


**Lloyd Products**  
Baby Carriages & Furniture

Ask Your Local Dealer

Write Now for 32-Page Illustrated Booklet



The Lloyd Manufacturing Company  
(Hollywood, Michigan)  
D. J. Lloyd  
Monroeville, Michigan (19)

Sold by the Drop.

A well-dressed woman stopped in front of the perfume counter in one of the uptown stores, says the Indianapolis News.

"I would like some good perfume," she told the clerk.

Pointing to a bottle filled with perfume costing \$8 an ounce, she asked to sample it.

Because the woman looked as if she might make a purchase, the clerk, in violation of the store rules, for perfume deteriorates when opened, permitted the woman to take a sniff of it.

"Now, that's pretty good," the customer replied. "I think I'll take a quarter's worth."

"Why, Madam," the astonished clerk managed to answer, "you've already had a quarter's worth."

## A 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.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

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

It is not recommended for everything.

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. 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., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper advertisement.

Heaven!

Jimmie was very fond of bread and preserves, and one day just before supper he came in asking:

"Mother, may I have some bread and preserves?"

"Jimmie, I've told you a dozen times that you cannot have preserves before dinner. Run out and play a while."

"Well, I hope I die soon," Jimmie said as he was leaving his mother's presence.

"Why, Jimmie?" asked his mother.

"Well, I'll be sure to get lots of preserves in heaven," he answered.

"Who told you so?" asked his mother.

"Well the Catechism says the Lord makes, preserves and redeems us," answered the theological Jimmie.

Rare indeed.

In a recently published story occurs the following: Having thrust a New Testament into his pocket before starting he now took it out and read the Twenty-third Psalm. This must have been a rare copy of the Testament, unknown to any person other than the author and his character.

The "Strike" is On.

The customer called the waiter.

"There's a chunk of wad in my sausage," said he. "I expect to be served with the one. I'll be hanged if I'll eat the kernel, too."

**PALMER'S LOTION**

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY FOR BURNS, BITES, CUTS, ECZEMA AND ITCHING SORE THROAT AND SCALD TROUBLES. ALL DRUGGISTS. PREPARED BY SOLON PALMER, NEW YORK.

**PALMER'S LOTION**

REMOVED ALL MY PIMPLES AND CLEARED MY COMPLEXION.

for that COUGH!

**KEMP'S BALSAM**

Pleasant to take Children like it.

**EYES HURT?**

Don't touch the corners of your eyes, but use Kemp's Balsam. It is the only eye medicine that does not irritate the eyes. It is the only eye medicine that does not irritate the eyes. It is the only eye medicine that does not irritate the eyes.

Prepared by J. A. Kemp, New York.

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**SPANISH DOUBLOONS**

By CAMILLA KENYON

PICTURES BY AWEIL

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## LAND HO!

Synopsis: Miss Harding, respectable and conservative old spinster, is never too old to be in love.

marriage with more money than brains, is involved by a strong-minded, but a little money-broke into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Labrador island. Her niece Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, sets on fire the vessel engaged for the hunt, and in the confusion is unwillingly carried along, by no means conscious of her danger, to the expedition and her contempt for its members. Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane, and is somewhat impressed by his explanation of the presence of himself and Shaw.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Mr. Shaw looked at me steadily. His eyes were the kind that seem to see all and reveal nothing. I felt a hot spark of defiance rising in my own.

"And indeed in my own," I said coolly, "the trip should not be more to Miss Harding's liking."

The rough edges of his Scotch burr had been smoothed down by much wandering, but you knew at once on the sight of the Solway he had seen the light.

"It is not a question of my liking," I retorted, trying to preserve an unmoved and lofty demeanor, though my heart was beating rather quickly at finding myself, actually crossing swords with the redoubtable adventurer, this man who had often faced death, I could not refuse to believe, as steadily as he was facing me now.

"It is not at all a question of my liking or not liking the trip, but of the trip itself being—quite the wildest thing ever heard of—a story-book."

"Alas—yet the world would be poorer if certain wild trips had not taken place. I seem to remember one Christopher Columbus, for instance."

By a vivid lightning flash of wrath I felt that this adventure was laughing at me under his sophisticated eyes, even stirring me up as one does an angry kitten.

"Yes," I dared out, "but Columbus did not favelle a confiding old lady to go along with him." Of course Aunt Jane is not, properly speaking, an old lady, but it was much more effective to pose her as one for the moment.

It was certainly effective, to judge by the sudden fire setting of his mouth.

"Land," he said quietly, "lead a hand below, will you? They are overhauling some of our stuff 'twixt decks."

He waited until the Honorable Cuthbert, looking rather dazed, had retired. We stood facing each other, my breath coming rather hurriedly.

"Miss Harding," he said slowly, "that was a little word you said."

"My head went up."

"Hitter, perhaps, I flung back, but is it not true? It is for you to answer."

"No, it is not for me to answer; because it is not for me to ask. But since you talk of involving, let me give you the history of my connection with the expedition. You will understand then that I had nothing to do with organizing it, but was merely engaged to do my best to carry it through to success."

"I have already heard a version of the matter from Mr. Vane."

"And you think he is in the conspiracy, too?"

"Certainly not," I replied hastily. "I mean—of course, I know he told me exactly what he believes himself."

"Then I suppose you consider that you are involved, too?"

"I am not required to consider Mr. Vane's status at all," I replied with dignity. "It is my aunt whom I wish to protect." And suddenly to my dismay my voice grew hoarse. I had to turn my head aside and blink hard at the sea.

He stood looking down at me—he was a big man, though of lesser height than the superb Cuthbert—as if I couldn't quite understand. And what I don't understand always makes me uncomfortable.

"Very well," he said after a pause. "Maybe your appointment as a spy would be a pity indeed if it was Harding were to require no protecting and a young lady here with her good will to it. But if you will see the suggestion of a word of her broader experience than your own, you will wait until the occasion is past. It is but generalship, really, to waste your ammunition like this."

"I dare say I am not a master of strategy," I cried, furious at myself for my moment of weakness as I sat at him for the softening tone which had crept into his voice. "I am me, yes—honest. And when you see Aunt and me, you will see the Violet person."

"And indeed I have seen no reason to think that Miss Higgleby-Brown

is not a most excellent lady," interrupted Mr. Shaw softly. "And let me say this, Miss Harding: here we are all together, whether we wish to be or no, and for six weeks, or more on the island we shall see no faces but our own. Are we to be divided from the beginning by canaries? Are we to be even the men of us to be so by the ears through the bickering of women?"

Like the flick of a whip came the certainty that he was thinking of the Honorable Cuthbert, and that I was the rock on which his David-and-Goliath friendship might split. Otherwise I suppose Miss Higgleby-Brown and I might have clawed each other forever without interference from him.

"Really," I said with a hope—well-simulated scorn, "since I am quite alone against half a dozen of you, I should think you could count on putting down any rebellion on my part very easily. I repeat, I had no other object in coming along—though I was really kidnapped about—than to look after my aunt. As to the treasure, of course I know perfectly well that there isn't any."

And I turned my back and looked steadily out to sea. After a moment or two I heard him turn on his heel and go away. It was none too soon, for I had already begun to feel unaccountably for my handkerchief. Any way, I had had the last word!

The rest of my day was lonely, for the beautiful youth, probably by inadvertent design, was kept busy between

breakers foaming at the foot of the cliffs.

We coasted slowly along, looking for the mouth of the little bay. Meanwhile we had collected our belongings, and stood grouped about the deck, ready for the first thrilling plunge into adventure. My aunt and Miss Browne had tied huge green veils over their eyes, and were clamping

about in the twinkling of an eye. All the baggage I was allowed to take was in a traveling bag and a gunny-sack obligingly donated by the cook. Making of coasts, I found we had one of our own—a coal-bunker negro with grizzled wool, an uncanny voice and the manners of an old-school family retainer. So far as I know his name was Cookie. I suppose he had received another on from his sponsors in London, but if so, it was buried in oblivion.

Now a narrow gleaming gap appeared in the wall of cliffs, and the freighter whistled and lay to. There again a hostile air of days, and shouts of "Lower away!" and for the first time it swept by me that we were to be put ashore—a bonus. Aunt Jane burst out in laughter. She could not, could not, go in a boat. She had heard all her life that small boats were most unsafe. Why didn't the captain sail right up to the island as she had expected and put us ashore? Even at Panama with only a scale way to go she had felt it suicidal—here it was not to be thought of.

But the preparation for this desperate step went on as if no one heeded Aunt Jane but Mr. Bubbs, who had hastened to succeed to duty in distress.

Then Aunt Jane's child at Mr. Shaw's coat lapel as I went by, and he stopped long enough to explain patiently that vessels of the freighter's size could not enter the bay, and that there really was no danger, and that Aunt Jane might wait if she liked till the last boat, as it would take several trips to transfer us and our baggage. I supposed of course that this would be the end of the matter, and that the freighter, watching the first boat fade to a dark speck on the water, when Mr. Vane appeared at my elbow.

"Ready, Miss Harding? You are to be in the next boat with me. I asked especially."

"Oh, thanks," I cried fervently. He would be much after than Mr. Bubbs to cling to as I went down—indeed, he was so tall that if it were at all a shallow place, I might use him as a stepping-stone and survive. I turned down my head and gazed very much—meanwhile Mr. Vane had disappeared over the side, and a sailor was lifting me and setting my reluctant feet on the sturdy deck of the freighter.

"Good-by, my dear," I cried, as I began the descent. "Don't blame yourself too much. Everybody has got to go some time, you know, and they say drowning's easy."

With a stifled cry Aunt Jane forsook Mr. Bubbs and flew to the rail. I was already out of reach.

"Oh, Virginia!" she wailed. "Oh, my dear child! If it should be the last parting!"

"Give me my jewelry and things to 'Bess' baby!" I found strength to call back. Then the arms of the Honorable Mr. Vane received me. The strong rowers bent their backs and the boat shot out over the mile or two of bright water between us and the island. Great slow swells lifted us. We dipped with a soothing, cradle-like motion. I forgot to be afraid. In the delight of the warm wind that fanned our cheeks, of the moonbeams that on the crest of every ripple were splintered to a thousand dancing lights, I forgot fearfully a Miss Higgleby-Brown, former of harshness of the Scotch climate.

"Oh, glorious, glorious!" I cried to Cuthbert Vane.

"Not so dusty, eh?" came back in their ridiculous E. J. slang. Now an American would have said: "Some little old moon that." No certainly have our pupils of perpetuity.

All around the island white charging lines of breaker: foamed on ragged half-moon reefs. Now our boat felt the lift of the great shoreward rollers, and warming forward like a living thing. The other boat, empty of all but the rowers and returning from the island to the ship, passed us with a hail. We were in the little bay under the shadow of the towering cliffs.

At the head of the bay, a quarter of a mile away, lay a broad white beach shining under the moon. At the edge of dark woods beyond a fire burned redly. It threw into relief the black moving shapes of men upon the sand.

Straight for the sand the sailors drove the boat. She struck it with a jar, grinding forward feebly. The men sprang overboard, wading half-way to the waist. And the arms of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane had snatched me up and were bearing me safe and dry to shore.

Mr. Shaw approached and the two men greeted each other in their off-hand British way. As we couldn't well, under the circumstances, maintain a fiction of mutual invisibility, Mr. Shaw, with a certain obvious hesitation, turned to me.

"Only lady, passenger, eh? Hope you're not wet through. Cookie's making coffee over yonder."

"I say, Shaw," cried the beautiful youth enthusiastically, "Miss Harding's the most ripping sport, you know! Not the least nervous about the trip, I assure you."

"A close call," I thought one time old Ned had it a strange hold-all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER IV.

The Island Fortune.

I dropped my book and ran on deck. Everyone else was already there. The great gleaming orb of the tropic moon was blinding as the sun. Away to the faint translucent line of the horizon rolled an infinity of shining sea. Straight ahead rose a dark conical peak, the mountainous shape of Leeward Island.

Everybody was gazing to get a clearer view. "Hall, Isle of Fortune!" exclaimed Miss Browne. I think my aunt would not have been surprised if it had begun to rain doubtless upon the deck.

"I bet we don't put it over some on our original Argonaut fellows," I cried. Mr. Bubbs at my elbow.

Higher and higher across the skyline cut the dark crest of the island as the freighter steamed valiantly ahead. Sheer and formidable from the sea rose a line of black cliffs, and above them a single peak threw its shadow far across the water. Faintly we made out the white line of the

deck.

But Columbus Did Not Inveigle a Confiding Old Lady to Go Along With Him!

Mr. Bubbs danced attendance on Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, so assiduously that I already began to see some of my worst fears realized. There was nothing, for me to do but to retire to my berth and peruse a tattered copy of Huckleberry Finn which I found in the cabin.

At dinner, having the Honorable Cuthbert at my elbow, it was easier than not to ignore everyone else. Directly dinner was at an end, remorseless Captain Magnus led the Honorable Cuthbert away. I retired to Huckleberry Finn. But a face with a scar running to the eyebrow looked up at me from the pages, and I held colloquies with it in which I spilt all the brilliant and fitting things that had occurred to me too late.

I was thus engaged when a cry rang through the ship: "Land ho!"

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**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

Mother's Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of