YOUNG MOTHER NOW STRONG

Her Mother's Faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Led Her To Try It

Kenosha, Wisconsin.—"I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My mother had great faith in it as she had taken so much of it and when I had trouble after my baby was born she gave it to me. It helped me so much more than anything else had done that I advise all women with female trouble to give it a fair trial and I am sure they will feel as I do about it.—Mrs. FRED. P. HANSEN, 562 Symmonds St., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

A medicine that has been in use nearly fifty years and that receives the praise and commendation of mothers and grandmothers is worth your consideration.

If you are suffering from troubles that sometimes follow child-birth bear in mind that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's medicine. It is especially adapted to correct such troubles.

The letters we publish ought to convince you; ask some of your women friends or neighbors — they know its worth. You will, too, if you give it a fair trial.

Following His Lead.

"Hallo, Harris, back from Paris?"

"Yes—that is to say, back from Paree."

"Ah! And how is Mrs. Haree?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

One of the Barkis Kind.

"Kate is a self-possessed woman."

"Yes, to her sorrow."—Boston Transcript.

His Opinion.

"What is this alleged work of art?"

"It's a frieze."

"It's a frost."

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Those agonizing twinges, that dull throbbing backache, may be warning of serious kidney weakness. Serious if neglected, for it might easily lead to Gravel, Dropsy or Bright's disease. If you are suffering with a bad back look for other proof of kidney trouble. If there are dizzy spells, headaches, a tired feeling and disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Help your weakened kidneys with *Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's* have helped thousands and should help you. *Ask your neighbor!*

A Michigan Case

Mrs. Hans C. Andersen, 86 E. Danaher St., Ludington, Mich., says: "I had kidney trouble and such backache I couldn't straighten. A sharp, heavy pain awakened me towards morning. My back got so bad I just had to grasp hold of something to keep from falling. I became dizzy, nervous and worn out. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the Foot-Bath. It takes the sting out of Corns, Bunions, Blisters and Callouses, and gives rest and comfort to hot, tired, smarting, swollen feet.

More than 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

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Nothing relieves the pain of tight or new shoes so quickly. Sold everywhere.

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—The Healthy—
Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for these disorders will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Three sizes, all druggists.

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

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

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(CHAPTER X.—Continued.)

—13—

Captain Magnus looked more ill at ease than usual.

"Did you think o' rowin' the whole way round the dinged chunk o' rock?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Shaw with an impatient frown. So the man, in addition to his other unattractive qualities, was turning into a shirk! Hitherto, with his strength and feverish, if intermittent, energy, plus an almost uncanny skill with boats, he had been of value. "Certainly not. We are going to make a careful survey of the cliffs, and explore every likely opening as thoroughly as possible. It will be slow work and hard. As to circumnavigating the island, I see no point in it, for I don't believe the chest can have been carried any great distance from the cove."

"Oh—all right," said Captain Magnus.

Mr. Tubbs, who had been whispering with Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, now with a very made-to-order nonchalaness proposed to the ladies that they take a stroll on the beach. This meant that the triumvirate were to withdraw for discussion, and amounted to notice that henceforth the counsels of the company would be divided.

Captain Magnus, after an uneasy wriggle or two, said he guessed he'd turn in. Cookie's snores were already audible between splashes of the waves on the sands. The Scotchman, Cuthbert Vane and I continued to sit by the dying fire. Mr. Shaw had got out his pipe and sat silently puffing at it. He might have been sitting in solitude on the topmost crag of the island, so remote seemed that impassive presence. Was it possible that ever, except in the sweet madness of a dream, I had been in his arms, pillowed and cherished there, that he had called me lassie—

I lifted my eyes to the kind honest gaze of Cuthbert Vane. It was as faithful as Crusoe's and no more embarrassing. A great impulse of affection moved me. I was near putting out a hand to pat his splendid head. Oh, how easy, comfortable and calm would be a life with Cuthbert Vane? I wasn't thinking about the title now—Cuthbert would be quite worth while for himself. For a moment I almost saw with Aunt Jane's eyes. Fancy trotting him out before the girls! stole insidiously into my mind. How much more dazzling than a plain Scotch sailor—

I turned in bitterness and yearning from the silent figure by the fire.

I think in an earlier lifetime I must have been a huntress and loved to pursue the game that fled.

CHAPTER XI.

The Island Queen's Freight.

I woke next morning with a great thrill of exhilaration. Perhaps before the sun went down again I should know the secret of the island.

The two divisions of our party, which were designated by me privately the Land and Sea Forces, went their separate ways directly after breakfast, which we ate in the cool of earliest morning. I could retire to the perusal of the journal which I had recovered from the wrecked sloop without fear of interruption.

I resumed my reading with the entry of February 10.

"This morning, having grown very tired of fish, of which I get plenty every time I go out in the boat, by dragging a line behind, I decided to stay ashore and hunt pig. I set out across the base of the point, nearly due south—whereas I had been working along the coast to the north of the cove. I reached the edge of the cliffs and found that on my right hand the mountain dropped in a sheer precipice from hundreds of feet above me straight into the sea. I considered, and made up my mind that by striking back some distance one might by a very rough climb gain the top of the precipice, and so swing around the shoulder of the mountain. I did not feel inclined to attempt it. The cliffs at this point offered no means of descent, and the few yards of sand which the receding tide had left bare at their foot led nowhere.

"I turned to go back, and at that moment I heard an outcry in the bushes and Benjy came tearing out at the heels of a fine young porker. I threw up my gun to fire, but the evolutions of Benjy and the pig were such that I was as likely to hit one as the other. The pig, of course, made desperate efforts to escape from the cul-de-sac in which he found himself. His only hope was to get back into the woods on the point. Benjy kept him headed off successfully, and I began to edge up, watching my chance for a shot. Suddenly the pig came dashing straight toward me—oblivious, I suppose, to everything but the white snapping terror at his heels. Taken by surprise, I fired—and missed. The pig shot between my knees, Benjy after him. I withstood the shock of the pig, but not of Benjy. I fell, waving wildly, into a matted mass of creepers that covered the ground beside me.

"I got to my feet quickly, dragging the whole mass of vines up with me. Then I saw that they had covered a curiously regular little patch of ground, outlined at intervals with small stones. At one end was a larger stone.

"The patch was narrow, about six feet long—instantly suggestive of a grave. But swift beyond all process of reason was the certainty that flashed into my mind. I fell on my knees beside the stone, and pulled away the tore vine-tendrils. I saw the letters B. H. and an attempt at cross-bones rudely cut into the surface of the stone.

"I closed my eyes and tried to steady myself. I thought I am seeing things. This is the mere projection of the vision which has been in my mind so long.

"I opened my eyes, and to the fantasy, if fantasy it were, remained. I smote with my fist upon the stone. The stone was solid—it bruised the flesh. And as I saw the blood run, I screamed aloud like a madman. It's real, real, real!

"Under the stone lay the guardian of the treasure of the Bonny Lass—And his secret was within my grasp.

"I don't know how long I crouched beside the stone, as drunk with joy as any hasheesh toper with his drug. I roused at last to find Benjy at my shoulder, thrusting his cool nose against my feverish cheek. I suppose he didn't understand my ignoring him so, or thought I scorned him for losing out in his race with the pig. Yet when I think of what I owe that pig I could swear never to taste pork again.

"Brought back to earth and sanity, I rose and began to consider my surroundings. Somewhere close at

Under the Stone Lay the Guardian of the Treasure.

hand was the mouth of the cave—but where? The cliffs, as I have already said, were too steep for descent. Nothing but a fly could have crawled down them. I turned to the craggy face of the mountain. There, surely, must be the entrance to the cave! For hours I clambered among the rocks, risking mangled limbs and sunstroke—and found no cave. I came back at last, wearily, to the grave. There lay the dust of the brain that had known all—and a wild impulse came to me to tear away the earth with my bare hands, to dig deep, deep—and then with listening ear wait for a whispered word.

"I put the delirious fancy from me and moved away to the edge of the cliffs. Looking down, I saw a narrow sloping shelf which dropped from the brink to a distance of ten or twelve feet below, where it met a slight projection of the rock. I had seen it before, of course, but it had carried no significance for my mind. Now I stepped down upon the ledge and followed it to its end in the angle of the rock.

"Snugly hidden in the angle was a low doorway leading into blackness.

"Now, of course I ought in prudence to have gone back to the hut and got matches and a lantern and a rope before I set foot in the darkness of that unknown place. But what had I to do today with prudence—Fortune had me by the hand! In I went boldly, Benjy at my heels. The passage turned sharply, and for a little way we walked in blackness. Then it veered again, and a faint and far-off light seemed to filter its way to us through a web woven of the very scurf of night. The floor sloped a little downward. I felt my way with my feet, and came to a step—another. I was going along a descending passage, cut at its steepest into rough, irregular stairs. With either hand I could touch the walls. All the while the light grew clearer. Presently, by another sharp turn, I found myself in a cave, some thirty feet in depth by eighteen across, with an opening on the narrow strip of beach I had seen from the top of the cliff.

"The roof is high, with an effect of Gothic arches. Near the mouth is a tiny spring of ice-cold water, which has worn a clean red channel for itself to the sea. Outside the cave is perfectly dry. This is no doubt in my mind that in the great buccaneering days of the seventeenth century, and probably much later, the place was the haunt of pirates. One fancies that Captain Kidd spoke of the Bonny Lass may have known of it before he brought the treasure to the island. There were queer folk to be met with in those days in the western ocean. Yes, the cave has seen many a fierce, sea-tanned face and tarry pigtail, and echoed to strange oaths and wild sea-songs. Men had carved those steps in the passage—thirty-two of them. In the sand of the floor, as I kicked it up with my feet, hoping rather childishly to strike the corner of the chest, I found the hilt and part of the blade of a rusty cutlass, and a chased silver shoe-buckle. I shall take the buckle home to Ben—and yet how trivial it will seem, with all else that I have to offer her! Nevertheless she will prize it as my gift, and because it comes from the place to which some kind angel led me for her sake.

"I left the cave and hurried back to the cabin for a spade, walking on air, breaking with snatches of song the terrible stillness of the woods, where one hears only the high fitful sighing of the wind, or the eternal mutter of the sea.

"Back in the cave, I set to work feverishly, making the light sand fly. At the end of half an hour, at a point close to the angle of the wall my spade struck a hard surface. It lay, I should judge, under about two feet of sand. Soon I had laid bare a patch of dark wood which rang under my knuckles almost like iron. A little more, and I had cleared away the sand from the top of a large chest with a convex lid, heavily bound in brass.

"Furiously I flung the sand aside until the chest stood free for half its depth—which is roughly three feet. It has handles at the ends, great hand-wrought loops of metal. I tugged my hardest, but the chest seemed fast in its place as the native rock. I laughed exultantly. The weight meant gold—gold! I had hammer and chisel with me, and with these I forced the massive ancient locks. There were three of them, one for each strip of brass which bound the chest. Then I flung up the lid.

"No glittering treasure dazzled me. I saw only a surface of stained canvas, tucked in carefully around the edges. This I tore off and flung aside—eclipsing poor Benjy who was a most interested spectator of my strange proceedings. Still no gleam of gold, merely demure rows of plump brown bags. With both hands I reached for them. Oh, to grasp them all! I had to be content with two, because they were so heavy, so blessedly heavy!

"I spread the square of canvas on the sand, cut the strings from the bags and poured out—gold, gold! All fair shining golden coins! They were, not a paltry silver piece among them! And they made a soft golden music as they fell in a glorious yellow heap.

"I don't know how long I sat there, playing with my gold, running it through my fingers, letting the coins together in my palm. Benjy came and sniffed at them indifferently, unable to understand his master's preoccupation. He thrust his nose into my face and barked, and said as clearly as wit words, 'Come, hunt!'

"'Benjy,' I said, 'we'll leave the pork alone just now. We have work enough to count our money. We're rich, old boy, rich, rich!'

"Of course, I don't yet know exactly what the value of the treasure is. I have counted the bags in the chest; there are one hundred and forty-eight. Each, so far as I have determined, contains one thousand doubloons, which makes a total of one hundred and forty-eight thousand. Estimating each coin, for the sake of even figures, at a value of seven dollars—a safe minimum—you get one million, thirty-six thousand dollars. And as many of the coins are ancient, I ought to reap a harvest from collectors.

"Besides the coins I found, rather surprisingly, laid between the upper layers of bags, a silver crucifix about nine inches long. It is of very quaint old workmanship, and badly tarnished. Its money value must be very trifling compared to the same bulk of golden coins. I think it must have had some special character of sacredness which led to its preservation here. It is strange to find such a relic among a treasure so stained by blood and crime.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

War Shrines in Schools.

Nearly 1,000 schools in Great Britain have been provided with war shrines in memory of old scholars.

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Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores. Advertisement

The Radio Craze.

A Chicago schoolboy has equipped his little sister's baby buggy with a radio receiving set so that when he has to watch her in the afternoon he tunes in, catches a concert, then goes and plays ball while baby is lulled to sleep by sweet, ethereal music.

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A Foreigner.

A policeman, a new member of the force whose beat was in West Washington street, found a man writhing on the sidewalk. As he stood debating whether he should call an ambulance, one of the numerous spectators asked: "What is he, an epileptic?"

"No," replied the policeman, "I think he is a Bulgarian."—Indianapolis News.

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"No?" "It's still spotty."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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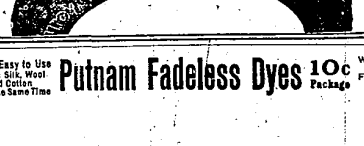

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