GAINS 8 POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS' TIME

Dyspepsia Entirely Overcome and She Eats, Sleeps and Feels Better Than in Years, Says Boston Resident.

"I have actually gained eight pounds in two weeks' time and am now eating better, sleeping better and feeling better than I have in three or four years," said Mrs. Celesta Fell, 32 Prince street, Boston, Mass., recently, in telling of the great benefits she has derived from the use of Tanlac.

"My stomach was in such a bad fix before I took Tanlac that I did not dare eat much of anything, for if I did I would have so much pain and distress from indigestion that I felt like I was going to die. I was so run down and weak from lack of nourishment that I could not do my housework.

"I was so nervous I couldn't keep still during the day nor sleep at night. I can see now if it had not been for Tanlac I would have had to give up entirely. I am now feeling strong and healthy and all the credit belongs to Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

Literal.

Persistent Commercial Traveler—This time, sir, I have quite a new departure.—

Busy Manufacturer—Good! Let me see you do it.

Tempting Bargain.

It's pretty hard for most of us to keep from buying things we don't want, if the sellers offer to throw in things we don't need.

Part of the Training.

"She's having her voice trained."

"Why doesn't the teacher train it to stop now and then?"

Some "go on the hypothesis" that any kind of entertainment is better than staying at home.

However rich, he who lives for himself alone is poor indeed.

Envy is the thorn of little minds.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD

Woman Relied Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Emporia, Kansas.—"I began using Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines years ago when I was a girl. For several years I had severe pains at menstrual periods, making me very weak and interfering with my regular duties. I tried several remedies without obtaining relief. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by friends and it restored me to normal health. I often have occasion and do recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends who have troubles similar to my own. You may use these facts as a testimonial."—EVA ALDRICH, 218 Union St., Emporia, Kansas.

There are many women who first used our Vegetable Compound during their girlhood days. They found it a valuable help during trying periods. In later years they use it whenever they feel those annoying symptoms which women often have.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's medicine. It is prepared carefully from the best quality of medicinal plants, whose properties are especially adapted to correct the troubles common to women.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1696; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
60c. and $1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Help Wanted

WANTED: Male help over 18 for automobile machine shop and assembly work. Experience not necessary. Ideal living conditions in best resort town on Lake Michigan.

Apply or write Employment Department,

Continental Motors Corp.
Muskegon, Mich.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE FOR THE FEET

Sprinkle one or two Allen's Foot-Ease powders in the Foot Bath and soak and rub the feet. It takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions and smarting, aching feet. Then for lasting comfort, shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes. It takes the friction from the shoe, rests the feet and makes walking a delight. Always use it for dancing parties and to break in new shoes. Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Be a Finch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Man To His Mate

By J. ALLEN DUNN

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"MEBBE A QUEEN!"

Synopsis.—Loitering on the San Francisco water front, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sealing schooner Karluk. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who as a physician, as well as first mate, drugs Rainey. Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnaped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to declare himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged and the seal hunters exhaust their ammunition. Carlsen shows his skill with the pistol and Lund does some astonishing shooting "by sound." Sandy the ship's boy, is swept overboard and is rescued by Rainey, who thus wins Peggy's admiration. The captain gets worse. Sandy tells how Carlsen is stirring up trouble over the division of the gold. Carlsen draws a gun on Rainey, who overpowers him. Tamada, the mysterious Japanese cook, declares himself neutral. Lund, his sight restored, kills Carlsen. Captain Simms dies. The hunters attack Lund, who had taken charge of the Karluk. They are beaten after a fierce fight.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

—10—

Rainey was a little surprised at this show of thoughtfulness, but he did not remark on it. He was beginning to think pretty constantly of late that he had underestimated Lund.

The giant's hand dropped automatically to the handle as if to assure himself of the door being fast. Suddenly it dropped wide, a black gap, with only the gray eye of the porthole facing them. Lund had brought up the muzzle of his pistol to the height of a man's chest, but there was nothing to oppose it.

"Hidin', the mon fool! What kind of a game is this? Come out o' there."

Something scuttled on the floor of the room—then darted swiftly out between the legs of Lund and Rainey, on all fours, like a great dog. Curlike, it sprawled on the floor with a white face and pop-eyes, with hands outstretched in pleading, knees drawn up in some ludicrous attempt at protection, calling shrilly, in the voice of Sandy:

"Don't shoot, sir! Please don't shoot!"

Lund reached down and jerked the mustaheer to his feet, half strangling him with his grip on the collar of the lad's shirt, and flung him into a chair.

"What were you doin' in there?"

Sandy gulped convulsively, feeling at his scraggy throat, where an Adam's apple was working up and down. Speech was temporarily out of him, and he could only roll his eyes at them.

"You did a young traitor!" said Lund. "I'll have you keelhauled for this! Out with it, now. Who sent ye? Dunlap?"

"You've got him frightened half to death," intervened Rainey. "They probably scared him into doing this. Didn't they, Sandy?"

The lad blinked, and tears of self-pity rolled down his grimy cheeks.

"Don't Shoot, Sir! Please Don't Shoot!"

The relief of them seemed to unstopper his voice. That, and the kinder quality of Rainey's questioning.

"Deming! He said he'd cut my bloody heart out if I didn't do it. Him an' Beale. Lookit."

He plucked aside the front of his almost buttonless shirt and worn undervest and showed them on his left breast the scoring where a sharp blade had marked an irregular circle on his skin.

"Beale did that," he whined. "Deming said they'd finish the job if I come back without 'em."

"Without the shells?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Rainey. Oh, Gord, they'll kill me sure! Oh, my Gord!" His staring eyes and loose mouth, working in fear, made him look like a fresh-landed cod.

"You ain't much use alive," said Lund.

"Mebbe I ain't," returned the lad, with the desperation of a cornered rat. "But I got a right to live. And I've lived worse'n a dorg on this bloody schooner. I'm fair striped an' brulsed wi' boots an' knuckles an' ends o' rope. I'd 'ave chucked myself over long ago if—"

"If what?"

The lad turned sullen.

"Never mind," he said, and glared almost defiantly at Lund.

"Is that door shut?" the giant asked Rainey. "Some of 'em might be hangin' 'round." Rainey went to the corridor and closed and locked the entrance.

"Now then, you young devil," said Lund. "What they did to you for'ard ain't a marker on what I'll do to you if you don't speak up an' answer when I talk. If what?"

Sandy turned to Rainey.

"They said they was goin' to give me some of the gold," he said. "They said all along I was to have the hat go 'round for me. I told you I was dragged up, but there's—there's an old woman who was good to me. She's up an'in it for fair. I told her I'd bring her back some dough an' if I can bring on an' get it, I'll hang on. But they'll do me up, now, for keeps."

Rainey heard Lund's chuckle ripen to a quiet laugh.

"I'm d—d if they ain't some guts to the herrin' after all," he said. "Hangin' on to take some dough back to an old woman who ain't even his mother. Who'd have thought it? Look here, my lad. I was dragged up the same way, I was. An' I hung on. But you'll never git a cent out of that bunch. I don't know as they'll have eeny to give you."

His face hardened. "But you come through an' I'll see you git somethin' for the old woman. An' yoreself, too. What's more, you can stay aft an' wait on cabin. If they lay a finger on you, I'll lay a fist on them, an' worse."

"Sir! Ain't kiddin' me?"

"I didn't said, my lad. I don't waste time that way."

Sandy stood up, his face lighting. He began to empty his pockets, laying shells and shotgun cartridges upon the table.

"I couldn't begin to git half of 'em," he said. "The rest's under the mattresses. They said they only needed a few. I thought you was both turned in. When you come out of the corridor I was scared nutty."

Between the mattresses, as Lund had guessed, they found the rest of the shells, laid out in orderly rows so that those the lad's scrambling fingers had disturbed them. Lund stripped off a pillow-case and dumped them in, together with those on the table.

"You can bunk here," he told the grateful Sandy. "Now I'll have a few words with Deming, Beale and company. Want to come along, Rainey?"

And strode down the corridor, bag in one hand, his gun in the other. Rainey threw open the door of the hunters' quarters and discovered them like a lot of conspirators. Deming was in his bunk; also another man, whose ribs Lund had previously felt, he had kicked him along the deck out of his way. The bruised faces of the rest showed their effects from the fight. As Lund entered, covering them with the gun, while he swung down the heavy step on the table with a clatter, their looks changed from eager excitement to consternation.

"Caught with the goods!" said Lund. "Two tries at mutiny in one day, my lads. You want to git it into your boneheads that I'm runnin' this ship from now on. I can sail it without ye and, by God, I'll set the bunch of ye ashore same's you niggered on doin' with me if you don't sit up an' take notice! The rifles an' guns"—he glanced at the orderly display of weapons in racks on the wall—"are to unfunable to chuck over, but here go the shells, ev'ry last one of them. So that nips that little plan. Deming."

He turned back the slip to display the contents.

"Open a port, Rainey, an' heave the lot out."

Rainey did so while the hunters craned on in silent chagrin.

"There's one thing more," said Lund, grinning at them. "If eeny of you saw a man hurtin' a dog, you'd probably fetch him a wallop. But you don't think eenything of scarin' the life out of a half-baked kid an' markin' up his bibe like a patchwork quilt. That kid's stayin' aft after this, one of you monkey with him, an' you'll do jest what he's bin doin', wish you was dead an' overboard."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door, Rainey following.

The girl kept below and seldom came out of her cabin. Tamada served her meals in there. Rainey could see Lund's resentment growing at this attitude that seemed to him normal enough, though it might present difficulty later if persisted in. But the morning that they headed up through Sequam pass between the spouting reefs of Sequam and Amila islands, she came on deck and went forward to the bows, taking in deep breaths of the bracing air and gaining north to the free expanse of Bering strait. Rainey left her alone, but Lund welcomed her as she came back aft.

"Glad to see you on deck again, Miss Peggy," he said. "You need sun and air to git you in shape again."

"How far have we yet to go?" she asked.

"A'most a thousan' miles to the strait proper," said Lund. "The Nome-Unalaska steamer lane lies to the east. Runs close to the Pribilofs, three hundred miles north, with Hall an' St. Matthew three hundred further. Then comes' St. Lawrence isle, plumb in the middle of the strait, with Siberia an' Alaska closin' in."

He was keen to hold her in conversation, and she willing to listen, assenting almost eagerly when he offered to point out their position on the chart, spread on the cabin table. Lund talked well, for all his limited and at times luridly inclined vocabulary, whenever he talked of the sea and of his own adventures, stating them without brag, but bringing up striking pictures of action, full of color and savor of life in the raw. From that time on Peggy Simms came to the table and talked freely with Lund, more conservatively with Rainey.

The girl, Rainey decided, was humoring Lund, seeking to know how with her feminine methods she might control him, keep him within bounds. Her coldness, it seemed, she had cast aside as an expedient that might prove too provoking and worthless.

"That's a Man's Life," Went on Lund.

And Rainey's valuation of her resources increased. She was handling her woman's weapons admirably, yet when sometimes, at night, under the cabin lamp, saw the smoldering light glowing in Lund's agate eyes he knew that she was playing a dangerous game.

"What d'ye figger on doin' with yore share, Rainey?" Lund asked him the night that they passed Nome. It was stormy weather in the strait, and the Karluk was snugged down under treble reefs, fighting her way north. The cabin was cozy, with a stove going. Peggy Simms was dusted with some sewing, the ermary and the plans of the police a domestic atmosphere and Lund, smoking comfortably, was eminently at ease.

"Cordin' to the way the men figgered it out," he went on, "though I reckon they're under the mark more'n over it you'll have forty thousan' dollars. That's quite a windfall, though nothin' to Miss Peggy, here, or me, for that matter. I s'pose you got it all spent already."

"I don't know that I have," said Rainey. "But I think, if all goes well, I'll get a place up in the Coast Range, in the redwoods looking over the sea, and write. Not newspaper stuff, but what I've always wanted to. Stories. Yarns of adventure."

"Goin' to write second-hand stuff?" asked Lund. "Why don't you live what you write? I don't see how you're goin' to git under a man's skin by squattin' in a bungalow with a Jap servant, a porcelain bathtub, an' breakfast in bed. Why don't you travel an' see stuff as it is? How in blazes are you goin' to write adventure if you don't live it?

"Me, I'm goin' to git a schooner built accordin' to my own ideas. Have a kicker engine in it, mebbe, an' go round the world. What's the use of livin' on it an' not knowin' it by sight? Books and pictures are all right in their way, I reckon, but, while my right hand plays, I'm for travel. Mebbe I'll take a group of islands, down in the South seas after a bit an' make somethin' out of 'em. Not jest copra an' pearl-shell, but cotton an' rubber."

"A king and his kingdom," suggested the girl.

"Aye, an' mebbe a queen to go with it," replied Lund, his eyes wide open in a look that made the girl flush and Rainey feel the hidden issue that he felt was bound to come, rising to the surface.

"That's a man's life," went on Lund. "Travel's all right, but a man's got to do somethin', buck somethin', start somethin'. An' a red-blooded man wants the right kind of a woman to play mate. Polish off his rough edges, mebbe. I'd rather be a rough castin' that could stand a bit, than smooth an' plated. An', when I find the right woman, one of my own breed, I'm goin' to tie to her an' her to me.

"I'm goin' to be rich. They've cleaned up the sands of Nome, but there's others'll be found yit between Cape Hope an' Cape Barry. Meantime, we've got a placer of our own. With plenty of gold they ain't much limit to what a man can do. I've roughed it all my life, an' I'm not lookin' for ease. It makes a man soft. But—"

He swept the figure of the girl in a pause that was eloquent of his line of thought. She grew uneasy of it, but Lund maintained it until she raised her eyes from her work and challenged his. Rainey saw her breast heave, saw her struggle to hold the haze, turn red, then pale. He thought her eyes showed fear, and then she stiffened. Almost unconsciously she raised her hand to where Rainey was sure she kept the little pistol, touched something as though to assure herself of its presence, and went on sewing. Lund chuckled, but shifted his eyes to Rainey.

"Why don't you write up this v'yage? When it's all over? There's adventure for you, an' we ain't half through with it. An' romance, too, mebbe. We ain't developed much of a love-story as yit, but you never can tell."

He laughed, and Peggy Simms got up quietly, folded her sewing, and said "Good night" composedly before she went to her room.

"How about it, Rainey?" quizzed Lund. "How about the love part of it? She's a beauty, she'll be an heiress. Ain't you got enny red blood in yore veins? Don't you want her? You won't find many to hold a candle to her. Looks, built like a racin' yacht, smooth an' speedy. Smart, at rich into the bargain. Why don't you make love to her?"

Rainey felt the burning blood mounting to his face and brain.

"I am not in love with Miss Simms," he said. "If I was I should not try to make love to her under the circumstances. She's alone, and she's fatherless. I do not care to discuss her."

"She's a woman," said Lund. "And yo're a d—d prig! You'd like to bust me in the jaw, but you know I'm stronger. You've got some guts, Rainey, but yo're hidebound. You ain't got half the git-up-an'-go to ye that she has. She's a woman. I tell you, an' she's to be won. If you want her, why don't you stand up an' try to git her 'stead of sittin' around like a sick cat whenever I happen to admire her looks?

"I've seen you. I ain't blind enny longer, you know. She's a woman an' I'm a man. I thought you was one. But you ain't. Yore idea of makin' love is to send the gal a box of candy an' walk pussy-footed up an' write poems to her. You want to write life an' I want to live it. So does a cat like that. She's more my breed than yores, if she has got cobblestones an' she's flesh and blood. Same as I am. Yo're half sawdust. Yo're stuffed."

He went on deck laughing, leaving Rainey raging but helpless. Lund appeared to think the situation obvious. Two men, and a woman who was attractive in many ways. The only woman while they were aboard the schooner, therefore the more to be desired, admired by men cut off from the rest of the world.

"That's a patrol boat, Japanese, for a million!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FINDS CURE FOR BLEEDERS

Paris Physician Successful in Treating Disease With Use of Blood From the Horse.

"Bleeders," as they are called, generally come of families with a history of bleeding. Such sufferers are rarely cured. But Dr. P. Emile-Weil of Paris reports in a bulletin of the Societe Medicale des Hopitaux the success he has had with his treatment of the disease, which is called hemophilia. He relates the case of a child of seven, a pronounced bleeder, belonging to one of the classic bleeder families that have been written up in medical annals since the Eighteenth century. He gave the boy an injection of 20 cubic centimetres of normal horse serum—that is, horse's blood with the corpuscles extracted—every second month until fifteen injections had been given. The tendency to hemorrhage seemed to be arrested, and after seven years there has been no sign of its recurrence.

Previous to this Doctor Weil had treated seven cases of familiar hemophilia with such injections, all of them successfully, but he never regarded a case as wholly cured until that of the boy. But the fact that he has been free from bleeding for seven years indicates at least that this disease is curable.

Chaleur Bay's "Fire Ship."

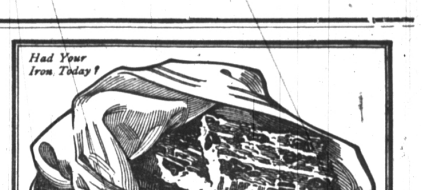
According to investigations of Professor Ganong, the traditional "fire ship" of Chaleur bay, New Brunswick, appearing usually before a storm, has a basis of fact. It is a hemispherical light, with the flat side toward the water, glowing sometimes without much change of form, but at other times rising into slender, moving columns, in which an excited imagination might recognize the fuming rigging of a ship.

The general explanation offered is that this object is a manifestation of St. Elmo's fire, an electrical phenomenon, but the reason for its appearance only on or near Chaleur bay is not known.

Letter Box Novelist's Invention.

The letter box was invented by Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who was a surveyor of the post office in England from 1841 to his retirement from the service in 1867.

The difference between repartee and impudence is in the size of the speaker.



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A NEW delicious *breakfast* bread. *Full-fruited* raisin toast! A new delight for the entire family.

Made with big, plump, tender, seeded raisins—Sun-Maid brand.

The raisin flavor permeates each slice.

You can get such bread from any grocer or bake shop if you insist. No need to bake at home.

Once try it and you'll always have this kind. You'll serve it at least twice a week.

Fine food for business men and children due to the energizing nutriment and the iron of this famous, healthful fruit.

Make dainty bread pudding with left-over slices. No need to waste a crumb.

Order now for tomorrow's breakfast. But be sure to say you want "one of those *full-fruited* raisin loaves."

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Sun-Maid *Seeded* **Raisins**

Make delicious bread, pies, puddings, cakes, etc. Ask your grocer for them. Send for free book of tested recipes.

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I want immediately going farm or ranch in exchange for high-grade modern Chicago income property. Buildings valued from $15,000 to $400,000, with net income from $3,000 to $100,000 per year. Also business blocks up to $1,000,000. Write today.

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Work will be returned 24 hrs. after receipt.

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machine molders, shakeout men and men to unload core ovens. Previous experience not necessary.

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to replace old, should be growing all the time. It will if you use Q-Ban Hair Tonic—Don't get bald, get Q-Ban today—It's much more pleasant. At all good druggists, 75c, or direct from HESSIG-ELLIS Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

Thrift.

The Joneses had imported their cook Dinah from a rustic part of South Carolina. The wastefulness and extravagance of Chicago people and the general disrespect with which money was treated was an unfailing source of surprise to her unsophisticated mind.

One day the Jones son and heir returned from the dentist and told his mother, in Dinah's presence, that the dentist had estimated it would cost $40 to have his teeth filled and put in good shape.

"Laws amassy, Miss Jones! Forty dollars for des filling that chile's teef! Why, you could buy him a whole new set fer dat money!" ejaculated the thrifty Dinah.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test 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. Advertisement.

"This Can't Be True."

A traveling man had missed his train and went back home. He took his keys out of his pocket, opened the door, and to his great surprise his wife was sitting on his best friend's lap and kissing him.

"Smith, I've set a trap for you and caught you!" shouted the husband.

Smith replied: "With bait like this you can catch me any time."—Exchange.

Even Better.

"Kind madam, will you buy a ticket?"

"Is it a worthy cause?"

"Well, it's a fashionable cause."

Up-to-Date.

First Little Girl—"What's your last name, Annie?" Second Little Girl—"Don't know yet. I ain't married."

Pride may go before a fall, even when a fellow falls in love.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

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BUY A LOT ACROSS RIVER FROM DETROIT, near the Detroit-Windsor bridge. You will make money. HALL-DOYLE CO., 217 Majestic Bldg., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.