

## PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.

Durington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Dr. E. P. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sassafras Compound, I am fully cured of these troubles, and feel better all over."

"I know your medicine has done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

"The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from these distressing ills peculiar to ladies, that Dr. E. P. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need."

"This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength."

"If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice."

Three Forms of Anthrax. Anthrax may occur in human beings in three forms—external, intestinal or pulmonary. The external form is caused by an abrasion of the skin coming in contact with a hide or other object infected with the disease. Intestinal anthrax may be caused by the eating of food containing the bacilli, and the pulmonary variety by breathing infected air.

This latter disease has long been known as "wool rotters' disease" in England, where great quantities of sheepskins are sorted and graded; the disease has also long been well known in the wool and hide trades in this country, and especially on the sheep ranges of the southwest.

The Reason. Mrs. Jones—'I haven't heard you speak of going to the mountains next summer; but your lungs are not weak this year.' Mrs. Smith—'No, and they're not likely to be, unless my husband's business greatly improves.'

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROWN CHERRY Tablets. Druggists refuse money if it fails to cure. E. W. GLOVE'S signature is on each box.

If a man was hurt every time he reached he would never live to reach three score and ten.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Only a great man can successfully dodge undesired praise.

Makes Hard Work Harder. A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headach, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before drops, gravel or bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of suffering men and women, and recommended the world over.

A Michigan Case. James Greenman, of Litchfield, Mich., says: "I was laid up for a week with terrible pains in my back, headach and dizziness. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and was cured in a few days."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-McLELLAN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their work gently and surely. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

WATERBURY'S PATENTS. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Boston, Mass.

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## THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS. Humphrey Van Weyden, writer and dramatist, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay. He becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to, he finds himself in the hands of a seal-eater, a half-breed, and a half-breed, who are the crew of a small boat. The seal-eater, who is the captain, refuses to let Humphrey ashore and make his way to the shore. The seal-eater, who is the captain, refuses to let Humphrey ashore and make his way to the shore. The seal-eater, who is the captain, refuses to let Humphrey ashore and make his way to the shore.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued. A cruel thing happened just before supper, indicative of the callousness and brutality of these men. There is one green hand in the crew, Harrison, by name, a clumsy-looking country boy, who is engaged on his first voyage of adventure, and making his first voyage. In some way, when Harrison was aloft, the sheet jammed in the block through which it runs at the end of the gaff. As I understood the situation, first, by lowering the foremast, which was comparatively easy and without danger; and second, by climbing out the peak-halyards to the end of the gaff itself, an exceedingly hazardous performance.

Johansen called out to Harrison to go out the halyards. The Ghost was rolling empty in a long sea, and with each roll the halyards slackened and jerked taut. They were capable of snapping a man off like a fly from a whip.

Harrison heard the order and hesitated. It was probably the first time he had been aloft in his life. Johansen burst out with a volley of abuse and curses.

"That'll do, Johansen," Wolf Larsen said brusquely. "I'll have you know that I do the swearing on this ship. If I need your assistance, I'll call you in."

"Yes, sir," the mate acknowledged submissively.

In the meantime Harrison had started out on the halyards. It was a slight uphill climb, for the foremast peaked high. When he was half way up, the Ghost took a long roll, and the halyards slackened and jerked taut. It was the snap of the whip. His clutch was broken. His body pitched out and down, but in some way he managed to save himself with his legs, hanging head downward. A quick effort brought his hands up to the halyards again; but he was a long time regaining his former position, where he hung, a pitiable object.

"I'll bet he has no appetite for supper," I heard Wolf Larsen's voice, which came to me around the corner of the gaff.

"It's a shame," I heard Johansen growling in painfully slow and correct English. He was standing by the main rigging, a few feet away from me. "The boy is doing nothing. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of suffering men and women, and recommended the world over."

"Hist, will ye?" Louis whispered to him. "For the love of your mother hold your mouth!"

It took Harrison fully ten minutes to get started again. A little later he made the end of the gaff, where, amidst the spar and the rigging, he was free to return. But he had lost his nerve. Johansen called vainly for him to come down. At any moment he was liable to be snatched by the gaff, but he was helpless with fright. Wolf Larsen, walking up and down with Smoke and in conversation, took no more notice of him, though he cried sharply once to the man at the wheel.

"Care off your course, my man!" he bellowed, unless you're looking for trouble!"

"Ay, sir," the helmsman responded, putting a couple of spokes down. He had been guilty of running the Ghost several points off her course in order that what little wind there was should fill the foremast and hold it steady. He had striven to help the unfortunate Harrison at the risk of incurring Wolf Larsen's anger.

Fully half an hour went by, and then I saw Johansen and Louis in the rigging, arm and starting forward. He crossed the deck, sprang into the fore rigging, and began to climb. But he was quick as a cat. Wolf Larsen caught him.

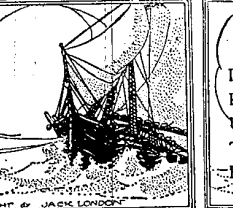
"Here, you, what are you up to?" he cried.

Johansen's ascent was arrested. He looked his captain in the eyes and replied slowly:

"I am going to get that boy down."

"You'll get down out of that rigging, and damn lively about it! Dye heart! Get down!"

Johansen hesitated, but the long years of obedience to the masters of ships overpowered him, and he dropped suddenly to the deck and went on forward.



At half after five I went below to set the cabin table, but I hardly knew what I did, for my eyes and brain were filled with the vision of a man white-faced and trembling, crouching like a bug, clinging to the thrashing gaff. At six o'clock, when I served supper, going on deck to get the food from the galley, I saw Harrison, still in the same position. The conversation at the table was of other things. Nobody seemed interested in the vainly impudently ill. But, making an extra trip to the galley a little later, I was glad to see the sight of Harrison staggering weakly from the rigging to the forecastle scuttle. He had finally summoned the courage to descend.

Before closing this incident, I must give a scrap of conversation I had with Wolf Larsen in the cabin, while I was washing dishes.

"You were looking squeamish this afternoon," he began. "What was the matter?"

"I could see that he knew what he was doing, and I was sick as Harrison, and that he was trying to draw me, and I answered, 'It was because of the brutal treatment of that boy.'"

"He gave a short laugh. 'Like seasickness, I suppose. Some men are subject to it, and others are not.'"

"Not so," I objected. "The earth is as full of brutality as the sea is full of motion. And some men are made sick by the one, and some by the other. That's the only reason."

"But you, who make a kind of human life, don't you place value upon it whatever?" I demanded.

"Value? What value?" He looked at me, and though his eyes were steady and motionless, there seemed a cynical smile in them. "What kind of value? How do you measure it? Who values it?"

"I do," I made answer. "Then what is it worth to you? Another man's life, I mean. Come, now, what is it worth?"

"The value of life? How could I put a tangible value upon it? Somehow, I, who have always had expression."

"O the blinding tropic night, when the wake's a wet of light. That holds the hot sky near. And the steady forefoot enters through the water's dark and deep. Where the scared whale flukes in flame. Her plates are scored by the sun, dear lass. And her ropes are taut with the dew. For we're booming down on the old trail, our own race, the old trail. Just right of foot on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new."

"You're Off Your Course, My Man," I asked, after the due pause which the words and setting demanded.

I looked into his face, and saw a glow with light, as the sea itself, and the eyes were flashing in the starshine. "It strikes me as remarkable, to say the least, that you should show enthusiasm for my poetry."

"Why, man, it's living! It's life!" he cried.

"Which is a cheap thing and without value," I found his words at last.

He laughed, and it was the best time I had heard honest mirth in his voice.

"Ah, I cannot get you to understand, cannot drive it into your head, what a thing this life is. Of course life is valueless, except to itself, and I can tell you that any life is a very valuable thing."

Just now—to myself. It is beyond price, which you will acknowledge is a terrible overrating, but which I cannot help, for it is the life that is in me that makes the rating.

He left me as suddenly as he had come, springing to the deck with the weight and softness of a tiger. Some times I think him mad, or half mad at least, what of his strange moods and his other moods. At other times I take him for a great man, a genius who has never arrived. He is certainly an individual of the most pronounced type. Not only that, but he is very lonely. His tremendous virility and mental strength wall him apart. Men are more like children to him, even the hunters, and as children he treats them, despoiling them of their lives and playing with them as a man plays with puppies. Or else he probes them with the cruel hand of a vivisectionist, groping about in their mental processes as though to see of what stuff they are made.

While on the question of vagaries, I shall tell what befell Thomas Murgid in the cabin, and at the same time complete an incident upon which I have already touched once or twice. The twelve o'clock dinner was over.

## N THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

one day, and I had just finished putting the cabin in order, when Wolf Larsen and Thomas Murgid descended the companion stairs. Though the cook had a cubbyhole of a stateroom opening off from the cabin, in the cabin itself he had never dared to finger or to be seen, and he fitted to and fro, once or twice a day, like a timid specter.

"So you know how to play 'Nap,'" Wolf Larsen was saying in a pleased sort of voice. "I might have guessed an Englishman would know. I learned it myself in English ships."

Thomas Murgid was beside himself, a blithering imbecile, so pleased was he at chattering thus with the captain. The little airs he put on and the painful effort to assume the air carriage of a man born to a displaced place in life would have been ludicrous had they not been ludicrous. He quite ignored my presence, though I credited him with being simply unable to see me. His pale, wash-washy eyes were swimming like lazy summer seas, though what blissful visions they beheld were beyond my imagination.

"Get the cards, Murgid," Wolf Larsen ordered, as they took seats at the table. "A little bring out the cigars and the whisky you'll find in my berth."

I returned with the articles in time to hear the cockney blithering broadly that there was a mystery about him, that he might be a gentleman's son gone wrong or something of other; also, that he was a renegade man and was paid to keep away from England—"pyed" anemously to slay my 'look an' been slayed!"

I had brought the customary liquor glasses, but Wolf Larsen frowned, shook his head, and signaled with his hands for me to bring the tumblers. These he filled two-thirds full with undiluted whisky—"a gentleman's drink," quoth Thomas Murgid—and they clinked their glasses to the glorious game of "Nap," lighted cigars, and fell to shuffling and dealing the cards.

They played for money. They increased the amounts of the bets. They drank whisky, they drank it neat, and they fetched more. I do not know whether Wolf Larsen cheated or not—a thing he was thoroughly capable of doing—but he won steadily. The cook made repeated journeys to his bunk for money. Each time he performed the journey with greater avenger, but he never brought more than a few dollars at a time. He grew mauling, famished, could hardly see the cards or all upright. As a preliminary to another journey to his bunk, he hooked Wolf Larsen's buttonhole with a greasy forefinger and vacuously proclaimed and reiterated, "I got money. I got money. I tell ye, an' I'm a gentleman's son."

Wolf Larsen was unaffected by the drink, yet he drank glass for glass and after his glasses were full, he did not appear even amused at the other's antics.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SNAIL A VALUABLE FOOD. Edible and Nutritious, 'Is the Verdict That Has Been Arrived At by Those Who Know.

"All snails are edible and nutritious," says Canon Horsley in a book on British land and fresh water molluscs, just published. He goes on to say that even the common or garden snail, though insipid, is as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

There is a large white-shelled snail called Helix pomatia that is commonly eaten by connoisseurs in the south of England; while all over France, Italy and Spain several species are used as food. In France there are many snails, which are a good profit to the snail quarters of New York snails may be bought, either alive or cooked, and at most of the French restaurants they are served.

"Cassini's farin" is the most usual form of the dish. Snails are easy to raise in large quantities. They need time for making their shells, but they do not have to be fed, as they can find their own food, which is exclusively the leaves of many plants. They are most delicious when properly prepared and cooked, and as Canon Horsley says, as nourishing as calf's-foot jelly.

Oil Wells Sunk in Bed of Ocean. Many persons would doubt the statement that it is possible to pump oil from the earth beneath the waters of the ocean. That this is done, however, is proved. The well towers are located on rough frame piers over the ocean and as far as a hundred feet from the shore. The oil is pumped through the waters of the sea and is carried through pipes to the land, where it is emptied into tanks. The pumps are worked by means of steam engines stationed on the piers. A few years ago there were many more of these wells, but some have been exhausted and abandoned in recent years.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advances.

"Collect!" Large quantities of furs have, it is reported, recently been received in this country from Leipzig, Germany. Owing to the extension of the great fur houses of Leipzig, these furs are cheaper now than before the war. They were sent, it is said, by parcel post labeled "Collect," in this way escaping the attention of the British postal authorities.

Its Effect. "Jaggs was very much affected at my talk with him on the one effect of drink," I could see how he filled up.

"Yes, that is what he usually does."

## SALTS IF BACKACHE OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and laggard.

When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, also you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scales and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink—Adv.

"Play Ball, Never Mind the Shell." The German army were doing their best to erase a small town from the map, says a war correspondent. Every few minutes there would be a deafening crash and the remains of a house would soar skywards enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

In a letter to the authorities of the town some Canadian soldiers, relieved from the trenches for a few days, were indulging in their favorite game of baseball. The pitcher had just pitched the ball, the batter had hit an easy catch to one of the fielders when a huge shell landed in the adjoining field. The fielder's attention was fixed on the shell, which burst with a deafening crash, and he missed the catch.

"For the love of Mike," roared the pitcher, "if you are going to play baseball, play baseball, and quit watching the shells!"

Mother Explains. "My dear," said Mr. Hemandshaw, "I hope you are not planning to buy a lot of new clothes for the summer." "I am not," replied Mrs. Hemandshaw, "and I don't know what gives you the idea."

"This shopping list gives me the idea."

"What shopping list?" "On this paper, which I just picked up off the floor, is written: 'Washstand, parlor chairs, dining-room table, writing desk, bedstead, chamber, piano stool, pedestal, stool, cedar chest, music cabinet and garage can.'"

"Oh, that is just a record I was keeping of the things the baby has fallen from this week,"—Judge.

No Time to Spare. "Now that the football season is over and it's rather too early for baseball, I guess our boys at college will be able to do a little studying," said Mrs. Dubwuite.

"I'm afraid not," answered Mr. Dubwuite. "He writes me that his social duties have been sadly neglected."

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age. When people realize the injurious effects of coffee and the better health that a change to Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her coffee habit, was an inveterate coffee drinker, and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak-old-old' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual favor of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it that I bought a package to carry home with me, and had my wife prepare to drink the next morning. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had been very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum she felt much better, had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, especially my mother, as she was a victim of long standing 'Nerve' given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 50c and 10c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Sold by Grocers.