Bascom told me they was army stoves, sir, and maybe he thought they was, fer he seemed sure about it; but, along at the last the hook slipped off one of them, an' the box dropped about thirty feet, smashin' the whole end in—it was plumb full o' loaded shells."

"Loaded shells?"

"That's what; there was powder enough scattered about there ter blow the whole ship to Hades an' back."

"No doubt other explosives are aboard. The great reason for us to lay hands on Bascom. Take hold there with Red and help rip up that tarpaulin; now get the point of this capstan bar under the hatch closings; here's your lever—it'll take the weight of the three of us to move the iron—now, heave ho!"

We bent to it, exerting every ounce of strength, encouraged by the fact that the heavy hatch yielded to our combined effort, and began to move, to lift over the grooves, and shove back slightly. With no other thought but to gain opening enough for another insertion of the lever, we bent to the task. Something caught, rendering the great iron lid immovable.

"White," I called, "come over here, and give us a hand."

I heard him patter across the deck in his bare feet before he reached the bar, the fellow stopped, staring at the narrow opening, and sniffing like a pointer dog.

"Lay hold!" I called out angrily. "The weight is breaking our backs."

"But there's fire below, sir," he roared excitedly. "That's smoke an' red aire out the hatch—the cargo's afire!"

I saw it now, and so did Red, and the mate—a thin, circling vapor barely perceptible in the night, curling up through the hole we had succeeded in forcing. For an instant I hardly knew it as smoke, but the fresh draught of air had already worked its miracle, and the wisp thickened as I stared into a threatening black coil, darting upward into our very faces. I dropped upon my knees, shading my mouth as best I might, and sought to peer down into the black void between decks. Away forward a red eye winked out of the darkness, then another, and a third. I leaped to my feet, realizing there was no hope, nothing we could do but get away alive—and, if we were even to do this, every second was worth a king's ransom.

"She's afire forward!" I exclaimed, striving to control my voice. "That is where the fellow was, and he's done the job; there's no stopping her now."

"There's plenty of hose forward."

"But the donkey engine is not connected, and we dare not take chances with all those explosives below. Heavens, man, we may go sky high any second. Don't stand talking; get over the dinghy, it's the only boat we have; haul her aft and swing her to these falls below the after-hatch—that will give us a chance to get away, perhaps. Jump now, the three of you. So! wait! Red and Leavord can rig the boat, and I'll give you a hand when you hook on. McCann, get a beaker of water in, and some biscuits, we'll have no time for anything else. Hurry men! there's flame breaking through now!"

There was; a red stream, sticking its ugly tongue up the hatch opening, the ghastly light glimmering in our faces. The men seemed fairly paralyzed at this sudden outburst of new horror, but I drove them, even using hands and feet in my mad desire for action.

"Aft with it now—aft with it. All will be a mass of flames amidship in five minutes. Is there water in that keg, McCann? Then throw it in!—now the biscuits, Miss Carrington—Vera!"

"Yes, Captain Hollis."

"Can you hold to the wheel a few moments longer?—till I come for you?"

"Yes."

"Call down the tube to the engine-room; tell Masters and Olson to come on deck at once—as quick as they can foot the ladder."

"Yes, sir."

The cool quietness of her voice calmed me as though she had pressed her hand on my brow in fever. I sprang to the help of the others, assisted to hook the light dinghy onto the falls, lifted it clear of the deck, and swung it outward over the rail. The flame streaming up the main-hatch by this time gave us light enough, and helped hurry our movements. I saw Masters turn Olson emerge from the shaft, stare at the red glare, and run toward us. I have a vague impression that McCann burst out of the companion, a bag of sea-biscuits in his arms, and flung it into the stern-sheets of the dinghy. We must have done so, for later the biscuits were there. But it was impossible to think of these things, to see clearly, to realize just what was happening. Every second I expected the ship's deck to rend asunder under our feet, blowing every human being aboard into eternity.

"Overhaul those pulleys, Leavord; no, we'll lond at the rail, and lower the boat itself—are there oars? that's it; stow 'em, Olson, to the wheel with you; take a couple turns about it with a rope's end, and help the girl down. Over the side Red, and ship the tiller; now lads, over with you. Masters, you and Leavord lay hold of the ropes—don't lost your heads now and lower too fast. Here, Red, help the lady; step quick, dear; yes, I'll come—are you all in? now where's McCann?"

CHAPTER XXX.
—
A Day in the Boat.

I turned, my fingers yet gripping the rail. Before then I had had no time to think, to appreciate the full terror of our situation, to realize the horror of the spectacle. In that last instant this burst upon me in all its vivid horror. Between the two hatches the deck was a sheet of flames; already the canvas of the lower yards had caught, and was blazing fiercely. The red writhing serpents, fanned by the wind, were sweeping aft in billows, tipped with black smoke, dense and suffocating. All about us the glare of dancing fire, the steady billowing smoke clouds; the air was hot, almost blistering. I saw nothing of McCann.

"He isn't in the boat?"

"No, sir."

"Well, we can't wait—lower away—yes, I'm coming."

They must have unhooked the falls at my first word, for the boat sank just as I swung to the rail. This, and a sight suddenly revealed against the front of the cabin, held me there, clinging to a stay, struck motionless with horror. I heard Vera cry out from below:

"Robert—Robert! Don't wait—jump!"

But the words seemed to have no meaning, no power to impress me; for an instant the sight I beheld paralyzed my brain. The lashed wheel still held the ship to the wind, and the clouds of smoke belched aft, becoming so dense I could not see across the deck to the port rail. I knew not where they came from, nor how they had met in that terrible death grapple. All I know is, that suddenly, both bodies wrapped in flame, and half shrouded in wreaths of smoke, the glare of fire on their faces, every muscle straining in the intensity of struggle—McCann fighting desperately to escape; Bascom exercising all the mad strength of insanity to retain hold of his victim. If either uttered a sound, I heard it not. It was like a horrid picture projected from out the smoke cloud, and as instantly fading. All I saw was the fiend's features, exultant hatred in one, unspeakable terror in the other; I witnessed the strain of muscle, the awful effort to rend apart arms and limbs. It was a vision of hell, yet almost before I could think vision it, the two figures were engulfed in a sea of flame; where they went—into the seething caldron, or over the rail into the depths of ocean—I can never tell. They were there, struggling like fiends, a horror unspeakable in a frame of smoke and fire; then that curtain of death and fire dropped—and they were no more.

I may have jumped; I may have reeled by hold upon the backstay, and fallen. The deck planks were hot to my feet, and serpents of flame crept along the seams as though reaching for me with tongues of fire. I staggered back with hands held before my eyes, half blinded with the glare, still seeing, in crazed memory that awful spectacle of death and horror. From far below a cry reached my ears—a woman's agonized cry shrieking upward through the crackle and roar of flames until it even penetrated my brain, and brought me life again:

"Robert! Robert! Come to me!"

I turned, and gripped the rail. With one swing I was over it, my body hurtling through the air, down into the black sea. As I came back to the surface, every numbed faculty restored by the plunge, the icy grip of the water, the glow of the flames above me revealed the small boat. Dashing the moisture from my eyes, conscious only of the pleading in her extended arms, I swam toward it. Then behind me the ship burst into a thousand fragments, rending apart with the report of a mighty gun, and shooting upward in a volcano of flame. I went down—down—down, and knew no more.

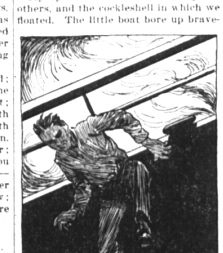
If one could be in an instant transferred from the most fantastic depths of an inferno to the heavenly delights of paradise, his experience would not seem stranger, or more impossible than mine. I had sunk to death, about me every horror of noise and sight; the black night, the glare of flame, the roar of explosion, the icy clutch of water; what followed that plunge into the depths was unconsciousness. I awoke with Vera's eyes smiling into mine, her face bent above me, the golden sunlight of a new day resting on her hair. I could but stare up at her, unable to comprehend, half believing it all a vision to as quickly dissolve into mist. Yet I was rational, my brain swiftly clearing to the truth. The hand which held mine was of flesh and blood; those were no dream eyes smiling their welcome, and I was lying in a boat, bobbing up and down to the surface of the sea. Words came to my lips, a whispered question:

"You—you picked me up? we are still at sea?"

"Yes, dear; oh! I am so glad! Lie still, you are not strong enough to sit up yet."

"Oh, yes I am; see, I will lean against your shoulder. Why, it is actually morning; the sun is an hour high."

My eyes left her face to survey the others, and the cockleshell in which we floated. The little boat bore up brave-



With One Swing I Was Over It.

ly under its load, although White and Olson were both bailing, and my eyes took note of several charred spots along the gunwale showing the touch of fire. Leavord was at the tiller, and seemed to comprehend all that I was most eager to learn.

"Yes, we're still afloat, sir," he said, with a sailor's hopefulness. "But it's God's mercy. By every token we should have been blown out of the water when the Indian Chief exploded, but somehow the gust of it didn't hit us. We was shovered with fire, an' bit by a lot of flyin' stuff, but nuthin' to wreck the boat. White had his arm broke by a piece o' timber, an' an oar went overboard. But how we ever kept right side up in this little dinky boat when the big iron pot sunk is more'n anybody but God could tell. We just couldn't do nuthin' but just hang on. We was way up there, sir, a scrapin' the clouds, an' then down in a hollow that seemed a mile deep; an' when we come up out o' that, there you was, sir, shootin' out o' the waves straight at us. The girl, she saw you an' screamed; she'd have gone over after yer, if I hadn't grabbed her, an' then Red he got a boat hook inter the collar of yer jacket, an' we hauled yer in over the side."

"That must have been hours ago."

"Quite a spell, sir. Something hed hit yer head, an' it bled a bit. The young lady has been a-holdin' yer on her lap ever since; she tore her skirt—"

"Never mind that, Mr. Leavord," she interrupted, "we all of us did what we could. Olson, will you pass back a biscuit and a water bottle; Captain Hollis will regain strength if he has something to eat."

I smiled at her, and accepted the biscuit.

"How are we fixed on food? I only want my share."

"We have had one apiece; there were two bags thrown in; we can thank McCann for that, the poor devil."

The memory of that spectacle of horror witnessed on the blazing deck came suddenly back to me, and I hid my eyes, every muscle of my weakened body trembling. I felt Vera's arms hold me tight.

"What is it, Robert? You are in pain?"

"No; the suffering was mental, not physical. I—I saw McCann's death; that was what held me on board so long. Bascom got him; they—they went down together, fighting in each other's arms, in a sheet of flame. No worus can picture the horror of it. Let's not talk of that any longer. I—I must keep my mind—"

"Yes, dear, we will not talk of it," tenderly. "Our own situation is surely bad enough; you must tell the men what to do."

I lifted myself, strengthened by the appeal, eager to be diverted.

"The course we're making?"

"Not a great deal, sir; she is so deep loaded some splashes over the gunwale. We're all right so long as the sea keeps like it is now."

"Are you steering by compass?"

"No, sir, by sun. I just naturally headed west; that's the nearest coast, I reckon? Are these fishing seas, sir?"

"The best in the world. I've often read of dory crews being lost in the winter fog, and yet making land in spite of the storm and cold. If they can do it in such weather, there is no call for us to give up while the boat floats. The first job should be to rig a sail; there is one on board?"

"Aye, sir, and a paddle."

"Good enough. Red, cut a hole in that forward thwart with your sheath knife; not too large now. Any canvas aboard?"

"Only these strips."

"That will do for stays, and to make secure. The sail will have to be a shirt —Olson, how about yours?"

He peeled it off without a word, and helped me fasten it to the oar blade. It was a rough bit of work, yet served the purpose, and when we had stepped the improvised mast, bracing it as best we could with the paddle and the outspread garment bellied out in the fairly fresh wind, the sight put new heart into all of us. I could but note the fellows stanting at it, and then at the rushing green water alongside, as though calculating our progress. No doubt it was small enough, yet the very knowledge that we were moving at all tended to bolster our courage, and arouse hope.

There was nothing more to be done; the boat rode fairly steady, and one man could easily keep her clear of water. The others disposed themselves as best they might, occasionally exchanging a word or two, but mostly staring about at the expanse of sea. Leavord hung on to the tiller, while I held to Vera's hand, and we spoke in low voices for each other alone.

"What a mistake we made when we chose this voyage," I said regretfully. "It has brought only hardship and peril."

"I do not regret," and her eyes gazed frankly into mine. "Truly I do not. There was no other way for us to know and love, Robert, if this was the end, I should be glad of my choice. I would rather go down here in these waters clasped in your arms, than to be compelled to live on in the world without you."

"My sweetheart; but I will not imagine such a fate. We have struggled on through too much to have the end come in this desolate ocean. We must win—the Newfoundland coast is not so far away, and there are sailors with us. You trust, and love me?"

"With all my heart."

"Together we will have faith in God."

Her hand softly stroked my temples, her shoulders shielding me from the sun; her sweet face bending over me; her eyes smiling confidently into mine my own grew misty, and I finally lost consciousness even to her presence.

She told me later that I lay there motionless for two hours, so still, so softly breathing, as to almost frighten her. Twice she leaned close to assure herself that I did actually breathe, and her fingers felt for the beat of pulse at my wrist. It was the coma of sheer exhaustion. The lull-like roar of a startled voice forward awoke me, I caught no word, only the sound, but there was a note to it like the violence of a blow. I sat up, staring about, the entire scene within the range of vision photographing itself upon my brain. The ocean heaved in long green hillows, crested with foam, the boat rising and falling as steadily as a rocking chair; the sun no longer beat down upon us from a cloudless sky, but appeared as a fiery red disk through a cloud of vapor, which swept along the surface of the sea, obscuring the circle of horizon. Liverpool stood erect in the boat's bow, holding himself firm by gripping the inverted oar, his free hand hollowed to make a trumpet of his voice. Every other face was turned forward, yet for an instant, the flapping shirts, improvised for sails, prevented my seeing the cause of excitement. Then Leavord, with an oath, jammed down his helm, and the dinghy swept to port, mounting a wave crest like a bird in flight, and there burst into directly behind the stern, like a two-masted schooner, bearing straight down toward us, sailing before the wind.

"Ahoy there! Ahoy!" yelled Red and Olson, almost in one voice. "Port your helm! Curse you, port your helm!"

It was almost like a vision, that vessel—a grim, menacing specter, leaping straight on toward us out of the mist, the white foam circling from her sharp cut-water, her spars and ropes silhouetted against the gray fog, her main sheets reefed, but with topsails bellying to the sharp breeze, yet with not a sign of human life visible.

"Put your helm down, Leavord! Hard down, man," I sobbed. "She'll be into us in a minute! Ay! that's better; stand by, forward. If there is any chance lay hold."

CHAPTER XXXI.
—
A Death Ship.

It was God's miracle that we lived and kept afloat; that we were not sucked under, or crushed into driftwood. To this day I know not what occurred, or how we held upright There was a crash, a crunching sound, a mad plunging of the tortured boat under us. My hands gripped vainly at the steel sides slipping past—then suddenly the wild race ended with a jerk, with a leap of the boat through a surge of water dressing us to the skin, and we struck the schooner's side a blow which, it seemed to me must crush every plank into atoms. I held Vera to me ready for the end, but Leavord yelled wildly:

"That's it Red! make fast there! make fast! Lively now, before we go down. The mizzen chains, Olson! Up you go, my lad—by heaven! he made it!"

I was on my feet now, understanding it all, realizing the value of each second, knowing that the shattered boat must be sinking under us. I also got grip on the chains, and the three of us held on desperately, Red hauling the single rope end taut, and looping it about the thwart.

"Here, Olson; reach your arms down; take the woman first—there's no time to wait for help. Now, Vera—quick, girl; the boat is sinking under us."

She stepped onto my shoulders, grasped the chains to steady herself; then gripped Olson's hand, sprang upward. And was drawn safely in. I turned to the others.

"Make fast, Red. There is nothing more to be done but get out. One at a time now; here, White, you're crippled, go first—hoist him up, Masters; now ease in there, Olson—good enough. You're next, Masters."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXCITEMENT ON THE BOWERY

Hubbub Caused by Cry of "Stop Thief" on New York's Noted Highway Frightens Habitues.

A thief chase on the Bowery was a daily occurrence when that famous song was popular. Then the dips and others who infested that thoroughfare would hold up any passerby who they thought had anything that looked like money concealed on his person. But the light-fingered gentry and strong-armed fellows have found other fields more lucrative, according to a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The big street is now the stamping grounds of "weary Willies" and bums whose only vocation is to panhandle the price of a drink. So one day recently, when the old familiar cry of "Stop thief" was heard the Bowery was almost paralyzed; everybody stood still and watched for the culprit. Soon they saw a tall, lean and hungry looking youth darting under the elevated pillars, but they made no effort to catch him. When the cops arrived on the scene the man had disappeared. "Where did he go?" bellowed one with a club, who held it threateningly over several men who stood in a doorway. "Did you see that guy running this way? Where did he go? Come on, now." But no one had seen the thief.

While the cops were making their search apathetic, cringing men came from the different doorways to learn what the excitement was all about. "My God!" groaned one frowsy looking individual, as the cops departed, "I was scared it was some guy offering a job." And appreciative chuckles went up along the line.

Trying to Do Their Bit.

While nearly every woman is trying to do her bit in some way, there are at least a hundred thousand other fair ones who believe they can serve their country by breaking into the movies, notes a New York critic. That is why every motion-picture office is crowded with applicants and why motion-picture managers are busy men these days of frantic filmdom. It requires much patience, nerve and sometimes a set of burglar's tools to enable a would-be actress to reach a manager, however, but an overdressed woman of rather ripe years gushed her way past the array of office boys and clerks into the sanctum of the man who hires and fires. "I wish to become a movie actress," she announced. "I feel that I have within me the makings of a great impersonator of the silent drama." "Have you ever had any experience, madam?" asked the manager. "Miss, if you please," simpered the applicant. "No, I haven't any experience. My face is my fortune." "Well, you need not carry about the income tax, if that's the case," grunted the manager. "Don't slam the door."

Canaries Are Hardy.

The canary is a very adaptable little bird, and their photographic ways that they seem to thrive in any climate where not exposed to too severe weather conditions, and, in spite of the long period they have been protected and held in captivity, they are capable of enduring a surprising degree of cold when hardened to it. In England it is not unusual to find them in outdoor aviaries throughout the year. They also seem, he says, to be able to re establish themselves in a wild state under favorable conditions. In 1909 a brood of domestic canaries was released on Midway island, a small sandy islet in the Hawaiian group. By 1914 they had increased until was estimated that they numbered about 1,000.

Banknote for a Million Pounds.

The oldest note in the possession of the Bank of England is dated December 19, 1699, for £555. In the bank library is a note for £25 which was presented for 111 years. Another is a note of 1782 for one million sterling. This is the only specimen of a million note in existence, only four notes for like amounts having been issued.

KIDNEY SUFFERERS HAVE FEELING OF SECURITY

You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

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Swamp-Root is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is not recommended for everything.

According to verified testimony it is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you will find it on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

HAD NO USE FOR ATTORNEY

Darkey Was Perfectly Willing to Pay Penalty for Misdemeanor Without Any Outside Help.

The tall, sleek, well-groomed negro was a stranger to the town. He had come across from New Orleans and had tried to knife a waiter in a Decatur street restaurant, when arrested. He was still inclined to be "sassy" when brought before the judge, although his Christmas day had been spent behind the bars.

"Do you want a lawyer?" demanded the judge. "This is a very serious charge."

"No sah, no sah," was the prompt reply. "Ef I got ter go up, jedge, lemme do hit quiet like. I don't want no attorney helpin' me git dar quicker dan I would nachally."—Case and Comment.

Unmistakable Emphasis.

"Did Mrs. Jinks place stress on any particular part of her argument with her husband?"

"That she did."

"Where did she put it?"

"On his head with the broomstick."

Happy to Lose Her.

Cora—Miss Antique is to be married.

Dora—Indeed! Who is the happy man?

Cora—Her father, I think.

Proof of the Matter.

Gladys—The idea! And your doctor says that yawning will remove that annoying buzzing in one's ears.

Frances—That's true. The other night, after young Mr. Wilson had been talking steadily to me for three hours, I yawned twice and he went home.

Not Very Much.

She—I could never marry a man who has no money.

He—But there's germs in money.

She—And there are germs in kisses, but that don't bother me.

Seemed a Little Odd.

They were driving together—he and she—thinking, perhaps, of the day when they would pull the car of life in double harness.

Presently they came to a secluded lane, and the girl took the reins. The man then slipped an arm around her slender waist.

"Gertrude," he said at length, "are you certain you never have had any other man's arm about your waist as mine is now?"

"Of course not," she answered. "Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering," he said, "whether it was instinct or experience that prompted you to take the reins from my hands just as soon as we came to this shady spot."

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

New Idea for Mine Props.

A substitute for mine props which has been tried and found to give every satisfaction has been made by Edward Seward, a Cardiff architect. The main points about the new props are that they are simple in construction, are indestructible, and do not deteriorate in water or damp. The chief component materials are refinery cinders, stone and crushed clinker, which, when washed, manipulated, combined and duly strengthened, result in a prop the finished weight of which is light enough to allow of efficient handling by one man.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Their Kind.

"What do you suppose the mermaids have for pets?"

"Ocean greyhounds and sea pusses, of course."

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. At your druggist's or mail. Write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO